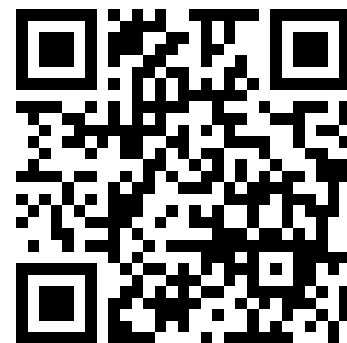

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THE PORT FOLIO.

BOLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Chatham Co.
1804

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
CONSULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
OF PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1804.

No. 1.

ELOQUENCE OF THE AMERICAN SENATE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE INTEGRITY OF
THE CONSTITUTION.

[This speech, to which we have assigned the first place in a miscellany, whose object is to preserve, as a memorial, certain facts and reasonings, connected with the history of parties in our republic, deserves to be hailed by the District of Maine, by New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New-Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and South Carolina, as an intrepid assertion of their rights, and a serious monition of their danger. The resolution, which gave rise to the following argument, is justly viewed as a pernicious project of the larger states, availing themselves of the present crisis of political enthusiasm, to obtain the dangerous power of electing the President and Vice-President! This kind of political monopoly would essentially infringe the rights of the minor states of the union; and would confer on several of the Southern, Middle, and Western states the dangerous, oppressive, and odious privilege of securing themselves the election of the two highest officers of our government. We understand that no question hitherto agitated in Congress, has fomented such jealousy, and excited such anxiety, particularly among the northern states, whose title to a most valuable privilege, guaranteed to them by the Federal Constitution, is thus to be vacated, by a daring act of democratic power.]

MR. TRACY'S SPEECH

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES
Friday, December 2, 1803.

On the passage of the following amendment to the Constitution:

"RESOLVED by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, two-thirds of the members concurring, that in lieu of the third section of the first section of the second article of the Constitution of the United States, the following shall be proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of the legislatures of the several states, shall be valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of the said constitution, to wit:—
"The electors shall meet in the respective states, and vote, by ballot, for president, and vice-president, one of whom, at least, shall not be an inhabitant of the same state with themselves; they shall name, in their ballots, the person voted for as president, and the person voted for as vice-president, and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as president, and of all persons voted for as vice-president, and of the number of votes for each, which lists they shall sign and seal, and transmit, sealed, to the seat of the government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate. The President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives,

separately, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted. The person having the greatest number of votes for president, shall be president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, the list of those voted for as president, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the president. But, in choosing the president, the votes shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the states, and a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a president, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March, then next following, then the vice-president shall act as president, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the president.

"The person having the greatest number of votes, as vice-president, shall be the vice-president, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then, from the two highest numbers on the list, the Senate shall choose the vice-president—a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. But no person, constitutionally ineligible to the office of president, shall be eligible to that of vice-president of the United States."

At three o'clock Mr. Tracy moved an adjournment, and the motion was negatived. He then addressed the President:

MR. PRESIDENT,

I moved an adjournment, because I thought a more full and fair discussion was due to this important question, than could be had after this hour.

The merits have never, until now, been before us, for although considerable time has been consumed in debate, it has chiefly been directed to the subordinate amendments, and not to the main resolution. But since the Senate have refused to adjourn, I will now offer some observations on the merits, in doing which, I will be as brief as possible, as much as the importance of the subject will permit.

I shall attempt to prove, sir, that the resolution before us, contains principles which have a manifest tendency to deprive the small states of an important right, secured to them by a solemn and constitutional compact, and to vest an overwhelming power in the great states. And, further, I shall attempt to show, that in many other points the resolution is objectionable, and, for a variety of causes, ought not to be adopted.

As I shall be obliged, in delineating the main features of this resolution, to mention the great states in the union as objects of jealousy, I wish

it to be understood, that no state is intended. 'Man is man,' was the maxim expressed, in an early part of this debate, by the gentleman from South-Carolina, (Mr. Butler) and, in application to the subject of government, the maxim is worthy to be written in letters of gold. Yes, sir, 'man is man,' and the melancholy truth, that he is always imperfect and frequently wicked, induces us to fear his power, and guard against his rapacity, by the establishment and preservation of laws, and well-regulated constitutions of government. Man, when connected with very many of his fellow-men, in a great state, derives power from the circumstance of this numerous combination; and from every circumstance which clothes him with additional power, he will generally derive some additional force to his passions.

Having premised this, I shall not deem it requisite to make any apology when I attempt to excite the attention, the vigilance, and even the jealousy of the small, in reference to the conduct of the great states. The caution is meant to apply against the imperfections and passions of man, generally, and not against any state, or description of men, particularly.

It may be proper in this place to explain my meaning when I make use of the words small and great, as applicable to states.

Massachusetts has been usually called a great state; but, in respect to all the operations of this resolution, she must, I think, be ranked among the small states. The district of Maine is increasing rapidly, and must, in the nature of things, soon become a state. To which event, its location, being divided from what was the ancient colony of Massachusetts, by the intervention of New-Hampshire, will very much contribute. I believe there is a legislative provision of some years standing, authorizing a division, at the option of Maine. When this event shall occur, Massachusetts, although in comparison with Connecticut or Rhode-Island, will not be a small state; yet in comparison with many others, must be so considered. I think myself justifiable then, for my present purposes, in calling Maine, New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New-Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and South-Carolina, small states. They are all limited in point of territory, and cannot reasonably expect any great increase of population for many years, not indeed, until the other states shall become so populous as to discourage emigration, with agricultural views; which may retain the population of the small states as seamen or manufacturers. This event, if it ever arrives, must be distant. A possible exception only, may exist in favour of Maine; but when we consider its climate, and a variety of other circumstances, it is believed to form no solid exception to this statement.

By the same rule of deciding, the states must be called great; for Georgia and several others are not so populous, at this time, to be considered great states; yet their prospect of increase, with other circumstances, fairly brings

with the description, in respect to the operation of the measure now under consideration.

It will be recollected, that, in the various turns which this debate has taken, gentlemen have repeatedly said that the constitution was formed for the people, that the good of the whole was its object, that nothing was discernible in it like a contest of states, nothing like jealousy of small states against the great; and although such distinctions and jealousies might have existed under the first confederation; yet they could have no existence under the last. And one gentleman (Mr. Maryland) has said that he has been in the government ten years, and has seen nothing of great and small states, as interfering with the operations of government, or the feelings of those who administered it.

Propriety, therefore, requires that we attentively examine the constitution itself, not only to obtain correct ideas upon these observations, so repeatedly urged; but to place in the proper light the operations and effects of the resolution in debate.

If we attend to the constitution, we shall immediately find evident marks of concession and compromise, and that the parties to these concessions were the great and small states. And the members of the convention who formed the instrument have, in private information and public communications, united in the declaration, that the constitution was the result of concession and compromise between the great and small states. In this examination of the constitution it will be impossible to keep out of view our political relations under the first confederation. We primarily united upon the footing of complete state equality, each state had one, and no state had more than one vote in the federal council or congress. With such a confederation we successfully waged war, and became an independent nation. When we were relieved from the pressure of war, that confederation, both in structure and power, was found inadequate to the purposes for which it was established. Under these circumstances, the states, by their convention, entered into a new agreement upon principles better adapted to promote their mutual security and happiness. But this last agreement or constitution, under which we are now united, was manifestly carved out of the first confederation. The small states adhered tenaciously to the principle of state equality; and gave up only a part of this federative principle, complete state equality, and that, with evident caution and reluctance. To this federative principle they were attached by habit; and their attachment was sanctioned and corroborated by the example of most, if not all the ancient, and the modern confederacies. And when the great states claimed a weight in the counsels of the nation proportionate to their numbers and wealth, the novelty of the claim, as well as its obvious tendency to reduce the sovereignty of the small states, must have produced serious obstacles to its admission. Hence it is, that we find in the constitution but one entire departure from the federative principle. The house of representatives is established upon the popular principle, and given to numbers and wealth, or to the great states, which in this view of the subject are synonymous. It was thought by the convention, that a consolidation of the states into one simple republic, would be improper. And the local feelings and jealousies of all, but more especially of the small states, rendered a consolidation impracticable.

The Senate, who have the power of a legislative veto upon the house of representatives, possess another extensive and important power, conferred as an entire federative feature

of government as it was enjoyed by the states, under the first confederation.

In the article which obliges the President to vote for one person not an inhabitant of the same state with themselves, is secured state jealousy. In the majority of two-thirds required for many purposes of the constitution; although there were other motives for the regulations; yet the jealousy of the small states is clearly discernible. Indeed, sir, we peruse the constitution with attention, and shall find the small states are perpetually guarding the federative principle, that is, state equality. And this, in every part of it, except in the choice of the house of representatives, and in the ordinary legislative proceedings. They go so far as to prohibit any amendment, which may affect the equality of states in the Senate.

This is guarding against almost an impossibility; because the Senators of the small states must be criminally remiss in their attendance, and the legislatures extremely off their guard, if they permit such alterations, which aim at their own existence. But lest some accident, some unaccountable blindness or perfidy should put in jeopardy the federative principle in the Senate, they totally and forever prohibit all attempts at such a measure.

In the choice of President, the mutual caution and concession of great and small states is, if possible, more conspicuous than in any other part of the constitution.

He is to be chosen by electors appointed by the state legislatures shall direct, not according to numbers entirely, but adding two electors to each state as representatives of state sovereignty. Thus Delaware obtains three votes for President, whereas she could have but one in right of numbers. Yet mixed as this mode of choice is, with both popular and federative principles; we see the small states watching its motions and circumscribing it to one attempt only, and on failure of an electoral choice they instantly seize upon the right of a federal election, and select from the candidates a President, by states, and not by numbers. In confirmation of my assertion, that this part of the constitution was peculiarly the effect of compromise between the great and small states; permit me to quote an authority which will certainly have great weight, not only in the Senate, but through the union. I mean that of the present secretary of state (Mr. Madison) who was a leading member of the federal convention who formed, and of the Virginia convention who adopted the constitution. In the debates of the Virginia convention, vol. 3, page 77, he says, (speaking of the mode of electing the President,) 'As to the eventual voting by states it has my approbation. The lesser states and some larger states will be generally pleased by that mode. The deputies from the small states argued, and there is some force in their reasoning, that when the people voted, the large states evidently had the advantage over the rest, and without varying the mode, the interests of the little states might be neglected or sacrificed. Here is a compromise. For in the eventual election, the small states will have the advantage.'

After this view of the constitution, let us inquire what is the direct object of the proposed alteration in the choice of President?

To render more practicable and certain the choice by electors—and for this reason; that the people at large, or in other words, that the great states ought to have more weight and influence in the choice. That it should be brought nearer to the popular and carried further from the federative principle. This claim we find was made at the formation of the constitution. The great states naturally wished for a popula-

choice of first magistrate: This mode was sanctioned by the example of many of the states in the choice of governor. The small states claimed a choice on the federative principle, by the legislatures, and to vote by states; analogies and examples were not wanting to sanction this mode of election. A consideration of the weight and influence of a President of this union, must have multiplied the difficulties of agreeing upon the mode of choice. But, as I have before said, by mutual concession, they agreed upon the present mode, combining both principles, and dividing between the two parties, thus mutually jealous, as equally as they could, this important privilege of electing a chief magistrate.

This mode then became established, and the right of the small states, to elect, upon the federative principle, or by states, in case of the contingency of electoral failure of choice, cannot, with reason and fairness, be taken from them, without their consent, and on a full understanding of its operation; since it was meant to be secured to them by the constitution, and was one of the terms upon which they became members of the present confederacy; and for which privilege, they gave an equivalent to the great states, in sacrificing so much of the federative principle, or state equality.

The constitution is nicely balanced, with the federative and popular principles; the Senate are the guardians of the former, and the house of representatives of the latter; and any attempts to destroy this balance, under whatever specious names or pretences they may be presented, should be watched with a jealous eye. Perhaps a fair definition of the constitutional power of amending is, that you may, upon experiment, so modify the constitution in its practice and operation, as to give it, upon its own principles, a more complete effect. But this is an attack upon a fundamental principle established after long deliberation, and by mutual concession, a principle of essential importance to the instrument itself, and an attempt to wrest from the small states, a vested right; and, by it, to increase the power and influence of the large states. I shall not pretend, sir, that the parties to this constitutional compact, cannot alter its original and essential principles; and that such alterations may not be effected, under the name of amendment; but, let a proposal of that kind come forward in its own proper and undisguised shape; let it be fairly stated to congress, to the state legislatures, to the people at large, that the intention is to change an important federative feature in the constitution, which change in itself and all its consequences, will tend to a consolidation of this union, into a simple republic; let it be fairly stated that the small states have too much agency in the important article of electing a chief magistrate; and that the great states claim the choice; and we shall then have a fair decision. If the Senators of the small states, and if their state legislatures will then quietly part with the right they have, no person can reasonably complain.

It may be more obvious, than the intention of the amendment adopted by our constitution for the choice of President. The electors are to nominate persons, of whom they cannot know who will be President; this circumstance not only prevents them to select both from the best men, but gives a direct advantage into the hands of the small states even in the electoral choice. The electors always select from the two candidates proposed by the electors of large states, by giving their votes upon their favourite; and by thus giving him a majority, or, if the electors of large states should, to prevent this, they give their votes, for one candidate, then the electors of the small states would have it in

their power to elect a Vice-President. So that in any event, the small states will have a considerable agency in the election. But if the discriminating or designating principle is carried, as contained in this resolution, the whole, or nearly the whole right and agency of the small states, in the electoral choice of chief magistrate is destroyed, and their chance of obtaining a federative choice by states, if not destroyed, is very much diminished.

For this identical purpose is the principle of electoral discrimination and designation, introduced into the resolution before you; for the same purpose is the number of candidates reduced from five to three, from whom the house of representatives may elect, in case of electoral failure of choice; that is, to destroy, or diminish the agency of the small states, in the choice of President.

For what purpose else, are we perpetually told, and from all parts of the Senate, that the *public will* is opposed, by the present mode, and the *public will* cannot be gratified, without the introduction of the discriminating principle?

By the *public will*, thus mentioned, the gentlemen mean, the will of a popular majority, or, the will of the great states, which, in this case, I repeat it, are the same. How is it possible for the gentlemen to increase the chances of gratifying this description of the *public will*; without decreasing the agency of the small states!

The whole power of election, is now vested in the two parties; numbers and states, or, great and small states, and it is demonstration itself, that if you increase the power of the one, in just such proportion, you diminish that of the other. Do the gentlemen suppose that the *public will*, when constitutionally expressed by a majority of states, in pursuance of the federative principle of our government, is of less validity, or less binding upon the community at large, than the *public will* expressed by a popular majority? The framers of your constitution, the people who adopted it, meant, that the *public will*, in the choice of a President, should be expressed by electors, if they could agree, and if not, that the *public will* should be expressed, by a majority of the states, acting in their federative capacity, and that in both cases the expression of the *public will* should be equally binding.

It is pretended that the *public will* can never, properly or constitutionally be expressed, but by a majority of numbers, of the people, or of the house of representatives? This may be a pleasing doctrine enough to great states; but it is certainly incorrect. Our constitution has given the *public will*, in a variety of instances, other than that of the choice of President, into very different hands from either the house of representatives or the people at large. The President and Senate, and in many cases the President alone, can express the *public will*, in appointments of high trust and responsibility, and it cannot be forgotten that the President sometimes expresses the *public will*, by removals. Treaties, highly important expressions of the *public will*, are made by the President and Senate; and they are the supreme law of the land. In the several states, many great offices are filled, and even the chief magistracy, by various modes of election. The *public will* is sometimes expressed by pluralities, instead of majorities, sometimes by both branches of the legislatures, and sometimes by one, and in certain contingencies, elections are settled by lot. The people have adopted constitutions containing such regulations, and experience has proved that they are well calculated to preserve their liberties and promote their happiness. From what good, or even pardonable motive then, can it be urged, that the present mode of electing our President, has a tendency to coun-

teract the *public will*? Do gentlemen intend to destroy every federal feature in this constitution?

And is this resolution a precursor to a complete consolidation of the union, and to the establishment of a simple republic?—Or will it suffice to break down every federative feature which secures to one portion of the union, to the small states, their rights?

I am not without my fears, Mr. President, that this is but the beginning of evils, and that this constitution, the bulwark of the feeble members of the confederacy; the protection of the weak against the strong; the security of the small against the great; the last, best hope of man, with a view to stability in a free government, and to the preservation of liberty in a republic; is destined to undergo changes, and suffer innovations, till there shall be no residue worth preserving, and nothing left, which ambition will condescend to overturn.

Time will not permit me to dwell any longer on this part of my argument. But I am deceived sir, if the view I have now taken of the constitution does not show most obviously, that in its formation there was a struggle between the great and small states, with respect to many of its principles and leading features. And that the participation of the small states in the election of a chief magistrate, clearly secured to them by the constitution, will receive a deadly blow by the adoption of the proposed amendment.

It can be no contradiction to my ideas upon the subject, if we have heard nothing of state conflicts, in the administration of this government. The great states have never, till now, directly attempted to violate the sanctuary of the small, and despoil them of their rights; had this been earlier attempted, we should have heard and seen the same jealousy awakened, and the same opposition exerted.

The conflict could happen in no other way, than by an attack from the large states. We had neither the desire nor ability to injure them, and we now ask no favours, but their permission to enjoy, in peace and safety, the rights conceded to us by themselves, and secured by a solemn constitutional compact.

We have been told, by a gentleman from Virginia, that it would be impolitic in us to rouse the great states. I shall, at present, take no further notice of this warning, given to us, no doubt, in the full exercise of benevolence; but to request the small states to preserve it in constant recollection. It may induce them not hastily to part with constitutional security.

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[It is so uncommon for the Editor to receive an original article for our Biographical department, that the following is like certain medals, valuable for rarity as well as splendor. The history of an individual, so renowned for learning, acuteness, and piety, as the celebrated Pascal, will be perused with additional pleasure, when the reader is apprized that he is indebted to an American Biographer for the entertainment to be derived from this article. The fame of Pascal, as a good man and an eloquent writer, is perennial; and it is a very curious and memorable fact, that one of the most insidious of the sceptics has paid an involuntary act of homage to one of the most celebrated Christians. Gibbon, in the memoirs of his own life, enumerating three particular books as having remotely contributed to form the historian of the Roman Empire, gives the first place to our author. From the Provincial Letters of Pascal, says Mr. Gibbon, which almost every year I have perused with new pleasure, I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on subjects of ecclesiastical solemnity.]

LIFE OF PASCAL.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont, in the province of Auvergne, on the 19th of June, 1623.

He was descended from an ancient family, and the son of Stephen Pascal, and Antoinette Begon. His mother died in 1626.

He was one of the most remarkable examples of genius discovered in early infancy, and his father, who was himself a man of learning, and particularly skilled in the mathematics, in the year 1631, sold his office of president of the court of aids, and went to reside at Paris, for the purpose of devoting himself entirely to the education of his children.

Duly sensible of the value and importance of the ancient languages, he was desirous of confining the attention of his son to them alone, until he should become a complete master of them. But young Pascal, when in his 12th year, having heard some mention of the *mathematics*, manifested a wish to enter upon the study of them. The reluctance of the father to comply with this wish, served but to inflame his curiosity. He renewed his intreaties, and finding them still unsuccessful, could obtain, finally, nothing more than a mere definition of the science, with a positive injunction neither to say, nor think any more upon the subject. The definition, given by the old gentleman, was, that the *mathematics* were the *science of drawing exact figures, and of finding their relative proportions*.

Upon the strength of this definition alone, we are told, that young Pascal went to work, without the assistance of any book, and, by the mere force of his own genius, during his hours of leisure from other studies, pushed his discoveries as far as the 32d proposition of the first book of Euclid; when his father, detecting him in his clandestine exercises, and filled with astonishment at the progress he had made, was at once convinced of the impossibility of shackling his transcendent genius, and immediately put an Euclid into his hands, which young Pascal mastered with a facility almost intuitive.

The authenticity of this anecdote has never been called in question. Yet, in the manner it is related by all the biographers of Pascal, it borders too much upon the marvellous to obtain implicit belief. The propositions of Euclid are not connected together by such a chain of necessary dependence upon one another, that the operations of a mind, acting by its own energies, could possibly follow them by a course of mathematical deduction. The thirty-second proposition of the first book, is itself a complicated theorem, containing two distinct though connected demonstrations; and if we can assent to the possibility that Pascal should have made the discovery that the three internal angles of a triangle, are always equal to two right angles, we must at least reject, as fabulous, the remainder of the story. The powers of genius might unveil to the youthful student some of the propositions, of which the demonstration was contained in the first book of Euclid; but they never could have given him the key to the artificial and in some sort arbitrary method of that author.

It is at least certain that this extraordinary story was not told of an ordinary man. From the time when his father discovered his secret studies, and took off the restraint, which perhaps had made them his darling pursuit, he continued his application to the mathematics, with a passion unabated even by indulgence, and at the age of sixteen, composed a treatise upon Conic Sections, which was considered as a master-piece; but which he esteemed himself of so little importance, that it never was published. This work was seen and examined by Descartes, and appeared to that great mathematician, so much beyond the possible powers of sixteen, that he never would believe young Pascal was the real author, and always supposed it the production of the father himself.

In 1638, the father was sent into Normandy, with the office of intendant in that Province, where he resided about ten years. There, young Pascal continued his indefatigable application, with a success proportioned to the uncommon promise of his infancy, though at the usual expense of intense study, disease, and infirmity. At nineteen, he invented, a machine, ever since well known in France by the name of the Pascaline machine, by means of which every sort of arithmetical calculation can be mechanically performed without any knowledge of arithmetic. For this machine he obtained a patent, or exclusive privilege from the King of France, in 1649.

In 1643, Torricelli made his famous experiments, ascertaining that mercury in a tube, hermetically sealed, will not rise beyond a certain height. An observation, which, with respect to water, had before that time been made by Galileo. The Torricellian experiments were communicated to Pascal in 1646, he immediately repeated them, and after fully meditating the subject, published in 1647, a short treatise, which was soon circulated among all scientific men, in every part of Europe, and first ascertained the possibility of a vacuum, which until then had been universally considered in the schools of natural philosophy, as the *abhorrence of nature*. During several years, Pascal continued his researches on this subject, repeating and multiplying his experiments, the result of which he published in two successive treatises, on the *equilibrium of fluids*, and on the *weight of the air*. Works which entitle him to the honour of having first demonstrated to the satisfaction of the learned world, that all the phenomena, till then attributed to the *horror of a vacuum*, are imputable only to the weight of the atmosphere.

Unfortunately for the fame of this illustrious man, and for the improvement of mankind, in science; to which he was so richly qualified to contribute, an accident which happened to his father, about this time, led to circumstances which withdrew his ardent, and indefatigable mind, from any further application to worldly science, and plunged him headlong into the abyss of metaphysical theology and frantic superstition. It happened that the too famous controversies between the Jansenists and the Jesuits, on the subject of grace, free-will, predestination, and all those interminable questions, which according to Milton, perplex the intellect of the devils in Pandemonium, as they torture the understanding of man, here on earth, were at that period, just kindling to a flame in France; the curate of a village near Rouen, whose head was filled with the doctrines of Jansenius, and the Commentaries of the Abbot of St. Cyran, and of Arnauld, had persuaded two gentlemen of his parish, that these disputes were the most important of all human concerns, and those two disciples communicated their own convictions, to both the Pascals, father and son. From the moment when the mind of the latter was turned into this course, he abandoned all his former objects of inquiry, and devoted himself exclusively to what he thought the one thing needful, the study of religion, or rather, a religious disputation.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. THE LAY PREACHER.

"On the first day of the first month—set in order the things that are to be set in order."

It has been remarked by ingenious moralists, that although the negligence of mankind suffers minute divisions of time to pass unregarded, yet at the close of centuries or years, it is common

to pause, and compute in what manner they have been employed. To justify the truth of this observation, most of my parishioners, who have toyed with time, days and months, begin now to grieve, that another idle year is gone, and resolve that the next shall be more busy. While all around him are repeating the compliments of the season, and, with jocund voices, wishing each other a *happy new-year*, the Lay Preacher, with affectionate zeal, will suggest plans by which these annual wishes for felicity may be realized.

Most men are, criminally idle. I confess, with candour, that I loiter and slumber much, and, while I preach industry to others, *am myself a cast-away*. But the sun, who darts his reproachful rays through the curtain, undrawn at nine o'clock, seems to upbraid my sluggishness, and to wish that I would announce to the lazy of my flock that they will not, like him, at once shine and be of use, unless like him they rise seasonably. My readers are, therefore, vehemently exhorted early to extinguish their candles, and to use the day-lamp, which neither sputters nor flares, whose wick never burns out, and whose oil never fails. All who wish that the year may be happy, must rigorously observe this injunction. No complaints must be heard of the chill of winter mornings, or the shortness of summer nights, but as soon as the above lamp begins to glimmer, let them rise and work. They will soon be convinced that it is so ingeniously contrived, its radiance will not offend the eyes, nor its exhalations taint the lungs, like the vulgar tapers of midnight. If the Lay Preacher himself, contrary, to his own doctrine, should be found snoring in his study, while his neighbours are walking in their vocation, he gives them full permission to summon a synod, and dismiss him from his office.

Instead of employing the usual expression a *happy new-year*, it would, perhaps, be an improvement to vary the phrase, and adapt it to the character of the person who is addressed.

If I meant that a sluggard should enjoy a *happy year*, I would wish him an *active and laborious* one. I would apply to some clamorous carman, or some importunate client to bellow at his window at the dawn of day. I would even advance a dollar from my small salary, to purchase a couple of cocks to crow him up to exertion. The year of the idler would then undoubtedly be happy. You would hear from him no complaints of spleen or nervous disorders. He would have no bill to pay the apothecary for pills to cure indigestion. You would scarcely hear a yawn from him during the prolixity of a winter's eve. His mind would be agreeably engaged. His hands would be employed by Utility, his heart would throb with Pleasure, and his eye be brightened by Hope. He would not only 'set things in order on the first day of the month,' but habit would cause order to regulate his occupation during the year.

Were I to compliment a man 'of feeble knees,' whose eyes are red, whose hands are paralytic, whose perceptions are disturbed, and whose purse is impoverished by 'tarrying late at the wine,' I should wish him a *sober year*. I should wish, when he bellowed for the *third* bottle of Burgundy, that his landlord might be sleepy, and that the waiter might stumble; that all the liquor he swallowed instead of raising would depress his spirits; and that he might peruse seriously that chapter of the prophet, which denounces 'woe to the drunkards of Ephraim.'

Suppose that in my pilgrimage through the streets, or the market-place, through the *liberties* of Philadelphia, or the thickets of Monticello, I should meet that animal, more hateful than the hyena, and more restless than a monkey, and

called a Democrat or a Jacobin. If I wished him a *happy new-year*, he would instantly conclude that I meant a *revolutionary* one, such an epoch, as the first year of the *French Republic*, or the cut and thrust commencement of the commonwealth of Cromwell. Guarding against a meaning so mischievous, I would express my annual compliment differently, and wish him a *loyal year*. I would wish that from January to December he might be *well governed*. I would interdict him from reading the speeches of a club, or the sermons of a conventicle. I would forbid his pronouncing the word Robespierre, or repeating any of the reveries of Jefferson. I would wish that he might hearken to the oracle of experience, and be deaf as an adder to the voice of theory. The creature would then gradually become a good subject, and his year would be happy.

The wish for gamblers must be expressed in a very extraordinary and enigmatical manner. Instead of a *happy new-year*, it would be the duty of their real friends, to pray that it might be an *unlucky* one. An unlucky year would be a year of jubilee to the gamester. It would produce a thorough reformation. Should the friendly wish for *ill luck* be realized, and the gamester neither *hold four by honours*, nor the *odd trick*, what a clear saving to his purse, his health, and his time! He would soon consider cards as the emissaries of misfortune, he would endeavour to grow rich by surer calculations, he would not only endeavour to discard the knave from his hand, but from his conduct, and be more anxious to turn the penny, than a trump.

The wish for the shy bachelor and the coy maiden, is, that, tired of a cold and comfortable celibacy, they may agree during the present frosty, or approaching vernal season, to make vows to Matrimony and keep them with the purest good faith. May their wedding ring be always bright, and may their honey moon, with genial radiance, glow intensely not merely for a month, but cheer and gild many a blissful year.

The wish for myself shall be concise and moderate. My romantic expectations have vanished with the effervescence of youth, and were the wishing cap of Fortunatus mine, my desires would be tempered by philosophy. With the fifth Henry of England, and of Shakspeare, I can declare that 'I am not covetous of gold,' but there is a glittering prize in honour's hand, to which the honest love of fame urges to aspire. In the eager race for renown, may health and industry invigorate my speed.

Finally; to use the Pagan's immemorial adverb, *finally*, brethren, the Lay Preacher, with the fervent kindness of St. Paul, 'sendeth greeting to many,' and wishes that this, and every future year may prove *eminently* happy to all the deserving. A lyric bard of antiquity, in a strain of affectionate encomium upon his friend, the beautiful and benignant *Tibullus*, inquires for what the fondest nurse would pray for her darling? The poet answers this with a terseness, which it were vain for a translator to emulate. But wisdom, eloquence, fame, health, comfort and competency are the sum of her comprehensive desire. May these gracious powers be propitious to every ingenious and virtuous individual, among my readers; and, to add fervency to my warm wishes for their welfare, and to avail myself of the pomp and beauty of oriental metaphor, may they be like a cedar in Libanus, and as a cyprus tree upon the mountains of Hermon, like a palm in Engaddi, and as a rose plant in Jericho, as a fair olive tree in a pleasant field,

and as a plane tree by the water; as Phison and Tigris in the time of the new fruits, as Jordan in the time of the harvest, and as Geon in the time of vintage.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
OBITUARY.

Died at his seat in Cawbridge, Eastern Shore of Maryland, on the eleventh of December, in the forty-second year of his age, WILLIAM VANS MURRAY, Esq. late Minister of the United States, to the Batavian Republic, and one of the Envoys extraordinary to the French Republic.

Mr. Murray was one of those characters, whose decease ought not to be passed over, with the mere ordinary notice of a newspaper paragraph. At an early age, he had risen high in the honors, and shared largely in the confidence of his country. He had filled various offices of the most important trust, and had executed their duties with great ability and success. He had rendered to the United States services, the importance of which will be more and more appreciated the more they are known, and the more extensively their consequences, which are still operating, shall be spread. He was a virtuous citizen. He was a faithful, able and indefatigable public servant. He was an accomplished and an amiable man. His memory is an object not uninteresting to his nation. To the heart of friendship which guides the pen at this moment, it is precious, it is inestimable.

During the period of the American revolution, Mr. Murray was passing from that of infancy to manhood. At the peace of 1783, he was about twenty-two years of age, and had received an education preparatory to the practice of the law. Immediately after that event he went to London, for the benefit of improvement by travel and foreign instruction, and resided during a period of three years as a student in the temple. Here he became acquainted with, and enjoyed the society of several English gentlemen, then upon the same establishment, and who have since become very eminent characters in that nation as statesmen, and in the republic of letters as men of genius and science. At an age, when the passions usually riot in their most unlicensed range; with a natural constitution by its exquisite sensibility, peculiarly exposed to the seductions of dissipation, and in the midst of a luxurious and splendid metropolis, where all the energies and powers of man, are combined to vary the scenes of delight, and multiply enjoyments, where sloth allures to beds of down, and pleasure beckons with swimming eye, and enehanting smiles, he retained the firmness and resolution of devoting his time and attention to those objects, which were to mark the usefulness of his future life. The observations of Doctor Price, of Mr. Turgot, and of the Abbe de Mably upon the constitutions and laws of the United States, were published, during this residence of Mr. Murray in England. He felt the importance of the subject, and meditated these writings of those great men, with that ardour of research and that integrity of purpose, which were strongly marked features of his mind and heart. He published the result of his reflections, in a pamphlet which was favourably received by the public, and which may still be consulted with advantage by any person curious of our constitutional history.

In the summer of 1784, while a student in the Temple, Mr. Murray took advantage of a vacation, to make an excursion of about six weeks to Holland. He travelled over that country with the pleasure which during that season of the year, it cannot fail to give a man of lively imagination; of accurate observation and of judicious reflection. Enjoying the novelty and beauties of its scenery, remarking the manners, charac-

ters and usages of the inhabitants, inquiring into their laws, constitutions, and government, he committed to paper the result of all, as he went along; at the inns, in the travelling barks, at every resting place of the stage, he was assiduous in the use of his pen, and thus improved to valuable purpose every moment of that time, which he had considered as indulged to relaxation and amusement. The mass of information which he thus collected, and preserved in minutes made on the spot, he afterwards digested and methodized into a regular work; which has never been published, and which the writer of this article has never seen, but which he hopes is not lost, and wishes may one day be published.

Before the expiration of the term which Mr. Murray had allotted to his residence in England, he lost his father. The death of a distant friend, is almost always to the survivor the same in effect as if it were sudden death. Mr. Murray had no intimation of his father's illness. The first intelligence he received, after a letter from him indicating perfect health, was an abrupt notification of his decease. To that father, his attachment was unbounded. It was the gratitude of a generous soul united to the sentiment of filial affection. The shock was too violent for a constitution always feeble, and that at time in precarious health. The day after receiving the information, he took to his bed from which for six weeks he did not rise; a languid and tedious convalescence of several months succeeded this illness, shortly after which he returned to his native country.

In the course of his abode in England he formed an attachment to the lady, to whom he was afterwards united, and who survives to lament his loss.

Immediately after his return he engaged in the practice of the law; but the voice of his country very soon called him to her councils. He was elected first a member of the Legislature of Maryland, and at three successive elections, from 1791 to 1797, to a seat in the House of Representatives of the United States. This station he filled with distinguished honour to himself, and with entire satisfaction to his constituents. His fortune however, which was not affluent, had suffered, by the devotion of his time to the public service, and so loudly called for some of his attention in its turn, that in 1797, he had declined standing a candidate for re-election. But his merit and talents had not escaped the discerning eye of a WASHINGTON. He was unwilling that they should be buried in retirement, and one of the last acts of his administration, was the appointment of Mr. Murray, as Minister of the United States to the Batavian Republic.

He arrived at the Hague, at a very critical period of affairs. The misunderstandings and disputes between the United States and France, were festering to a rupture. The influence of France over the Batavian councils was untroubled, and her disposition to involve Holland in opposition to her most unquestionable and urgent interest in the quarrel, was not equivocal. By a judicious mixture of firmness, of address, and of conciliation, he not only succeeded in preserving uninterrupted harmony between the American and Batavian nations, but when the French government, listening to wiser suggestions than those, which had almost precipitated them into a war with America, became sensible that the true interests of both nations, dictated peace and reconciliation, their first step was to send to the Hague a negotiator calculated by his personal character, by his patriotism as a Frenchman, and by his friendly disposition towards the Americans, to second the congenial views and

intentions of the American Minister at that place. The first advances towards a restoration of harmony were thus made, by conferences between Mr. Murray, and Mr. Pichon, then chargé des affaires of France at the Hague; these led to certain propositions for a renewal of direct negotiation, made by France, which Mr. Murray transmitted to his government.

When the dispatches, containing the account of these interviews, and the propositions of the French government were received, and had been fully considered by the then President of the U. States, he thought them sufficient to lay the foundation for that direct negotiation which was desired by France; he nominated Mr. Murray as Envoy extraordinary to the French Republic, for that purpose. This was undoubtedly, under the circumstances of that time, no ordinary testimony of confidence in the abilities, as well as the integrity of the Minister. It was even thought by those who had less experience, and knowledge of his talents and character, confidence too extensive. In compliance with these opinions, two other gentlemen, of the highest respectability, were afterwards joined in the nomination and commission with him. He had justly estimated the proof of the Presidents' personal trust, exhibited in the first and sole nomination; and he felt it as an additional mark of the same esteem, when he had colleagues given him, with whom it was an honour to be associated.

The issue of this negotiation, which terminated in the treaty concluded at Paris, the 30th of September 1800, is too recent, not to be within the recollection of every one. Immediately after the signature of that instrument, Mr. Murray returned to his station, as Minister resident at the Hague, where he remained until after the commencement of the present administration. He was then sent again to Paris, to make the exchange of the ratifications, which he accordingly effected. But, as it was judged unnecessary to continue the expense of maintaining a public Minister at the Hague, he was immediately afterwards recalled from that mission, and returned to the United States in December, 1801. From that period, until his decease, he had lived in retirement at his seat in Cambridge. His health had always been infirm, and, for the last eighteen months, had been in a continual decline.

In private life, Mr. Murray was remarkably pleasing in his manners, and at once amusing and instructive in his conversation. With a mind, of incessant activity, and observation ever upon the watch, he united the all enlivening fancy of a poet, and with the most inoffensive good nature, a peculiar turn of original humour. He had a strong and genuine relish for the fine arts, a refined and delicate taste for literature, and a persevering and patient fondness for the pursuits of science. The compass of his conversation therefore was very extensive, and concurred with a temper social in the highest degree, to make him the delight of his friends, and intimates. The keenness of his sensibility, and the rapidity of his conceptions, had given him a sense of decorum and propriety, which seemed almost intuitive. He perceived instantaneously, and felt deeply every departure from it. But his wit and temper, always led him to consider it with good humour, and to represent it with pleasantry. He had therefore, a powerful talent at ridicule, and though, both from principle and disposition he kept it under a well disciplined controul, yet it could not always avoid those resentments, which are the only defence of dulness and folly against it.

His facility in writing, was proportioned to the vivacity of his mind: His letters were strongly marked with the characteristic features of conversation, and, by their elegance, their

plicity, their poignant wit, and unbounded variety of style might serve as models of epistolary correspondence.

As a public speaker, he also ranked high. During the six years of his service in the Congress of the United States, he took an active part in the measures and debates of the time, and as a test of his talents in this capacity, it may suffice to say, that in legislative assemblies accustomed to the eloquence of a Madison, and an Ames, of a Giles and a Dexter, Mr. Murray's station was 'if not first, on the very first line.' It may also serve to confirm the truth of this observation, that this was the place, where his situation and conduct attracted the notice, and engaged the esteem and confidence of the first President of the United States.

In giving to the public, this feeble and imperfect sketch, of one of the brightest characters, which has arisen in the American Union, since the establishment of its independence, the writer must lament that the shortness of time, has not allowed him to make it more worthy of the subject, and while indulging the private tear, at the earthly dissolution by the hand of death, of long-trying and affectionate friendship, he may confidently call upon the sorrows of his country, to mingle with his own, at the loss of a citizen, whose career, cut short, at little more than half the ordinary period of human life, had already been signalized by attainments thus extraordinary, and by services thus pre-eminent. How few among mankind, of any time or nation, at the age of forty-two, have ever given such decisive and important pledges of the patriots' virtue, and the statesmans' wisdom, as the man to whom this tribute of attachment and respect is paid? If the love and veneration of United America be justly due to those exalted characters, under whose conduct she rose to independence, and adorned her rank among the nations, she will never be unmindful of the departed worth, which emerging at a later date into life has toiled with equal ardour, and aimed with equal devotion, to strengthen her independence with the pillars of security, and to adorn her temples with the wreath of national glory.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, GUILDHALL.
BEFORE LORD ELLENBOROUGH.
Ewing v. Ward.

This was an action for assault and battery, and false imprisonment, brought by the plaintiff, who was an attorney at law, to recover damages of the defendant, the proprietor of a very celebrated public house, called the Cock, at Temple Bar. The case, as stated on the part of the plaintiff's counsel, was a very violent one. It was supposed that the plaintiff, after having soberly and moderately finished his porter and brandy and water, had peaceably retired, giving three pence to the waiter, and civilly wishing the landlord good night, and that in return for this orderly and good conduct, the landlord had, without any provocation, rushed out of his bar, beat the pacific attorney, dragged him out of the house by the collar, delivered him over to the watch, and finally had him committed to the Compter upon an unjust allegation, that he had committed a riot in the defendant's house; all this was inferred, and the injury the plaintiff had received was stated by Mr. Erskine in the most glowing colours.

The defendant had pleaded, first, that the plaintiff had assaulted him; and secondly, that he had conducted himself in a riotous manner, which rendered it necessary to turn him out of the house.

Upon the cross examination of the plaintiff's own witnesses, the real plain fact appeared to be

nothing more or less than this:—the plaintiff had been keeping it up till the watchful bird, from which the house derived its name, had twice done saluting the morn; it was between two and three o'clock; and what added to the impropriety of the plaintiff's intemperance was, that it was a Sunday morning. At such an hour it was not at all surprising that the plaintiff should have forgot precisely the number of glasses of brandy and water he had drank, and he insisted he had drank less by one than the waiter had charged him with. The waiter maintained the accuracy of his reckoning, upon which the plaintiff persisted he was mistaken, and attempted to beat it into him by those manual and practical arguments, which few Englishmen, however low their situation, chuse to endure with patience. An appeal was made to the landlord, who said, he would as soon believe his waiter as he would the plaintiff, at the same time not meaning to make any reflection on him for being an attorney.

The plaintiff, irritated at his veracity being put at issue with that of a common tapster, declared it was only the defendant's being at the bar protected him, and that, if he would not demur to coming out, he would treat him as he deserved. He then proceeded to make a noise and disturbance, upon which the defendant was compelled, for the sake of preserving the peace of the house and family, to proceed to an ejection: and for that purpose having gently laid his hands upon the plaintiff, he succeeded in getting the attorney on the outside of the house, and then very wisely fastened his door to prevent his re-admittance, and delivered him into the custody of a faithful guardian of the night, denominated a watchman, who carried him before a constable of the watch, by whom, after hearing the charge, he was committed to the Poultry Compter, where he laid *perdue* till the next day at noon, when, upon depositing certain symbols, as a security for his appearance before the Magistrate the next morning, he was delivered from incarceration.

This appeared to be the whole of the case.

Mr. Garrow, who was counsel for the defendant, proposed, in consideration of the confinement the plaintiff had suffered, to withdraw a juror.

Lord Ellenborough was of opinion, that the plaintiff's riotous conduct, at such an hour of a Sunday morning, was a justification of what the defendant had done. His lordship also thought, that the plaintiff's threat to the defendant, in case he came out of his bar, amounted to a challenge.

Mr. Garrow, though he clearly might have had a verdict, adhered to his first proposition, and a juror was withdrawn.

The defendant and his party, elated at their victory, proceeded to the Cock in triumph, where no doubt there was plenty of *crowing* in the course of the evening.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. NUPTIAL.

Married, on the twenty-ninth of December, by the Right Reverend Dr. White, THOMAS MANNERS, Esq. Captain in his *BRITANNICK* Majesty's 49th regiment of foot, to Miss MARY RUSH, daughter of Dr. Benjamin Rush of this city.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mess. Conrad have published, from the neat press of Mess. Palmer, an edition of 'the Maid of Bristol,' a play, in three acts, by J. Boaden. To this popular performance is appended, by way of epilogue, from G. Colman, the younger,

a very spirited address to the patriotism of the British people.

Mr. S. F. Bradford's fine edition of *HERON'S JUNIUS* is in a state of very great forwardness. This work is impatiently expected by the curious, not only from a wish to possess an English Classic, in an elegant form, but from the reputation of Mr. Heron, as an ingenious and well principled commentator. All who are inquisitive respecting any of the political occurrences in England, during the administration of the Earl of Bute, and the Duke of Grafton, will find much information and amusement in this curious volume.

Mess. Conrad have just published a very portable and neat edition of Smollett's translation of *Don Quixote*. It is ornamented with engravings, and deserves to be mentioned as the *first* American edition of a romance, which will be read and remembered as long as Spain vaunts of her Cervantes, and as long as Good Sense, benignant Wit, and grave Irony have an admirer.

Mr. THOMAS DOBSON has in the press the *Abbe Clavigero's History of Mexico*. This useful, accurate, and elegant work, is derived both from Mexican and Spanish documents, and from the ancient hieroglyphics of the Indians. It is illustrated by charts, and ornamented with engravings, and to the whole are appended critical dissertations on the land, the animals, and the inhabitants of Mexico.

This work is to be elegantly printed, and the plates are to be engraved, in a beautiful style, by Lawson, an artist of celebrity.

Mr. Dobson offers this work, to subscribers, at the moderate price of seven dollars and fifty cents for three large volumes in 8vo. It will be speedily published, and we wish the enterprising bookseller, who has undertaken the publication, and who is distinguished for his good taste, judgment, and industry, in the business of literature, may be amply requited, by a quick sale of this history. We remember, at its first appearance, that the accuracy of its details, and the vividness of its descriptions, arrested the attention, and elicited the notice of *EDMUND BURKE*.

It will interest both the American booksellers and the public, to apprise them, that, late in *November* last, a *third* volume of the life and writings of WILLIAM COWPER, Esq. consisting of *Original Letters*, edited by William Hayley, was preparing for the *London* press.

A new edition of the works of ADDISON, as collected by Mr. Tickell, with some additions, is in the press, in six volumes, 8vo. printed uniformly with the works of Bacon, Locke, &c.

ADDISONIANA; a work relative to the life, times, and contemporaries of Mr. ADDISON, on the same plan as the *Walpoliana*, embellished with portraits, &c. and with seven letters of Mr. Addison never before published, neatly engraved, from the originals, in two elegant volumes, price 10s. 6d. in boards.

SWIFTIANA; on the plan of the preceding, with portraits, and with fac similes of Dr. Swift, Bolingbroke, Voltaire, and a great number of his contemporaries, in two elegant volumes, price 10s. 6d. in boards.

The English Editors consider it a duty which they owe to themselves, to state that these works do not consist of mere selections, or of 'the beauties' of their respective authors, but are an attempt towards the production of a limited series of *genuine English Anas*.

The celebrated Abbe Levizac, who has distinguished himself among the emigrant French

Literati in London, by publishing various grammatical treatises of celebrity, and by editing several of the French Classics, has, in conjunction with Mons. Moisant, published 'Bibliothèque Portative' of the French writers, or French Elegant Extracts, a new edition on a new plan, four volumes of prose, and two of verse.

This collection is said to be the most extensive, useful and varied, now existing in the language. It unites all that is perfect in the French Classics, from the most emphatic eloquence, to the most familiar letter. It contains something to please all ages and tastes; and as it is intended as a companion to the English Elegant Extracts, it has been printed in the same size on a similar type and paper.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

While our modern patriots are daily *howling* about the natural rights of the people—republican *principles*—representative government, &c. it is humbly asked, how the friends of the Mammoth reconcile their doctrines to the *purchase of the people of Louisiana*, with all their political rights, without their privity or consent, or by what authority they have imposed on the people, who, it is 'self-evident, are, by nature our equals,' a government 'as despotic as it is wicked?' It was once contended, that the people of America could not be bound by laws passed in the British Parliament, in which they were not represented. *Four colonists*, hearing this example, should also *rebel*, who could blame them?

The *serene* President *neve* obtained a more absolute domination over his numerous negro slaves, whom nature has created his equals, and toward whom he obeys the dictates of nature, than he has acquired over this new colony, by his *purchase from the French*.

Died at Turnham Green, September the 28th 1803, in the eighty-third year of his age, Ralph Griffiths, Esq. LL. D. long known as the Editor and proprietor of the Monthly Review. He was a native of Shropshire; and came young to the Metropolis, where his love of literature induced him to commence his career as a bookseller; which situation afforded him the opportunities which he so much desired, of connecting himself with most of the principal characters of the time. Very shortly afterward, he laid the plan of a Literary Journal, of which the first number, under the title of 'The Monthly Review,' appeared in May, 1749. The success of this work was for a time slow, but at length it fairly established itself; and it has been uniformly continued from that period to the present time, at the rate of two volumes yearly, to 1789, and three volumes yearly ever since, standing the first in sale and reputation among English works of the kind, and probably the sole example in the history of letters of a publication continued during fifty-four years under one title, and Editorship. Its services to the cause of free inquiry and liberal sentiment have been great; and it may be considered as having materially contributed to form the prevalent character of British Literature for the last half century. The Editor long ago retired from other business, and devoted himself entirely to the conduct of this undertaking, which repaid his attention by its fame and emolument. Dr. Griffiths was an amiable man in private life, cheerful and instructive in conversation, abounding in anecdote, well informed on a variety of subjects, and much beloved by his friends and acquaintance. He was twice married, but has left only one surviving son, who has, for many years, assisted him in the

management of his Review, and in whom the property is vested.

In vol. II. of that learned work, the Asiatic Register, the ingenious contributors to that Miscellany, after stiling Sir W. Jones, an 'universal scholar' thus conclude their review of his works.

Of the wonderful attainments of Sir W. Jones it is difficult to speak in qualified terms. His comprehensive mind, seems to have embraced the whole circle of science in its ample grasp; and his works prove, that, in most branches of human knowledge, he had reached a high degree of excellence. His latin odes are classical and elegant; his versions of Hafiz are the only real specimens in our language, of the rich and copious strains of the Persian bard; the Institutes of Menu, Hetopadesa, and Sacontala throw more light on the manners, and civil and religious institutions of the Hindus than can be derived from all other sources collectively, if we except the agreeable translations of Mr. Wilkins, and his anniversary discourses communicate an infinite variety of curious and useful information, in a style at once elegant and impressive. His indefatigable application, exhibits a useful example to literary men; but the extent and variety of his attainments who can hope to reach? By his premature death, literature has met with one of the severest losses, it has sustained in the eighteenth century; for highly as we value the performances, we have just analyzed, we are confident, that if his life had been protracted, his future productions would have supplied the most important desiderata for the elucidation of ancient history, and thrown an entirely new light on the origin and progress of civil society. The oriental muses may now exclaim. '*Tecum una tota est nostra sepulta domus.*'

The ensuing brief but pointed remarks of an English gentleman, who has lately visited Paris, and, after being an indignant spectator of the atrocious crimes and childish folly of an execrable-republic, has gladly returned to England, his native country, 'the sole great refuge of mankind against the opposite mischiefs of despotism and democracy,' are entitled to particular attention. It should be remembered, that the writer was once an enthusiast of *Democracy*, and that after visiting two republics, and witnessing their weaknesses, has abjured all the heresies of a popular form of government.

I assure you no individual ever rejoiced more at returning from transportation, than I did, when I revisited the '*divisos orbe Britannos.*' I was thoroughly sick of republican insolence, and republican despotism; and, under the dominion of the Corsican cut-throat, I felt constantly as if I were in a large dungeon. I am confident that no one, who has not been in France, can have the least conception of the system of tyranny and espionage which prevails there. Even during the short period of my residence in Paris, I felt the chain drawing tighter and tighter every day. If my sentiments had not previously undergone a complete change, my residence in France would have brought me to my senses. *Apropos*, I find the same change seems generally to have taken place in this country. We are united heart and hand; and I am confident that if the upstart usurper or any of his myrmidons effect a landing here, they will never return. John Bull never since he was created, felt for the French or their master more perfect detestation and contempt.

The Rev. W. L. Bowles, whose elegant pen has already commanded such general applause, has finished, and will speedily publish, a Poem, entitled 'The Spirit of Discovery, by Sea.'

The Spanish Literati continue to spread illumination among their countrymen, by publishing translations of the best French and German works that have lately appeared upon agriculture, natural history, medicine, and other arts, and sciences.

Dr. Bisset has just finished a Novel, under the title of *Modern Literature*.

Mr. Holcroft's travels in France, Holland, and Germany, in the year 1801, and 1802, form, say the conductors of the London Monthly Magazine, the most splendid book in the whole compass of English literature. To meet the views of various purchasers, there will be copies at two prices, one at *eight guineas*, in which the magnificent plates will be bound in an atlas by themselves, and another at five guineas, in which, after a necessary reduction of the breadth of the skies, the plates will be folded into the volumes. The engravings are large, by the first artists representing the principal objects and buildings in *Paris*, from beautiful drawings made under the direction of the author.

On a festal day, lately celebrated at Boston, the following toasts were given among many others, in the same spirit; they are preserved in the Port Folio, because they are perfectly to the taste of the Editor; because distinctly, boldly, and nervously they express, the just, the useful and true.

The President of the United States—Let his-
tory take care of his *fame*, and conscience of his *recompense*.

Louisiana—a country without patriots—May our Patriots without a country occupy what they have bought, and leave us to enjoy what we have inherited.

The Navy—May it be so augmented that it may protect our exposed commerce; and so employed that it will raise our degraded national spirit.

Let those who buy right and sell honour, have contempt *gratis*.

Such soundness in public opinion, that if our great men will not speak the truth they shall hear it.

RUFUS KING—An ornament to his country at home and abroad.

CHARLES COTESWORTH PINCKNEY.—The gentleman—the statesman—the soldier.—Sound in his politics and correct in his views

FISHER AMES—His country 'will take charge of his fame, and conscience of his recompense.'

Old England—May she shew her best face to her worst enemy.

Our Subscribers and Agents are very respectfully apprized, that, henceforth, the price of the Port Folio is fixed at SIX DOLLARS. This augmentation is but an act of justice to the Editor, who, for three years, has published this paper, with an expense so large, and an income so small, that prudence requires a small addition to the premium of labour. The price of workmanship and materials are so high, that the Port Folio cannot be afforded for less than six dollars; and the most captious, or most sceptical Subscriber, may, on a fair examination, satisfy himself, that the price of this Miscellany, far from being exorbitantly dear, forms an annual volume, cheaper than any contemporary work of a similar description, published either at home or abroad.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The well reasoned speech of Mr. Tracy, one of the most distinguished politicians in the American Senate, will be very seriously meditated by every man, jealous of an invasion of his political rights, and solicitous for the existence of the Federal Constitution.

The Biography of Pascal we strongly recommend to the attention of every student and man of letters. It must instruct the first, and amuse the second.

When we consider how much care, delicacy, and taste are required in choosing the topics of panegyric, the character of Mr. Murray, delineated by a moral painter, of acknowledged skill, will be regarded with complacency by every man of letters, and every man of feeling. The Editor has good reason to believe that the Biographer of the late Mr. Murray knew him well, and that, high and important as the public stations were to which he had attained, the extent and solidity of his merit, were far from being sufficiently known and recognized, therefore the testimonial in our Obituary is not the language of exaggerated eulogy, or even partial friendship. It is the voice of honest and unadulterated truth.

The blank verse of 'Asmodeo' has been perused with entire approbation. We regret that he, at any time, denies himself the company of the Muse, for, during the past six months, we have been losers, in consequence of the resolution of our ingenious correspondent. We shall always be happy to hear from him, and his prose, his rhymes, or his blank verse, shall always have a ready insertion. Our opinion of his literary powers is high, and the public have not yet forgotten the ingenuity and spirit of his 'Bob Buntline.'

The Editor must *again* inform his correspondents, that it is very seldom he has either room or inclination for the insertion of political or other essays, which have already been made familiar to the public by the daily papers. The office of the Port Folio is not a *retail* shop for the receipt or sale of faded articles. The Editor must insist that those gentlemen, who adopt this paper as the vehicle of their sentiments, would send him their *original* manuscripts.

The author of an elaborate and elegant criticism upon 'As you like it,' is requested, by his friend, to select, as a subject for his ingenious analysis, the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' A play so romantic in its incidents, so sweet and voluble in its dialogue, so warm with youthful affection, and so brilliant with all the gems of SHAKESPEARE, will afford a captivating theme to a man of letters and sensibility.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM PHAEDRUS.

ASINUS AD PASTOREM.

Pauper dominum, non sortem, mutat.

When mighty tumults vex the state,
Think not, ye little, to be great,
Ye only change your master;
From gentle sway of Kings restor'd,
France stoops beneath a Consul's sword,
And is but bound the faster.

Some time, last war, it came to pass,
A dotard fed his little ass
On dainty tops of thistle;
When sudden sounds the hostile trumpet,
Zounds! Jack! the foe! let's quickly stump it,
We're nab'd else in a whistle.

Quoth Jack, the while most coolly munching,
'Old gem'man, ere I leave my luncheon,
Solve me a point or two:
If made a pris'ner, will my back
Be hamper'd with a heavier pack,
Than what I bear for you?'

Cries old one 'no!' 'then go your ways,'
Said Jack, 'and leave me here to graze,
I gain not shame nor glory;
Mine ancient, wherefore should I fly?
What side I toil for care not I,
I'm neither *whig* nor *tory*.'

MERCUTIO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RURAL SKETCHES,

Written during the prevalence of the yellow fever in 1802.

SKETCHES No. IX.

FAREWELL TO THE SCENES OF THE PRECEDING
SKETCHES, ON RETURNING HOME.

How throbs my heart, while now I sing,
Ye much lov'd scenes, a fond farewell,
To each lone spot, each chrystal spring,
Each fragrant bower and bloomy dell.

No more amid your pleasing shade,
The solitary bard shall roam,
But, every care with joy repaid,
He seeks again his native home.

Health, blue-ey'd nymph, with port sublime,
Comes rising on the northern blast,
And now once more revolving time
Proclaims the tyrants reign is past.

Terror no more, with ghastly mien,
Presides o'er every social dome,
But welcome Peace, with smile serene,
Recalls us to our native home.

Father of light, whose dread command
Can still the raging whirlwind's force,
Spread desolation o'er the land,
Or stay the avenging angel's course.

To thee the grateful knee shall bend,
That now no more compell'd to roam,
We see the cherub Health descend
To bless our much lov'd native home.

Ye winding streams, whose murmur sound
Oft sooth'd my sorrows to repose;
Ye fragrant bowers, that vines surround,
Where bloom'd the lily and the rose—

To all your native charms farewell,
Amid your sweets no more I'll roam,
The daisied mead, the sylvan cell,
Seem joyless to the thoughts of home.

Yet oft in scenes of pleasing care,
Remembrance shall your charms renew,
That hush'd the sigh of fell despair,
And bade me brighter prospects view;

Though fancy to my sight recal
The busy street, the friendly dome,
One grateful tear for you will fall,
Ere I shall hail my native home.

LrsANDER.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESS TO AN OPPRESSOR OF THE ENSLAVED
AFRICANS.

Cease, unfeeling monster, cease,
Let thy cruelty repose,
Let a transient gleam of peace,
Smile on wretched Afric's woes.

Let thy stern unfeeling soul
Yield to pity's pleading strain;
And humanity controul,
Thy insatiate thirst of gain.

See on Georgia's fatal plains,
Groan the victims of thy power,
While oppressions' various pains,
Every joy of life devour.

Sinking 'neath the scourge severe,
Hear the tortur'd wretches groan;
While the slowly streaming tear,
Mingles with the sullen moan.

Haste thee, miscreant, haste and ease,
Yonder sufferer from his doom,
Lest unheeded thou shall crave,
Mercy in a state to come.

When thy impious soul has fled,
To a dread eternal state;
And the awful page is read,
Pregnant with thy future fate.

There shall Afric's groans arise,
By her wretched sons prefer'd;
Aura's voice shall pierce the skies,
And Aswego's plaint be heard.

Daughters of the mystic dame,
From oblivion who can free;
Haste, and at the poet's flame,
Light the torch of infamy.

Bear it to the cursed shade,
Where the dust of Brotan lies,
Where in stygian garb array'd,
Brotans' restless spirit sighs.

Place it on the sculptur'd urn,
Where his chissell'd name appears;
Let it there forever burn,
A beacon to succeeding years.

Then posterity shall know,
Brotans' ignominious fame;
Africs' wretched sons shall throw,
Curses on his odious name.

ARMINE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET.

Oh! Weisa, stream belov'd, once more I stray
On thy green banks, and court the cooling breeze,
Soft as it whispers through the bending trees,
Which o'er thy waters wave their quiv'ring spray,
And thus in broken murmurs seem to say:
'Leave, loitering youth, in indolence and ease
To waste thine hours; tho' much these scenes
may please,
Yet here no longer may'st thou lingering stay.
Where other streams their limpid treasures pour,
Where other groves their cooling shades supply.
'Tis thine to rove; yet haply this fair bower,
This wand'ring stream may rise to fancy's eye.
Yes, yes, where'er I rove this wand'ring stream,
And this fair bower shall be my fav'rite theme.'

HARLEY.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 2.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1804.

[The public attention will be again willingly directed to a continuation of Mr. Tracy's speech. If the scheme should ultimately prevail, against which he has directed the potency of Reason and Truth, the Federal Constitution, the Union, Concord and Quiet of America, are nothing but phantoms.]

ELOQUENCE OF THE AMERICAN SENATE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CONTINUATION OF MR. TRACY'S SPEECH,

On the amendment of the Constitution,
IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

Friday, December 2, 1803,

There are some other points of light, in which I wish to place the subject before us.

The constitution is of recent date; it was formed by the mutual concessions of conflicting parties, and balanced with a view to the security of all. Experience alone can test its utility, and time and practice discover its faults. It is a sound position that you should never attempt an alteration in an instrument so complicated, and calculated to serve so many various and opposite interests, without being able, by the test of experiment, to discern clearly the necessity of alteration, and without a moral certainty, that the change shall not only remove an existing evil, but that it shall not produce any itself. The article in the constitution establishing the mode of electing a chief magistrate; and which is now proposed to be altered, was undoubtedly one of the most difficult parts of the whole, at its formation. I am convinced, sir, that the public mind is not sufficiently impressed with the difficulty of adopting, not only an unexceptionable, but even a tolerable and practicable mode of electing a chief magistrate; possessing such important and extensive powers, as are constitutionally vested in the President of the United States. An attempt to detail the number and magnitude of his powers, to this Senate, would be impertinent: But it must and will be acknowledged by all, that the President is vested with powers vastly extensive and important, and that he will bring with him into the government more or less of state politics and state prejudices, and these facts, to which may be added the probability that he will be taken from a large state, must have increased the difficulties of the convention, in fixing on a mode of choice.

How often have contests, wars and bloodshed, the destruction of confederacies, of liberty, and of vast portions of the human race, arisen from the election of chief magistrates? When we consider that the powers vested in a President of this union, are sufficiently important to excite the avarice and ambition of the human heart, its two most active principles, to gain possession of the office; when we consider the difference of sentiment, habit and interest in this country; state pride, and state jealousy, which could never be laid asleep; the difficulties of fixing upon a proper mode of election, must be almost infinitely multiplied. And yet this article is now selected

for alteration. All the amendments which have been hitherto adopted, went to some general explanation, upon very general principles, not changing, but rather expounding the constitution.

This, as I have before said, is taking up the most difficult and the most important article in the constitution, both in relation to rights and principles. But it is said that experience has shown us the necessity of an alteration in this article; that an evil has been found in practice to grow out of the constitutional provision, which calls imperiously for a remedy.

At the last election of President, two persons had an equal number of votes, and that number was a majority of the votes of all the electors appointed, which circumstance gave the house of representatives a constitutional right to select one of them for President. In exercising this constitutional right, they voted by states, and there was at first a division, no choice being made until the sixth day; when an election was effected, of the very man whom the great states, and the advocates of this resolution, wished.

It ought to be noted here, that although they voted by states, yet it happened, in this division, that a majority, in point of numbers, voted for the person President, who eventually became Vice-President. As to intrigue, by either of the candidates, or by their friends, I know of none; the sentiments and conduct of the Vice-President, as published, were perfectly fair and honourable, containing a declaration of his wishes not to stand in the way of the other candidate.

After the view of the constitution which we have taken, and comparing this fact, or set of facts, with the provisions for electing a President, we shall really be at a loss to find out the mighty evil, which the experience of this election has discovered, and which is said to call so imperiously for a remedy. But the advocates of this resolution have had the goodness to put their finger on the spot. They say, that in the certificates of the electors, Mr. Jefferson's name stood first; this is called a sort of record testimony, and in addition, some, if not all the electors, said they meant to elect Mr. Jefferson President, and Mr. Burr Vice-President; and this is declared to be the *public will*, expressed by the constitutional organ, the electors. Notwithstanding this expression of the *public will*, say the gentlemen, a large portion of the house of representatives withstood and opposed the *public will*, for the space of six days, and wilfully voted for the man to be President, who, they knew by the evidence just mentioned, was meant to be Vice-President only. One gentleman (Mr. Wright) has said, that if he had been then a member of that house, possessing such sentiments upon the subject, as he now does; such voting would in him have amounted to the crime of perjury, or words to the same effect; I mean to quote his ideas, as expressed, and believe I have given nearly his very words.

And it is added, that thus there was imminent danger of a person being imposed upon the United States as chief magistrate, who was not origi-

nally intended for that high office, and that *civil war must have been the consequence*. And, as is common in such cases, the picture is filled, in the back ground, with brother raising his murderous hand against brother, father against son, and with an afflicting group of et ceteras: and to avoid a repetition of this *tremendous crisis*, as it is called, the present resolution, it is said, must pass.

Let this statement of facts be kept in view, while we examine the duties assigned by the constitution to the several agents concerned. The duty of the electors is precisely defined. They are each to bring forward two candidates fully qualified for President, because they cannot know at the time of giving their ballots, upon which the choice will fall. The circumstance of two having a majority, and both being equal in number of votes, is an expression of the *public will*, through the only constitutional organ, by which, in this case, the *public will* can be expressed, that both had the requisite qualifications. The *public will*, then, was in this instance clearly and unequivocally expressed, by a constitutional, and a numerical majority, that both candidates were worthy of the office; but here the expression of the *public will* ceased, and which of these two should be the President, was now to be decided by another constitutional organ, that is by the house of representatives voting by states.

The framers of the constitution so intended, and the people who adopted it have so ordained, that *their will* in this case should be expressed by a majority of the states, acting by their representation in the house of representatives. This right of selection, is a right complete in itself, to be exercised by these second electors; uninfluenced by any extraneous consideration, and governed only by their own sense of propriety and rectitude. The opinion of the people had been expressed, by the electors, but it only reached a certain point, and then was totally silent as to which of the two should be President, and their sense upon this point could only be collected, through their constitutional organ, the house of representatives, voting by states. Any interference of the first electors, or of an individual or individuals, must be informal and improper. The advice of sensible and candid men, as in every other case, might be useful; but could have no binding force whatever. The first electors had no right to choose a Vice-President. To claim it was overstepping their duty, and arrogating to themselves a power, not given, nor meant to be given to them by the constitution.

If there is any thing in this whole transaction, which has the most distant appearance of a breach of duty, it was in the electors, by attempting to designate, and by exercising the important office of an elector, under the influence of improper motives; that is, by officiously attempting to decide the question, which of the two persons was proper for Vice-President, which they were constitutionally incompetent to decide. By this conduct they attempted to break down an important guard provided by the constitution, improperly to release themselves from

tions, which made it their duty to select two men qualified to be President. But if there can be a shadow of reason in this claim of the electors, to designate under the present constitutional regulations, of which, to doubt, seems to be so heinous, what necessity can there be for this amendment? The object of the amendment, or certainly its chief object is to establish the designating principle; but why this, if it can already be effected by the simple mode of placing one name first on the ballot, which is so easy to be done, that it can scarcely be avoided? And if done, by the doctrine of gentlemen, it is so far binding on the house of representatives that if they even doubt, they are damned?

The fact certainly was, that at the last election, the great states brought forward the two candidates; they were both of the same political sentiments; this, they had a constitutional right to do; but it now seems that their language to the small states was; 'because you will not give up your constitutional rights to us, and let us go on and designate, we will stir up a civil war, and lay the blame to you. And of this improper conduct of ours we will take the advantage, and obtain an alteration of the constitution, which will hereafter gratify us in every respect.' A gentleman from Maryland (Mr. Smith.) has said that he heard, though he could not prove it, that the federal majority at the time of the last election, contemplated making a law, authorizing or appointing some person to act as President, in case no choice had been made by the house of representatives. I was then, sir, a member of the government, and know nothing of such a project, it might have been so, but supposing it was, what then? Why says the gentleman, the person thus appointed could not have kept his head on his shoulders 24 hours; and this would have made a civil war. If the majority now should contemplate a measure, which the constitution does not authorize, as it clearly did not authorize the measure suspected by the gentleman, though he cannot prove it; the best thing in the world for them to do, would be to give it up, without any attempt to effect it, as it seems the federal majority did. But what argument all this can afford in favour of the amendment, or why it was mentioned, in this debate, is beyond my comprehension. In the result of the last election, the great states and the ruling political party, were certainly gratified, and there does not appear the least reasonable ground of complaint against the small states, in the use of their constitutional rights on the occasion. All support therefore to the amendment, drawn from that transaction, must fail.

I have said, that the article fixing the mode of electing a chief magistrate was, from its nature, attended with many difficulties. A more strict inquiry into the constitutional mode, and a comparison of it, in some other and more particular points, with the proposed alteration, will be useful in forming an opinion of their relative merits.

As the constitution stands, each elector is to write the names of two persons on a piece of paper, called a ballot. Either of the two persons thus voted for may be the President, and the elector cannot know which; this affords the most powerful inducement to vote for two, both of whom are qualified for the very important office. For it is not only uncertain upon whom the choice will fall at first, but the one remaining, will certainly be President, upon any contingency which shall remove or incapacitate the first. The convention seem to have selected a mode of proceeding the most simple, the least liable to accident, and the best calculated to insure the main object, that is, that both should be really worthy of the trust. If one candidate wishes to

make interest with the electors, as each must vote for two, it will be impossible for bribery or intrigue to succeed; for, without corrupting the whole or certainly many more than half, he may be defeated by the other candidate on the ballot. This is, perhaps, the most effectual bar to intrigue, that was ever contrived; for, unless all, or a great proportion of the electors are corrupted, an extreme case of depravity not probable in any country, intrigue can have no assurance of success. The danger and difficulty, which must always attend such an important election, as that of chief magistrate of the United States, was meant to be avoided, by diminishing the chances of its frequent recurrence. So two persons are placed in a condition to act as President in succession, to prevent both the evils, of a vacancy, and of a recurrence of choice more frequently than once in four years. And it seems merely incidental to this second person, to be called Vice-President, and neither the first nor second description of electors can have any right to vote for him as such, indeed he can have no existence till the first character is designated and then seems to be discovered, not elected. The Senate, in case of an equal number of votes for two or more remaining persons, after the President is elected, are vested with authority to choose a Vice-President, for as such he is to preside over this body, and this body therefore seems to be the only constitutional organ to designate him. Both the other descriptions of electors have nothing to do with such a character or office; but are confined to act with a single reference to the character and office of President; and are trusted with no power to give any opinion of the character or qualifications of a Vice-President. And it is remarkable, that there are no appropriate qualifications made necessary by the constitution, for a Vice President; but every qualification has reference to President. There is another important feature in this part of the constitution. 'It was known by the convention, that in this country, in common with all others, where there is freedom of opinion and of speech, there would be parties. They likewise knew, that the intolerance of the major, or ruling sect and political party, was frequently exercised upon the minor party; and that the rights of the minority ought to be protected to them.'

As well then, to secure the rights of the minority, as to check the intolerance of the majority, they placed the majority in jeopardy if they should attempt at grasping all the benefits of a President and Vice-President within themselves, to the total exclusion of the minority. This very case which happened at the last election was contemplated, in which the majority attempted totally to exclude the minority from any participation. The language of the constitution to such majorities is, 'take care that you aim not at too much, for if you do, it is put into the power of the minority to check you, and by a judicious disposition of their few votes, determine the choice of President.' To avoid this event the majority will probably be cautious in the exercise of power; and thus the rights, the proper weight and influence of a minority are secured against the conduct of the majority, which is certainly liable to be intolerant and oppressive. In this respect the spirit of the constitution is, political moderation. And it is clear to my mind, that the experience of the last election has taught a lesson to all majorities, which will in future completely secure them from again incurring a similar risk. I recollect well, that it was thought probable, when the electoral votes were given, that Mr. Burr would have a vote or two, in some of the eastern states. If he had received but one, he would have been by an electoral choice, the constitutional President. If the majority in fu-

ture have the powers of recollection, they will undoubtedly avoid the evil, if it is one, which happened at the last election, with such unfailing certainty, that there will be no need of the remedy proposed by the amendment. But the majority say, if their votes are so scattered for one candidate as to avoid this danger, that another will be incurred; and that is, the minority will elect a Vice-President. The language of the constitution to them, is again, 'that this was meant as a security for the minority against the majority.' But the majority exclaim against both these provisions, as very unreasonable indeed: 'what,' say they, 'are minorities to govern majorities?' The answer of the constitution is 'no, but their due weight and influence shall be secured to them, and the danger of your intolerance guarded against.' For the security of small states and minorities, there is, in the constitution a mixture of the federative with the popular principles. And as it is well known that, when popular majorities alone prevail, and exercise power uncontrolled by constitutional checks, the minorities, who generally possess their proportion of integrity and virtue, are overwhelmed, and liberty itself, by the same means, destroyed; so it is in kindness to both parties, to the country and to humanity, that these wholesome checks are constitutionally provided. Had the majority, or the great states, been willing, fairly to have submitted to the constitutional checks in the last election, no evil could have happened. And it is remarkable that the constitution completely protects them, as long as they obey its precepts, in the creation of which they had an agency, and to which they have solemnly agreed. To prove that I am correct in these ideas, I not only refer to the constitution but to the secretary of state (Mr. Madison). In the *Virginia debates*, vol. I. page 96, he says, 'But on a candid examination of history, we shall find that turbulence, violence and abuse of power, by the majority trampling on the rights of the minority, have produced factions and commotions which, in republics, have more frequently than any other cause produced despotism. If we go over the whole history of ancient and modern republics, we shall find their destruction to have generally resulted from those causes. If we consider the peculiar situation of the United States, and what are the resources of that diversity of sentiments which pervades its inhabitants, we shall find great danger that the same causes may terminate here, in the same fatal effects, which they produced in those republics. This danger ought to be wisely guarded against: Perhaps, in the progress of this discussion it will appear, that the only possible remedy for those evils, and means of preserving and protecting the principles of republicanism, will be found in that very system, which is now exclaimed against as the parent of oppression.'

Mr. President, it has often been said by the discerning and judicious of this and other countries, that our constitution, for its brevity, its comprehensiveness, its perspicuity, and the political skill contained in it, was the best state paper extant. I believe all this, and even more is a tribute justly due to its merits; and I am persuaded that the article which fixes a mode for the choice of a chief magistrate, stands most prominent among its excellencies.

Let us now, sir, examine and compare the merits of the amendment with a special reference to this last view we have taken of the constitutional provision.

The amendment authorizes the electors to vote for a President, and for a Vice-President by specific designation. Is ambition in your country? Here is a direct and inviting object for its operations.

Is the integrity of your electors assailable? You place it here in the most encouraging attitude for an assault. A fear of detection, and a sense of shame, upon the exposure of an improper action, has been, perhaps, a better security against political errors or crimes, than all the moral virtues united, when the temptation has been attended with an impossibility of detection. An intrigue with an elector, can be carried on without much danger of detection; but when your election is carried into the house of representatives, besides the ordinary weight of character in favour of the members of that house, a detection of an intrigue with a candidate is almost certain. It will be recollected, that at the last election, two or three members held the choice perfectly in their own hands. If I mistake not, three gentlemen, that is, a member from New-Jersey, a member from Vermont, and one from either Maryland, Delaware, or Tennessee, could have given a President to the United States. The particular gentlemen mentioned were above suspicion of bribery; but in addition to this circumstance, if they had in the contest, gone over, from improper motives, or under the influence of bribery, a detection was certain.

This will remain forever, the criterion, as it respects the relative danger of intrigue and bribery, in the two modes of choice. And the amendment is avowedly intended to secure a choice by electors, and to prevent a resort to the house; because says the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. Taylor,) 'If you permit the election to go into the house, there, are small states, and minorities, and all the evils of a diet election; meaning, that corruption must be the consequence. But he says, 'let there be a divided election, by the electors, meeting by states separately, and you lessen the tendency to corruption.' This may look plausible in theory, but I think practice will show its fallacy.

It may be better for the electors to meet by states, than for all to be together, but this can never prove that they are less liable to corruption than the house of representatives; which is the only point in question.

The manner of electing the Vice-President, as proposed by the amendment, not only invites ambition to an unchecked operation; but exposes us to the selection of a less important, and more unfit person, than the constitutional provision. In addition to his importance in the government arising from his incidental succession to the chief magistracy, the Vice-President is ex officio, President of the Senate, and gives a direct influence, to the state from which he is chosen, of a third vote in this body, in all cases of equal division, which are usually the cases of most importance. Besides, his influence as presiding officer is, perhaps, more than equal to the right of a vote. It becomes therefore peculiarly important to the small states, and to minorities, whose security rests in this body, not only that their influence in the election of Vice-President should not be diminished; but that no measure be adopted, which may tend to bestow the office upon an unworthy character. By the proposed amendment, this character must necessarily become a sort of make-weight, and stepping-stone for the Presidency.—As in recruiting for an army, a man, active, and of a particular cast of character, but not very proper for a commander in chief, is employed to obtain recruits, and upon condition that he obtains a given number, is to be rewarded with a sergeant's warrant; so in this case, the man who can procure a given number of votes for President, will be encouraged to hope for the Vice-Presidency; and where will such characters be sought after? In Delaware or Rhode-Island? No sir, but in the great states; there the recruiting talents will be

put in operation, because the number of recruits, or votes, will be sufficient to test his active and recruiting merits. And thus the office of Vice-President will be sent to market, with hardly a possible chance to meet an honest purchaser.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

CONTINUATION OF THE LIFE OF PASCAL.

[We resume the very interesting biography of Pascal, and call the attention of every curious reader to the history of the origin and character of the celebrated Provincial Letters. We understand that this admirable work, like many other transcendent productions of the old school, in France, is very scarce in America. This is to be lamented, both as it respects good taste and pure morals. While we are overloaded, and oppressed, and smothered with an enormous load of the infamous productions of the French revolution; while our heads are insulted, and our ears deafened, with the vile doctrines, and Vandal jargon of the jacobins and atheists of an accursed republic, we lack much of the wisdom and wit of the fairest epochs in Gallic history. The style and sentiment of Pascal are as apples of gold set in pictures of silver. The idiom of the traitors and mountebanks of 1792 is corrupt, like their principles, and base as their origin.]

The school, in which he had received his instructions, on the contested topics, naturally connected him with the monastery of Port-Royal, the focus of Jansenism, and of opposition to the Jesuits. It was in defence of the Port Royal doctors, and their opinions that he wrote the *Provincial Letters*, which have sustained to this day their rank as the most elegant and accomplished models of fine writing, in the French language. They are eighteen in number, and were successively published, from the 23d of January 1654, to the 24th of March 1657. The occasion upon which they were written was this.

Dr. Arnauld, in one of his controversial writings, on the subject of Jansenism, had advanced two propositions, which the Jesuits had denounced, in Sorbonne, as incompatible with the orthodox faith, and as implicitly calling in question the infallibility of the Pope. The assembly consisted of about two hundred doctors, divided almost equally between the two parties, but where the Jesuits had a small majority. Arnauld's two propositions, therefore, were censured, and he was formally expelled from the faculty. This censure of the Sorbonne, and their proceedings upon which it was founded, were, however, so entirely dictated and guided by the spirit of party, that the common forms of proceeding were not even observed, and Arnauld found himself reduced to the necessity of entering a protest against the whole process. A few days before the sentence was passed, Pascal, at the request of Arnauld, wrote, in the form of a letter to a friend in the country, a statement of the case, shewing that the questions upon which the controversy turned were trivial in their nature; that Arnauld's opinion was supported by that of the most eminent fathers of the church. That his adversaries differed much more widely from one another, upon the very points in dispute, than from him, and that their prosecution of his opinions was influenced more by personal enmity and rancour, than by sincere objections against his doctrines. This letter was published a few days before the condemnation of Arnauld's propositions, and, perhaps, rather provoked than averted it. The style of the letter, however, as well as the subject and the time of its publication, secured to it a rapid and extensive circulation. Encouraged by this success, and exasperated by the sentence against his friend, Pascal followed up the first publication by three other letters, successively published in the course of a month. They exposed to public contempt the proceedings of the Jesuits, in the condemnation of

Arnauld, and they were written with so much correctness and elegance of language, with such clearness and perspicuity, with such force of reasoning, with such gentleness of manner, and such pungency of satire in substance, that they were universally read, and admired by all but those against whom they were pointed. Their party, however, continued to be the most powerful, and Pascal, after having concluded, in these first four letters, the defence of his friend Arnauld, determined to carry the war into the territories of the enemy, and put the Jesuits themselves upon the defensive. At the close of the fourth letter, he alluded slightly to the looseness of their system of morality, and promised to give some account of it from their own writers. This he accordingly did in six letters, published in about as many months; for his extraordinary success had stimulated instead of relaxing his labours, and he took much more time, and pains in the composition of these, than he had of the first letters. The last eight were addressed to the Jesuits themselves, and principally consist of replies to the answers published by them, or in their behalf. The whole eighteen were soon collected and published under the fictitious name of Louis de Montalte, and with the title of *Provincial Letters*, by which they have ever since been known. They were so called from their purporting to have been addressed to a provincial friend, or gentleman in the country.

These letters are considered, by all the most illustrious names in the French literature, as having formed a memorable era in the history of the language. It may, perhaps, be said that they formed one in the history of mankind. Bossuet upon being asked what work he should prefer to have written, rather than any other in the language, answered, the *Provincial Letters*. Boileau, the most discerning critic that France ever produced, and whose admiration of the ancient classics is well known, always acknowledged, that this work was without a model or a rival, in the treasures of antiquity. Voltaire, in his *Age of Louis XIV*, says, that, from the publication of these letters, must be dated the period when the French language became fixed. In the course of an hundred and fifty years not a word in them has become obsolete, and they are still considered as uniting every species of eloquence, with all the sober usefulness of a moral treatise, and all the lively graces of a comedy. The only performances in English literature, which can bear any comparison with them are the *Letters of Junius*. A parallel between these two master-pieces might be drawn, at once instructive and amusing, but would not here be in its place. The result would, in almost every respect, be to the honour of Pascal.

The influence of this extraordinary book upon the history of the world, is by its effect in giving the stroke of death to one of the most formidable institutions that ever was formed among men: the society of the Jesuits. This effect was not, indeed, immediate. The thunders of the church were in their hands; the despotic sceptre of Louis the 14th was under their controul. The pope, the French council of state, parliaments, and bishops, fulminated anathemas, sentences, and decrees against the *Provincial Letters*, as a defamatory libel. But the Jesuits never could answer its accusations. From that period, their systems of morals have been the scorn and fable of mankind, and when, at length, after the lapse of more than a century, they were abandoned by the arm of power, they fell, unpitied, the victims of that odium, which, perhaps, they no longer deserved.

The author of the *Provincial Letters* was destined to exhibit a proof of the weakness, as well as of the strength of the human mind. If

had been instructed in his infancy, to adopt in its utmost latitude, the axiom of the church, in which he was educated, to consider every article of faith as above the jurisdiction of human reason, and as commanding the most implicit submission. His belief in *miracles*, therefore, was not confined to those authenticated in the Scriptures—he gave his unqualified assent to all those, which the catholic doctrines prescribe to their sectaries, and had no doubt of his having witnessed more than one himself. With the purest system of morals, recognised by that church, he had adopted many of its most unreasonable austerities. He believed the duties of religion to be so irreconcilable with the pleasures, and even with the business and duties of social life, that he abstained from a matrimonial connection, and from the pursuit of an official station, which he had contemplated, under the conscientious impression, that the concerns of this world must all be sacrificed to the prospects of the next. Actuated by these principles, so pernicious by their effects, and so dangerous by their resemblance to the sublimest virtue, he prevailed upon his youngest sister to renounce the world, and to enter into the religious sisterhood at Port-Royal. He retired to one of the solitary cells, belonging to that monastery, himself. He assumed, as the foundation of his piety, the imaginary duty of renouncing every pleasure, of denying himself every superfluity; and severely condemned himself for the innocent relaxations and amusements in which he had before indulged for the restoration of his health. Exhausted by incessant application, emaciated by long continued abstinence, and sublimated to the ecstasies of enthusiasm, by solitude, and the fire of imagination, strained beyond the tone of mortal endurance, he became subject to a degree of nervous irritation, which produced a partial alienation of mind. In October 1654, as he was riding in a carriage, with four horses, the two foremost took a fright, and leaped off from a bridge, which was not guarded by a railing, into the river. The tackling fortunately broke, and left the carriage on the bridge. But, in the feeble and languishing condition of his health, he was so much affected by the extreme danger he was in, that he was with difficulty recovered from a long fainting fit. The impression of this accident upon his nervous system was so violent, that he was ever after in continual alarm from the apprehension of a precipice, which he fancied at his side. This was likewise probably the occasion of a vision, which he had about a month afterwards. Of this he kept an obscure and indistinct account, written on parchment, which, after his death, was found sewed within the lining of his coat. With a number of broken sentences, detached words, and remarkable characters, it contained a more intelligible memorandum, to this effect, 'Year of our Lord 1654, Monday 23. November—St. Clement's day—from about half past ten at night, until about half an hour after midnight. God of Abraham, God of Isaac, God of Jacob; and not of philosophers and men of learning.' This singular minute is sufficiently clear to indicate the state of his mind, and the subject in which it was absorbed. To humble the pride of the human intellect, let it be remembered, that its date is fifteen months earlier than the first of the Provincial Letters—That, when those beautiful models of controversial eloquence were composed, their author was in the same mental habits, which had produced this creature 'of imagination all compact;' and that those habits continued strengthening and increasing upon him until his death.

In the angry controversies between the Port-Royalists and the Jesuits, the former had an

unquestionable superiority of talents, and the advantage of a better cause; but their antagonists had a weight of credit and influence, more than sufficient to counterbalance them, and the Jansenists often found themselves under the necessity of appealing to the test of miracles for support. On the twenty-fourth of March 1656, a niece of Pascal, a young girl, then residing at Port-Royal for education, and afflicted with a fistula lacrymalis, by touching a precious relic, which had just been obtained, a thorn from the crown worn by Jesus Christ at the crucifixion, was instantly and completely cured. No miracle at the grave of the Abbe Paris was more substantially authenticated. The physicians and surgeons, who had attended the girl, gave certificates of this extraordinary cure, and it was put beyond all question, by a regular ecclesiastical process, under the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Paris. In all this there is nothing but what can easily be accounted for. But when we are told that Pascal was a witness of the fact; that he firmly believed it; that it was the occasion upon which he wrote most of his *Thoughts upon Miracles*, we should deem it as incredible as the tale itself, were there not numerous other examples of minds in the most elevated rank of human capacity, laid prostrate and impotent at the feet of superstition.

The *Thoughts upon Miracles*, were only the materials of a larger work he intended to compose, the object of which was to vindicate the christian religion against the objections of atheism and infidelity; a work which, had it been accomplished, would have borne the marks of that profound and sublime genius, which conceived and dictated the Provincial Letters, but which probably would have been deeply tinged with the infirmities, which made him give credit to the miracle of the holy thorn.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

'Neither give place to the Devil.'

In a didactic exhortation to the Ephesians, the most eloquent orator, and the greatest moralist, among the apostles, introduces this judicious caution against the danger of giving a reception to one of the most plausible, insidious, and yet profligate characters, of which history makes any mention.

A dignified author, though not a bishop, has somewhere asserted, that the devil goes about in more pleasing shapes, than that of a *roaring lion*. It is, at those seasons, my readers, when this personage is disguised, or attired in agreeable array, that we should guard against his wiles. If he never assailed us, except when clad in that tremendous coat of mail, given him by the calvinistic divines, neither St. Paul, nor a more modern moralist would caution you against giving him place. If none but John Bunyan's devil appeared to us, I fancy, that to saucer eyes, a cloven foot, and a dragon's tail, not even a hardened sinner would open his gate. But, when satan chooses to walk to and fro, in masquerade, through the world, his deformities, all hidden, either by a broad mantle, or a flowing robe, then he allures the eye, then he fires the fancy, then he taints the heart.

Now, as we are not ignorant of his devices, and as Moses, an old authentic historian, has apprized us of his subtlety, it may be useful to those, who rashly judge of characters from appearance, to describe some of the most common shapes, which the tempter assumes. Hence, without a very laborious process in reasoning, it may soon be discovered that many of the most common and favourite objects of pursuit are the *devil*.

A bag of money, for instance, if we seek it in company with integrity and industry, is a harmless and useful acquisition. But when avarice advises to dig, 'knavery to undermine, and ambition to soar for it, the possessor will find a cloven foot in the sack's mouth, instead of the cup of Benjamin.

A well known poet once exclaimed, 'O grant me honest fame, or grant me none.' For this kind of reputation all should be anxious. Without a good name, man would be poor indeed. But, when greedy of applause, we hunt after it in pathless ways, at the expense of morals and health. When a drunkard thinks to gain it from an ocean of liquor, or a sensualist by keeping seven hundred concubines, when a fop imagines it attached to tawdry clothes, when a fanatic prays to acquire it from the destruction of the church, or a malecontent from the subversion of the state, in all these cases, men are actually striving to give place to the devil.

When a factious partizan wishes that liberty should be metamorphosed to licentiousness; when he surveys the administration, or reads the speeches, of WASHINGTON, and, then, has the effrontery to pronounce him a Catiline, or a Cæsar. When he defames ADAMS, as a tyrant; JAY, as a parasite; PICKERING, as a defaulter; and HAMILTON, as a stock-jobber, he is blind to the noon-tide ray, the moon beams have glowed intensely on his crazy head, *he is mad, and hath a devil*.

There has lately arisen, in America, a new sect in philosophy, stiled *speculators*, not very intense thinkers, but yet, contradictory as it may seem, absorbed in *speculation*. Like LOCKE, and other profound metaphysicians, they are more conversant with ideas, than with reality. Like an insane mendicant, who sometimes solicits charity at my door, they are perpetually vaunting of vast possessions in land, and muttering about titles, grants, and charters. I have been inclined to think they are allied to the noble family of gypsies and jugglers, from the variety and adroitness of their tricks, by slight of hand. I have turned over at least ten different dictionaries, to find a definition of the word *speculation*, and after fruitless attempts, I am obliged to frame one myself, and conclude that it means, the sale of a cloud, for a valuable consideration. Therefore, as a grave and scriptural author declares Satan to be 'the prince of the power of the air,' we may regularly infer that all transactions of this nature are within his jurisdiction, and that speculators give place to the devil.

If a youth, of ardent temperament, and acute sensibility, spy a Syren, whose eyes flash wantonness, and whose hands beckon with a turn in *hither, I beseech thee*; let him beware of her enchantments, though the roses seem to glow on her cheek, and though her tongue drops the manna of persuasion. Though her couch may be covered with *tapestry and fine linen of Egypt*, though she is impudent of face, and *subtil of heart*, and, though *perfumed with myrrh and cinnamon*, let him not give scope to lawless desire; *neither give place to this devil*.

The fair sex display, in general, such admirable taste and judgment in the choice of their favourites, it is hardly credible that a being, so ungracious and sooty, as Satan, could find any quarter from their delicacy. But I am assured by one, who has 'looked on the world for four times seven years,' and who is well versed in the ways and wiles of women, that when they scold for hours a worthy husband, or display unreasonable caprice and coquetry to a deserving lover, they not only give place to the *devil*, but frequently prevent his visit, and act the part of the fiend themselves.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the following remarks be not too incorrect for the Press, by inserting them in the Port Folio, you will add to the favours conferred on an occasional correspondent.

ON VANITY.

Among the many writers on epidemic disease, I do not find one who has condescended to treat of Vanity; it is at least as prevalent as yellow fever in Philadelphia.

Vanity attacks, chiefly, persons in the prime of life, but age does not exempt us from it. I have known many elderly females, (especially the unmarried), afflicted with this malady.

Of young persons, those who are rich, handsome, or superficially learned, are generally vain. I would fain believe it confined to our own sex, but fear I am warranted, by my observations, in not excluding the fair sex from participating in our calamity.

Its symptoms I need not be particular in describing. They appear in a marked contempt for the learning, talents, and accomplishments of others, and a decided preference for our own. Egotism is vanity without fear of detection, and is really less censurable than when it is concealed. A desire to extort praise, is a very common symptom of vanity, discovered by disclaiming it, in order that it may be repeated. The symptoms of this malady are so numerous, that, to include an account of them, would far exceed the limits of an essay.

An important inquiry presents itself here. Is vanity innate in the human breast, or does it proceed from a habit of associating, with all our actions, an idea that they are praise-worthy? I am rather inclined to adopt the latter opinion, for several reasons: in particular, if it were present in the breast of every man, we should probably find its objects more uniform; something generous, noble, or useful, would be its objects, but the very reverse of this is the case. Men are vain of the most ungenerous, ignoble, useless actions, as seduction, gaming, dress, &c. The objects of vanity are as different as the characters of men. Tom Tindler is vain of his courage and honour, and a man who questions either, must blow his brains out. His cousin Simper is vain of his person—he has a good leg, fine teeth, whiskers à la mode, and is five feet nine. With these qualifications, he conceives himself the best looking man in every company; and I frequently hear him excuse his foppery by Chesterfield's trite remark, that 'a good appearance is a letter of recommendation.' Personal vanity is very common. Many fashions owe their origin to it—witness bare elbows in bleak December! My old tutor, Dr. Omicron, is excessively vain of his ancient literature; he often tells me I shall find every thing worthy a wise man's attention in the works of Plato, Aristotle, and a number of worthy old writers, with whom I have not the vanity to suppose myself acquainted.

Now, from the above cases of the prevailing disease, and many others, I infer, that its proximate cause, as I before stated, is an improper association of praise with our own actions. That which I know best, or do best, I wish to have every one think best to be done or known. We see this evinced very strongly in sportsmen. Ned Wilding would persuade me that every virtue is centered in leaping a five barred gate, and being in at the death of a fox. There can be no doubt that, in all the above cases, had this passion, (for habit almost fixes it into a passion), been directed to noble objects, the above characters had been much more respectable.

From all that has been said above, the indications of cure readily present themselves. 1st, We should subdue that inordinate fondness for actions not in themselves laudable; and, secondly, direct our attention, from excelling in trivial accomplishments, to improving the good qualities of the head and heart.

Should any of your readers find advantage from my advice, I fear it will add much to the vanity of your humble servant,

GALENICUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Madrid, April 22, 1780.

Dear Sir,

I have received all the letters you mention, except the one, which hath been the occasion of so much pain to you, and which hath excited a sensation in my breast, by no means agreeable, if one letter from a friend to me, is interrupted in France, many more may be, my conduct towards individuals of the nation, and my gratitude to the nation, shown in every instance, of my private and public life, since I have known it, made me hope, that, at this period, any correspondence carried on by me, or with me would escape suspicion. I know not what reasons the Em—r may have for keeping the letter I wrote you. In private life, these things are not permitted; but, I have too much respect for him, not to think, that he hath very good reasons to justify this step to himself, and if that is the case, any complaint from me, is unnecessary. Set your heart at rest, I have destroyed your letter of the 31st of March, which would have given me much real concern, had it not been accompanied by that of the 4th of April. It is cruel to believe an innocent man guilty, even without disclosing to another, our belief of his criminality, we ought therefore to be extremely cautious in the indulgence.

Suspensions, without we have the strongest evidence on which to ground our belief of our venerable friend at Passy, writes that both you and Sir G. G. have been somewhat to blame; I am glad that you both are like to bury the hatchet.

* * * * *

I think that your Republic ought to grow bolder in proportion, as the English naval force diminishes in the seas of Europe. It appears, by the preparations at Cadiz, that both courts mean to push the war in the West Indies. The papers say elsewhere, of course the English must send an equal force to oppose them, and themselves weak at home, why may not the crisis arrive that your country, and the neutral powers, may have their town to bully? The fleet from Cadiz, will sail in a few days, if it hath not already sailed. Several vessels have arrived in the ports of Spain from America, and by all accounts, the fleet in which Sir H. Clinton embarked, was wholly dispersed, as it was not arrived in any port of America the 17th of February. I have a letter dated the 10th of March, from Newberry. The Congress consist of the same members, as when I left it, except Mr. Thomas Johnson, who replaces me, and another who replaces Mr. Dana. When you have opportunities of writing to America, write to the above mentioned countryman of mine, who is, perhaps, one of the ablest members now in Congress, and my particular friend. Write also to Gouverneur Morris, and inform both, that you do it at my desire. I have some reason to think that Mr. Laurens, has a mission to Hol-

land. If he should arrive, your inclination will dispose you, to treat him with constant and assiduous respect. I say no more, for I have forgot the name of party, since I left America, from whence it was my constant aim to banish it; you will see from the manner in which I write to you, that your intreaties to continue my friendship unnecessary. The virtues of the heart, ought always to excuse the errors of the head, even if they were great, I do not mean to apply this to the present case, for I know not the circumstances sufficiently to judge. I hope and believe the Duc. De V— is too good a man, not to be of the same opinion. I am much obliged to you, for the mention you make of me to the P—, you will continue to do it, with a certainty that the best wishes for his reputation and success, proceed from a sincere heart. Calm, my good friend, the agitations of your mind, which much distress me. Be cautious of my letters, though they contain nothing but the dress of my thoughts, of which I should be much ashamed. Mr. T. desires his respects—I only read such parts of your letters to him, as speak of himself, repeating the substance of the news, they may contain. Adieu.

Yours, &c. &c.

P. S. My best compliments to Messrs. N—, they have received a letter from me, ere this.

Madrid, April 10, 1780.

My Dear Friend,

You will before this reaches you, do me justice, and own me a tolerably punctual correspondent, since I have written to you very regularly, since I have been, until the present, and this defalcation proceeds from my absence, having been obliged to meet Mr. Jay, at Aranjuez, when the post arrived, which brought your letter of the 15th ult. I am much obliged to you, for your communications, that with respect to Prussia particularly. I have had frequent opportunities of talking with the Russian Minister here, and as he hath been inquisitive, I have taken the same liberty, the result confirms your intelligence. I have not had the least correspondence with the house you mention since I left Europe, but knowing no one else to whom to address myself at Amsterdam, and wishing to write you as soon as possible, I was obliged to make use of their mediation. Your desire therefore, will be punctually complied with; you see I have the same faith in you, that others had in your predecessor in the wilderness, he was a preacher of glad tidings, in which I hope you will, without being a prophet, have occasion to follow his example. Mr. Jay is well received here, as I have been by all ranks of people. The expedition hath or will sail soon from Cadiz. Mr. Jay reflects with pleasure, that his name is on the list of those who signed your commission, he only regrets that it was not to another since, of a more ample nature. I have never received your letter, sent to Doctor Franklin. How long will the patience of your countrymen, bear the angonies you speak of. I beg you to be very particular on this subject. Can you not contrive to see the Spanish Em—. I have written to Mess. De Veufrille, you must be both the interpreter of my letter, and of my heart to them, which is never more sincere, than when I assure you, how much I am your obliged and humble servant.

W. C.

Brussels, April 13, 1780.

Sir,

There has appeared in the Courier du Bas-Rhine, No. 27, April 1, 1780, a piece said to be an extract from an authentic letter, written from

Philadelphia, which begins thus, 'Monsieur, vous voulez que je vous rende compte du rai etat de nos affaires.'

I am informed that this piece was furnished by you, to the Editor of the Bas Rhine Gazette, but as I know there are times in which misinformation is too current, especially in what concerns America, I cannot give implicit faith to such information, without it is confirmed to me by yourself. I therefore presume you will not think it improper in me, to request of you, that you will candidly tell me, whether you did, or did not furnish the Editor of the Bas Rhine, with the above mentioned piece.

I have the honour to be, with
due respect, Sir, your most
obedient servant.
W. LEE.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

John Bioren and T. L. Plowman have issued proposals for publishing, by SUBSCRIPTION, a mode of printing which is almost a part of the law of the land in America, the History of the Wars which arose out of the French Revolution; to which is prefixed a review of the causes of that event, by Alexander Stephens, Esq. of the honourable society of the Middle Temple. This work, of which we have had only a transient glimpse, is written in a style highly polished, and not unlike the manner of GIBSON. Of the author's principles we have but an imperfect knowledge; but it should seem from some passages in his history, that he is an apologist for some of the excesses of the republicans. If, however, we give full credit to his motto, he must be acquitted of any sinister intentions in framing his narrative. For he tells us, in a quotation from the introduction of *Sallust* to his history of the plot of *Catiline*, 'Statui res gestas populi Romani strictim, uti quæque memoria digna videbantur, præscribere: eo magis, quod mihi a spe, metu, partibus reipublicæ animus liber erat.' If this motto be appropriate, the historian may be honest even in the excess of zeal, and he would not afford us the first example of a man biassed toward a rotten cause, and partial even to prejudice, without the least consciousness of the delusion.

If this performance be a legitimate history, and candidly unfold nothing but the truth, respecting the French jacobins, it deserves regard from a circumstance, not often slighted in the calculations of American economy. The London edition is sold for twenty-five dollars, and this is offered for four.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

The business of instructing youth, though one of the most important, is at the same time one of the most painful and thankless employments in America, especially since parents have begun to set so small a value on Learning, and children claim all the rights of sovereign people. Strictly speaking, there is not a boy in the United States. Infants, and children, and idiots, every possible form of ignorance, every possible form of weakness, every possible form of audacity, are perfectly free, sovereign, and independent under the indulgent sway of a sort of *Indian Democracy*.

We are impatient, says a venerable friend, to hear of the event of the projected invasion of Great Britain by the French, and hope it will be the ruin of Buonaparte, either by his being knocked on the head in the voyage, or by the

French restoring their king in his absence. Our Democratic news writers are making themselves very merry in the prospect of the success of the French, in this expedition, but we ardently hope, that Providence will not abandon Great Britain. Men do not consider, that if England were conquered, America would immediately become a Province of the great nation; this is perhaps, what the Jacobins wish, in hopes that Mr. Jefferson may be appointed Viceroy, but this event may be doubted, as Buonaparte has a brother in this country, for whom he may design that America should be an *appanage* or provision; and as the First Consul is a maker of Kings, he may give *Jerome* that title.

Miss Seward's Memoirs of the life and writings of Dr. Darwin have appeared.

A new periodical paper, under the title of 'The Man in the Moon,' has lately commenced in London.

A fellow of a college, whose name was Backhouse, pronounced *Bacchus*, once discovered a fellow collegian sprawling at full length on the floor, and full of the juice of the grape. Backhouse attempted to lift up the prostrate toper, who, recovering his recollection, exclaimed, from Horace—

Quo me, Bacche, rapis, tui
Plenum?

Looking over some old papers, we found the following exordium to a New Year's Ode, published, some time since, at some village in Vermont, and written by S. Spunkey, Esq. a relation of the *Butler* family. The lover of Hudibras will be delighted with the double rhymes for which our American wag is so happily distinguished.

The Federal Bard, who erst bestow'd
On Walpole press a New-Year's Ode,
Which critics, with sagacious noddle,
Affirm was built on Homer's model;
And who, by dint of love-lorn ditty,
Can melt a marble heart to pity,
Dissolve in sympathy a rock,
Inspire with love a barber's block—
By magic harmony, with ease,
Excite a grove of hemlock trees;
Like Orpheus, stray o'er hill and hollow,
And bid the rapt Aschutney follow—
Can call to earth the list'ning moon,
While forests dance a rigadon,
And, scarce outdone by Macbeth's witches,
Attune the spheres to highest pitches,
Now, glowing with poetic fire,
Awakes to ecstasy the lyre!
Ye Gods and Goddesses, who traffic
In cantos, odes, and lays seraphic,
Apollo and Aonian ladies,
Whose lives are made of merry May days,
Who sometimes warble lays diviner,
If possible, than even mine are;
Bring violins and flutes sonorous,
To aid the song, and swell the chorus!
Borne on poetic wings, we rise,
Like blazing rockets, to the skies,
Astride a sun-beam, soar awhile,
Above old Homer many a mile,
While mortals gaze, and, turning pale,
Mistake us for a comet's tail,
Which indicates, by corruscations,
The Devil's to pay among the nations!

Dr. Brewster was put out of commons for missing chapel, on which occasion he made the following epigram:

To fast and pray we are by heaven taught,
O could I practice either as I ought!
In both, alas! I err; my frailty's such
I pray too little, and I fast too much.

The ingenuity of this epigram procured his immediate restoration.

A new poem, ironical, Hudibrastical, and satirical, has recently appeared in London, entitled, 'Terrible Tractoration, a poetical petition against galvanising trumpery, and the Perkinistic institution.' It is thus commended by the *British Critic*.

It has a considerable share of Hudibrastic drollery. The author is particularly happy, with a few exceptions, in his ludicrous compounded rhymes, and has many other qualities to insure no trifling success in doggrel verse. For instance:

For I could quote, with flippant ease,
Grave Galen and Hippocrates,
Brown, Cullen, Sydenham, and such men,
Beside a shoal of learned Dutchmen, p. 2.

For bottled urine has, no doubt,
In public mail been frank'd about,
(A thing there must be monstrous trouble in)
To London, as it were, from Dublin.
That such a man as Doctor Mayersbach,
(Such things took place not many years back)
May view the uric oxyd's basis,
And tell exactly what the case is.

This truly ingenious and original piece of levity, at the expense of the medical opponents of the celebrated Dr. Perkins, has already reached a second edition. The author's ambition, as he declares in his preface, has been to produce an original performance, and avoid all servile trick and 'imitative knack' of ordinary dealers in rhyme.

When Barry and Garrick were rival players of Lear, the town was amused by the following neat epigram:

The town has found out different ways
To praise its different Lears;
To Barry it gives loud huzzas,
To Garrick only tears.

A king? ay every inch a king—
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing,
He's every inch King Lear.

Epigram on Sir Thomas More, attributed to Lord Bacon.

When More some time had Chancellor been,
No more suits did remain;
The same will never more be seen,
Till More Be there again.

A most exquisite reasoner, and one of the purest of the English writers, arguing strenuously against that democratic device, absurdly called a *reform* in the English Parliament, says very truly—an independent House of Commons is no part of the English Constitution, the excellence of which consists of being composed of three powers, mutually dependent on each other. Of these if any one would become independent of the other two, it must engross the whole power to itself, and the form of the government would be immediately charged. This an independent House of Commons actually performed in the last century, murdered the king, annihilated the peers, and established the 'worst kind of democracy, that ever existed; and the same confusion, would infallibly be repeated, should we ever be so unfortunate as to see another.

* The usurpation of Oliver Cromwell forms a singular era, in the history of human folly, and wickedness. By an inhabitant of another planet, it would be scarcely credited, that a magnanimous nation, full of learning, loyalty and piety, should be dominated over by a gang of rebels, and hypocritical fanatics, more loathsome for their stupidity, canting, and vice, than any banditti of impostors, of which history makes any mention. Note by the Editor.

The eminence of Cowper, as a poet, is acknowledged by a very great number of persons; and however, in numerous instances, he may sink the dignity of language in colloquial familiarity, his general merit is incontestible. If he sometimes creeps with the ant, he at others soars with the eagle, and lights his poetic reed at the fountain of day. It has been objected that his descriptions are local, and that he has neglected general beauty for individual delineation, but are the features he has described unworthy of the choice?

In Ireland, among all who are sincerely loyal, there reigns a zeal of loyalty and patriotism, that has scarce been equalled in any other time or country. The yeomanry compose a force, of which the loyalty, gallantry, and discipline, are not to be exceeded. They are so much the more ardent in their loyalty, because they have been harassed by the crimes of rebellion, and have had to oppose it, to bloodshed. Preparations are at present made around the coasts, and throughout the interior country of Ireland, to resist any invading enterprise of the French, with an activity and an alacrity, from which it is reasonable to expect, the completest security. Lord Cathcart has succeeded General Fox, in the chief command of the forces. The administration of the Earl of Hardwick, as Lord Lieutenant, and of Mr. Wickham, as his secretary, continue to be highly acceptable to the inhabitants of Ireland.

Counterfeit eagles are said to be in circulation, of the impression of 1801. The face of *Liberty* is very poorly executed, and by a slight inspection, the false ones may be easily detected. It is a matter notorious through our country, that the *Federal Eagle* has been very much debased for two or three of the last years, by the substitution of a meaner metal. 'The fine gold has really become dim.' [Farmer's Museum.]

A PARODY OF AN ODE BY ROBERT BURNS,
THE SCOTS POET.

This Ode has been admirably set to Music by Mr. DIBDEN.—It is we understand, the first number of a set of Martial Songs, which are to be occasionally published.

Britons! who, in rap'rous strains
Of Agincourt's and Cressy's plains,
Oft have sung—to foreign chains,
You who ne'er have bent the knee,—
Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour,
See approach fell Gallia's pow'r—
Rapture, chains, and slavery!

Who would be a traitor—knave,
Who would fill a coward's grave,
Who so base as be a slave?
Traitor—coward—turn, and flee:—
Whom can empty threats appal?
Fly to Glory's clarion call!
Freemen stand, or Freemen fall!
Sons of Britain—on wi' me.

Parents, wives, and children dear,
Your's are gen'rous toils to cheer;
Arm'd for you, we know not fear—
For you, our laws, and liberty:
Tho' Austria shrink—tho' Prussia fail,
Tho' tenfold perils aye assail,
Still shall British arms prevail,
Alone shall Britain conquer be.

By Helvetia's cries and moans,
By England's wrongs, by Europe's groans
Open, Earth!—receive our bones—
Drink our blood—or keep us free:
Lay each rash invader low—
Ruffians fall in ev'ry foe—
Freedom strikes in ev'ry blow!
Freedom—who'll not bleed for thee?

On ravag'd Egypt's blood-stain'd sand,
Shrunk not France's scatter'd band,
Crush'd by Britain's vengeful hand?
What then here shall be their fate?—
Think, brave youths, on Nelson's fame,
On Abercromby's trophied name,
And let each blow in blood proclaim,
Equal valour, deadlier hate!

Soldiers!—our's a glorious part:
God of battles! steel each heart,
Valour, strength, and fire impart!
Now to our high destiny,
'Fall or conquer.'—Blush, bright Sun,
Should thou see us backward run;—
'Till the bloody battle's done,
On!—to death or victory!!!

[Lon. paper.]

It is common for ladies to dress the hair with a twist. The poor head inside is sometimes suspected of the like ornament. [ib.]

Flat is a very significant word to attach to the new boats intended to invade this country. The French, who have always been famous for dancing, are anxious to shew us the effects of their footing here, when we shall certainly make them dance to some tune. [ib.]

Mr. Sheridan dined a few days ago at Richmond Park, the invasion was so much the subject of conversation, that the Minister by way of experiment, got a little more than half-seas over. [ib.]

On the first of May, 1782, when debates ran high against the influence of the Crown, and the patriots insisted much on the majesty of the people, George Selwyn, happening, with some friends, to meet a party of chimney sweeper's boys, decorated with gilt paper and other ludicrous ornaments, exclaimed, 'I have often heard of the majesty of the people, but never before had the pleasure of seeing any of the young princes.' [ib.]

Last week a bill of Madame Bonaparte's, for £300. drawn by a Nursery-man, at Kensington, for plants and shrubs, was returned with this notice, 'the Treasurer has no instructions.' [ib.]

On the 23d of August, Mr. Harding, an eminent printer and bookseller of Liverpool, possessed of 11,000l. in bank property, cut his throat under hypochondriac terrors, as was asserted, of the threatened invasion of England.

The following from a British Magazine of November, the latest received in this country, exhibits a glorious picture of the spirit, and generosity of a nation, in which timidity and ingratitude are not considered, as virtues.

Our country may now be considered, as fully engaged in a contest, from which there is no retreat—from which there is no disposition to retreat. So much has martial ardour outrun precedent, that arms are not to be found for the men who stand prepared to wield them.

While our soldiers and sailors are fighting for the safety and existence of England, as an independent nation, their countrymen who are less exposed to the immediate dangers of war, feel a lively interest in their welfare. Such a fund as that at Loyd's Coffee-house, no other country can boast. The distresses of the widows and orphans of those who fall in battle, has long been deplored, and, we trust, will hereafter be mitigated as far as pecuniary assistance can effect that purpose. Life cannot be recalled by gold; but gold will supply a maintenance prematurely cut off. The evils of war cannot be annihilated, but all possible alleviation is now attempted by means of those liberal and honourable contributions. 'Tis all a father, all a friend can give.'

In his essay on Greatness, Cowley quaintly says, 'I confess I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little company, and a very little feast; and if I were to fall in love again, which is a great passion, and, therefore, 'I hope I have done with it, it would be, I think with prettiness, rather than with majestic beauty.

Mr. Jenyns, in the year 1782, advanced the following sentiments, which experience, truth, and prophecy, may claim as their own.

France thought no expense too great, which would involve us in a contest with America, and procure our defeat. This, with the unremitted assistance of English patriotism, she at length accomplished; but what was the consequence? why the very reverse of what our enemies hoped for, and we apprehended. Our commerce is not less, our wealth is greater, and our credit better than they were before the commencement of the war. We are enriched both by the contest, and by the loss of that for which we contended; by the first, because by that our debt is augmented, which can be proved to be our riches; and by the latter, as by that no inconsiderable sums are retained and circulated at home, which would otherwise have been annually expended to defray the useless expenses of American jobs. On the contrary, France is so exhausted that she has been obliged to abandon the pursuits of conquest and dominion, and suffer them to be wrested even out of her jaws, without a struggle. Besides which, her people, by their transatlantic connections, have caught such an idea of liberty, as will not easily be eradicated, without the loss of more blood than the present state of her constitution will bear.

The following wish, by Dr. Aikin, is well expressed in one of the most popular measures of the English ballad.

On the slope of a hillock, be plac'd my retreat,
With a wood at its back, and a stream at its feet;
In front be a meadow, rich, verdant, and gay,
Where my horse and a cow may find pasture and hay.

A beautiful garden I must not be without,
With walls and high hedges, well fence'd all about,
All blushing with fruit, and all fragrant with flowers,
With dry gravel walks, and with sweet shady bowers.

For my house, if 'tis lightsome, and roomy and warm,
Fit to take in a friend, and to keep out a storm,
I care not a straw whether brick, stone, or plaster,
And if 'tis old fashion'd, why so is the master.

An old friend from the town shall sometimes take a walk
And spend a day with me in sociable talk,
We'll discuss knotty matters, compare what we've read,
And, warm'd with a bottle, move gaily to bed.

When evenings grow long, and we're gloomy at home,
To vary the scene 'mong my neighbours I roam,
See how the world passes, collect all the news,
And return with a load of new books and reviews.

In short, 'tis the sum of my wish and desire,
That cheerfulness ever my breast should inspire,
Let my purse become light, and my liquor run dry,
So my stock of good spirits hold out till I die.

Mr. Moore, the elegant translator of *Anacreon*, is appointed Private Secretary to the Governor of Bermuda. [Lon. paper.]

* The author probably alludes to the patriotic declamation of the Earl of Surrey, 'that jockey of Norfolk,' and to the valiant campaigns of Sir W. Howe.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES, WRITTEN NEAR THE SCHUYLKIL.

With what a feverish mind do I behold
These scenes, that witness'd oft as pure a love
As ever dwelt within a mortal breast;
When she, the dear companion of my walks,
At whose appearance nature seem'd to breathe
New fragrance round, and wear her sweetest
smiles,

Would point each beauty to my raptur'd view!
Would bid me mark how white the hawthorn's
flowers;

What verdure deck'd the lawn beneath our feet;
How gay the poplars, and amidst their green,
How pensive did the cedar's hues appear:
With what a majesty the setting sun
Casts his mild radiance on the winding stream,
Whose scarcely ruffled breast inverted shew'd
The various trees that on its borders grew,
And each light cloud that high in ether sail'd.
How sweet the robin trill'd his amorous lay;
How soft the wood-dove cooed unto her mate.
And then, when she has caught my wandering
eyes,

Turn'd from the charms, which nature spread
around,

To gaze on those a thousand times more dear,
How has she hid her face upon my breast,
And said she ne'er should make me nature's
lover!

Ah! who could see her, and not nature love?

Oh she could bend me to her every will,
My soul's emotions all were in her power:
And yet, so gently did she bear her sway,
She never form'd a wish that was not mine.

I have known many, whom the thoughtless
world

Would call more fair, more beautiful than she;
But never have my eyes beheld the face
Which more express'd that evenness of soul,
That meek sweet temper, which is ever pleas'd
When it can give delight; that mind, inform'd
By reason's precepts, candid and sincere;
That breast, by every gentle passion sway'd,
The throne of virtue, innocence, and truth;
And all those mental charms, by which the sex
Can make this world a paradise to man.
I oft have look'd upon her angel eyes,
To see sweet fancy sporting in their beams,
Have look'd until unutterable love
Has swell'd the tear of transport in my own.
I could not help it—I ne'er think on her,
But what my eyes are truants to my will,
And play the infant—

Here we stray'd.

How strongly memory paints upon my heart
That dear, dear glance, which first betray'd her
love!

How widely different was her love from mine!
For tho' with such a warm her bosom glow'd,
That she has often told me she could die,
If that would but insure my happiness;
Yet was it mild as is the solar ray,
In that soft season, when the plastic hand
Of nature moulds, for Amalthea's horn,
Her embrio fruits, and scatters wild her flowers.
Me ne was the ardour of the mid-day blaze,
When on the torrid regions Phæbus pours
His fervid beams, and nature burns around.

Here, I have pluck'd the wild flowers for her
breast,

And thought the simple blossom of the thorn,
Plac'd there, more lovely than the garden rose,
And sweeter than the violet of the vale.
Yet—why I know not—I would sometimes feel
As if those flowers should not be suffered there;
They might from her lov'd bosom steal its snows,
Or rob her balmy breath of half its sweets;

And I have taken them, unknown to her,
And torn their leaves, and strew'd them in our
walks.

And once—such fancies fill a lover's brain!
Alas! that e'er their warning should be true—
I thought I heard a dying flowret say,
'Beware rash youth! those gusts of passion rule;
Torn from her breast, my fate may yet be thine!'

IL RITIRATO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A PARAPHRASE FROM PHAEDRUS.

A cobbler once, no able stitcher,
Observ'd, while other folks grew richer,
As none a second time would try him,
He scarcely earn'd a *sous per diem*:
Though great his ends, his means were small,
To pay his debts he gave his *awl*,
New trades his scheming noddle cast,
And thought each better than the last:
Resolv'd at length on his condition,
He mounts a wig, and turns physician.
Far from his native town he hies,
That none his phiz might recognize—
Though meanest of th' empiric tribe,
More ignorant than Doctor L—,
When blunders haply fail'd to kill,
Or nature cur'd, they prais'd his skill:
He thus made shift the hinds to pillage,
And rose the *Galen* of the village.
One morn, a trav'ler chanc'd to drop,
Before the door of Crispin's shop;
Out ran the young the sight to see,
Out ran the old, out ran M. D.
Who felt his pulse, then gravely said,
'Alas! my friends, the man is dead.'
The dead man then was heard to mumble,
'You're wrong! 'twas *gin* that made me tumble—
Why *Crispin*! damn it, don't you know me?
I'm *Hodge*, your next door neighbour—blow me!
Good folks, I need must grin; it monstrous odd
is,

Where none would trust their *soals*, you trust
your *bodies*.'

MERCUTIO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Your former compliance with my wishes induces me to
repeat my request—the following lines are, therefore,
submitted to you to be printed or burnt, as you shall
think most proper.

Eheu fugaces—
Labuntur anni, nec putas moram
Rugis, et instanti senectæ
Affert indomitique morti.

HOR.

On swiftest pinions fly our years,
Or bright with joy, or dim with tears,
And bring declining age;
Naught can withstand time's sullen power,
Snatch from his grasp one fleeting hour,
Nor stay the spoilers' rage.

The charms that youthful beauty deck,
The sparkling eye, the roseate cheek,
And every matchless grace,
Must yield to waning age and care,
That silver o'er her auburn hair,
And furrow the fair face.

With furious zeal the warrior glows,
The wreaths of conquest o'er his foes
To twine around his brow;
But stronger death, with swifter dart,
Ere long shall rive his swelling heart,
And lay the victor low.

With purer ardour glows the bard
To gain the poet's high reward,

Immortal praise the meed;
Soon lies unstrung the sacred lyre,
Deserted by the soul of fire,
Low droops his lifeless head.

But though the fair, the brave, the wise,
Must soon in darkness close their eyes,
And soon resign their breath,
Yet shall not piety preserve
Her sons, who ne'er from virtue swerve,
And ward the shaft of death?

Ah, could celestial virtue save
Her favour'd children from the grave,
Then would not Harvard mourn,
Then would not orphan'd kindred weep,
Nor science hallow'd vigils keep
O'er TAPPAN'S timecess
Cambridge.

H

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESS TO W—, IN AUTUMN.

When fields were green, and forests gay,
And air, and earth, and ocean smil'd,
Cheer'd with the soft cerulean ray,
Content and ease my heart beguil'd;
I careless struck the trembling lyre,
And bade the rustic muse inspire.

When, lo! each sylvan grace had fled,
And all was silent, dark, and drear:
Fair nature's golden tresses shed,
And wrapt in gloom the waning year;
Touch'd by the rigid power of frost,
The season's purple hues were lost.

Yet memory o'er the ravag'd scene
Its glowing lineaments would cast;
Its vivid colouring tips the green,
As Boreas drives the hollow blast,
And where the frowning tempest raves,
Remembrance winds its reflux waves.

The rocks that crown the distant hill,
The path-way o'er the russet plain,
The waving oaks, the tinkling rill,
The robin's sweetly warbled strain—
The shepherd's cot, the village spire,
Are dress'd in fancy's warm attire.

Across the valley's verdant side,
Where flowrets breath'd their odours round,
The rustling leaves are scatter'd wide,
The meads by autumn's hand embrown'd,
And where the towering mountains lie,
A shadowy mist obscures the sky.

Say, shall the social compact fail,
When nature wears its sombre form?
Shall fleecy snows, and pattering hail,
And all that wings the luring storm,
With chilling coldness e'er depress
The roseate buds of happiness?

When rural beauties faintly gleam,
Hope bids her aerial train advance,
And o'er the bower, the brake, the stream,
She casts her ardent, eagle glance,
Affection blends a sparkling ray,
And all is tranquil, soft, and gay.

E

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 3.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1804.

ELOQUENCE OF THE AMERICAN SENATE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CONCLUSION OF MR. TRACY'S SPEECH,
On the amendment of the Constitution,
IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
Friday, December 2, 1803,

I have already remarked upon the alteration made by the Senate, in the resolution passed by the house of representatives, changing the number five to three. But one addition made this morning, deserves attention; I mean that which authorizes the Vice-President to administer the government, in case neither the first nor the second constitutional electors effect a choice of President.

This is a new principle, and its operation is more uncertain, than that of any other part of the proposed amendment. Viewing it in one point of light, it may be thought to confer a new power upon the Senate; that of giving a President to the union. And it is said, that this part will recompense the small states, who have the ascendancy in the Senate, for the injury inflicted by the other parts of the amendment. If it be true, that the last part restores all which the former parts have taken away from us, it is inconceivable, why any man can wish to pass a resolution, the parts of which thus mutually destroy each other. It is possible, that by the force of intrigue and faction, the electors may be induced so scatter their votes for both President and Vice-President, in such manner, as to present several candidates to the house for President, and two or more to the Senate for Vice-President. In which case the Senate might immediately choose or select a Vice-President. In this state of things, there is an opportunity afforded for an intrigue, of a very extensive and alarming nature. The Senate, I mean a majority of them, might wish that the man whom they had elected Vice-President should administer the government; and if the house could be prevented from agreeing, their wishes would be gratified. The facility of preventing over that of producing a choice is very obvious.

A bold address may be made to any member of the house, without wounding his pride, or offending his morality, to adhere to his candidate, and not change his vote so as to effect a choice. He can be told that there is no danger of leaving the United States without a President, as there is one already chosen to his hand, by the Senate; and this person may be more the object of his wishes, than any of the other candidates, his favourite excepted. In this process the Senate may give a President to the United States. But if the probability of such a process and such an event is increased by the amendment of this morning, it certainly cannot greatly recommend it. For myself, I wish for no alteration in the constitution, not even if its operation were directly in favour of the small states, more especially if such a favour is to be derived through a sort of double conspiracy of intrigue; in the first place to operate on the electors, and then on

the house of representatives. It seems to me, that the small states had better be contented to enjoy the rights now secured to them by the constitution, which they can *honestly* do, rather than submit to a deprivation of their rights, for the sake of *dishonestly* obtaining a restoration of them. We may charitably and safely conclude that the majority do not intend, by this part of the amendment, to expose the country to such a scene of iniquity. And the uncertainty of its operations, alone, is, in my mind, a sufficient ground for rejection. However, the operation of this part of the amendment may appear in theory, as to other points, it seems to me, that in one point all must agree, and that is, when the house of representatives know that the United States will be left without an executive magistrate, in case they do not agree; this awful responsibility, will speak in a voice too loud for the hardihood of party entirely to disregard. And may I not suggest, without giving offence, that the operation of this very responsibility, has been proved, at least in some degree, in the proceedings of the last Presidential election?

If this last mentioned security be worth preserving, it follows of course, that the part of the amendment alluded to, ought not to pass.

There is another view of the constitution, which has a reference to the general subject before us: and that is, the caution exhibited with respect to the introduction of amendments. In an instrument so important, and containing many features new, if not to the world, at least to ourselves, although we might approve of its principles; yet experience might discover errors as to the mode devised for carrying those principles into effect. Hence, it was the part of wisdom and caution to provide for such alterations in practice, as would give the fairest operation to principles, without incurring the confusion and agitation incidental to a general convention. But lest the daring and restive spirit of innovation should injure or destroy, under the specious name of amendment, that same wisdom and caution have provided salutary checks.

Two thirds of both houses of congress shall deem it necessary to propose amendments; and three-fourths of the state legislatures shall ratify such amendments; before they acquire validity. I speak now, sir, of the mode which has always been, and probably will be put in practice to obtain amendments. The other constitutional mode is equally guarded as to numbers, but, as it has no relation to the subject now in debate, may be laid aside. *Two-thirds of both houses,* must, I think, on every fair principle of construction, mean two-thirds of all the members. The number of Senators is thirty-four; two-thirds being twenty-three. And as there is no representation from New-Jersey, the number of representatives is one hundred thirty-six; two-thirds being ninety-one.

My impressions are, sir, that this amendment cannot constitutionally be proposed to the state legislatures, unless it is agreed to, in the two houses, by those numbers, twenty-three, and ninety-one, respectively. This is a constitu-

tional point, which, I am told, has never been agitated. But it is certainly worthy of attention. If the construction should prevail, that two-thirds of the members present, at any time, might propose amendments, the consequence is, that twelve Senators, being two-thirds of a quorum, and forty-eight representatives, being a similar two-thirds, might propose any, and the most important amendments. I am aware, sir, that it may be said, such propositions are not final, they may yet be ratified or rejected by the state legislatures. But the spirit of the constitution seems to require two-thirds of the nation, acting by its proper organs, to propose amendments; and that, in so interesting a subject as a constitutional alteration, a less number should have no authority.

The letter of the constitution will certainly justify this idea of its spirit. When two thirds of the Senate are requisite to consent and advise to a treaty, the words are *'two-thirds of the Senators present.'* To convict on impeachment, *'two-thirds of the members present.'* Yeas and nays are to be entered on the journal, *'at the desire of one-fifth of those present.'* In the two first cases it is requisite to act immediately, whether two-thirds of the whole are present or not; then we see the expressions are clear, *'two-thirds'* refers to the numbers *present.* Why so? Because, without these expressions, the reference would have been understood to the whole number of members. In the last case why add the word *'present'* to the one-fifth? Because, without that word, one-fifth of the whole would have been its meaning. In all other cases, when two-thirds are required, the spirit of the constitution certainly is, and the words seem to carry the meaning, *'two-thirds'* of the whole numbers. It is said, *'that a majority of each house shall constitute a quorum to do business.'* *House,* must in this case mean all the members. Two-thirds of both houses must, on the same principles, mean two-thirds of all the members of both. There is, I acknowledge, some obscurity, in the constitutional use of the word *house*, when either of the two branches of congress is described by it; but if the intention, and sense as well as words are attended to, I am forcibly led to a belief that two-thirds of all the members of both houses, are required to sanction propositions for amendments, and that this construction is most consistent with the wisdom and political skill of the convention. The construction for which I contend is analogous to the caution manifest in other parts of the constitution. It was well known to the convention, that amendments, if recommended or proposed by congress, would have an imposing influence with the state legislatures; and that in no possible instance, could more evil arise from indigested measures, than in the case of amendments, owing to the impossibility of clearly foreseeing their operation and effects on the general constitutional system. It was made requisite therefore to wait for the uninfluenced consent of two-thirds of the popular and federal representations of the nation. Whatever be our opinion on the point now discussed

state legislatures have a constitutional right to judge of it for themselves, and to determine whether a proposition for an amendment is presented to them, with the sanction required, and if, in their opinions, the requisite numbers have not agreed to the proposition, they will guard the constitution, by refusing to ratify such amendment. My honourable friend from New-Hampshire (Mr. Plumer) has done such ample justice to this part of the subject, as to place it out of the reach of my assistance and beyond the need of any.

I am convinced, Mr. President, that the amendment now under consideration could not, in the Senate, obtain a constitutional majority, of two-thirds, nor even a simple majority, were it not for the influence of instructions. Some gentlemen have ingenuously said, that, until they gave this amendment the present particular examination, they had not contemplated the extent of its probable effects, and although they entertained doubts, yet they were induced by the instructions given them, to make the proposition to the legislatures, and let them decide for themselves.

Whatever may or can be said in favour of instructions generally, cannot be applicable to this case. For the purpose of obtaining amendments to the constitution, congress can only propose, and the state legislatures ratify. The duties are appropriate and distinct, and the uninfluenced independent act of both, requisite. The legislatures cannot ratify, till a proposal is made. This subject can be elucidated and enforced by familiar examples. The house of representatives alone, can originate a bill for raising revenue, but it cannot become a law without a concurrence of the Senate. Would not the advice and instruction of the Senate to the house, intimating our desire that they would originate and send to us for concurrence, a revenue bill, be thought improper, indelicate, and even unconstitutional? The President and the Senate can appoint certain officers, but they have distinct and appropriate agencies in the appointment. The President can nominate, but cannot appoint without the advice and consent of the Senate.

But the Senate cannot nominate, nor could their advice to the President, to make a nomination, be either binding or proper. The character of the several independent branches of our government, forming constitutional checks upon each other, cannot be exemplified more fully; than in the mode of producing amendments. And an interference of one independent body, upon the appropriate and distinct duties of another, can in no instance have a more prejudicial effect. Can it be thought then, either proper, or constitutional for the state legislatures to assume the power of instructing congress to propose to them a measure, when the power of proposing is not only not given to them, but given exclusively to congress? As well and with as much propriety might congress make a law, attempting to bind the state legislatures to ratify; as the legislatures, by instructions, bind congress to propose. In either case the check, which for obviously wise purposes, was introduced into the constitution, is totally destroyed. And we have not as much security against improper amendments, as we should have, if the power were exclusively vested in the state legislatures, and for this obvious reason, that in this mode of operation the responsibility, for the adoption of an improper amendment, is divided and destroyed. Is the sentiment correct, sir, that we shall be justifiable in sending forth this proposition to be considered by the state legislatures, if we believe it ought not to be ratified?

What would be thought of the Senate, if they should pass a bill, and send it to the House of Representatives for concurrence, the provisions of which they disliked entirely, and wished not to be established? And can any sound distinction be made between such a measure, and the one now before us? In either case, the single act of the other body would be final; and in either case the people at large would be safer to have but one body in existence, to legislate, or make amendments; for all our agency in both cases would only tend to deceive and mislead, and in addition, to diminish, if not destroy, as has just been observed, the responsibility of the other body.

It has been said, sir, that the House of Representatives have twice given a sanction to this measure, and that their conduct, in this particular, adds weight to it. I wish to treat that honourable body with the highest respect; but I must deviate from the truth, were I to acknowledge that their conduct upon this amendment, has a tendency to convince me that they have a full understanding of the subject. Twice have they sent us a resolution, similar in its leading feature to that on your table, and made no provision that the person to be Vice-President, should be qualified for the highly responsible office, either in age, or citizenship. And for aught that they had guarded against, we might have had a man in the chief magistracy, from Morocco, a foreigner, who had not been in the country a month.—

Mr. President, it was suggested, in a former part of the debate, by a gentleman from S. Carolina, (Mr. Butler,) that the great states, or ruling party of the day, had brought forward this amendment, for the purpose of preventing the choice of a Federal Vice-President at the next election. And we are now put beyond the power of doubt, that this is, at least, one motive, by the observations of several of the majority, but especially by those of the gentleman from Virginia. He informs us, and I appreciate his frankness, that if the friends of this measure do not seize the present opportunity to pass it, the opportunity will never recur. He tells us plainly, that a minor faction ought to be discouraged, that all hopes or prospect of rising into consequence, much more of rising into office, should be crushed, and that this amendment is to produce a part of these beneficial effects; which amendment he compares to the bill which was introduced into the British parliament, to exclude a popish successor to the crown, commonly called the exclusion bill. Have the minority then, no right left, but the right to be trampled upon by the majority? This is identically the conduct, which is mentioned in the quotation which I have had the honour to make from the secretary of state; to which I ask leave to recur. 'The majority, by trampling on the rights of the minority, have produced factions and commotions, which, in republics, have more frequently than any other cause produced despotism.'

What avails it then, that this country has triumphed over the invasion and violence of one oppressor, if they must now be victims to the violence of thousands? Political death is denounced now; what denunciation will follow? It would be a useless affectation in us, to pretend to close our eyes upon either the cause or consequences of this measure.

The spirit of party has risen so high, at the present day, that it dares to attempt, what in milder times would be beyond the reach of calculation. To this overwhelming torrent every consideration must give way.

The gentleman is perfectly correct, in supposing that now is the only time to pass this

resolution; there is a tide in the affairs of party most emphatically, and unless its height is taken, its acme improved, the shallows soon appear, and the present demon of party give place to a successor. A hope is undoubtedly now indulged that one great and dominant passion, will, like Aaron's rod, swallow up every other, and that the favourable moment can now be seized to crush the small states, and to obtain their own agency in the transaction. And when we recur to the history of former confederacies, and find the small states arrayed in conflict against each other, to fight, to suffer, and to die for the transient gratification of the great states; have we not some reason to fear the success of this measure?

In the Senate is the security of the small states; their feeble voice in the house of representatives is lost in the potent magic of numbers and wealth. Never until now has the force of the small states, which was provided by the constitution, and lodged in this federative body, as a weapon of self-defence, been able to bear upon this question. And will the small states, instead of defending their own interest, their existence, sacrifice them to a gust of momentary passion? to the short-lived gratification to party prejudice?

The resolution, if circumstances shall unequivocally demand it, can pass at the next or any future session of congress. But once passed, and its passage will operate like the grave; the sacrificed rights of the small states will be gone forever. Is it possible, sir, that any small state can submit to be a satellite in the state system, and revolve in a secondary orbit around a great state? Act in humble devotion to her will till her purposes are gratified, and then content herself to be thrown aside like a cast garment, an object of her own unceasing regret, and fit only for the hand of scorn to point its slow and moving finger at? Can the members of this Senate who represent the small states, quietly cross their hands and request the great states to bind them fast and to draw tight the ligature?

I am aware, sir, that I shall be accused of an attempt to excite the jealousy of the small states. Mr. President, I represent a small state, I feel the danger, and claim the constitutional right to sound the alarm. From the same altar on which the small states shall be immolated, will rise the smoke of sacrificed liberty: and despotism must be the dreadful successor.

It is the cause of my country and of humanity which I plead. And when one vast, overwhelming passion is in exercise, full well I know, sir, that no warning voice, no excitement but jealousy, has been found sufficiently active and energetic in its operation to dissolve the wizard spell, and force mankind to listen to argument. Jealousy, hateful in private life, has perhaps done more in the preservation of political rights than all the virtues united.

I have made the stand, sir, in the Senate, which I thought the importance of the subject demanded. If I fail here, there is hope of success with the state legislatures. If nothing can withstand the torrent there, I shall experience the satisfaction which is derived from a consciousness of having raised my feeble voice in defence of that constitution, which is not only the security of the small states, but the palladium of my country's rights; and shall console myself with the reflection that I have done my duty.

At half past 9 o'clock on Friday evening, 2d December, 1803, the question was put in the Senate, and the yeas and nays being called, were as follow:

YEAS:

Messrs. Anderson, Bailey, Baldwin, Bradley, Breckenridge, Brown, Cocke, Condit, Ellery, Franklin, Jackson,

Logan, MacLay, Nicholas, Potter, Israel Smith, John Smith, Samuel Smith, Stone, Taylor, Worthington, Wright.—22.

NAYS:

Messrs. Adams, Butler, Dayton, Hillhouse, Ocott, Pickens, Sumner, Tracy, Wells, White.—10.

The resolution was sent to the House of Representatives, and on Friday, the 9th day of December, the vote was taken upon it, and the yeas and nays being called, were:

YEAS:

Messrs. Nathaniel Macon, (Speaker,) Willis Alston, Junior, Nathaniel Alexander, Isaac Anderson, John Archer, David Bard, George Michael Bedinger, William Blackledge, John Boyle, Robert Brown, Joseph Bryan, William Butler, George W. Campbell, Levi Casey, Thomas Claiborne, Joseph Clay, John Clopton, Frederic Conrad, Jacob Crowningshield, Richard Cutts, John Dawson, William Dickson, John B. Earle, Peter Early, John W. Eppes, William Findley, John Fowler, James Gillespie, Peterson Goodwyn, Edwin Gray, Andrew Gregg, Samuel Hammond, John A. Hanna, Josiah Hasbrouck, Daniel Heister, Joseph Heister, James Holland, David Holmes, John G. Jackson, Walter Jones, William Kennedy, Nehemiah Knight, Michael Leib, John B. C. Lucas, Matthew Lyon, Andrew M'Cord, William M'Cree, David Meriwether, Samuel L. Mitchell, Nicholas R. Moore, Thomas Moore, Jeremiah Morrow, Anthony New, Thomas Newton, junr. Gideon Olin, Beriah Palmer, John Patterson, John Randolph, junr. Thomas M. Randolph, John Rea, (of Pennsylvania,) John Rhea, (of Tennessee) Jacob Richards, Cesar A. Rodney, Erastus Root, Thomas Sammons, Thomas Sanford, Thompson J. Skinner, John Smilie, John Smith, (of New York,) Richard Stanford, Joseph Stanton, John Stewart, David Thomas, Philip R. Thompson, Abram Trigg, John Trigg, Isaac Van Horne, Daniel C. Verplank, Matthew Walton, John Whitehill, Marmaduke Williams, Richard Winn, Joseph Winston, Thomas Wynns.

NAYS.

Messrs. Simeon Baldwin, Silas Betton, Phaniel Bishop, John Campbell, William Chamberlin, Martin Chittenden, Clifton Claggett, Matthew Clay, Manasseh Cutler, Samuel W. Dana, John Davenport, John Dennis, Thomas Dwight, James Elliott, William Eustis, Calvin Goddard, Gaylord Griswold, Roger Griswold, Seth Hastings, William Hoge, David Hough, Benjamin Huger, Samuel Hunt, Joseph Lewis, junr. Thomas Lewis, Henry W. Livingston, Thomas Lowndes, Nahum Mitchell, Thomas Plater, Samuel D. Purviance, Ebenezer Seaver, John Cotton Smith, William Stedman, James Stephenson, Samuel Taggart, Benjamin Tallmage, Samuel Tenney, Samuel Thatcher, George Tibbits, Joseph B. Varnum, Peleg Wadsworth, Lemuel Williams.

Yeas 83. Nays 42.

The Speaker being called upon, voted in the affirmative.

So, the yeas were finally 84.

N. B. Two thirds of the whole—Senate, 23.
House of Representatives, 91.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

CONCLUSION OF THE LIFE OF PASCAL.

The last four years of his life were but a long disease, a state of continual and increasing languor, in which he manifested the fortitude and resignation of a genuine christian. It was not a new disorder, but a return of the complaints, to which he had been subject from his youth—aggravated by that carelessness of health, which a mistaken piety had now made a religious principle. The distemper came on by a violent tooth-ache, which deprived him altogether of sleep.—Yet even in this condition, that perpetual motion of intellect, that incessant activity of mind, which is the most decisive characteristic of genius, did not forsake him. About twenty years before, father Mersenne, an eminent mathematician, had published a problem for solution, which exercised the ingenuity of all the most illustrious men of the age, distinguished in that branch of science. He called it the problem of the *Roulette*, or wheel. The question was to ascertain the curve line, described in the air, by a nail in the circumference of a rolling wheel, from the point

of its contact with the ground, until after a complete revolution of the wheel it comes to the ground again. The problem had remained unanswered, though in the meantime it had been a subject of investigation and of contest between such men as, Descartes, Roberval, Fermat, Baurgrant, Wren, Torricelli and others alike of distinguished note. In the agonies of the tooth-ache, Pascal discovered and settled the demonstration of this curve and its principal properties. His friend, the Duke de Roannes, to whom he communicated his success, advised him to make use of it as an argument in favour of that religious cause, so near his heart, by proving to the world, that the humble submission of his *faith*, was not for the want of powers to advance as far in demonstration, as any of the philosophical infidels. Pascal therefore, published the problem anew, and offered a prize of sixty pistoles, to any person who within eighteen months, should give the solution. None however appeared; and in 1658, he applied the money, to defray the publication of a small treatise containing his own demonstration. It was published under the name of *Amos d'Ettonville*, the anagram, of *Louis de Montalte*; and it is now extremely scarce, only one hundred and twenty copies having been printed. Its title was *Treatise of the Roulette*. But the curve has since obtained, and is now known by the name of the Cycloid. Its properties were farther investigated afterwards by Huyghens, Wallis, Leibnitz, and Bernouilli, the former of whom applied some of its principles to the improvement of clocks.

The solution of the problem had relieved Pascal from his tooth-ache, but the disorders from which it arose were such as 'not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the East, could medicine to rest.' He continued languishing, and devoting more and more of his time to relics, beads, and practices of devotion, until the 19th of August 1662, when he expired, at the age of thirty-nine years and two months. He was buried in the church of St. Stephen, at Paris, that being the parish in which he resided at the time of his decease.

Some years after his death, the loose hints, which he had occasionally thrown upon paper, to be used in the great work, which he did not live to accomplish, were published under the title of 'Thoughts of Mr. Pascal.' They were attacked by Voltaire, a man more bigotted in infidelity, than ever Pascal was in religion. As a specimen of the manner which Voltaire employed in the criticism, I shall give one example, in which the original thought, and the remark of the censor are peculiarly characteristic of their respective authors.

'Whenever (says Pascal) a proposition seems inconceivable, it should not be denied, on that account alone; examine its reverse, and if that be found manifestly false, you may affirm the proposition, however incomprehensible.'

Here is a rule, which must be of frequent use to every sincere inquirer after truth; not that it can lead to any material discovery, which could remain concealed without it; but because it gives a general method of setting any given and questionable proposition in a new point of view; and as different arguments, have the strongest impression upon different minds, there can be nothing more important in the art of reasoning, than to multiply the modifications and different aspects, under which a proposition may be placed.

Now, what think you is Voltaire's remark, on this ingenious and profound idea?

'It seems to me, that it is evident that the two contraries may both be false. For instance, an ox flies to the southward with wings—an ox flies to the northward without wings—twenty

thousand angels yesterday flew twenty thousand men—twenty thousand men yesterday flew twenty thousand angels. These propositions are evidently false.'

One would think it unnecessary to tell a child of the most ordinary capacity, that to affirm that an ox flies to the northward without wings, is not the reverse of affirming, that an ox flies to the southward with wings. It is the very same proposition with different accessory circumstances. The reverse would be the same in both cases. An ox did not fly, which would be manifestly true. The same observation applies to the other instance adduced of angels and men.

Voltaire had no reasoning powers, and was utterly incapable of meeting a logician like Pascal, face to face. But he had much wit, and could easily build a sarcasm upon a blunder. His common practice was, to make buffoonery, serve the purpose of argument. Yet it needs some indulgence to discover even wit, in his flying oxen. With or without wings, they are still the images of dulness, and their creation is not more creditable to their author's imagination, than to his judgment.

I shall conclude this sketch of Pascal's life, with the character given of him by La Harpe, in his *Lyceum*.

'A genius, no less exalted than Descartes, in speculation, and vigorous as Bossuet, in style, Pascal, employed both those powers in combating infidelity, which had followed in the train of calvinism, and which, though concealed, and without influence, even then gave concern to the zealous friends of christianity. He first attacked those miserable casuists, who appear indeed, to have been sincere in their absurdities, but who nevertheless had disgraced religion, by rendering her as far as was in their power, accessory to those ridiculous scholastic subtleties, which had filled their books with the most pernicious errors. Those renowned Provincial Letters therefore, which gave them the stroke of death, may be laid to the account of true philosophy. Had these letters been only a book of controversy, they would have met the fate common to so many others, and been forgotten. Had they possessed only the merit of being written with a purity of style, at that period unexampled, they would be remembered only for the service they rendered to the language. But the talent of plainness, uniting with that of eloquence, and the ingenious choice of a dramatic form, by means of which he makes serious personages appear with so much humour and drollery, raising the smile of sport amidst the gravest and driest of materials, made it impossible for this excellent polemic work, to pass away with the particular interests which at first secured its splendid success.

'A much more exalted conception however, was that of the great work, which he did but purpose, and had not time to accomplish, in which he intended to have proved to demonstration, the necessity and the truth of revelation; by which those who know any thing of language, or of religion, will not understand that he ever thought of explaining the mysteries by a theory merely human; which would be to build up reason on the ruins of faith. Pascal was above an inconsistency so contrary to christianity; he meant only to demonstrate the motives of credibility, founded upon the certainty of facts and of consequences, in such a manner that reason could have nothing to oppose against it, but must be forced to confess that what God has been pleased to make us know, is sufficient to induce our belief of that which he has chosen to conceal. This plan is perfectly philosophical, perfectly practicable, if we judge only by the fragments he left perfectly as they have come to us, no more.

better qualified to accomplish it than Pascal. The connection of the ideas is necessarily lost; so that one of the main pillars with regard to the object of the work is wanting; but that of the thought and expression were of itself sufficient to immortalize the writer. *Ex ungue leonem*; you perceive the lion's claws: this may be said at every page of this singular collection, published after the death of Pascal, under the title of his *thoughts*. Voltaire has combated some of them, with very bad reasoning, and with dishonest misconstruction. The very project of attack was unfair, and uncandid. How can a man reconcile himself to the meanness of formal argument, against the mere detached and desultory first thoughts of an author, thrown upon paper only for the purpose of a memorandum, to be afterwards connected with the chain of his reasoning. Voltaire, forsooth, must go, and dash himself against a scaffolding. How much more unsuccessful, must he have been, against the building itself.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts of letters received from an American traveller, in Europe, in the year 1800.

Bale, in Switzerland, 5. Sep. 1800.

My last letter was from Strasburg; which place my fellow-traveller and I left yesterday morning, and arrived at night at Colmar, without any occurrence of consequence.—Colmar is a small walled town, and capital of the department of the Upper Rhine: It is not far from the lofty hills, or rather mountains of Alsace, and distant some leagues from the Rhine. By setting off early this morning, we were enabled to breakfast at Mulhausen, a very neat small town in alliance with the Swiss Cantons, and almost insulated by the department of the Upper Rhine. It is a place of some antiquity, and its history is very interesting. The surrounding country is beautiful and well cultivated. The hills particularly, which are covered with vines, are planted with low trees, whose round bushy tops give them, when in number, much the appearance of a Jersey orchard. The plains are covered with grain.

We came to Basle to dinner, through a country which increased in beauty as we approached the Rhine, whose opposite bank was spotted with white cottages, and with villages peeping out of every valley.—The high hills near the Rhine, were cultivated to the top, and nature really seemed to smile on every side.

At a small village called *Bourg-libre*, we passed the barrier which separates the Swiss from the French Republic, and escaped the trouble of having our baggage examined, by the politeness of the officer, who declined doing it, on our assurance that our trunks contained nothing but our apparel. A mile and a half further, we came to the Swiss guard, which also permitted us to pass, without examination.

We put up at the *Three Kings*, an excellent and celebrated Inn, whose walls are washed by the waters of the Rhine, which, at this place, is a broad and rapid stream. From the windows of the dining room, there is a noble view of the river, the *Petit Basle*, (as that part of the city on the opposite bank, is called) the wooden bridge, 600 feet long, and the mountains, which begin here to shut in the river.—We also see about a league below the town, the strong little fortress of Hunningen, a place of importance enough, to have cost the Austrians, this war, a siege of some trouble.

6. September. One of the gentlemen to whom we had letters, has been very polite in making us acquainted with the chief curiosities of this place.—We, as usual, first ascended the steeple of the cathedral, to form a correct idea of the

situation of Basle, and the surrounding country. It is astonishing how broad the Rhine is, even at this distance from the sea, to which it is also navigable, even for the stage-boats that come up to Cologne.

In the body of the church, we saw the spot where the great Erasmus is buried; a simple flat stone, placed against a pillar of the aisle, is all the monument erected to this celebrated genius.—There are a variety of other monuments, and in the choir, is the tomb of a countess of Hapsbourg, from which ancient family, the present House of Austria derives its descent.

The inhabitants of Basle, have been somewhat alarmed, for these two days past, by an insurrection of the peasants of a few villages, about three leagues off. It appears, that on the revolution taking place, in this Canton, they were promised, that an oppressive tax or contribution, they were accustomed to pay, should cease to be levied, on condition of their acquiescing in the change. This was agreed to on their part; but the present government having again called upon them, for the payment of the accustomed tax, they refused it, and some soldiers were sent, to enforce their compliance with the demand; who, it is said, behaved ill, and even shot some of the most refractory.—This enraged the peasants, to such a degree, that they attacked the soldiers, with guns, swords, staves, &c. and killed some of them. The Prefect of Basle, went to explain the matter to the procureur; but he no sooner began his harangue, than he was fired upon, and obliged to fly. A body of Swiss soldiers were sent against them, but the peasants were so strong, that they beat them away; indeed, it was reported, that they were coming, last night, to Basle:—to day, however, all is quiet, though the insurgents have not dispersed, being still obstinate in claiming the performance of the promise given them.—This business has made a considerable noise here to-day; and I have seen nothing but soldiers parading the streets; and more than once, I have heard the trumpet calling to arms. The inhabitants of Basle, regret this revolt very much, as they are afraid they will find it necessary to call in French troops, to reduce the peasants to obedience: which is a circumstance much disliked, as they would only add to the number they are compelled already to quarter and support.

We amused ourselves, the first evening we arrived here, with looking at the singular dresses of the peasants, who came into the town to church, it being Sunday. I never in my life saw such odd figures. I believe it will not be possible for me to describe them satisfactorily, though I will attempt it.—The women wear their hair close to the head, and some have two long plaits behind; to which are tied two black ribbons, that reach the ground; others have a close cap of worked silk and muslin, trimmed with gold or silver lace, and ornamented with gaudily-coloured ribbon.—On their waist, they have a short close corset, which fits their shape, and is commonly of red, yellow, or other light coloured silk or worsted stuff, while their petticoats are striped, and scarcely reach to the calf of the leg. But, really, it is scarcely possible to convey an idea of these strange dresses, as they vary much; they are, however, singularly picturesque. I can only say, that they are infinitely more curious and fantastic, than any thing I saw of the North Hollanders, or West Frieslanders, who I thought, hitherto, had carried eccentricity of dress to its highest pitch.

We took notice, this morning, of some criminals chained, two by two, to a small cart filled with dirt, which they had collected in the streets. This mode of punishment, reminded me of ours. The wheel barrow, both of which, I conceive not

founded upon the true principles of reformation, and rather tend to harden, than reclaim the bad members of society.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Passy, April 23, 1780.

Dear Sir,

I am much pleased with the account you give me, of the disposition with which the proposals, from the Empress of Russia have been received, and desire to be informed from time to time, of the progress of that interesting business.

I shall be glad to hear of your reconciliation with the—because a continuance of your difference, will be extremely inconvenient. Permit me to tell you frankly, what I formerly hinted to you, that I apprehend you suffer yourself too easily to be led into personal prejudices, by interested people, who would engross all our confidence to themselves. From this source have arisen, I imagine, the charges and suspicions you have insinuated to me, against several who have always declared a friendship for us in Holland. It is right that you should have an opportunity of giving the *Carte du Pays* to Mr. Laurens, when he arrives in Holland. But if in order to serve your particular friends, you fill his head with these prejudices, you will hurt him and them, and perhaps yourself. There does not appear to me, the least probability in your supposition, that the—is an enemy to America.

Here has been with me a gentleman from Holland, who was charged, as he said, with a verbal commission from divers cities, to inquire whether it was true, that Amsterdam had, as they heard, made a treaty of commerce with the United States, and to express in that case, their willingness to enter into a similar treaty. Do you know any thing of this? What is become or likely to become, of the plan of treaty, formerly under consideration? By a letter from Middlebourg, to which the inclosed is an answer, a cargo seized and sent to America, as English property, is reclaimed, partly on the supposition that free ships, make free goods: They ought to do so between England and Holland, because there is a treaty which stipulates it; but there being yet no treaty between Holland and America, to that purpose, I apprehend that the goods being declared by the captain, to be English, a neutral ship will not protect them, the law of nations governing in this case, as it did before the treaty above mentioned. Tell me if you please, your opinion.

With sincere esteem, and affection,

I am ever, dear Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

B. FRANKLIN.

M. Dumas.

Paris, Hotel de Valois Rue de Richelieu,
May 21, 1780.

Sir,

His excellency Dr. Franklin, lent me the inclosed letter, from Sir Henry Clinton, to Lord George Germain, upon condition, that I would send a copy of it to you. A privateer from Boston, had the good fortune to seize the packet bound to London, and the mail, in which among others, this letter was found. It was sent from Boston to Philadelphia, and there published in a newspaper of the 8th of April, one of these papers arrived, within a few days at L'Orient, in a vessel from Philadelphia.

It is a pity but it should be published in every newspaper in the world, in an opposite column, to a late speech of Lord George Germain, in the House of Commons, as his document in support of his assertions.

I have the honour to be, with
great respect, Sir, your most
obedient and humble servant.
JOHN ADAMS.

M. Dumas.

Aranguez, June 5, 1780.

Dear Sir,

I received your two letters, of the 4th and 11th of this Month, and am sorry to find that the consequences of the intercepted letter, still make you uneasy. Believe me, the personage you allude to, will never take any pains to injure you beyond sea; and although to save appearances with the person he protects, he may still keep upon an appearance of resentment; be assured it will go no further. I hope your correspondence with Mr. W. L. at Brussels hath finished; take the advice of a young man, derived from the example of an old sage, whom you respect, never trust yourself on paper, to one that is not your friend, but when you cannot help it, and then as cautiously as possible. If you have not written to Congress on that subject, I advise you not to write. That body hath too much to attend to, to be interrupted, by private disputes. If you have a paper containing the intelligence from America, mentioned by Mr. Lee, I shall be obliged to you for it. I do assure you, I have never heard from any one on the subject of the intercepted letter, except Dr. F—n, and when I do hear, I will immediately inform you. Let it therefore sleep in peace for the present. I am obliged to you for your communication from the P—y, cultivate him, he is of much more consequence to us both at present, than the other, whose interest and duty must make him coincide with us in conduct, and if I am not deceived, he acts also from inclination. If G. B. doth not recede from her present resolutions, with respect to your states, and R—ssa is in earnest to adhere to its declaration; the first named country will be involved with all these nations who accede to the invitation of the latter. Though I am afraid the neutral nations, regard the war with satisfaction, as it weakens the greatest maritime powers, and adds to their own trade, and future respectability. I would have you insinuate to the P—y, the glory that he might acquire by suggesting the idea of fixing the independence of America, and putting an end to destructive war, by means of the neutral powers, could they be prevailed on to show a disposition to do this, I am persuaded that it would have a great effect towards accelerating the peace. Nothing but insanity, can account for the conduct of the King of G. B. in not endeavouring to extricate himself from this business, unless he hath secret reasons for hope of which we are ignorant. He, I know is, the primary mobile of all our misfortunes. The characters you give me of your ministers here, hath given me much satisfaction. If you will take the trouble of giving me in each letter a slight sketch, of the characters of the most eminent members in your States, and in their public employments, I shall be a little more au fait in your affairs. I wrote to Mr. De Neufville, in answer to his first to me, and have since received one of the 9th of May. Mr. Jay hath answered the one he received from the same gentleman, and we both join in intreating you to thank them for their friendly and polite offers of service. We are so far from the centre of correspondence, that we seldom have it in our power to give you or them any news. Mr. Laurence

was still in America, the 1st of March, as I have been informed. Adieu.

Yours, &c.

W. C.

P. S. Direct Messrs. De Neufville and Co. to address their letters, and yours, under cover to some banker of their correspondence, with instructions, either to send the letters to the house of Mr. Jay, Cavigera, St. Francisco, Madrid, or to keep them till called for.

Passy, June 5, 1780.

Dear Sir,

The gentleman, whose name you wished to know, in one of your late letters, is Mr. West-huysen, Echerin and Conveiller de la Ville de Harlem. I shall probably send an order to that place, for some of the types, of which you have sent me the prices, before I leave Europe. I think them very good, and not dear. A Dutch ship belonging to Messrs. Little, Dale, and Co. of Rotterdam, being brought into France, as having an English cargo on board. I have followed your opinion, with regard to the condemnation of the cargo, which I think the more right, as the English have in the West Indies confiscated several of our cargoes, found in Dutch ships. But, to shew respect to the declaration of the Empress of Russia, I have written to the owners of our privateers, a letter of which I enclose a copy, together with a copy of the judgment, for your use, if you hear of any complaint. I approve much of the principles of the confederacy, of the neutral powers, and am not only for respecting the ships as the house of a friend, containing the goods of an enemy, but I even wish for the sake of humanity, that the law of nations may be farther improved, by determining that even in time of war, all those kinds of people, who are employed in procuring subsistence for the species, or in exchanging the necessities or conveniences of life, which is for the common benefit of mankind; such as husbandmen on their lands, fishermen in their barques, and traders in unarmed vessels, shall be permitted to prosecute their several innocent and useful employments, without interruption, or molestation, and nothing taken from them, even when wanted by an enemy, but in paying a fair price for the same.

I think you have done well to print the letter of Clinton; for though I have myself had suspicions, whether some parts of it were really written by him, yet I have no doubt of the facts stated, and think the piece valuable, as giving a true account of the state of British and American affairs, in that quarter. On the whole, it has the appearance of a letter written by a General, who did not approve of the expedition he was sent upon; who had no opinion of the judgment of these who drew up his instructions; who had observed that preceding commanders, Gage, Burgoyne, Keppel, and the Howes had all been censured by the ministers, for having unsuccessfully attempted to execute injudicious instructions, with unequal force, and he therefore wrote such a letter, not merely to give the information contained in it, but to be produced in his vindication, when he might be recalled, and his want of success, charged upon him as a crime, though in truth owing to the folly of the ministers, who had ordered him on impracticable projects, and persisted in them notwithstanding his faithful informations, without furnishing the necessary number of troops, he had demanded. In this view much of the letter may be accounted for, without supposing it fictitious; and therefore, if not genuine, it is ingeniously written: But you will easily conceive, that if the state of public facts it contains, were known in America to be

false, such a publication there would have been absurd and of no possible use to the cause of the country. I have written to Mr. Neufville, concerning the bills you mention. I have no orders or advice about them, know nothing of them, and therefore cannot prudently meddle with them, especially as the funds in my power are not more than sufficient to answer the Congress bills for interest, and other inevitable demands. He desired to know whether I would engage to reimburse him, if he should accept and pay them; but as I know not the amount of them, I cannot enter into any such engagement; for though if they are genuine Congress bills, I am persuaded all possible care will be taken by Congress, to provide for their punctual payment; yet there are so many accidents by which remittances are delayed, or intercepted in the time of war, that I dare not hazard for these new bills, the possibility of being rendered unable to pay the others.

With great esteem, I am, dear

Sir, your most obedient and
humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. I cannot prescribe as you desire, any thing relating to your affair with 62, your own judgment ought to guide you. I shall be careful to furnish you early with any good news we may receive. If the 732, cannot be immediately made, it may with prudence come on by degrees.

(The copy of the judgment will be sent by next post.)

[To be continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

H. CARITAT proposing to sell the Library of his *Literary Room*, New York, solicits the attention of gentlemen of affluence and literature, to the following ADVERTISEMENT. The Books of which this Collection consists, have been selected with great care and attention; and the proprietor has spared neither trouble nor expense, to render it as complete as possible, by the purchase of many scarce and valuable works, in high estimation; but rarely, from the difficulty of obtaining them, or the expensiveness of the cost, imported into this country. When last in Europe, he devoted a considerable portion of his time in forming this Collection; in which are many works that, from their scarcity would not have been obtained, but from repeated applications by him in person; and he can with confidence aver, what is rarely the case in extensive collections, that there are very few, if any, among the Books constituting this Library, but what would be deemed Works of merit in their respective branches; the utmost previous attention having been paid, where the work was not well known, to obtain from the different Reviews, and other literary sources, the most correct opinion of it. A Collection of this kind must be an object well worthy the attention of, and particularly interesting to those gentlemen who are solicitous of forming a complete Library; as the delays and difficulties attending the procuring a number of valuable Works, for that purpose in Europe, except the person is himself on the spot, are frequently of a nature almost to discourage the attempt.

Among the Books offered for sale, under the article of Natural History, will be found a greater collection of works of that description, than probably are contained in any Library in the United States. The following are a part. Mr. Smellie's Buffon. Turton's Linnaeus. A valuable and elegant Publication, the

Magazine, 12 volumes, the prints finely coloured; a work not solely confined to Natural History, but containing an account of whatever is new and curious in the Arts and Sciences; a variety of entertaining Anecdotes, and original Philosophical Essays: the splendid Work of Dr. Shaw, the naturalist's Miscellany, containing Notes, with Descriptions and plates of whatever is most rare, singular, and beautiful in the various departments of Nature, accurately delineated and faithfully coloured; Donovan's Insects of China in quarto, unquestionably the most beautiful work on Entomology, hitherto published, printed on fine paper, and the subjects most accurately and splendidly coloured: Cramer's Papillons Exotiques, in 4to. bound in morocco, the plates beautifully illuminated.

In Oriental Literature, the works of Sir Wm. Jones, the Institutes of Timur; Colebrook's Digest of the Hindoo Laws; Ouseley's Persian Miscellanies; Maurice's Indian Antiquities, with Dow's, and Orme's Histories of Hindostan; Scott's, of the Deccan, Hamilton's of the Rohillas; that of the reign of Shah Aulum; D'Ohsson of the Religion, Manners, Literature, and Jurisprudence of the Ottoman Empire, a very valuable work; with Ferdousi's Historical Poem; Translations of several very ancient Indian Poems, and the best Travels through the East; from as complete a Library of Eastern History as can be found in the English language. In History; in general, the collection is as full as it could be rendered, by the best modern historians, and the most approved versions of the ancients; of the latter of which, several are rendered extremely valuable by their scarcity and the difficulty of procuring them.

The Voyages and Travels include those of every modern traveller of reputation, from the arctic to the antarctic circle; among which are those of Park, Brown, Horneman and Barrow, in Africa; Symes, Turner, Macartney, Forster, &c. in Asia; Acerbi, in Lapland and Norway; the celebrated Travels of Professor Pallas, through Siberia, and the Northern Parts of the Russian Empire, in French, with a volume of Charts and Plates; and a more recent Publication in English, of the same author, of Travels through the Southern Parts of that vast Territory.

In the Belles Lettres and Poetry, the Collection is such as must render it highly interesting to the lovers of elegant Literature, and the friends of the Muses; together with Anderson's Edition of the British Poets, in 13 vols. imperial 8vo. and many of the best modern English Poems and Dramatic Works: it contains the most elegant Versions, of the Italian, French Portuguese, and German Poets.

To the Amateurs of Painting and the Antiquarian, Cooke's Hogarth, being a new impression of the Prints of that celebrated master, from engravings executed from the original designs, and of the same size, and accompanied with an explanatory volume; and an account of the Remains of Antiquity found in the Ruins of Herculaneum, with plates of the subjects which will stamp an additional value on this Collection.

The above Library will be sold on very reasonable terms, and at a small advance from the sterling cost, and will, if a sufficient number of gentlemen should unite in the purchase, be divided into lots for the accommodation of the purchasers.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

HERTFORD ASSIZES, JUNE 26.

THE RIGHT OF WATER.

STRUTT V. BOVINGTON

The plaintiff in this action is a miller near Rickmansworth; the defendant a farmer in the

same neighbourhood. It appeared that the plaintiff and his ancestors had enjoyed the mills in question for several centuries past, which were turned by a stream issuing from the rivers Game and Colne; but with a view to accommodate the farmers adjacent, a custom had grown into established use, of diverting the waters which supplied the mill-stream on Saturday night till the Monday morning, for the purpose of flooding their meadow land. The defendant, however, was not content with this indulgence, and had let out the waters in so considerable a way as to prevent at times the working of the mills. The plaintiff's father had recovered of the defendant near twenty years ago for a similar infringement of his right, and the diversion of the waters was put an end to. The present plaintiff, after proving that the waters had been drawn off from his mills, proposed giving the written evidence of Mr. Charles Macklin, the late comedian, (who was examined on the first trial) to establish the ancient right of water vested in the occupiers of the mills alluded to.

Mr. Serjeant Best objected to the evidence, and insisted that it could not be legally given.

Lord Ellenborough observed that the grievance complained of was precisely the same as on the former trial, and therefore thought the evidence of Mr. Macklin might be received in the same way as a person who might have been examined upon interrogatories.

Mr. Garrow said, he would put an end to all controversy, and examine a gentleman then in court, to what Mr. Macklin had said in the former trial, he having been present at the time, and paying particular attention to the evidence.

Mr. Serjeant Best had no objections to hearing Mr. Macklin's ghost.

Mr. John Bayley was then put to the bar, who stated to his Lordship and the Jury, that he had heard Mr. Macklin give his evidence, and that it was of so whimsical an import that he could repeat it *verbatim*.—Mr. Macklin, at the trial of 1786 spoke as follow:—'About fifty years ago I was in the habit of visiting my friend Mr. Fleetwood, who was the proprietor of one of the theatres, and had a house in the neighbourhood of Mr. Strutt's mills, consequently I had an opportunity of knowing the waters alluded to. At that time there was no such thing as watering the meadows by a diversion of the stream. My friend Fleetwood felt the loss, as he wished to get a reservoir into his garden; but the miller, Mr. Strutt, would not consent to his drawing off the water; I undertook to bring the miller about, and said to my friend, 'You must invite the miller to dinner, and we'll talk the matter over.'—My friend did so, and the miller was regaled most handsomely. Having previously been informed that the miller was fond of smoking, when the cloth was removed, I proposed that we should adjourn to the smoking room, and taste Mr. Fleetwood's excellent tap of fine Staffordshire ale; the miller agreed, and we adjourned accordingly. For a time I smoked the miller, till at last the miller smoked me, and flatly said, he would not consent to have his water diverted. Determined not to give up the pursuit, the miller was invited to a second dinner of turtle, which agreed with his taste so well, that notwithstanding he was before so tenacious of his water, he was brought to consent that my friend should divert a little of the stream to water his garden, the miller observing at the time that Mr. Fleetwood must not forget that he, the miller, was the *river god* in those waters, and could withhold it whenever he thought proper.'

The plaintiff's right was fully ascertained in other respects, and a verdict taken for one shilling damages, the defendant agreeing to stop up

certain sluices at his own expense, and preventing waste in future.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

From private sources, we learn that a challenge has been sent by a member of Congress to one of the heads of department, in consequence of some transaction, supposed injurious to the character of the former, having taking place.—We learn that the offer was declined.—The particulars, as is usual on such occasions, will probably before long transpire. As the character of the administration is not of a very martial complexion, it is thought the affair will be amicably settled.

[Farmer's Museum.

A democratic paper, called the *Hornet*, printed in Frederic town, (Md.) reached us this week. A *Bee* is also published at Hudson. They are of a very different genus from those insects described by naturalists, their stings being perfectly harmless.

[ib.

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When, by the damp grove, Ellen wept,
Sweet maid! it was her lover's tomb.

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it, as it flow'd away;
All night it lay an ice drop there,
At morn, it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel, wandering from the sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem.

Why is Addison still the first of our essayists? He has, sometimes, been excelled in criticisms more philosophical, in topics more interesting, and in diction more coloured. But there is a personal charm in the character he has assumed, in his Periodical Miscellanies, which is felt, with such a gentle force, that we scarcely advert to it. He has painted forth his little humours, and his individual feelings. Johnson and Hawkesworth, we receive with respect, and we dismiss with awe: we come from their writings as from public lectures, and from Addison's, as from private conversations.

In one of the British journals, we read, with great satisfaction, that a spirited emigrant among the faithful band of French royalists, in England, has gallantly defended his friends, and most contemptuously designated his foe.

Monsieur Tinceau, has published an "Apologie des Royalistes Emigrés contre le libel diffamatoire, publié sous le nom d'amnistie, par le nomme" Napoleone Buonaparte, alias, Buonaparte'e d'Ajaccio soi disant, Consul de France.

* This phrase, like that of *cette homme là*, may be described as the strongest sense in the contemptuous mode of French expression. If a mere English reader wish to have an adequate idea of its sarcastic import, we refer him to Dr. Johnson, who speaks of one Mrs. Macauley, and to Whitlock, who, with the lofty pride of a courtier of the first Charles, talks of one Milton, a blind man, and republican.

The Chevalier de Bilang, a Swede, has invented a machine, by means of which, a person may swim, or least direct himself on the water, without the least danger. The king of Sweden has granted the inventor, a gratuity of two thousand rix dollars, and the exclusive privilege of selling his machine, during twenty-five years,

A composition has been recently discovered, in France, that will effectually prevent iron, steel, &c. from rusting. This method consists in mixing with fat, oil, varnish, four-fifths of well-rectified spirits of turpentine. The varnish is to be applied, by means of a sponge. Articles varnished in this manner, will retain their metallic brilliancy, and never contract any sort of rust. It may be applicable to copper, and to the preservation of philosophical instruments, which, by being brought into contact with water, are liable to lose their splendor, and to become tarnished.

M. Buschenderf has invented a press for packing all kinds of goods with expedition. It is cheap, easily worked, occupies little room, and is calculated to save the expense of metal vices, which are apt to swell with humidity; the operation being performed by the action of a lever, the power of which, may be easily augmented.

TO MISS—, WEeping.

Oh! if your tears are given to care,
If real woe distress your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair,
And I will bid your weeping cease.

But, if with fancy's vision'd fears,
With dreams of woe your bosom thrill;
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still.

INSCRIPTION ON A JUTTING STONE, OVER A SPRING.

This sycamore, oft musical with bees,
(Such tents the patriarchs lov'd) O long unharm'd
May all its darksome boughs o'er canopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves! still may this spring
Quietly, as a sleeping infant's breath,
Send up cold water for the traveller
With soft and even pulse! Nor even cease
On tiny cone of sand its noiseless dance,
That at the bottom, like a fairy's page,
As merry, and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount!
Here coolness dwell, and twilight. Here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far, and find no second tree.
Here, stranger, drink! Here rest! And, if thy heart
Be innocent, here too may'st thou renew
Thy spirits, listening to these gentle sounds,
The passing gale, or ever murmur'ing bees.

ROSSTREVOR.

All you, who in scenes of wild grandeur delight,
Where nature and art both together endeavour
To furnish a treat for the traveller's sight—
Repair to the shore of romantic Rosstrevor.

Here are mountains, whose summits the skies proudly
pierce,
While deep winding vallies their broad bases sever:
Even Prociis, that classical region of verse,
The Muses now own, could boast nought like Rosstrevor.

Arcadia! thy shades come my fancy across,
Where Pan, on his pipe, us'd so softly to quaver,
As I wander among the plantations of Ross,
And hear the sweet notes of the nymphs of Rosstrevor.

In verdure, the vales here with Tempe may vie;
Purest streams through their bosom run murmuring
ever,
Yielding shepherds and flocks an unfailing supply,
When drought has drank up all those of Rosstrevor.

Old Neptune, around his whole briny domain,
Ne'er trac'd out a lovelier landscape—no, never!
On the banks of the Tiber, the Thames, or the Seine,
Taste finds no retreat to compare with Rosstrevor.

'Tis the fav'rite abode of the Goddess of Health;
From its precincts fly sickness, infection and fever;
Youth, beauty, and fashion, age, wisdom, and wealth,
Resort to the life-cheering shores of Rosstrevor.

Methinks now some saturnine miser I hear,
With a sneer, cry, 'All this, to be sure, 's very clever,
But diet and lodging, I'm told, there are dear;—
Stay at home, wretch! and starve—let me feast at
Rosstrevor.

AN ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

Hail to thee, Goddess of the sprightly train!
Source of all ease, and antidote to pain:
Whether thou wand'rest on the northern hills,
Or in the vallies dwells't by purling rills,
Or whether, tir'd of fam'd Britannia's fogs,
Green Erin's swamps, and widely-spreading bogs;
Thou'st ta'en thy flight to fair Italian plains,
'Midst citron groves ne'er drench'd by falling rains;
Where summer suns ne'er cease to warm the soil,
And fruitful crops reward the labourer's toil:
Or whether, cross the broad Atlantic frown,
To ease the horrors of the rising town,
Whatever distant course thy flight pursues,
I pray thee listen to my humble Muse.
(The first weak essay of her feeble pen,
Which, urg'd by thee, shall bolder notes attain)
For lo! on yonder silken couch reclin'd,
(With beauty grac'd and loveliness of mind)
A maiden lies, oppress'd with carking care,
And all the ills which its attendants are.
Those eyes that erst the morning star outshone,
Alas! how chang'd—their lustre all is gone.
The cheek, with dimpling smiles once sweetly grac'd,
Where the moss-rose it's choicest colours plac'd.
Now feels the sad effects of thy delay,
And cries, with potent voice, Oh! haste away.
For there the lily, pride of lowly vales,
Her empire holds, preserv'd by sighs and wails;
And, if from thee, or some kind pitying pow'r,
Relief's not given, swift comes the last sad hour.
When her pure soul shall speed its way above,
Into the realms of purest joy and love.
Then fly, Oh, Goddess! from yon distant plains,
And use that skill, which ev'ry effort gains;
So shall thy praise be sung from morn till night,
By maids and youths, in strains for ever bright.

[*Lon. paper.*]

Among the number of names one meets with in the Metropolis, that are professionally appropriate to the avocation of their owners, not the least striking are the following:—In Smithfield, a multifarious professor sports the inscription of 'Catchpole, hair-dresser, peruke-maker, and undertaker. In Clerkenwell-green, we meet the sign-board of 'J. Grammer's Academy.' In Dyott-street, St. Giles's, a professor of the sable robe announces his avocation by 'Chimnies swept, and night-work performed here, by Timothy Brush.' A window near Clare-market exhibits a label, inscribed 'Thomas Swift, portering and messages performed here;' and an Hibernian lady, who keeps an *Ovarium* in High-street, St. Giles's, writes up, 'Fresh eggs every day, by me, Catharine Cluck;' and in High-street, in the Borough, an active agent of the law designates his residence by the words 'Grip, Officer to the Sheriffs of Kent.'

[*Lon. paper.*]

In his preface to his "History of the Earth," GOLDSMITH has written a paragraph, which has all the easy graces of his manner.

The ancients, Pliny, in particular, have anticipated me, in my manner of treating natural history. Like those historians, who describe the eve of a campaign, they have not condescended to give the private particulars of every individual, that formed the army. They were content with characterising the generals, and prescribing their operations, while they left it to meaner hands, to carry the muster-roll.

It has been candidly remarked by a British tourist through a portion of America that 'The English bewail the want of convenient taverns in the United States; but the complaint is groundless. For I have found taverns in the woods of America, not inferior to those of the common market-towns in England.'

Can I again that form caress,
Or on that lip in rapture twine?
No, no! the lip that all may press,
Shall never more be press'd by mine.

Can I again that look recall,
Which once could make me die for thee?
No, no! the eye that burns on all,
Shall never more, be priz'd by me!

Look, in my eyes my blushing fair,
Thoult see thyself reflected there;
And, as I gaze on thine, I see
Two little miniatures of me.

Press the grape and let it pour,
Around the board the purple shower;
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think in woe the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heaven grant no tears, but tears of wine;
Weep on, and as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.

A Cynical correspondent regrets that ladies who know so well how to *charm*, should not, in general, *spell* better.

THE NAME UNKNOWN.

Imitated from Klopstock's ode to his future

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ. AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

Prophetic Pencil, wilt thou trace
A faithful image of the Face;
Or, wilt thou write the NAME UNKNOWN
Ordain'd to rule my charmed Soul,
And all my future Fate controul
Unrival'd and alone?

Delicious Idol of my Thought!
Tho' Sylph or Spirit never taught
My boding heart thy precious Name;
Yet, musing on my distant fate,
To CHARMS UNSEEN I consecrate
A visionary flame!

Thy rosy blush and meaning eye,
Thy virgin voice of melody,
Are ever present to my heart;
Thy murmur'd Vows shall yet be mine,
My thrilling hand shall meet with thine,
And never—never part!

Then fly, my days, on rapid wing,
Till love the viewless treasure bring;
While I, like conscious Athens, own
A power in mystic silence seal'd,
A guardian angel unveil'd—
And bless the Name Unknown!

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Climenole' has arrived in safety, with *unviolated* seals, a very singular circumstance in the moral and entertaining history of our truly admirable, honest, and efficient government.

In answer to the curiosity of some, and the friendly care of others, we are desired by Mr. SAUNTER to state that the *AMERICAN LOUNGER* will shortly resume the easy exercise of his careless vocation. The temporary suspension of that paper, has been caused by the duty we owe to correspondents, of a higher character, than an idler, whose province is to be neither politic, nor grave; but whose page is desultory, and whose talk is prattle.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNETS,

BY MISS BANNERMAN, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

SONNET I.

* When the first beams of morn illumine the sky,
"To day I see her," and I hail the sun,
"To day I see her," and the moments run,
And *life*, and *time*, and *all*, unheeded fly.

O how I grasp delusions!—form again
The frantic hopes my firmer mind denies:
I see but her in earth, in air, and skies!
I feel but her in all my burning brain!

Then, as I think upon the woes to come,
Bereav'd of comfort, how I hate the day,
Tears, from a heart of anguish, force their way,
And oft I wish to make the grave my home;
To drink the bitter cup, while yet I may,
Before my strength is gone, and all my powers decay.

SONNET II.

† Is this sad heart, so cold and vacant, mine?
Enchanting scenes, I know you now no more!
The soft stream winds beneath th' o'erhanging pine;
Ye shine in summer pride, but mine is o'er.

O could I place my woes in louring skies,
In dismal seasons, or capricious care;
In the wild whirl ambitious strife supplies,
My lighten'd heart might breathe in freest air.

Wretch that I am! this bosom once so blest,
Contains the poison which consumes its peace;
In vain I stretch my arms, and seek for rest:
Dark clouds surround, forbidding all release:
Yes! I must fill the measure of my woes,
And then I find the road that leads me to repose.

SONNET III.

‡ Where is that sentiment which warm'd my breast!
That pour'd around me torrents of delight,
That brought all Paradise before my sight,
And wrapt my soul in visions of the blest!

How often has the wandering sea-bird's flight
Across the vast, unfathomable deep,
Through living waters, and immortal light,
Borne my free spirit in its rapid sweep,

To taste beatitude where raptures flow!
O how the heart is chang'd! for blissful dreams
Of life eternal! dim before me gleams
The deep and fathomless abyss of woe;
Where, hurried headlong through the blackening wave,
Or dash'd upon the rocks, I soon must find my grave.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TOUT-ENSEMBLE.

You wonder what it is I find
In Nancy, that I love her,
And why I am so very blind
To many girls above her;

* As soon as I opened my window this morning, I said, "To day I shall see her," and I calmly looked on the sun.

† Nature displays all her beauties before me, exhibits the most enchanting scenes, and my heart is unmoved.

‡ That ardent sentiment which animated my heart with the love of nature, which poured in upon me a torrent of light, which brought all paradise before me, is now me an insupportable torment.

Wetter, Let. 41.

You tell me that her shape is bad,
Her face is reckon'd homely,
And not a feature that she had,
Could be accounted comely.

I much regret that there should be
Such different tastes between us;
She's not an angel, I agree,
Nor is she quite a Venus.

But there is something in her air,
That greatly hits my fancy,
'Tis not her face, her shape, or hair,
But 'tis the whole of Nancy.

ROWLAND.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I send you a copy of some lines, lately written by a friend in ill health, and from this and other causes, greatly depressed in spirits. He is now no more, and though this effusion may not, by the world, be considered to have merit, yet the contrast it exhibits, and which is drawn as it was felt, induces me to wish it preserved.

You will, however, give it a place in the Port Folio, or not, as you shall judge proper.

A. B.

The man whom heaven has blest with wealth,
With vigorous nerves and glowing health,
In life's dull round, alert and gay,
May jocund pass the hours away.
Gay frolic dreams are his at night,
And morning calls him to delight.
Ambrosial dews on zephyrs borne,
Make sweet to him the breath of morn.
'Tis for his use the verdant field
And fragrant earth their perfume yield:
The gems of Heaven more brilliant shine
On him who owns the golden mine.

His easy path of life is strew'd
With verdure gay throughout the road:
Elate, his raptur'd eyes survey
The countless pleasures in his way.
Where'er he walks, obsequious love
Attendant on his steps shall move.
Love lights his torch at Pleasure's shrine;
His golden lamp is from the mine.
From clime to clime, where'er he roam,
To him the world's a spacious home;
Delight, in all her varied charms,
Still fondly courts him to her arms.

Not so with him whom adverse fate
Pursues with unrelenting hate,
On whose devoted head is pour'd
The chastening phial of the Lord.
No morning's bloom to him is fair,
No nights, but close in sad despair;
'Tis not for him that Zephyr greets
The early morn with Flora's sweets
'Tis not for him the cheerful note
Of feather'd choirs in ether float,
The fragrant earth, the gems of heav'n,
Are not for his enjoyment given.

Thro' the wide world's extended Zone,
No chamber can he call his own;
Love in his walk is never found,
For poverty usurps the ground:
Love's soft and downy pinions ne'er
Can soar, if burden'd with a tear.

No pleasures call him to advance
And join the sprightly merry dance.
No glowing hopes his soul illumine,
Within is dark and endless gloom;
In vain the sufferer tries to find,
Some solace for his wounded mind:

Where'er he turns his aching eyes,
Through life's rough road, new sorrows rise.
If he has former scenes enjoy'd,
The world is now one tasteless void;
And memory's delusive dream,
Turns pleasures past to pain supreme.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

Twenty gentlemen, on the 26th of January, 1803, dined together, in the cottage where BURNS was born in order that they might gratefully celebrate the birthday of the poet. The following Ballad was composed on the occasion, by the Reverend Hamilton Paul.

Let others enamour'd of seasons more gay,
Their harps to the primrose of April attune;
Let them carol the sweets of the lily rob'd May,
Or garnish their lays with the rose-buds of June.

Not the season of beauty, the prime of the year,
So charming, so lovely to me can appear,
As the day, when the poet to Scotia so dear,
First open'd his eyes on the banks of the Doon.

O that the lov'd bard, e'er his spirit was flown,
E'er he bade a short life of misfortune adieu,
Wide over my shoulders his mantle had thrown:
I'd have breath'd a strain worthy of him and of you;

But alas! cold forever's the soul kindling fire,
Mute the tongue that could captivate, ravish,
inspire,

While the hands of the feeble awaken the lyre
And the muses sigh out, "*our adorers are flown.*"
Yet duly will we, as this season returns,

With joy to the lonely roof'd cottage repair;
And as we pour out a libation to Burns,
Will toast the sweet dames of the Doon and the Ayre.

And sing till each river his woodlands among,
Bid his rocks and his caverns re-echo the song,
And the winds, on their wings, waft, delighted along,

Our esteem for the Bard, and our love to the Fair.

SELECTED POETRY.

LINES

To a beautiful little Girl, of four years old, sitting in her Baby-House, surrounded by her Playthings.

BY MRS MOODY.

Little queen of infant pleasure
Smiling on thy seat of treasure;
Happy in each fancied blessing,
More than Monarchs worlds possessing,
Culling sweet from every rose,
That in thy fairy garden grows;
Thy breast as yet untaught by sighs
To check the transports as they rise.
No dread thy little bosom fills
Of physical or moral ills;
With pure delight, thy eye surveys
The splendid toys that round thee blaze;
Nor could a richer joy be thine
Did all Potosi yield her mine;
Thy tiny cup of silver, brings
A sweeter draught than cups of kings;
The doll for whom thy love prepares,
These emblems of maternal cares,
For whom this little board is spread,
For whom thou deck'd this little bed
Obedient to thy magic wand
Still eats and sleeps at thy command;
And tho' thou play'st the mother's part;
No mother's pangs corrode thy heart.
Oh! ever might thy future years
Be thus exempt from hopes and fears;
Thus, with smooth current glide away,
While beams of joy thus round thee play;
But thou a blended lot must share,
And with the blessing take the care.
Then, lovely Mary, hug thy toys,
Unsullied source of infant joys!
And, while thou cans't, the pleasure keep,
To lull thy waxen babe asleep.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 4.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1804.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXXVIX.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

A foreigner has remarked of the people of the United States, that they succeed well as public speakers. If this remark be true, the American will hear with satisfaction, that, while in most of the improvements which advance the reputation of a people, his countrymen boast not a pre-eminence, they have received from an intelligent observer, the praise of excelling in one of the noblest attributes conferred upon man.

There exist in the United States causes for the general cultivation of talents for public speaking, that are not to be found in any other modern country. The extremely popular cast of the government, by holding out to every class and condition of people, hopes of preferment, disposes them to a zealous interference with subjects of public concern. Political animosity is a fruitful source of oral contention. Spirited dialogues, and declamatory harangues, precede the contests at our frequent elections, and, where the collision of adversaries is suspended, warmth of feeling is moderated, and the heat of strife allayed, by friendly communications among political adherents. The legislatures of seventeen independent states, are so many different schools in which parliamentary faculties may be exercised and improved, while the national congress is open to those who court, in the walks of eloquence, a more diffuse and exalted reputation. The popular features in our civil codes, lend their aid in the formation of the speaker. Gain and honour recompense the exertions of the able advocate, and the tribunals of justice in every district of an extensive country, present to us theatres of Forensic disputation.

It may perhaps be affirmed, that since the days of Athens, there have been no people among whom oratory has flourished as it has done among the people of the American states. From this remark we must exclude that high perfection in the art of speaking, reached by a few illustrious individuals, where, in the full growth of a nation, powerful abilities have been exerted upon objects higher and more animating than occur in the earlier periods of any state. We have not yet, to use the words of an Irish orator, heard 'the torrent of Demosthenes,' or seen in our senates, 'the splendid conflagration of Tully.' Nor, do we aspire to a rivalry of that exquisite polish, which, in several prominent instances, has distinguished the annals of British eloquence. The refinements of rhetoric, and the decorations of classical embellishment, are not the usual recommendations of our public

speeches. But, in that rank of oratory, which, although respectable, is not the most exalted, which pleases without often dazzling, and excites admiration more frequently than astonishment, the Americans have eminently excelled.

The historian of our revolution in speaking of the Congress that first assembled upon the dispute between the mother country, and her colonies has made the number of able speakers who were members of it, an object of particular notice. In their deliberations upon subjects of the greatest magnitude, then, for the first time, presented to them, abilities were displayed which might have reflected credit upon the national councils of older and more experienced states. Throughout the revolution, each member of the confederacy, continued to supply deputies, who became eloquent defenders of the American cause. The speeches delivered in the convention, that framed the federal constitution, have never been preserved, but the testimony of those who heard them, as well as our knowledge of the distinguished men, who sat in that body, instruct us to believe they exhibited specimens of powerful oratory. We are in possession of the discussions of the constitution had in the conventions of the different states, and the ample investigation they give to every part of that instrument, sufficiently attest how generally diffused and of how respectable a character was the talent for public speaking.

During the few years in which our present government has been in operation, many questions of great national moment, have employed the attention of the legislators of our country. In the discussion of these questions, rival delegates from every part of the union, have engaged in a contest for pre-eminence, and, the assertion may be hazarded that a large proportion of them have uttered their opinions, and enforced their arguments, in strains of impressive and dignified eloquence. The House of Representatives of the United States, has probably had in it during the last ten years, a greater number of public speakers than have appeared in any national assembly of Europe, in the same period of time. This fact, if it be one, is the more favourable to American oratory, when it is recollected of how few members the House of Representatives has consisted, and that our country has been in a state of comparative exemption from those alarming conjunctures, which have an effect to excite the feelings, and give fresh activity, to the mental vigour of a people.

Reflections like the above, offer inducements to the emulous and aspiring to cultivate an art, that seems to flourish well among us. Let not a view of the extensive qualifications that combine in the orator, deter any from attempting their acquisition. The character when reached is of that high kind, which seems to terminate the endeavours of enterprize, and satisfy the expectations of generous ambition. The powers of the human mind, can hardly appear under a form more captivating than in a speaker on the floor of an enlightened assembly, intent upon some question of high national interest, unfolding

with luminous comprehension its nature and consequences, and with the arts of philology, and the lights of political wisdom imparting to others, his own convictions. Such high ideas of honour and advantage did the ancients connect with the art of declamation, that it was taught among them by public professors, and the orator was formed by the same course of previous discipline, that other professions are thought to require. Their attention to it was marked by an anxiety, that sought the ultimate perfection of the art. It was an usual prayer with Pericles, before he rose to address a public assembly, 'that in the hurry of delivery, no word might fall from him, which could offend an Athenian ear.' To those who look for eminence in the Senate, or the forum, an attention to the arts of speaking is among the indispensable prerequisites to success. Let all such therefore, have a proper sensibility to the high importance of their aims, and cultivate elocution, until excellence in it shall constitute the praise and become the acknowledged characteristic of the American people.

MARCELLUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

In the second book of the Punicks, the interest of the reader is considerably excited; after the siege of Sagunthum, the Legates from Rome appear before Hannibal—at the head of this important embassy suing peace in behalf of the Sagunthines, the Roman Fabius presents himself—to them Hannibal addresses the following speech.

'Tis past, he cries, ye sons of peace, forbear
To talk of treaties 'mid the noise of war;
Now in the clangour of the trumpets sound,
And dying groans all softer notes are drown'd;
Hence, while you may, ner to the half-won town
Too rashly trusting, make her fate your own;
Too well the license of the sword you know,
Once flush'd with slaughter on a yielding foe.

Among the Carthaginians, appears a female warrior, who is thus described.

With Afric's sons whose garments flow, unbound,
A motley race for breach of faith renown'd,
A female warrior to the fields of fame,
Hlyarbas' blood, the bold Hasbte came;

From Ammon thus the warrior princes came,
And in his groves invoc'd her grandsire's name;
Pure from the pleasures of the genial bed,
In woods and wilds her youthful years she led;
No spinstress arts she knew, nor female toys;
But sports of labour, and more manly joys:
Diana-like, the chase was her delight,
The straining courser, and the game in sight.

A net of gold confin'd her flowing hair,
Her right arm, active for the fight, was bare;
Her left she guarded with the shining shield,
An Amazonian pelt, that glirr'd thro' the field.

Proud in her steeds and glittering in the van,
As on a neighbouring mole with speed they ran,
Frequent she lodg'd impell'd with matchless might
Her quivering javelins on the turrets height.
This Mopsus saw, and could no longer bear
The fierce approaches of the virgin's spear;
High on the walls enrag'd his bow he drew,
Loud sung the string; each feather'd weapon slew

A stranger he, and born in distant Crete,
Where the Curetes their loud cymbals beat,
His long laborious days in forests led,
An expert huntsman from his cradle bred;
Of did he fetch the falcon from the sky;
Of when the nimbler game his toils would fly,
So true his bowstring sped his fatal darts,
At once they heard it hiss, and felt them in their hearts;
Nor Crete, tho' rival of the Parthian bow,
An arm so vigorous, and so sure could shew;
At length past labour, friendless, old, and poor,
Forc'd by his wants to quit his native shore,
He, wife, and sons, a small, inglorious train,
Fate urg'd them forward, reach'd Sagunthum's plain.
His sons, their quivers cross their shoulders ty'd,
Beside him each his bow with shafts supply'd;
And as far shooting from the walls he stood,
Each Cretan arrow drank some Lybian's blood:
Gramus and Tyhrrus eager to engage;
Gisco, and gentle Bagas felt his rage;
His bearded arrow pierced young Lycus' heart;
Unhappy he to meet so sure a dart.

Mopsus then aims a shaft at the Lybian Amazon; Harpe, a female attendant rushes between them, receives the arrow, and falls in the arms of her queen.

Her falling in her arms the queen receives,
And o'er her dying lov'd companion grieves;
Then fir'd with vengeance to the rampart springs,
And at the foe her angry javelin flings.
Just then young Dorilas a shaft had set
Drawn to the head; the bows tough horns had met;
Whirl'd with what vigour passion could impart,
His sinewy shoulder felt the rapid dart;
With nerves relax'd he drops his useless bow,
And tumbles headlong on the plain below,
Revers'd his quiver pouring on the ground
Its shafts, that glitter'd, as he fell, around.
His brother's fate, sad Icarus survey'd,
And mov'd with clamour to revenge the dead;
But him preventing, as a shaft he drew,
The leader with a rock's rough fragment slew;
Fainting he falls, the freezing hand of death
Chill'd his pale limbs, and choak'd his struggling
breath;
His hand no longer can its hold retain;
But in the quiver drops the shaft again.

Mopsus thus seeing both his sons slain, one by Hasbte, the other by Hannibal, flings himself from the wall in despair. Theron then appears.

Theron attended with a gallant train,
Rush'd from the gate, and battled on the plain;
No common arms the brawny warrior knew;
Nor lifted lance he pois'd, nor sword he drew;
No plaited corslet his broad breast o'erspread;
No crested helmet nodded o'er his head;
But far before him with resistless might,
Swung a huge club, and broke the ranks of fight
A lion's shaggy hide his shoulders bore;
Rose o'er his front the jaws, and grinn'd before;
His shields device the sevenfold Hydra stood,
Sprouting with monsters on a field of blood.

Theron after destroying several Carthaginians, who were distinguished in the fight, meets Hasbte.

Now plunging in the press, fierce Theron fought;
The watchful virgin saw, and turning sought
The fight; and aiming for a deadly blow,
Full at the forehead of her dauntless foe,
Her two-edg'd ax to thee, Dictynna, pray'd
And vow'd the trophies of the warrior dead;
Nor he inspir'd with equal thirst of fame
Less ardent to the glorious combat came,
And, as advancing with his lifted shield,
He strided tow'ring thro' the mingled field,
His lion's grinning jaws distain'd with blood,
Full at the faces of the coursers shew'd,
Who seiz'd with fright, and restive to the rein
O'erturn the tumbling chariot on the plain:
To quit the field by flight Hasbte tries;
The fatal club arrests her, as she flies;
Full on her front descends the forceful stroke;
Spouts the black gore; the crackling skull is broke;
Beside her car she sinks; th' entangled reins,
Are sprinkled o'er with mingled blood and brains.

Blind to his fate, and with no God to friend,
Thus toil'd bold Theron drawing near his end;
For Hannibal now swift to combat came;
His voice spoke thunder, and his eyes shot flame.

At the approach of Hannibal, the Sagunthines in dread terror fly before him; Theron thus addresses the fugitives.

Oh turn, he cries, your hasty fears resign;
The glorious danger of this foe be mine;
Turn but spectators of the fight; this hand
Shall drive the Punick general from the land;
Or if, Oh shame to arms! you dare not see
Unbous'd the combat, shut your gates on me.

Theron is killed by Hannibal, which concludes the engagement. The Roman legates arriving at Carthage, the Senate meet; Hanno declares for, and Gestar against satisfying the Romans; Fabius insists on a positive declaration of peace or war immediately. The translator makes the following observations on this important debate.

The strong and beautiful contrast between these two speeches of Hanno and Gestar, in the Carthaginian Senate, is drawn with a justness and loftiness of sentiment, and style suitable to the dignity of the personages speaking, and to the importance of the subject spoken on. When Hanno to recommend himself to his audience, declares that he will speak for his country though he dies for it; Gestar to take off the favour such a patriotic resolution might gain him, tells him he speaks like a Roman, and an enemy, insinuating he is conscious he deserves that death, he seems apprehensive of: Hanno to deter Carthage from the war, says, the Romans are more than men; I have seen them, he says, tear the javelin from their body, and strike it in the enemy's heart; I have seen, says Gestar to encourage to the war, Regulus the Roman general taken prisoner, dragged in chains, flung in a dungeon, and dying on a gibbet: The Romans are bred soldiers from their birth, says Hanno; ours are the same, says Gestar; but look at young Hannibal, who already rivals the god Hercules in passing the Alps; the conclusion is equally noble; Hanno says, he saves them a sea of blood; Gestar replies, they will pour out all their blood, they will die rather than not live free.

The close of Gestar's speech, exhibits the warmth and eloquence, which characterises every line from the commencement.

Behold, our matchless leader, and adore;
His tongue's first accent was the oath he swore;
An infant he was known with sword and fire,
To vow Rome's fate, and meditate his sire;
And in thy sight, if thou dare view the deed,
Now in his turn, shall make Rome's mightiest bleed;
Then, then let Alps on Appenines arise,
A growing rampart till they reach the skies;
His matchless vigour thro' those Alps shall break;
To gall thee, wretch, the boastful vaunt I make,
Those Alps, those skes shall be the hero's road;
Where great Alcides first victorious trod,
The dreadful pass, shall Hannibal despair,
At once to second and outshine him there!
But Hanno bids us quit the glorious strife,
And tamely give up liberty for life;
Recounts the slaughters, Lybia felt before;
Improves on each, and still denounces more;
Wretch as he is, himself may wave that fear;
Skulk like a girl at home, and tremble there;
We, we are fix'd the Rome's own Jove oppose,
To force our freedom from our haughty foes;
Or, if the fates the great attempt withstand,
And Mars has quitted this devoted land,
We'll die, my country, e'er proud Rome shall be
To us a tyrant, or a lord to thee:
For what demands have her bold legates bore?
And what can lords, or what can tyrants more?
Disband your forces, quit Sagunthum's plain,
And burn your navies, and renounce the main;
Ye Gods! if Carthage may your pity claim,
Look down, and save her from so foul a shame;
Free from the Romans, and his threatened fate
Preserve our leader, and in him the state.

War is proclaimed, and Fabius returns to Rome; Hannibal, the while taking the country about Sagunthum, is presented by the Galicians with a suit of armour, which is described; then

turning, he presses the seige, and the Sagunthines almost famished, the goddess Faith, at the instance of Hercules patron of the city, conveys herself into it, and inspires them still to hold out, which Juno observing from the Carthaginian camp, applies to the fury Alecto.

Thus toil'd the watchful Juno for their fall,
And forc'd the fiercest fury to their wall;
At whose approach the mount was heard to roar;
The waves beat hoarser on the hollow shore,
From round her bloated neck fell serpents rise;
Uncurl their folds, and hiss against the skies—

The changing monster, now at once forsakes
Her own foul figure, and Tyburnus' takes;
Lost in the storm of war her Murrus dead,
She wept reliefless in a widow'd bed;

The guileful goddess bursts into the crowd,
All frantic, furious, and thus cries aloud.
Ye wrathful powers what further is design'd?
What end must we, must faith and virtue find?
Murrus I saw; how dreadful to behold!
How sad his look! and what a tale he told!
Ghastly and pale, and cover'd o'er with blood
Before my eyes the mournful spectre stood;
He stood and call'd, Tyburna hence away;
This wretched city fails the victor's prey;
'Scape if thou can'st, or at Elizium's shore
Come, meet thy Murrus, and we part no more:
'Tis past; our gods, our town, our people fall;
The Punick sword surrounds and conquers all.
My soul still shudders with the vast alight;
Still the pale vision swims before my sight.
Murrus thrice happy of thy fate to see,
Thy town untaken, and thy country free!
While we a poor, defenceless, friendless band
Must serve our tyrants in a foreign land;
And lay at last when life's last scene is o'er,
Our captive corpses on the Punick shore;
But you, who scorn your freeborn necks to bow,
And death an end of ev'ry sorrow know,
Illustrious youths, we claim it at your hand,
O save your matrons from a lord's command;
Virtue thro' peril must to fame aspire;
Then snatch a fame, the world can but admire.

The fury Alecto drives them to such a madness of rage and despair, that they burn the city, and themselves in it, to avoid falling into the hands of the enemy; the description of their sad disasters is very moving and highly picturesque.

At once all social, sweet remembrance fled,
The nuptial converse, and the blissful bed;
With fiercer passions their rack'd souls are toss'd
And ev'ry tender thought of love is lost.
Where thick and fast the gathering vapours throw,
Their curling columns, and ascending glow,
One drags in strength of rage a feeble sire,
And hurls him helpless on the kindling pyre:
To save his parent from the Lybian dart,
A cruel pity wrapt Tymbrenus' heart;
Not that dear form, which his own image bears,
And every feature of himself, he spares;
Thou too Eurymedon, thy parent's pride,
And thou Lycornas, blooming brethren died;
So like their stature, shape, and voice, and look,
Oft the pleas'd mother each for each mistook.

What tragic end this faithful state befel,
No human tongue without a tear can tell,
The monstrous ills, their dreadful virtue bore
Ev'n Punicks wept, who never wept before:
This city ever fam'd for faith, that told
The founder of her walls with gods enroll'd,
The Punick fraud, her own relentless rage;
And heaven and hell to force her fate engage.
What the wide waste of sword, and fire would spare,
Her own fell fury spoils, and slaughters there;
Thick from the pile, the rolling vapours rise,
And lift their sable volumes from the skies;
The mount-built Citadel, from whence were seen,
The shores, the Punick tents, and town between,
This sacred tow'r untouched by wars before
And temples of the gods, the flames devour;
The brightening fire the region wide displays,
Old ocean trembles with the quivering blaze.
Amid this carnage, lo! with dismal cries
To Marcus' tomb the sad Tyburna flies;
His shining faction fill'd her better hand,
And in her left she grasp'd a flaming brand;
Loose was her dress, dishevell'd was her hair;
Nude were her arms, her livid bosom bare;
When in the dreary kingdom of the graves,
Hell's early monarch, Stygian Pluto raves,

Less fury-like Alectos self appears;
Drives the pale ghosts, and thunders in their ears.
The hero's armour on his tomb now laid,
Each mournful relic she with tears survey'd;
Then kindled with her torch a blaze around,
And paid his manes with a dreadful sound.
Lo, these, the best, the last, thy wife can give,
The gift and giver, best of men receive;
She said, and with a mortal fury fir'd
Rush'd on the pile, and in the flames expir'd.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.
LIFE OF JOANNES SECUNDUS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[In an Essay, prefixed to a translation of the *Basia* of Joannes Secundus, published at London, in the present year, are many notices of that agreeable author.—As I have never met with a connected history of his life, I have endeavoured to sketch a brief account of it from those notes. If you think it deserves a place in the Port Folio, you are welcome to publish it.

2]

Joannes Secundus Hagensis, descended from an ancient and illustrious family in the Netherlands. His father, Nicolaus Everardus, was born near Middleburg, in Zealand, and is thence often stiled *Middleburgensis*. He was a man of great erudition, particularly in the science of the law, and possessed of every qualification necessary to complete a gentleman, or adorn a scholar. He became a favorite of the emperor Charles V. and was a member of the grand council of Mechelen, and president of the states of Holland and Zealand. He died at Mechelen, August 5th, 1532, aged 70.

Everardus left five sons, all distinguished by their talents; and three daughters. Peter Nicolaus, an ecclesiastic, doctor of divinity and the civil law, Everardus Nicolaus, president of Friesland and Mechelen, and knight of the golden fleece, Nicolaus Grudius Nicolaus, treasurer of Brabant, member of the privy council, knight and register of the order of the golden fleece, Hadrianus Marius Nicolaus, knight, member of the privy council, and high chancellor of Guelderland and Zutphen. Isabella Nicolaia became a nun, and it appears from an epistle of Secundus, that she had a fine taste in literature, and was capable of corresponding in Latin.—Of the other two daughters, we know nothing. It remains, that we should mention our poet, Joannes Secundus, who was born at the Hague, in 1511. In his early years, he prosecuted his studies under his father, who was the preceptor of all his children. His poetical vein soon discovered itself; for he is said to have commenced writing verses, at the age of ten years. When public duties deprived Everardus of the time necessary for instructing his children, Secundus, who was designed for the law, was committed to the care of Jacobus Volcardus, whose death he laments, in one of his *Nania*. Rumoldus Stenemola, succeeded as tutor to the young poet, who, in his works, bestows on him great commendations. The arts of Painting and Sculpture, shared with their sister Poetry, the attachment of Secundus, and love quickened his progress in them all. He carved his own family, his friends, the emperor, several persons of distinction, and his mistresses: To Julia, the first of them, he inscribed the first book of his *Elégies*. Being arrived at the age of twenty-one, he was sent to complete his professional studies, under the celebrated Andreas Alciatus, at Bourges, in France. Alciatus was not only a renowned civilian, but a polite scholar, and a poet, qualifications which not a little endeared him to his pupil. Having remained a year at Bourges, and taken his degrees, he returned to Mechelen, where he met with a misfortune, which, at his time of life, must have been severely felt. His mistress, Julia, who had first kindled the flame of love in his bosom, and

inpride his flowing strains, had proved unfaithful, and was married to another. Venerilla consoled him for his loss, and, for a time, became the sovereign of his heart, and object of his verse. Her reign, however, proved short; for in the very year of his return from France, 1533, he went, with powerful recommendations into Spain, and was appointed secretary to cardinal Travera, archbishop of Toledo. Here it was, that he became enamoured of the beautiful, sprightly, but coquettish Nera, and here, probably, he wrote his *Kisses*, which he addressed to her. The fervid climate of Spain, disagreed with the constitution of Secundus, and caused a fever, which had nearly terminated his career; but his youth was opposed to disease, and finally prevailed.—In 1535, he accompanied the emperor Charles V. to the siege of Tunis, which was defended by the famous Barbarossa: But Phœbus or Venus, rather than Mars, seem to have presided over the birth of Secundus, for nothing is on record, of his martial achievements. Even his muse, accustomed only to sing love and the graces, was scared, by the din of arms, and he suffered entirely to escape him, so favorable an opportunity of celebrating the deeds of the emperor and his valiant attendants. On his return from Africa, he was sent, by the cardinal, on an embassy to Rome, to congratulate the pope on the success of the emperor's arms. But falling sick on the road, he returned to his native country, to recover his health. He next engaged, as secretary, to the bishop of Utrecht, and became so famous for his talents and for his learning, that he was sent for by the first protonotary of the emperor, to take charge of those Latin letters, which were to be signed by that prince's own hand. But death blasted all his budding prospects of future honor. Having gone to St. Amand, to meet his patron, the bishop of Utrecht, he was attacked by a violent fever, which, in five days after his arrival, put a final period to his labors and his expectations, on the 8th October, 1536, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was interred in the church of the Benedictine monastery, where a marble tomb has been erected to his memory. Thus perished, in the flower of his life, a youth, who, if we consider his country, and his years, and the works he has left us, deserves to rank among the highest in the list of modern poets. His sweet and impassioned lays, will make his memory endure as long as mankind shall continue to be animated by the most amiable of the passions, and as long as true taste shall be cultivated and admired.

Nicolaus Grudius and Hadrianus Marius, brothers of Secundus, were also elegant poets, as appears, not only from his testimony, but from some of their compositions, which remain to us. The *Cymba Veneris* of Marius, is a beautiful little piece.

None of the works of Secundus were published before his death; they have since passed through many editions; but are now extremely scarce. The following list of them, is taken from the edition of Scriverius.

“Series operum omnium quæ reperiri potuerunt.

Julia. Elegiarum liber I.

Amores. Elegiarum liber II.

Ad diversos. Elegiarum liber III.

Basia. Incomparabilis & divinus prorsus liber.

Epigrammata.

Odorum. Liber unus.

Epistolarum. Liber unus elegiaco.

Epistolarum. Liber alter heroico carmeni scriptus.

Funerum. Liber unus.

Sylva & Carminum Fragmenta.

Poemata—nonnulla Fratrum.

Itineraria. Secundi tria.

Epistolæ totidem soluta oratione.

The reputation of these works, has long been decided, by the unanimous suffrage of the learned.

The following critique from a French writer, is, probably, as correct and concise as any on the subject.

“This young poet has left us three books of elegies—one of epigrams—two of epistles—one of Sylva—one of Funera—one of gallant pieces; which he has entitled *Basia*; and some other poetical productions, belonging to neither of the foregoing classes.—These works prove that Secundus was possessed of a pleasing, delicate and lively imagination, which is the more remarkable, as he was born in a climate, which does not appear favorable to polite taste, so necessary to those who would distinguish themselves in elegant poetry. His genius, though extremely fertile, never produced any thing but what was excellent, and that with the utmost facility, and almost instantaneously. He is sweet, calm, and at the same time, perspicuous, in his elegies; delicately subtle in his epigrams; pleasingly noble in his lyric compositions; grave in his Funera, without pomp or bombast. In short, throughout all his works, we may pronounce his style, to be full, elegant and tender—and we may be assured, that had his leisure permitted him to undertake epic poetry, and improve himself in it, he would have excelled in that also: But his muse is somewhat too wanton.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

NUMBER I.

Memorabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full, and true account of that venerable science interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kidnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651.

Washington printed by Samuel H. Smith for Duane, and Cheetham, and Adams, and F. Blake proprietors of the work.

A fatality, seems to attend all literary labours of the democrats in this country. For their works either never get to light entire, being miserably mutilated by the barbarous hands of as ignorant a set of editors as ever was the curse of any party, or they reach not beyond the jirk, of their printer's devils, falling, when this impulse is exhausted, by their natural tendency into filth, and oblivion; or else some envious friend conceals, or some bold enemy crushes the offspring of their brains, at its birth, and dooms it to eternal rest, without honours, and without epitaph. That the two first of these remarks are just any man may satisfy himself, who will take the trouble to inquire after the *Aurora*, the *Chronicle*, the *Bee*, or the *Ægis*, to which the labours of our democrats have chiefly been entrusted, and none of which he will find now in existence; except, perhaps, a few sheets, especially preserved to smoke under curling irons, or among the warm consecrations of the jakes; or for other like services, which the spongy and glutinous compositions of those papers, peculiarly qualify them to promote. The attempt to suppress Wood's history of the administration of Mr. Adams and its subsequent publication in so disfigured a state, are proofs that the jealous

friends has not been less destructive to the interest of democratic science than the malignity of enemies. The work, I have now undertaken to review, is also a melancholy evidence of the same truth. Like that history it issued from the press about eighteen months since, under the patronage and with the universal expectation of the leaders of that party, and like it disappeared at once in a most mysterious manner. To what cause this suppression is to be attributed, whether the Federalists, as some say, in terror lest such ample testimonials of the talents and learning of their adversaries should go forth to the world, bribed the printer and got possession of the whole work, or whether, as is more probable, a certain great character, elated by his success in the affair of Wood's history, and jealous of the effect of this publication upon his projects, has performed this after peice, to his former tragedy, is not yet ascertained. But matters are in train, for this purpose and the result shall be laid before the public, hereafter, with all that strict regard for truth, which ought to be the study of every one who undertakes to write for its instruction.

With respect to the origin and general design of the work, under review, I cannot satisfy the curiosity of the public better, than by an extract or two from the author's preface; in which he states his motives at large, and also enters into some personal considerations, that throw an interest into the work, which a mere systematic development of his purpose would not have given. The preface bears date 'Washington 23d. January 1802.' And after stating the exertions, made by the author for Mr. Jefferson's election, and the promises he had received from him, thus proceeds.

'Having been buoyed up so long a time by such flattering hopes, I could ill endure my chagrin when I saw the Secretary ship of state, of war, and of the Treasury and other great, or lucrative offices, bestowed upon men of our party, and my services forgotten. I had thoughts, as some flaming democrats had already done, of turning Federalist upon the occasion. But the necessities of my family being pressing, I thought it more prudent to set out for Washington and on the spot, to remind Mr. Jefferson of his obligations to provide for me, now it was in his power. Those, who are acquainted with me, will not, I am sure, think that I rate myself at too high a value; as they know I was the leader, and the loudest of those patriots, who, at the races, at cockfights and whisky bouts, gave such essential support to his cause throughout the whole ancient dominion. Besides, although my estate be under mortgage, yet as I own, in my own right, one hundred negroes, my national influence, is nearly of one sixth more weight than that of any single democrat East of the Hudson, as any man may calculate, who will consider by the principles of the constitution the results of the last enumeration. Upon my arrival at this city, I immediately waited on Mr. Jefferson, intending to explain to him as delicately, as I could, the causes of my journey, and discontent. That great man, with that singular sagacity which distinguishes him, saw, before I spoke, the burden, which oppressed my spirits, and taking me by the hand into a private room, entered, in the most frank manner, into an explanation of the difficulties in which he was enveloped; bursting forth into those oaths, and passionate exclamations, which are the natural language of distress, and which soon caused all personal considerations to be lost, in pity for my friend. I found him as he expressed himself 'worried with such a numerous pack of greedy expectants, flying, with open mouths, at every office, and deaths being few, and resignations none, under daily fears of

being torn to peices, in the paroxysms of rage, into which some were thrown by hunger and disappointment.' All hopes of personal preferment being thus lost, for the present, I looked about as becomes a good citizen to find, or make an opportunity to do some essential service to my friend and country. During my hours of leisure at Washington. I had not done this long before I was struck with the lamentable ignorance of our whole party concerning the origin and genius and history of democracy. Great doubts, and frequent bickerings upon these topics, happening at almost every private meeting of the majority in congress. On one occasion I well recollect a very warm debate occurred upon the question, whether democracy was a late invention; some contending that it was never discovered until the French, or at farthest, the American revolution; others, and those the most learned, insisting that much of its true spirit appeared about the time of one Cromwell, a patriot in their opinion, enriched with a genuine democratic tincture. Col. Varnum ended this dispute by observing, that all he knew about Cromwell, he learnt when he attended general court at Boston and lived at the sign of his head in Court street. From all he could gather, he was an Englishman, who lived about fifty years ago, and who, as the Col. expressed himself 'when a king was to be killed, always took care to have a finger in the pie.' 'But for my part' continued he 'I do not like this running to England after precedents. It is imitating the Federalists. I am against all examples, which are not to be found in our country.' At another time a question arose after supper at Stills, whether the term democracy was an American, or foreign manufacture; and how it was derived. Mr. Gallatin said that it was of French origin, as any one might be convinced, who would look into Cham-bauds dictionary, where he will find 'democratic—government populaire.—democracy.' 'Now' said Mr. Gallatin 'as the French words comes before the English, it is very obvious the latter must be derived from it; for in all etymological inquiries it is a principle that what is first can never be derived from that which is last, but that the probability is very strong, that the latter is from the former. Besides as the 'ie' so easily slides into y 'this alteration can hardly be deemed a change, and as to the adoption of c instead of t it is in strict conformity to the genius of the English language which is always hissing with s and c soft.' An evil, he added, he hoped it would be soon in his power to remedy; as he had no doubt that after his countrymen had fixed themselves in Louisiana, the French would become the national language in the United States. An event, which would be highly propitious to him, as no tongue could tell the difficulties he met with, in writing his reports in the present barbarous idiom. The member from Boston declared that he differed from the Secretary of the Treasury, and said that he would never yield the point, that the town, he had the honour to represent, was the native place of democracy; that he remembered it long before he knew such a nation as France had a being, and recollected it as a term of great power, when he was a boy and used to fight on Pope nights, in the streets, for the North Pope, against the South Pope. Mr. Giles said that he had always understood that the word 'democrat' was taken from the Virginia aboriginals; that he well remembered hearing Mr. Jefferson say it was a term of the Monacan tribe, who inhabited about the falls of James' river, and in their tongue signified 'a great tobacco planter, who had herds of black slaves.'

Mr. Dawson's experience enabled him to suggest a different origin of the term. 'When

I was a young blood' said he 'and with other bucks used to hunt w—s in Richmond, it was our custom as soon as we spied the game to exclaim *Demme a cat*, whence the girls of the town, always called us *Demme cats*. This I conjecture by an easy corruption has been changed into Democrat. I am confirmed in this opinion by observing how universally our whole party is addicted to this sport, so that no circumstance could be hit upon more happy, for the purpose of a general classification. Mr. Livingston corroborated the opinion of Mr. Dawson, and said that he had often had occasion to notice the same thing in New-York, and that for his part he had no joys in the term half so exquisite as those which the associations, resulting from its origin, produced. The member from Boston, however adhered to his prejudice in favour of his town. There was much marrow he said in the observations of the gentlemen, but that they rather strengthened, than weakened his opinion by the facts they had mentioned; that now he did not entertain a doubt that the term would be found, upon examination to have originated to the north of the Millbridge; and that he would certainly take occasion to inquire of his particular friend William Cooper clerk of that town, who, he said, was very learned in such matters.

These and more essential differences concerning important points of faith and knowledge, first started the idea of this work. I was grieved that so many great men should be at a loss when a little research into the history, and present state of democracy would clear up their doubts, and give them moreover so many solid reasons for exultation. I resolved therefore to look deeply into these subjects and publish the result to the world. How it will be received, I cannot anticipate, but if industry, impartiality and fidelity entitle an author, to public favour, this work must obtain it for me. The reader will see that no pains have been spared in paper and types. As to the engravings, they are likenesses taken from life, by an artist recommended by Mr. Jefferson; to whom I owe great obligations on this account, as he worked by the job, and by agreeing with him to paint by the dozen, I was enabled to make some important savings in preparing this work for the press.

As the above extract contains a full account of the origin and design of this work, I have published it notwithstanding its length entire. In my next number I shall inform the public of all that I have been able to learn concerning the suppression of this history, and of the manner, in which the copy I possess, came to my hands. I shall also produce some facts, which will go far to settle the question whether Slaveslap Kidnap, Esq. be a real or fictitious personage. Upon this head many of those friends to whom I have shewn my copy of his work, are disposed to suggest doubts, partly from the exceeding great novelty of the name North of the Potomack, and partly from the many, and great beauties of style abounding in every page, and which they insist must have been the work of a hand long exercised in writing, and could not be the production of a man on his first appearance before the public. I think I have evidence, which will silence these doubts. This done, I shall not for a moment withhold from the public, that gratification, it may expect from a perusal of those parts of this work, of which prudent considerations allow publication, and which will be accompanied by such critical, and explanatory remarks as the nature of the work under review, and the scope of the present essays require.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Passy, May 16, 1780.

To Messrs. the Judges of the Admiralty at Cherbourg.

Gentlemen,

I have received the *Proces Verbaux*, and other papers which you did me the honour to send me, agreeable to the 11th article of the regulation of the 27th of September 1778. These pieces relate to the taking of the ship *Flora*, whereof was Captain Henry Roodenberg, bound from Rotterdam to Dublin, and arrived at Cherbourg in France, being taken the 7th day of April, by Captain Dowlin, commander of the American privateer, the *Black Prince*.

It appears to me from the above mentioned papers, that the said ship *Flora* is not a good prize, the same belonging to the subjects of a neutral nation; but that the cargo is really the property of the subjects of the king of England, though attempted to be masqued as neutral. I do therefore request, that after the cargo shall be landed, you would cause the said ship *Flora* to be immediately restored to her Captain, and that you would oblige the captors to pay him his full freight, according to his bills of lading, and also to make good all the damages he may have sustained, by plunder or otherwise. And I farther request, that as the cargo is perishable, you would cause it to be sold immediately, and retain the produce deposited in your hands, to the end that if any of the freighters being subjects of their High Mightinesses, the states generals, will declare upon both that certain parts of the said cargo, were bona fide, shipped on their own account and risk, and not on the account and risk of any British or Irish subjects, the value of such parts may be restored: or that if the freighters, or any of them, should think fit to appeal from this judgment to the Congress, the produce so deposited, may be disposed of according to their final determination.

I have the honour to be Gentlemen,
your most obedient, and most
humble servant.

(Signed) B. FRANKLIN.

(Copy) M. P. f. the U. S. at the C. of F.

Passy, May 30, 1780.

Sir,

In my last of the 27th Instant, I omitted one thing I had intended, viz. to desire you would give absolute orders to your cruisers not to bring any more Dutch vessels, though charged with enemy's goods, unless contraband. All the neutral states of Europe seem at present disposed to change what had before been deemed the law of nations, to wit, that an enemy's property may be taken wherever found; and to establish a rule that free ships, shall make free goods. This rule is itself so reasonable, and of a nature to be so beneficial to mankind, that I cannot but wish it may become general, and I make no doubt, but that the Congress will agree to it, in as full an extent, as France and Spain. In the meantime, and until I have received their orders on the subject, it is my intention to condemn no more English goods found in Dutch vessels, unless contraband; of which I thought it right to give you this previous notice, that you may avoid the trouble and expense likely to arise from such captures, and from the detention of them for a decision. With great regard, and best wishes for the success of your enterprises, I have

the honour to be Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

(Signed) B. FRANKLIN.

Mr. Torris. (Copy.)

Paris, Hotel de Valois Rue de Richelieu,
June 6, 1780.

Sir,

I thank you for your letter, in answer to mine of the 21st of May, and for your kind congratulations on my arrival here.

Mr. Brown, with whom you took your walks in the neighbourhood of Paris, has been gone from home some weeks, on his way hence. I should have had much pleasure, if I had been one of the party. I have rambled, in most of the scenes round this city, and find them very pleasant, but much more indebted to art than to nature. Philadelphia, in the purlieus of which, as well as those of Baltimore, and York town, I have often sought health and pleasure, in the same way, in company with our venerable Secretary Charles Thompson, will in future times, when the arts shall have established their empire in the new world, become much more striking. But Boston above all, around which I have much oftener wandered in company with another venerable character, little known in Europe, but to whose virtues and public merit in the cause of mankind, history will do justice, will one day present scenes of grandeur and beauty, superior to any other place I have ever yet seen. The letter of G. Clinton, when I transmitted it to you, was not suspected to be an imposition. There are some circumstances, which are sufficient to raise a question, but I think none of them are conclusive, and upon the whole, I have little doubt of its authenticity. I shall be much mortified if it proves a fiction, not on account of the importance of the letter, but the stain that a practice so disingenuous will bring upon America. When I first left America, such a fiction with all its ingenuity, would have ruined the reputation of the author of it, if discovered, and I think that both he and the printer would have been punished. With all the freedom of our presses, I really think, that not only the government but the populace would have resented it. I have had opportunities of an extensive acquaintance with Americans, and I must say in justice to my countrymen, that I know not a man that I think capable of a forgery at once so able and so base. Truth is indeed respected in America, and so gross an affront to her I hope will not, and I think cannot go unpunished.

Whether it is genuine or not, I have no doubt of the truth of the facts, in general, and I have reasons to believe, that if the secret correspondence of Bernard, Hutchinson, Gage, Howe, and Clinton, could all be brought to light, the world would be equally surprized at the whole thread of it. The British administration and their servants have carried toward us from the beginning a system of duplicity, in the conduct of American affairs, that will appear infamous to the public, whenever it shall be known.

You have seen A. Rodney's account of the battle of the 17th of April. The *scripture* of the ocean, is not to be maintained by such actions as this, and Biron's and Keppell's. They must make themselves more terrible upon the ocean, to preserve its dominion. Their empire is founded only in fear—no nation loves it.

We have no news.

I have the honour to be, with much
respect, Sir, your most obedient
and most humble servant.

JOHN ADAMS.

Mr. Dumas.

Passy, June 22, 1780.

Dear Sir,

I received duly yours of May 23, June 2, 6, 8, and 15. Inclosed you have a letter for the gentleman you recommend to me. He seems to be a man of abilities.

The words *before I leave Europe*, had no relation to any particular immediate intention, but to the general one I flatter myself with, of being able to return and spend there the small remains of life that are left me.

I have written distinctly to Messrs. De Neufville concerning those bills. I hear that 484 was at Newbern the 12th of April, and soon to sail from thence, or from Virginia for France. Probably he might not sail in some weeks after, as vessels are often longer in fitting out than was expected, if it is the *Fies Rodrigue*, a 90 gun ship that he comes in, I have just heard that she would not sail till the middle of May.

Herewith you have the judgment relating to the *Flora*, which I thought had been sent before. The mischiefs done by the mob in London are astonishing! They were I hear within an ace of destroying the bank, with all the books relating to the funds, which would have created infinite confusion.

I am grieved at the loss of Charleston. Let us hope soon to hear better news from the operations of the French and Spanish forces, gone to America.

With great esteem, I am ever, dear
Sir, your most obedient, and most
humble servant.

B. FRANKLIN.

M. Dumas.

Passy, June 22, 1780.

Dear Sir,

As the English do not allow that we can make legal prizes, they certainly cannot detain the Dutch ship the *Berkenboos*, on pretence that it was become American property before they took it. For the rest there is no doubt but the Congress will do what shall appear to be just, on a proper representation of facts laid before them, which the owners should appoint some person in America to do. Those gentlemen, may depend on my rendering them every service in my power.

With great esteem, I am dear
Sir, your most obedient
humble servant.

B. FRANKLIN.

M. Dumas.

Philadelphia, July 10, 1780.

Sir,

I know not how I can profess all the regard which I feel for you, without appearing on the one hand, to do it upon slight grounds, or on the other, to have delayed it too long.

I have been steadily in Congress without once visiting my dear family in Boston, since January 1777, and from May, that year, have been a member of the committee of foreign affairs; consequently I am well informed of your truly republican spirit, your particular affection for these states, and your industry in their service, most of your numerous letters down to December the 30th, 1779, having come to hand.

The honourable gentleman who will deliver this, being also a member of Congress, has a just esteem for you, and promises himself much advantage from an opportunity of conversing with you. Mr. Searle is well able to make a due return of the benefit from the fund of his intimacy with American state affairs, his extensive commercial knowledge, and his science of mankind gained by former travails. I shall shortly write to you again, by another respectable gentle

of our assembly, and I will use every means to make him the bearer of what you have so rightfully solicited, as a faithful first correspondent of our committee, from whom you will probably have regular official letters, under a new arrangement of a secretaryship, which has been vacant from the days of a confusion excited by an indiscreet and illiberal publication, here on the 5th of December 1778, and which you have read with grief.

In the meantime I hope you will receive kindly this individual testimony of cordial friendship, from sir, your very humble servant.

JAMES LOVELL.

Venerable Mr. Dumas.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

H. Caritat has issued Proposals for publishing by subscription, an Original Work, entitled *A JOURNEY*, Made by order of the French Government, from Pittsburg on the River Ohio, through the Western Territory of the United States to the Upper and Lower Parts of LOUISIANA, Chiefly on the Mississippi, Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas and adjacent Rivers as low as NEW ORLEANS, in the years 1796 and 1797, BY GENERAL COLLOT.

This work will be comprised in two volumes in 4to,* containing thirty charts drawn for the most part on imperial paper of the dimensions of three feet six inches, together with plates and Views executed by the best artists of Paris, describing the aspect of the Country, its supposed boundaries, the nature of the soil, the farms, hamlets, villages and towns, which border on the Ohio, the Mississippi, and other rivers, and marking their soundings and those of the creeks which pour their waters into their floods. Translated into English from the original Manuscript, by Helen Maria Williams.—Subscriptions to this work will also be received by the following Booksellers; viz James White, Boston; P. Byrne, Philadelphia; John Rice, Baltimore; William Duane, Washington;—Thomas, Charleston.

PROSPECTUS.

The French Government having formed the design of making the acquisition of Louisiana, became highly interested in procuring more positive information respecting that country, than it had hitherto obtained. General Collot, was therefore commissioned in 1796, to take the most accurate survey of the country.

This Mission General Collot undertook, notwithstanding the dangers with which it was attended and which proved fatal to some of his suite,† which consisted among others, of twelve persons skilled in Geography and drawing. He began his expedition at Pittsburg, where he embarked on the Ohio and followed the course of this river to its junction with the Mississippi, describing the country on each side of its banks, the rivers which empty themselves into the Ohio, and the Creeks, Shoals and Soundings. From the Ohio, General Collot took a survey of the

Mississippi and other rivers on the West, which empty themselves into the Mississippi, the course of which he followed to New Orleans, where Spanish jealousy attacked him, there he owed his liberty only to the firmness of his character; escaped from this new danger he reached Philadelphia from whence he had departed.

General Collot not satisfied with taking the soundings of the creeks and rivers which he surveyed, pointing out the dangers of the navigation, directing the course of future travellers, by marking on his charts the rocks, shoals, banks and bars which obstruct the passage, &c. He has also indicated the quality of the lands, and the character of the country, with a degree of precision that cannot fail to be eminently useful to future American Emigrants. Forests as ancient as the world here lift their towering heads, while natural meadows, which extend 40 leagues without a tree, bounded by woods and intersected by infinite numbers of creeks, demand the hands of cultivation. There, the most luxuriant vegetation invites the wanderer to fix his dwelling.

General Collot astonishes his readers, while he conducts them through immense plains till now unknown, covered with Mulberry trees, and Silk worms equal to those of the East Indies, and left to the care of nature. He leads them to mountains of pure salt; to lakes covered with birds and full of fish of every kind; in short to lands become the domain of an innumerable quantity of game.

The author bestows equal attention on natural history and commerce as on other objects; he treats of Furs in the minutest detail; nothing is neglected; nothing escapes his penetration; neither quadrupeds, reptiles, birds plants, trees, nor mines of any kind. To relieve the minds of his readers from that lassitude, which is too often inseparable from topographical description he has been careful to enlarge each of his chapters, with historical remarks, which afford just ideas of the manners and dispositions of the Indians he had visited, and which are naturally connected with his subject and engage by the interest they excite.

This interesting Work was on the point of being published at Paris, at the expense of the French government, when Louisiana was ceded to the United States, which circumstance left General Collot at liberty to dispose of it.

Already several Americans residing in France, at the head of whom was Mr. Swan of Boston, wished to treat with General Collot, under the favour and advice of his Excellency Mr. Livingston, Ambassador. They were disposed to advance the price, when the correspondent of Mr. Caritat, then in France, yielding to the solicitations made him from every quarter, consented to purchase it, on condition that the American gentlemen residing in Paris in July last, should subscribe first, which they did with eagerness. Miss Helen Maria Williams, so advantageously known in America, by her literary fame, after having read the manuscript with the greatest interest undertook to translate it into English, and Mr. Tardieu, the first Engraver of France, undertook the Maps and Plates, which are at present finished.

The public are respectfully requested to observe that Mr. Caritat did consent to become the Publisher of this important Work, and to advance near 10,000 dollars to complete it, until he received from his subscribers at Paris the positive expectation that their example would be followed in the United States, by all men of Public Character, of Literature, Merchants and Persons in easy circumstances, interested in the glory and prosperity of their Country. The Publisher has only one circumstance to regret,

that he could not diminish the price of the work, which will however be found moderate, as may be proved, when the various and heavy expenses, attending such a publication, are calculated.

The drawing, and Plates being extremely expensive, the public are informed that there will only be a sufficient number of copies to satisfy the demands of the Subscribers

New York, Nov. 28, 1803.

CONDITIONS:

The price of each copy on fine paper, with elegant type, will be 22 dollars, neatly bound, and 20 dollars in boards, to be paid on delivery.—They will be ready for delivery on the first of May. A list of the subscribers will be published at the end of the second volume.

* LIST of those who subscribed both in Paris and here, before the Prospectus was put to press.

The President of the United States; his Excellency Robt. R. Livingston, Ambassador to France; his Excellency James Munroe, Ambassador to Great Britain; Mr. Skipwith, Commercial Agent of the United States in Paris; Messrs. Robert Louis Livingston, Peter R. Livingston, Burnet, Maclure, Cutting, Fulton, Barlow, Mcville, Swan, Bentalon, Montfalcon, Grant, Burch, Fenwick, Whiteside, Wayer, Pinkney, Norry, Garden, Saint-Clair, Robertson, Norris, Miller, Col. Orne and Captain Burn.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JULY 19.

SITTINGS AT GUILDHALL.

WHITE VS. JERVIS.

This was an action upon the warranty of a Horse.

Mr. Erskine stated that his client, the Rev. Mr. White, was curate of Hamsted. Being in want of a horse the better to enable him to perform his parochial duty, he saw an advertisement in a newspaper of one to be sold by a Mr. Dickenson, which was the property of the Defendant. He liked the appearance of the horse, and having received a warranty of his soundness, he completed the purchase. He expected to find a quiet animal, who would carry him peaceably, through his parish, for he was no great horseman; but Mr. White had scarcely mounted, when the Horse became restive, and before he reached Hamstead, he gave proofs of every vice.

Lord Ellenborough said he supposed the warranty extended to the soundness of the horse's body, not to the sweetness of his temper.

Mr. Erskine observed, that he should prove that at the time of the sale he was not sound. Mr. Moorcroft, so celebrated for his skill in the diseases of horses, was ready to swear that there was a speck upon one of his eyes, which impaired his vision. This was observed within eight days of the time of the sale, and could not have grown in so short a time.

Mr. Dickenson was then called, and proved the sale and the warranty. On his cross examination he said, that he had sold the horse to Mr. Jervis, who, having no farther occasion for him, had sent him back to be re-sold. He was perfectly certain that he was sound when sold to Mr. White, and even now he could not perceive that he had a speck on his eye, or any other blemish.

Professor Moorcroft stated, that there certainly was a speck on the horse's off eye, which, in his opinion, was of long standing. He thought that this lessened the value of the horse, as he could not see so well with the one eye as the other.

Several witnesses were then called, but they all allowed that a small speck was perceivable, though they thought it was of no importance.

* The Publisher is not ignorant that a work so necessary to the public, must generally speaking, be put within the reach of every class, as much as possible. This principle which applies to every Country, ought to be more scrupulously observed in America, where they are not familiarised with editions of the quarto size, which the Publisher has been obliged to adopt for the aforesaid work; had he taken any other, the end, as well as the utility of this work would have absolutely failed. The reason will appear just, when it is remembered that the size of the Copper-plates and Maps, would not have allowed them to fold in 8vo. without being exposed to such mutilation as would render their use impracticable, after having opened the book only three or four times.

† General Warin, his Aid de Camp, was killed by an Indian.

Mr. Garrow paid many compliments to Professor Moorcroft, and confessed that he liked a horse much the worse for having his opinion against him. Yet though from his great science he had been able to spy an imperfection, it did not follow that the horse was unsound. If a whole regiment of cavalry were subjected to his inspection, he probably would not allow a horse in each troop to be faultless. "This eye is dull," he would say, "or has a tendency to dullness; this tendon is inserted into the bone a little too high, and that a little too low." We enjoyed the light and warmth of the sun, and were grateful to the great ruler of the universe; yet philosophers with their telescopes discovered spots on this glorious luminary, and perhaps some of them were of opinion that we should be more comfortable if it were uniformly bright. Many people had seen this horse without perceiving any speck on his eye, and had it not been for the Learned Professor, he might have carried a good character with him to his grave. If the plaintiff were to succeed, and the trial were to get abroad, as it probably would to-morrow morning by means of the newspapers, every one who was tired of his horse would get a scientific man to point out something that might be amended, and immediately bring an action against the person from whom he had bought him.

After an able reply from Mr. Erskine and an impartial summing up from Lord Ellenborough the Jury found a verdict for the Plaintiff—Damages 21l. 10s. 6d.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

The following political sketches are derived from a source of information both correct and new. They will reflect a very vivid light upon the political scene in Europe.

The government and people of this country are still vigilant in preparations to resist the invasion threatened from France, and in endeavours to prevent it. The troops of the line have been industriously recruited, and with great success. The invasion would find us an armed nation, a nation of soldiers, impatient to prove their courage on the heads of any host, of insolent enemies. The distribution of an immense military force, exceeding half a million, is such as to render it most effective in defence of the kingdom. Encampments along the coast; garrisons in the proper garrison towns; provisions for the immediate centering of a great strength upon any one of those points, on which the improbability is the smallest, that an enemy should effect a descent; the fortification of certain positions immediately on the shore which might be before too weak in proportion to their importance; the maintenance at the same time of a sufficient number of troops in the interior parts of the country, to be a grand reserve if any misfortune were to befall those which are upon the coast; and in particular, the care that is used to preserve the health of the troops, to set approved generals at the head, to provide ample supplies of provisions, ammunition and other stores, to watch every movement and preparation of the enemy, appear to have satisfied the country in the fullest manner of the general spirit and energy. Every where, the troops hold themselves in readiness, as if the landing of an enemy were hourly expected. It is this vigilance which gives confidence to the country; since in this we know that we are safe. The metropolis is undoubtedly the grand prize to the seizure of which a well directed invasion would be aimed. For this reason, those landing places are more espe-

cially guarded from which an enemy might the most easily advance against London.

At sea also, the most vigorous efforts are made to annoy our enemies, and frustrate their designs. Lord Keith, and next to him, admiral Montague, have the chief command in the English channel. From Quimper to the coast of Norway, British fleets command the sea, watch along the coast and blockade the access into every harbour out of which any armament can be thought likely to issue. The success of the gallant Sir James Saumarez, together with the bombardment of the gun boats at Calais and Boulogne, were such as to prove to the French the insecurity of their ports, their gun boats, and all their paltry naval preparations; although the enterprize did not spread that utter destruction along the French coast, which was most earnestly to be desired.

The ports of the Dutch and Belgic provinces, and those of Germany in the power of the French, are closely blockaded by British ships of war. The chances are so small that the French gun boats under some rare advantages of winds and fogs should escape out of port and effect a descent, that prepared as we now are, the enemy's threats of so foolish an enterprize, need not give us the smallest uneasiness.

In the Italian seas, Lord Nelson commands a squadron sufficiently strong to resist any maritime enterprize of the French. Sir Edward Pellew and Sir Robert Calder watch Ferrol, and the marine movements of the French, on the coast of Provence. The British squadrons are masters of the West India seas. In conjunction with the land forces, they have captured the islands of St. Lucia and Tobago, and have also taken several French ships of war. It is expected that news will speedily be received of the surrender to the British fleet, of the remnant of the enemy's army, which two years since landed with so much pomp in St. Domingo. In the northern American seas, the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, have been taken by a small British force.

Parliament was to meet about the end of November.

France the most extensive and compact empire in Europe is terrible by the strength and activity of its military government. Its army in Hanover continues to oppress the inhabitants, and to devour the resources of that electorate and its dependencies. The people of the Dutch states suffer at the same time from their French allies, almost all the ills that can be inflicted on a conquered nation. They have been forced to take part in a war, in which they wished to look on as neutrals. They are compelled to furnish and to maintain a great body of native Dutch troops, whom they would much rather employ in the husbandry, manufactures, and fisheries. They have been compelled to receive French garrisons in all their strong towns, to put their sea ports into the hands of the French, and to expose their whole country in some manner, as a scene of passage and encampment to the armies of France. Their trade is at the same time ruined, and their ports are on account of their alliance with France, blocked up, by the English at sea. The inhabitants of the Belgic provinces of France suffer much by the levies of conscripts by the interruption, which the war gives to their manufactures and trade, and by the greater vigour with which they are governed, as being departments but newly added to the republic. Along the whole sea coast of these departments of the Batavian republic, and of those parts of ancient France, which are adjacent to the English channel, it is said that the total number of the troops, which the first consul of France has in readiness to be employed against England, including those

which though not on the coast, might be speedily marched to it, cannot be less than 300,000 men. At Dunkirk a number of gun boats are in readiness. Incessant diligence is used to exercise the men in the different French harbours on the channel, in working the guns, and in all the necessary management of the boats, which bear them. Two thousand eight hundred men are said to be now every day at work, enlarging and repairing the fortifications at Boulogne. By the inconveniences and hardships necessarily attending the assemblage of so many troops, in temporary encampments, contagious diseases have been extensively spread among the French troops near Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk; and we have information that the numbers which die every day are very considerable. The consular government remains at present unshaken. France has suffered so much by revolutions, that submission to almost any government, would, for the present, be thought preferable to a struggle, for change that might lead to civil war. But, the difficulty in finding supplies for the public expenditure in that country, are now exceedingly great. The ruin which the war has brought upon the trade and manufactures, is deep and extensive, and, felt by all except the old soldiers, and officers, and those who, as contractors and tradesmen derive large emoluments from the supply of the necessities for the war to the army, and the government. The royalist and the jacobin parties are both considerable at this time in France, but they seem to form each of them a counterpoise to each other.

The First Consul is, undoubtedly, a man of commanding intrepidity and talents. But he wants that gracious fascinating affability without which no chief ruler can be long acceptable to such a nation as the French. Much of that ascendancy which he is still enabled to maintain over public opinion in France, is owing to the degree in which his power has, hitherto, gratified much vanity and ambition, by extending the military glory, and political power of the nation.

Russia next after France, the greatest power on the continent, consults its own true interests, in avoiding to take any part in the present contest, between Great Britain and France. Its true policy is precisely that which it now pursues—to improve the culture of its immense domains, and the civilization of its people, and to maintain only such a force, naval and military, as is requisite to give energy and authority to its internal government, and at the same time, to make it secure against contempt, or attack from any of its neighbours. We have no fear that Russia will by any intrigue, be led to take part in the war with France: For, the trade, the manufactures, and even the agriculture of Russia are, to such a degree, carried on with British capital, that hostilities with Britain would immediately distress the government and nation to an extent the most dangerous, and which Alexander and his ministers are not at all likely to hazard. Nor is it probable, that Denmark and Sweden now so remarkably subject to the ascendancy of Russia, and existing in such a rivalry between themselves will do otherwise, than remain in a wise neutrality during the remainder of this war.

I should prefer a tyrant to a democrat; for, in the severity of a tyrant, there is a chance for perfection; and we know we are not in greater danger from the oppression of the one, than from the licentiousness of the other.

Pope says—For forms of government, let fools contest,
That which is best administer'd is best.

But are all equally well calculated to be well administered? or if all were well administered would all be equally good?

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
ORIGINAL POETRY.

FREEDOM, AN ODE.

Written, in Scotland, by a young woman, the daughter
of a miller at Edinburgh.

Array'd in dazzling robes of purest light,
Guiding the rapid car of power sublime,
Lo! FREEDOM triumphs o'er Oblivion's night,
And rears her trophies on the throne of Time.
What though she pauses in her proud career,
To mourn her altars, mingling with the dust,
To shed on Valour's grave a parent's tear,
The unconscious tenant, once her dearest boast,
Even then she stifles Sorrow's rising sigh,
As future triumphs rush on her prophetic eye.

Her lightning's glance can penetrate the gloom,
That dimly curtains many a slumbering year,
In whose bright course shall heavenly fires re-
lume

Her torch, expiring in wild Nature's tear.
In ages yet to come shall ardent youth,
Warm'd by the flame that round her altar plays,
Rise the bold champions of oppressed Truth,
And if in Glory's beam their eagles gaze,
While the loud trumpet's blast of deathless fame,
Shall tell an awe-struck world each glorious
name.

Oh, righteous power! thy mighty voice shall
raise

Thy shrine, where Guilt his giant powers re-
sign'd,
Where Truth's dread helm shall glitter in the
blaze

Of starry wreaths on Mercy's brow intwin'd:
Beneath the genial splendors of thy reign,
Genius shall own thy pure, inspiring smile,
And Peace shall join bright Freedom's angel-
train.

To tear the fetters from the sons of toil,
To pour the dew, nectareous, of the sky,
On the pale lip, parch'd with Affliction's sigh,
Thy potent hand shall holy altars rear,
Where tran'd Devotion may her transports
pour;

Her soul, unaw'd by Persecution's fear,
Shall rise, triumphant, o'er his darkest hour;

Where pallid victims groan in deep despair,
Wrapt in the shades of Superstition's gloom,
Where crushing racks turn in the livid glare
Of flashing fires, the screaming sufferers' tomb.
Avenging power! on thee shall Heav'n bestow
Its fiery bolts, to lay the fabric low.

When o'er the cliffs of Albion's sea-beat shore,
Wild Superstition her dark pinions spread,
Her midnight orgies bathe the caves with gore,
And o'er the ocean shriek'd th' unhallow'd
dead.

Her abject slaves, the ministers of death,
While gasping votaries strain'd the blood-shot
eye,

Bade charming caverns fling their sulphurous
breath,

In column'd terrors, to the thundering sky,
And dreadful forms rose on the shelving height,
The airy cradle of the spell-bound night.

Freedom's loud voice bade those dread terrors
cease;

Her orient lustre pierc'd the Stygian gloom;
While Science came, the heavenly child of
Peace,

And rear'd her dwelling on dark Error's tomb:
Freedom, blest guardian of her mystic shrine,
On Time's dark wing pour'd her celestial light.
As some bright angel, 'mid the spheres divine,
Eids morning splendors chase receding Night,

And Nature, freed from Night's terrific power,
Her matin anthem sings in Summer's fragrant
bower.

Bleak blew the wind around the quivering flame,
That cheer'd the summit of the lonely bow'r,
Where pale Disease consum'd the captive's
frame,

Who call'd on Frenzy at the midnight hour;
And then the centinel, at dead of night,
Pac'd the wild battlement with footsteps slow,
While the dark raven curb'd his dreary flight,
To pour through grated bars his notes of woe;
Flapping his pinion, as the clanking chain
Chas'd sleep's bright visions from the sufferer's
brain.

Ah! when the scenes of childhood met his
views,

Rising in Memory's agonizing dream,
The landscape tinted with the rainbow's hue,
Its wild woods waving in the morning beam,
The airy mountain and the twilight vale,
Where light as air his infant footsteps flew;
His golden tresses flaunting on the gale,
That shook from Summer's rose the silver'd dew;
The smile maternal on his soul imprest,
That fir'd to madness his wild fetter'd breast.

How rush'd the life-blood through his palsied
veins,

When Freedom enter'd the dark haunt of Night,
And from her child tore the time-rusted chains,
While beaming day burst on his aching sight.
As when he launch'd upon the azure tide,
His rustling canvass fluttering in the breeze,
The beams of heaven his bright, unerring guide;
While angel footsteps curb'd the slumbering seas,
Blest Freedom hail'd him to his native shore,
As Peace proclaim'd the reign of Carnage o'er.

To Freedom's care the awful charge is given
To watch in infancy the patriot's soul,
To warm his bosom with the fires of Heaven,
And lead his steps to Glory's dazzling goal.
Her raptur'd eye beholds his youthful frame,
With spring elastic bound across the plain,
And marks him glow with transport at the name
Of those who died to save her falling reign.
Till led by her when toil-mark'd years are fled,
Bright Glory twines her laurels round his head.

As when the valour of her Spartan son,*
In vain oppos'd Ambition's whelming storm,
That shook the centre of her Attic throne,
And menac'd ruin to her trembling form;
She saw the hero on Thermop'le's field,
With frantic woe in her maternal eye,
Before her shrine his mighty spirit yield;
While spheres eternal trembled in her cry:
Rous'd by her voice, the powers of vengeance
came,
And pour'd their fury on Guilt's fainting frame.

Freedom again wav'd heav'n's avenging sword,
Thron'd on the summit of the Grecian steep,
While far below the crimson billows roar'd,
As hostile nations struggled on the deep,
Tremendous power when Persia's host essay'd
To bend thy children in Oppression's chain,
On their proud legions they rush'd undismay'd
As sweeps the whirlwind on the wintry main,
Inspir'd by thee, from millions scorn'd to fly,
Till Nature rung in their victorious cry.

Yes, Freedom fled the imperial towers of Rome,
When Vice, the priest of Luxury, profan'd,
With rites abhor'd, her consecrated dome,
While maniac Folly o'er the orgies reign'd.
In vain she pointed to her Cato's tomb,
In vain in thunders she pronounc'd his name,

* Leonidas.

They madly scorn'd their dread impending doom,
And Faction's clouds obscur'd bright Reason's
flame,

Till fell Destruction smote them to the dust,
And conquer'd nations own'd the sentence just.

When Evening's purple robe glows in the beam,
Her golden star shed o'er Italian skies,
And the proud wave of Tyber's classic stream
Heaves its clear bosom in her balmy sighs.
On the etherial moon-light car of Even,
The mighty shades of other times appear,
Freedom for thee they fly the bowers of heaven,
For thee they visit Earth's nocturnal sphere,
To bid thee trust that god-like deeds sublime
Shall yet emblazon the dim shield of Time.

When the dread spirit of the mountain storm
Unfur'd his standard to the rushing wind,
That howl'd around the Caledonian's form,
On the rude fragment of the rock reclin'd,
O'er heathy hills the western moon-beams shone,
The torrents wild foam'd gleaming in the ray,
Thro' blasted pines arose the tempests moan,
Rocking the gray cliff where the hunter lay:
Freedom descending on the desert wild,
Blest the calm slumbers of her fearless child.

Dear to her bosom were those northern plains,
Oft has she listen'd when from Morven's vale
Arose the voice of Cercis' mournful strains,
Charming the spirit of the sea-born gale:
She train'd the warlike race from age to age,
And nerv'd their arm with Freedom's awful force,
She smil'd, exulting as the battle-rage
Swept Pride's dark legions in its vengeful course,
And with her spear, on the proud shrine of Fame,
Near mighty Wallace, carv'd her Bruce's name.

Freedom, thy voice can still the storm of woe,
And soothe the sufferer in the hour of pain;
While thy pure rays on his pale features glow,
As shines the moon-beam on the twilight main.
Oh, were I doom'd to Want's oblivious vale,
My lonely home her dark sequester'd dell,
Inspired by thee, I would her terrors hail,
For even with her blest Freedom loves to dwell!
Thy roses fade in Pleasure's gaudy dome,
But shed their sweets round Labour's cottage
home.

SONNET TO R. FRYER,

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF A COLLECTION OF
POEMS, BY.....

"Here pause, my Muse, not the united rage
Of Jove, of Vulcan, or consuming Time,
Thy song can injure; spotless is the page,
And fated Fame's ethereal heights to climb.*
Thus *surge* full many a boasting bard of yore,
Thus *thinks* full many a bard of modern days,
Tho' skill'd to check the verse, which thus
would soar,

And count, with humbler voice, poetic praise.
When friends approve, 'tis sweet, 'tis passing
sweet,

Let me to thee my secret wishes own,
E'en I have hopes their partial praise to meet;
Nor pass my life unheeded and unknown,
Trembles my timid muse, and much I fear,
Her rugged rhymes may wound the polish'd
ear.

* Alluding to the *Jamque opus exegi* of Ovid, and the
exegi monumentum of Horace.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 5.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1804.

ORIGINAL PAPERS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO. THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LXXX.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

MR,

He who has mingled much among fashionable young men, cannot but have observed by what variety of modes the esteem is enforced, or the heart is assailed—while one commands the attention of his associates, by the splendour of his genius, the extent of his mental acquirements, the loudness of his voice, by the frequency of his invitations to dinner, or of his cards to a tea-party, another finds his passport to the fashionable circle by his eccentricity or his personal charms; by the shortness of his vest, or the length of his purse; or he builds his success on the mildness of his temper, or the manliness of his conduct. Thus a circle is formed of dissimilar materials, and harmony throws her silken chain around their hearts. The sprightliness of one chases the gloom from the brow of another, while the polite propriety of conduct in a third, corrects the familiarity, which, if indulged without controul, might degenerate into contempt.

For a considerable period, Mr. Saunter, I have been one of a club, in which, if genius and talents be strangers, the social affections have ever been cherished—yet, among us, there are possibly no two minds or dispositions, which have been cast in the same mould. The various qualities of the heart and of the mind, are found in our club-room, and experience has discovered them to mingle together with as much facility and relish, as oil and vinegar, mustard, egg and salt are made to unite in the salad-tureen by the skillful cookery of one of the most *useful* of our members. The pun and the joke fly round with the bottle, and in all matters which may affect the existence of the club, we unite with the same harmony, that we join in the chorus of a jovial song.

Good nature, or a tacit consent to be the standing target for the arrows of wit, is the passport by which *Quietus* found admittance—*Versatile* unites occasionally in sentiment with each of the members. If his oysters be fried, they are hard of digestion, and if raw, they are insipid,—when they are roasted, they are smoked, and if they be stewed, he curses Count Rumford, and orders them to the 'soup-house'—My friend *Absens*, amuses with his mistakes—he takes the beer-can for the snuff-box, and his neighbour's pun for his own—He interrupts a story by a call for the waiter, and sometimes surprises us by an essay on wedlock.—*Classicus* maintains his station by quotations from Horace, and criticises turtle-soup by the regulation of a Spartan broth-club—he sometimes drinks more than is needful that he may vociferate '*nunc est bibendum*,' and empties a duck of its stuffing, while he exclaims, '*in medias res*.'—*Odi profanum vulgus*,' makes him rail at democracy, and when he is hoarse '*vox faucibus hæret*.'—The impetuosity of *Ardens* is

seldom censured, for he never spills his wine on his neighbour's breeches, when he can throw it between his own lips—If he break a decanter, he will pay for it himself, and he d—ns the waiter to indulge his own feelings, in throwing him a dollar—But my sprightly friend '*Ambiguus*' is a professed punster, and is contented to rest his success on his felicity in the science of punning.—Hard words in his mouth are tortured into as many forms, as '*clay in the hands of the potter*.' There have been many expressions used at the club, which passed for sentences of no meaning, until *Ambiguus* discovered two for them. If a noisy member, exhilarated by wine, attempt to usurp the head of the table, my friend insists he should be at the foot,—and if a young lady be toasted in beer, *Ambiguus* demands that she should be drunk in good spirits. There is scarcely the name of a female toasted at the supper table, which his ingenuity has not changed into another, and possibly from this felicity in changing ladies' names, he has become so much their favourite. If a member call for beer, *Ambiguus* is sure it will carry him to his grave, and when I ask for pickle, he exclaims 'God preserve you'—At the supper table *celery*, is always a standing pun, and a tongue is sure to put that of *Ambiguus* in motion, and when we feast upon lobsters, he says that our host should not insert the claws in the bill. Last night the stove was called a ten-plated one, because the waiter had put that number of plates on it to be heated. *Ambiguus* is not only a punster himself, but is the cause of punning in others. Some evenings since my friend *Quietus* was unluckily engaged in an argument, and being assailed by a strong dilemma, he declined further dispute, observing that he was *cooped up*. This was not intended for a pun, and therefore *Ambiguus* was hasty in calling him a chicken—*Classicus* declared it was a foul pun—*Ardens* insisted it was fair, and ordered *Classicus* not to pull it to pieces. This was considered a merry thought, and of course excited a loud laugh, which *Ambiguus* lengthened by desiring us not to crow so loud.

This detail of the mode of passing an hour may possibly soften the severity of old maids, who in some unguarded moment, may have reproached us with dissipation, and satisfy them that they are not made the objects of our levity, when fresh topics are offered for our merriment.

QUIXOTE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.—No. 2.
Memorabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science. Interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kiddnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651
Washington, printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

In my fact, I promised to lay before the public, all the information I possessed concerning

the publication and the suppression of the work I have undertaken to examine. This I shall now attempt, with that simplicity, which is the proper dress of truth. And, being well aware how impostors have multiplied, of late, and how many writers, for party and ambitious purposes, have assumed characters, which in no wise belonged to them: I shall be careful to say nothing for which I am not willing to vouch, in the most public manner; and for the authenticity of which I am not able to produce the most ample testimonials; and, if need be, both witnesses and certificates: it being my firm resolution, to follow the example of Mr. Jefferson, in his appendix to his Notes on Virginia, touching the murder of Logan's family; and to place no reliance upon my own character for veracity; but in support of every fact, which shall be controverted, to publish a pamphlet, containing, like his, fifty octavo pages, and "present to the public, in the form of letters, certificates and affidavits, as they came to me. fragments of evidence, the small remains of a mighty mass, which time has consumed."

The work under review, came into my hands in the following manner. Having had occasion, to reside at Washington, on private business during the winter, in the beginning of the year 1802—I took lodgings, by accident, at the hotel where a great number of the leading democratic members of congress resided: and notwithstanding I differed from them in politics, yet, as they were, for the most part, companionable fellows, not at all addicted to abstruse speculations, and, particularly the Virginians, rare lovers of whiskey toddy and nogg; and being myself not averse to a cheerful glass of those liquors: I passed my time, for the most part, pleasantly enough—nothing more being necessary to make oneself agreeable to these gentlemen, than to drink healths to Mr. Jefferson, damnation to the excise, and to play at all fours. To which sacrifice, for the sake of the liquor and of peace, and withal, from a wish not to offend, I did submit—a conduct, which, considering the company, the times and the temptation, none, except very flaming federalists, will, I trust, condemn. One of Mr. Smith's the printers devils, was a regular attendant at our hotel, coming daily, after congress hours, with waste paper, consisting, principally, of old newspapers and proof-sheets, which he was accustomed to sell, in great quantities, to the democratic members, for their special accommodation. This assistance I found most salutary and necessary to these gentlemen; inasmuch as they seldom returned from congress hall, without having their animal economy in a most deranged and turbulent state;—for being hard pressed by the federalists, and also gagged by the votes of their own party, the noxious humours, which used to vapour through the mouth, were driven to other channels. *Quia data porta ruunt*.

In these emergencies, Mr. Smith's supply was always timely, and the demand was so urgent, that as I was told, by good authority

only the offals of his shop, but whole edition of democratic publications, which lay heavy on his hand, were worked off in this way. Looking one day into the basket of Mr. Smith's boy, my eye was caught by a proof-sheet of the title to a work, which seemed new and interesting, and finding, on a short examination, the performance not a whit behind its promise, I bought the whole basket load, and afterwards, from time to time obtained, by the assistance of the boy, the residue of the work, in proof-sheets, loose, as they came from the press. I was the more pleased at this incident, as I was assured by the boy, that only two or three and those head, democrats, were in the secret of the publication, and that it was intended to be produced on a sudden, just before the elections, which were about to ensue, on which, it was expected it would have the most important effects. I had not however, enjoyed my good fortune long, when the boy came to me, in great agitation, conjuring me not to inform his master, that he had been instrumental in furnishing me with the work. "For, as far as I can gather," said he, "it is to be suppressed. My master was closeted, almost all yesterday, with a short, ill-looking, spindle-shanked fellow, in black, and last night, all the journeymen were employed in delivering the edition entire, to some unknown hands, who have taken it away." Having removed the apprehensions of the boy, and moreover made him a proper pecuniary compliment, he went away satisfied. I was soon after called from Washington, and brought my prize, the work, under review, away with me, which has ever since remained in my hands, without any disclosure of its contents, except to a few select friends. I know that for this concealment, and for thus appropriating, to my exclusive use, for so long time, a treasure in some sense, belonging to the public, I shall be exposed to the malignity of the censorious. But I look for protection, to the candid and judicious. My situation in relation to Mr. Kiddnap, was very delicate. Notwithstanding frequent solicitations, I could never obtain his permission to use the advantage fortune had put into my power. What his engagements were with those, at whose instance, he had undertaken to suppress his publication, I was ignorant. To use, as my own, what had the appearance of being another's property, was difficultly reconciled with those strict notions of justice, in which I had been educated; and to involve an innocent man, from whose talents I had received so much delight, in penalties and forfeitures, of the nature and extent of which, I was not apprised, seemed altogether to militate with that excellent sentence of morality, which teaches to do unto others, as we would wish them to do unto us. But the arguments and urgency of friends, whose casuistry is not less correct than their patriotism is ardent, have overcome these scruples. I have been convinced, that what has once issued from the press, is the undoubted property of the public. My lawyers also assure me, that by a fair *bona fide* sale, in market overt, for such, say they, the basket of Mr. Smith's boy, was a legal property, has been vested in me, which even the author cannot controul; and that if Mr. Kiddnap sustains any inconvenience, consequent upon his engagements to suppress the publication, he, alone, will be the sufferer; such being what they term *damnum absque injuria*.

I have thus faithfully communicated to the public, the circumstances by which I became possessed of this work. Conformably to my engagements, I should now proceed to make the extracts, I have promised, if I did not think it will be gratifying a very natural and laudable curiosity, first to make my readers acquainted,

with all the information I have been able to collect concerning the author, from whose labours they are about to receive so much pleasure and instruction. Here it would be an abundant gratification both to me and the public, if I were able to bring, in Mr. Jefferson's manner, half a dozen neighbours to swear to the particulars of his birth, breeding, and qualities. This kind of satisfaction on a disputed point being very desirable; to say nothing of the great number of captious and legal forms, which this method involves, which add mightily to the ease of the writer, and no less to his emolument; swelling the book, immoderately, at little, or no, intellectual expense. But, notwithstanding I have done my best to become acquainted with Mr. Kiddnap, my endeavours have not yet been attended with success. He has cautiously avoided answering one of the many letters, I have addressed to him, through the mail, on the subject of this publication. Whether his silence be occasioned by that oppressive modesty, which is often the companion of real desert, or whether he is apprehensive that any reply might be construed into an encouragement of this publication, I am wholly in the dark. All that I have been able, with my utmost research, to learn is, that soon after suppressing his works, he went away from Washington; not that I would suggest, that, like Mr. Wood, he absconded on this account. But, doubtless, he has retired, to enjoy, in the bosom of his family, the fruits of those exertions, which, as they were deprived of their honours, were, probably, proportionably lucrative.

With respect to the family of the Kiddnaps, my correspondents assure me, it is very numerous throughout all the ancient dominion. The founders of it were famous, in the infancy of that colony, for a species of patriotic labour, which the term indicates; and which, as it was a cheap mode of introducing a very convenient kind of property, into the country, was always popular and honourable, but of late has come to be considered one of the chief exercises of patriotism, and to be holden in the highest estimation, since Virginia has been able, by means of her black votes, to lord it over the whiter parts of the union.

To this patriotic energy, our authors' family owe their patronymic. To another highly useful talent, he is indebted for his name of baptism; which expresses with much simplicity and neatness, a very necessary operation in raising fine crops of tobacco, the staple of the country, and is never given, except to children, who exhibit, in their infancy such a solid texture of muscle and sternness of temperature, as qualify them for good negro drivers. The operation, in question, being performed by a certain instrument of agriculture, called, in the eastern states, a cat-o-nine tails, but in Virginia, it has acquired a much more homely appellation, which, for the sake of delicacy, omit. With this, the operator ploughs as deep into the naked back of his subject, as, in his opinion, may be necessary for the good of the tobacco; and, as in this, he proceeds without judge or jury, and is regulated solely by his sense of his own interest, which, in most minds, is very active, a good cultivator seldom permits a season to pass without turning up furrows, to the bone. The only limit, the wisdom of the law imposes, being that he stop short of death. An event, since the weight of slaves has been experienced, in the national elections, universally deprecated by all Virginia patriots. 'This practice says our author,' in his ninth chapter of the work under review 'is very laudable, and should never be overlooked by any scientific inquirer into the causes of the greatness of my native state. For who can hear the great Jefferson

in his notes on Virginia, enumerating, what he calls 'the real destination which nature has made,' without being convinced that negroes are nothing more than animated instruments of agriculture, and that of consequence he is the best citizen, who makes them produce, in a given period, most to the commonwealth? For 'whether,' says that great man, 'the black of the negro resides in the reticular membrane, between the skin and the scarf skin, or in the scarf skin itself; whether it proceed from the colour of the blood, the colour of the bile or from that of some other secretion, the difference is fixed in nature. He next shows, that not only 'colour, figure and hair, but other physical distinctions prove a difference of race. They have less hair on the face and body. They secrete less by the kidneys, and more by the glands. Their odour is very strong and disagreeable. They are more tolerant of heat and less of cold than the whites. The difference in the structure of the pulmonary apparatus, their disposition to sleep, the transient nature of their griefs, their ardour for the female,' and other proofs of a difference, which that great philosopher recapitulates ought never to be obliterated from the memory of Virginia patriots; who owe him, indeed, the highest honours, for that glorious conclusion, which is the result of this philosophical inquiry into the negro nature, and which he couches in the following terms. 'These unfortunate differences are powerful obstacles to the emancipation of these people, and a lover of natural history, one, who views the gradations in all the races of animals, with the eye of philosophy, will excuse an effort to keep those in the department of man as distinct as nature has formed them. In other words, which is the plain meaning of this whole disquisition. Slavery is not less consonant to the law of nature, than it is to the law of Virginia. Glorious Jefferson! immortal philosopher! divinely art thou the delight of Virginia; the pride of the whole ancient dominion.'

The importance of the foregoing extract will, I trust, be a sufficient apology for this short digression. I will no longer disappoint the expectations of the public, but in my next number present some extracts in detail from this interesting work.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Madrid, July 24, 1780.

Dear Sir,

I confess myself very remiss in not answering your favour of the 21st ult. sooner. The remove of the court from Arangues to this city, and a bilious disorder which hath oppressed me more than a month, and which still affects me, hath in part been the reason. I have no news to communicate to you, which can console you for our late misfortunes; I can assure you however, that they do not deject me. Per aspera ad astra, heaven doth not intend to exempt us from the adversities, which have befallen other nations, who struggled for their liberty, by giving us almost full and instantaneous enjoyment of it. I have full confidence in the perseverance of our countrymen, they will I hope act with more vigour, in consequence of their misfortunes. I have received letters from America, dated in the end of April, and the first of May, which speak of the loss of Charleston as certain, and which foresee other successes of the enemy in the northern states, but which make no dispondence. I shall pay implicit obedience to the request you make me, with respect to your family, and you may rely upon me, when I tell you that as long as

have any influence, or any friends in the councils of America, that they shall not want strenuous advocates, and this letter will always be a memento that would put me to the blush, should I be deficient in a promise, which I think myself even in justice to my country, obliged to endeavour to fulfill in the best manner possible. The Spanish, or rather allied fleet hath returned to Cadiz, except a few vessels which cruize near that port. The Ct. D'Estaing is expected at St. Ildephonso in about a week, the count being now at that place, I go there this week. I see that the courier of Europe mentions that Mr. Jay hath received his longe, &c. &c. not a word of truth, the English papers sent our commissioners from France frequently, yet a treaty was made by these same longed commissioners. I have received your cypher safe, begin when you please your observations on men and things. I shall be much obliged to you, to separate and seal up all the letters you have ever received from me, unless it be this, under a cover for me, which in case of death, which heaven forbid, you will direct to be delivered to my orders.

My best compliments to your family, and Messrs. De Neufville, and believe me ever
Your friend and servant.

W. C.

P. S. If you meet with Colonel Brice of Maryland, in Holland, treat him as a friend on my account.

—
Passy, July 28, 1780.

Dear Sir,

I wrote to Messrs. De Neufville by the last post in answer to theirs of the 14th, I hope they received my letter, it signified that I could accept the bills, drawn on Mr. Laurens. I find by a note of Congress on the 4th of March, that they then stopt drawing, and I am informed no more bills have been issued since. I could not relish those gentleman's proposals of mortgaging all our estates, for the little money Holland is likely to lend us. But I am obliged to them for their zeal in our cause.

I received and thank you for the protest relating to the election of the coadjutor. You seem to be too much affected with the taking of Charleston. It is so far a damage to us, as it will enable the enemy to exchange a great part of the prisoners we had in our hands. otherwise their affairs will not be much advanced by it. They have successively been in possession of the capitals of five provinces, viz. Massachusetts bay, Rhode-Island, Pennsylvania, New-York, and Georgia; but were not therefore in possession of the provinces themselves. New-York and Georgia still continue their operations as free states, and so I suppose will S. Carolina. The cannon will be recovered with the place; if not, our furnaces are constantly at work in making more. The destroying of our ships by the English, is only like shaving our beards which will grow again. Their loss of provinces, is like the loss of limb, can never again be united to their body. I was sorry to hear of your indisposition. Take care of yourself. Honey is a good thing for obstructions in the reins. I hope your health is by this time re-established.

I am less committed than you imagine in the affair between Jones and Landais. The latter was not dispossessed by me of his command, but quitted it. He afterwards took into his head to resume it, which the former's too long stay at Paris, gave him an opportunity of effecting. Captain Jones is going in the Ariel frigate to America, where they may settle their affairs as they can.

The captain Cormu of Dunkerque, who occasioned the loss of our dispatches, is himself taken

by the English. I have no doubt of the truth of what Mr. White told you about the facility with which the tax was collected.

That same Baron de Wulffen has not pleased me, having left little debts behind him unpaid, though I furnished him with twenty guineas. As he had been with his brother at Verlo, before he saw you, where he might get money, I wonder at his borrowing of you.

I thank you for the vote of Congress you send me, dated the 23d of March. I imagine 484, went in that vessel to 533, and may have been detained there for convoy.

Your dispatches by M. Gillon, are in the Alliance, which sailed the 7th or 9th instant.

This will be delivered to you by his Excellency John Adams Esqr. whom I earnestly recommend to your best civilities. He has never been in Holland, and your counsels will be of use to him.

My best wishes attend you, being
ever, dear Sir, your most obedient
and most humble servant.

B. FRANKLIN.

—
Passy, August 1, 1780.

Sir,

The bearer of this, Mr. Appleton, is lately arrived from Boston. He is recommended to me as a young gentleman of excellent character, and, as such, I beg leave to introduce him to your acquaintance and civilities.

With great esteem, I am ever, dear
Sir, your most obedient, and most
humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

M. Dumas.

—
Amsterdam, September 3, 1780.

Dear Sir,

I have this moment the pleasure of yours of the 3d instant, and I thank you for your kind congratulations on the glorious news of the capture of the British fleet for the East and West Indies, by the combined fleets of France and Spain, and especially the value of the property, the number of soldiers and seamen, and especially the disappointment to the English fleet and armies, and merchants in the East and West Indies, and in North America, gives a great importance to this event. But when we consider it as a precedent, it is more interesting still. This is the only wise method of warring with Great Britain. When France and Spain shall adopt the policy of conveying their own commerce, and cruising for that of the enemy, this war will soon be brought to a conclusion. Such a capital success, in one of their first essays, will be likely to convince the two courts, as well as their marine officers, of the utility of this measure, and induce them to pursue it: which I wish with all my heart.

America would rejoice at your news, as well as at the sight of the messenger: but by a letter from London of the twenty-ninth ult. it seems that her own cruisers have done a similar favour to the Quebec fleet.

Two vessels are arrived here, one from Virginia, and one from Philadelphia. Their accounts are favourable. Kniphausen has been defeated in the Jerseys, and has retreated to New-York, as you will see by the letters of generals Washington and Green.

I saw with pleasure the revival of the American philosophical society at Philadelphia, and the establishment of an academy of arts and sciences at Boston. In a new country, and a young society, such institutions are, perhaps, more useful and necessary, than in older nations. But in order to render them more useful to the world, would it not be proper to promote some

connection and correspondence between them and the academies of Europe? Would it be unworthy of any academy in Europe to send these infant societies a set of their printed memoirs or transactions? Science and literature are of no party nor nation: they belong to the great commonwealth of mankind.

I hope that one of the first objects of the new societies in America will be the formation of botanical gardens, and collections of the birds, beasts, and fishes, as well as trees and plants, which are peculiar to this country, in order to a natural history of it. An ample field this!

I am very happy, sir, at Amsterdam: and uncertain when I shall leave it. When I return, I promise myself the pleasure of seeing you at the Hague, but I shall be likely to come upon you unexpected.

Is it not wonderful that it does not occur to the friends of England in the United Provinces, that the best method they can take to shew their friendship to her is to convince her of her error. She is rushing, like a mad woman, down a precipice. Is it either humanity or friendship to spur her on?

I am amazed that avarice itself does not stimulate the misers who lend ~~her~~ money to stop their hands. If this war is continued but two years longer, these misers will lose their money. The only chance English credit has for salvation is to stop short, make peace, acknowledge American independence, and secure as great a share as she can of American commerce, before it becomes established in other channels, in two years more it will import little to American commerce whether Great Britain or not.

Can it be friendship to England to fill the universe with the most abominable lies, in order to keep up a false idea of her power, and the weakness and distress of America?

I am, sir, with sincere esteem, your
friend and humble servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

Mr. Dumas.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF DODSLEY.

[The life of Dodsley, like the life of Lackington, is memorable for a similarity of early acquirements. Both were indigent, both obscure, but by economy, diligence, perseverance and enterprise, both rose to affluence and consideration. Both too, unsatisfied with selling books, aspired to the renown of composing them; and their volumes have instructed some, and amused more. Of Dodsley it certainly is no trivial praise that one of his earliest performances was written with so much felicity, and was at once so polished, and brilliant that the courtly Chesterfield, was the reputed author. His 'Toy-shop' is replete with precious gems, and exhibits no French paste of factitious lustre. But the merit of Dodsley as an editor of good books and an encourager of literary merit is perhaps still greater, than as an author. His annual register, whose editor was Burke, his Preceptor for which Johnson wrote the elaborate preface and his collection of Poems, which contained some of the finest effusions of modern wit, are lasting monuments of his judgment and taste.]

Robert Dodsley was born at Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, in 1703. The humble situation and circumstances of his parents precluded him from the advantages of a liberal education; and his first setting out in life was in the station of a footman to the Honourable Mrs. Lowther, in which his good conduct and abilities soon brought him into notice.

In this humble sphere of life he wrote several poems, which excited so much attention, that he was encouraged to publish them under the title of 'The Muse in Liv'ry'. The collection is very little known; but it was printed in 12mo. had a very handsome list of subscribers prefixed to it, and was dedicated to Mrs. Lowther.

He was for some time footman to Dartineuf, the luxurious voluptuary, and intimate friend of Pope; and it is greatly to his honour, that he was not unwilling that his low station in the family of that epicure should be recollected, when he had raised himself to competency and affluence.

'When Lord Lyttleton's 'Dialogues of the Dead' came out, says Dr. Johnson, as reported by Mr. Boswell, 'one of which is between Apicius, an ancient epicure and Dartineuf, a modern epicure, Dodsley said to me, 'I knew Dartineuf well, for I was once his footman.'

What contributed still more to his reputation, was his writing a dramatic piece, called *The Toy-Shop*, built on Randolph's celebrated comedy, called 'The Muses' Looking-Glass,' 4to, 1638; which being shown in manuscript to Pope, he was so well pleased with the delicacy of its satire, and the simplicity of its design, that he took the author under his protection; and though he had no connection with the theatres, procured him such an interest as ensured its being immediately brought on the stage.

It was acted at Covent Garden theatre, in 1735, with very great success, and when printed, was received with much applause by the public. The hint of it is taken from Randolph's play; but he has so perfectly modernized it, that he has made it perfectly his own, and rendered it one of the justest, and at the same time the best natured rebukes that fashionable absurdity perhaps ever met with. It contains many lively, pointed, and satirical strokes on the vices and follies of the age; the characters are distinct and appropriate; and though it is better calculated for the closet than the stage, it is still received with no small applause.

Pope's warm and zealous patronage of Dodsley is noticed in a malignant epistle from Curll, to that celebrated poet, in 1737.

'Tis kind a *Livory Muse* to aid,
Who scribbles farces to augment his trade,
When you, and Spence, and Glover drive the nail,
The devil's in it, if the plot should fail.

The world has long been ruled by an opinion which is not yet entirely removed, that talents and prudence are incompatible qualities; that it is not easy for a man to be a wit without mortgaging his estate; and that a poet must necessarily be in debt, and live in a garret.

It was Dodsley's good fortune to prove, if any proof were wanting, that a man's cultivating his understanding is no impediment to improving his fortune, and that it is very possible for a man to be an author, without neglecting business.

The pecuniary advantages which Dodsley had derived from his first publication, and from the success of his *Toy-Shop*, were applied by him to a very wise and useful purpose. Instead of adopting the precarious situation of a town writer, he determined to engage in some profitable business; and the business he fixed upon was happily suited to his literary taste, and favourable to his connection with men of learning.

In 1735, he opened a bookseller's shop in Pall-Mall; and such was the effect of Pope's recommendation and assistance, and of his own good character and behaviour, that he soon obtained not only the countenance of persons of the first abilities, but also of those of the first rank; and in a few years he rose to great eminence in his profession.

His shop became the fashionable resort of persons of literature and rank; and he reckoned Chesterfield, Lyttleton, Spence, Glover, Shenstone, Dr. Johnson, and other distinguished characters, in the number of his friends.

His employment as a bookseller did not prevent his pursuing the bent of his genius as an

author. In 1737, he brought on the stage at Drury-Lane theatre, a farce called *The King, and the Miller of Mansfield*, which met with very great success. The plot of the piece is founded on a traditional story in the reign of Henry II; of this story he had made a very pleasing use, and wrought it out into a truly dramatic conclusion. The dialogue is natural, yet elegant; the satire poignant, yet genteel; the sentiments are such as do honour to both his head and heart; and the catastrophe, though simple, yet affecting and perfectly just. The scene lies in and near the *Miller's* house in Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham; and he had probably an additional pleasure in the choice of his subject from the connection of it with his native place.

O native Sherwood! happy were thy bard,
Might these his rural notes to future times,
Boast of tall groves that nodding o'er thy plain,
Rose to their tuneful melody.—

The year following, his Sir John Cockle at Court, a farce, was acted at Drury-Lane. It is a sequel to the *King and Miller of Mansfield*, in which, the miller newly made a knight, comes up to London with his family, to pay his compliments to the king. It is not, however, equal in merit to the first part; for though the king's disguising himself, in order to put Sir John's integrity to the test, and the latter's resisting every temptation, not only of bribery, but of flattery, is ingenious, and gives an opportunity for many admirable strokes of satire, yet there is a simplicity and fitness for the drama in the turn of the former production, which it is scarcely possible to come up to in the circumstances that arise from the conduct of Sir John Cockle at Court.

The *Miller of Mansfield*, and its sequel, exhibits an interesting contrast between the unadorned solidity of country manners, and the splendid vices of a court; the blunt honesty of a miller, and the slender importance of a monarch without his attendants, in a sequestered spot, and in midnight darkness. It has several pleasing songs, which from some of them continuing still to be popular, must have merit.

His next dramatic performance was *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, a ballad farce, which, according to Mr. Victor, was acted at Drury-Lane, in 1739-40, but Mr. Reed says in 1741, but without much success. It is on the same story with Day's comedy of 'The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green,' 4to, 1659.

In 1744, he published *A Collection of Plays*, by old Authors, in 12 vols. 12mo. which was a valuable acquisition to the literary world. It has been highly improved in the second edition, published by Mr. Reed, in 1780; in which, besides an excellent preface, and very useful notes, some plays before inserted are rejected, and others of greater merit are introduced in their room.

In 1745, he produced a dramatic piece, called *Rex et Pontifex*, 8vo., being an attempt to introduce upon the stage a new species of pantomime. It does not, however, appear to have been represented at any of our theatres.

In 1746, he published *The Museum, or Literary and Historical Register*, in 3 vols. 8vo., to which Dr. Johnson, and other men of genius, were contributors.

In 1748, he collected his several dramatic pieces, which had been separately printed, and published them in one volume 8vo., under the modest title of *Trifles*.

On the occasion of the singing the treaty of peace, at Aix-la-Chapelle, he wrote *The Triumph of Peace*, a masque, which was set to music by Dr. Arne, and performed at the theatre in Drury-Lane, in 1748-9.

In 1749, he published that eminently useful school-book, *The Preceptor*, in 2 vols. 8vo. The design of this work was framed by Dodsley, and the execution of it was accomplished by several of the distinguished writers of the age.

In 1750, he published a small work, which, for a short time had a very great celebrity, under the title of 'The Economy of Human Life, translated from an Indian manuscript, written by an ancient Bramin; to which is prefixed, an account of the manner in which the said manuscript was discovered, in a Letter from an English Gentleman, now residing in China, to the Earl of——.' Besides the apocryphal introduction of this work into the world, it derived a temporary popularity from its being universally ascribed to the Earl of Chesterfield. This supposition was strengthened by a letter that had been addressed to his Lordship by Mrs. Teresa Constantia Philips, in which she had complimented him on being the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*. She had probably heard an account of the Earl's letters to his son. However this may have been, the power of literary fashion procured the *Economy of Human Life* a rapidity and extensiveness of sale, and a height of applause which it would not have obtained had it been known to be the production of a bookseller. The work, upon the whole, is not without a considerable share of merit. The subjects are well chosen, the advice is good, the style is succinct and frequently nervous; but it is deficient in that strength and energy, that vividness of imagination, and that luminousness of metaphor, which pervade those parts of scripture that were intended to be imitated, and which occur in the genuine oriental writings.

The popularity of Dodsley's performance produced a number of imitations: 'The second part of the *Economy of Human Life*,' 'Appendix,' 'The *Economy of a Winter Day*,' 'The *Economy of Female Life*,' 'The *Economy of the Sexes*,' 'Complete *Economy for the Female-Sex*,' 1751, and 'The *Economy of the Mind*,' 1767.

In 1752, he obliged the lovers of poetry, by the publication of 'A Collection of Poems, by Eminent Hands. vol. 1st, 2d, and 3d, 12mo. Several of his own little pieces are inserted at the close of the 3d volume. The 4th volume of this elegant and valuable miscellany appeared in 1735, and the 5th and 6th volumes, which completed the collection, in 1758. The pieces of which it consists are not all equally valuable; but perhaps a more excellent miscellany is not to be found in any language. By this collection he performed a very acceptable service to the cause of genius and taste, as it has been the means of preserving several productions of merit, which might otherwise have sunk into oblivion. A judicious selection of pieces omitted by Dodsley, was given to the world by the editor of 'A collection of the most esteemed pieces of poetry that have appeared for several years: with variety of originals, by the late Moses Mendez, Esq. and other contributors to Dodsley's collection. To which this is designed as a supplement,' printed for Richardson and Urquhart, in 1 vol. 12mo, 1767, 1770. The work is indebted for a more extensive supplement to Dodsley, to the valuable 'Collections' of Mr. Pearch, in 4 vols. 12mo. 1768, 1770; and of Mr. Nichols, with biographical and historical notes, in 8 vols, 1780, 1782. The collection printed for Urquhart and Richardson is commonly, but erroneously ascribed to Mendez, who died in 1758. His imitations of Spenser, and other poems, are highly deserving of republication, and were originally recommended by the present writer to be inserted in this collection of classical English poetry.

The subject of his next publication was Public Virtue, a didactic poem, which was intended to be comprised in three books, including 1st, Agriculture 2d, Commerce, 3d, Arts; of this truly useful and valuable undertaking, the first book on Agriculture, was published in 1754, 4to. and was all that was accomplished by Dodsley. It is probable that the reception and sale of the poem did not encourage him to complete his design.

In 1758, he published Melpomene; or, the Regions of Terror and Pity, an Ode, 4to. This ode was eagerly read on its first appearance, and is justly regarded as one of the happiest efforts of his muse.

His next publication was 'The Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the year 1758; a very valuable work, which has been continued to the present time.

- The same year his Cleone, a tragedy, was acted at the theatre in Covent Garden; and met with very great success. An imperfect hint towards the fable of this tragedy was taken from the 'Legend of St. Genevieve,' written originally in French, and translated into English in the last century, by Sir William Lower. The first sketch of it, consisting then of three acts only, was shown to Pope two or three years before his death, who informed Dodsley, that in his very early youth he had attempted a tragedy on the same subject, which he afterwards destroyed, and he advised him to extend his plan to five acts. It was first offered to Garrick, but he refused it; principally, as it should seem, because it contained no character in which he could have figured himself. To prevent its success, he appeared in a new part on the first night of its appearance. This scheme had no effect; for the play rose about all opposition, and had a long and crowded run; the character of Cleone received every possible advantage from the exquisite performance of Mrs. Bellamy, whose peculiar merit, in this part, contributed, in a great degree, to promote the run of the piece. The prologue was written by Mr. Melmoth, and the epilogue by Mr. Shenstone.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LEVITY.

[The numerous victims of the present fashionable nakedness excite, at once, pity and indignation. With a view to correct this folly, during the present severe weather, which, indeed, ought alone to work a reformation, the following essay was written. The wit and genius of our correspondent sparkle brilliantly in this playful composition, and we are of opinion that his poignant sarcasms will cause many a coquet to multiply her petticoats, and double her gauze.]

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I was called, not long ago, to attend the funeral of a young lady, who perished in the bloom of life, by a rapid decline. Her disease was attributed, by one of the mourning relatives, to a cold, caught by exposing herself one evening in the present fashionable dress to cold, damp air, under circumstances peculiarly dangerous. 'Poor girl,' said Philander, *she mistook her case.* This pithy declaration, and still more the manner in which it was made, excited curiosity. I, among others, asked an explanation. He smiled, spoke of something else, and then whispered 'come and breakfast at my lodgings to-morrow.'

Though my visit was not very early, I found him in bed. To excuse himself, he said 'I was detained later than usual last evening by a friend, whose health will not suffer by thin petticoats.' This strange apology by no means blunted my curiosity. The same thing from some of my acquaintance would have past as a whimsical gasconade: but Philander is not that sort of man

He is rather taciturn than loquacious, and remarkable for the modest deference of his behaviour, especially to the other sex, with whom he is a great favourite, though he is neither handsome in his person, fashionable in his dress, nor sprightly in his conversation.

He declined answering my questions till after the breakfast was set on table. He then sent away his servant, and began as follows. 'What I said yesterday, Eugenius, at the funeral, surprised you. This was natural enough. It referred to circumstances with which you are unacquainted. Perhaps, (said he, after a short pause), it would be as well for mankind that they should be kept a profound secret by the initiated; I have, however, a particular reason for communicating them to you. It can be done most conveniently by anecdotes, respecting the fashionable dress, which I learnt in my late tour through a part of Europe, and which have furnished me since with contemplative amusement, and practical enjoyment. A young lady of rank had received from the bounty of nature an overflow of constitutional sensibility: at the slippery age of fifteen, whenever she saw a handsome man pass by the window, her countenance was animated by a fervid glow, a gentle tremor ran along her frame, her large blue eyes sparkled with uncommon lustre, and were then suffused mild and languid; after a gentle sigh, her tranquillity was restored. Appearances of this sort occurred so often, that they could not escape attention. The experience of a fond mother readily understood those indications of extreme modesty; for such they seemed to her father, and his maiden sister, a slim perpendicular model of sharp cornered chastity, then in her fiftieth year. Mamma was too well bred to contradict her sagacious lord. Prudent women, you know, never open a field for conjecture in which their friends and connections may stumble over any thing unpleasant. But her parental tenderness was alarmed. In the meantime, the susceptible Amanda became every day more and more lovely, as her buds of beauty opened into bloom. Already her swelling hips had exceeded the meagre limit, assigned by statuary to Diana, and might have served as a model to Titian for the goddess of Love. It was with a view to this as well as to other circumstances, that when Amanda first accompanied her mother to a public place, she appeared with but one petticoat, and that a thin one. To say that she was followed, admired, adored, is needless. This has already been said a thousand times upon similar occasions. Her youth, her beauty, that sweet suffusion of countenance, and the continued play of features, prompted by a mind intelligent, and a sensible heart, were, indeed, irresistible. Some how or other, perhaps from the thinness of her dress, Amanda's secret got wind, and in the luxurious capitals of Europe there is no lack of reapers for the field of gallantry. Mamma was watchful, but even Honour sometimes sleeps. It so happened, that one evening while she was engaged with an agreeable friend in pleasant conversation, Lothario found means, in half an hour's visit, to explain the whole theory of moral sentiment to the tender and delighted Amanda. This lesson had the same effect on his charming scholar, which Virgil supposes to have been produced by the western breeze, *sape sine ullis conjugiis, vento gravide mirabile dictu!* Mamma, who could justly say, in the language of that charming poet, *non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco*, shortly after these interesting conversations, made a further improvement on the dress of her daughter, so that Amanda came out more beautiful than ever with a short waist, and no petticoat at all!

'By degrees the fashion was followed and understood. Ladies, who had the same feelings, put

on the same dress. One of them (who, on some occasion or other, had read medical books), called it the *cool diet*, and insisted on it as the proper treatment for inflammatory cases. Fashions, you know, are generally carried to excess; but that which, in the degree, is proper and becoming to one person, is, in the extreme, ridiculous and even dangerous to others. Not only those ladies, who were conscious of quick sensibility, stripped themselves for use, but others, to whom the cool diet was by no means needful, went half naked for ornament. Not a few took up the fashion as a symbol.' As a symbol, cried I, how can that be? 'That,' (said Philander), is among the mysteries which I mean to communicate. Certain ladies, who, by the warmth of imagination, supply the coldness of constitution, resemble epicures, who take medicines to create appetite. By such persons the most delicate viands are swallowed without relish, and the difference they experience between expectation and reality, leads them to suppose there still remains untasted some precious morsel, which may stimulate their languid organs to enjoyment. But, however it might suit the barefaced luxury of a monarch to offer a premium for the discovery of some new pleasure, the laws of decorum forbid a fashionable woman to hold out direct invitation; and, indeed, such conduct might defeat its own purpose, and rather repel than attract. It was thought, therefore, most advisable to make an ostentatious display of the cool diet, because to those who should consider it as dictated by the consciousness of an irritable organization it would prove a strong incitement, and inspire that enterprising spirit, which conduces to victory both in love and war.

'Thus you see, my dear Eugenius, there are two classes of women, one to whom the ventilating system is necessary, and one to whom it is more than unnecessary. Yet both are the easy objects of gallantry: so that in a country, where women are properly instructed, you may safely consider those who use it as thrown into your arms by the excess of nature, or the extravagance of fancy. There is, indeed, and particularly in this country, a third sort, who follow the fashion, either without knowing what it means, or else as a guard against danger to which they are not exposed. Our poor friend, whom we followed yesterday to the grave, was of this last description, and of course the cool-diet occasioned her death.' Of course! said I with astonishment. 'Yes, of course—You have doubtless heard it observed, that if a severe pedagogue be set over a lad of mild and feeble temper, he will infallibly break the boy's spirit; and you must be sensible that the curb which is needful to rein in a fiery courser, will make a dull beast go backward.'

'And now, said he, Eugenius, I must tell you my reason for giving this information. I have been here six months. During the first three, I was employed in making observations, for I know, by experience, the importance of beginning well, be the undertaking what it may. During the last three months I have turned my observations to account; and the business grows so fast upon my hands, that I wish for a fellow-labourer in the vineyard.'

I must acknowledge, that, notwithstanding my profound respect for the maxims of the old school, I have dispositions for certain practical doctrines of the new school, which make me desire to blend them a little together in my own conduct, though I would discourage the general prevalence of those heretical opinions. Such being the case, I was not a little charmed with the kind communication of my friend; but the fear of applying, by mistake, to a lady of that third sort which he mentioned, made me desist of further information. I asked, therefore, how they were to be distinguished from each other.

'In this country, said he, it is a matter of some difficulty, because young Ladies imitate with so little discrimination that frequently what would elsewhere amount to certain proof, is here but slight presumption. I have, therefore, found it best to imitate Sailors who, when they navigate an unknown Sea, always keep the lead going, 'Keep the lead going; what do you mean by that?' I mean to imitate the blind, and those who walk in the dark. 'They, 'you know, must feel their way.' The vacancy of my countenance shewed that I did not understand him. He smiled at my simplicity, and went on. 'The manners of this country permit a number of what are called innocent familiarities. By closely observing the effect of these when only a spectator, I determine the true sense of other indications, and by the help of those little innocent familiarities, when I become the agent, save a deal of time, which might otherwise be wasted in vows and protestations.'

After conversing together an hour longer upon the same subject, I felt myself in a condition to take the field, if not as a veteran soldier, at least as a promising recruit. If you are acquainted with Ophelia, you must often have admired the rosy warmth of her ripened charms, which, exposed to the visitation of the winds, bid to their keenest blast a proud defiance. My propitious stars so ordered it, that lately, in an evening visit, I found her sitting, or I might say lying, alone on the sofa, which she had drawn before the fire. She had been reading a novel. It was open at a tender scene. We read it together. By accident and instinct my hand took hold of hers. I felt a slight and tremulous compression of her little finger. I placed the dear hand on my heart, which beat a tumultuous alarm. Her cheek was crimsoned. Her eye met the keen gaze of mine. She turned it gently to heaven, and the sigh, half suppress, gave full rotundity to her swelling bosom. My lips were applied in the eager haste of rapturous emotion. She sprung from me, trembled, and, after a few minutes, during which I believe that I looked like a fool, said coldly 'I find, sir, I am much deceived.' I muttered out, as an excuse, I know not what about passion; but as soon as I pronounced that word, she repeated it emphatically, 'passion! which all can feign, but few can feel!' She then stepped across the room with such an indignant air, that I was heartily glad to be relieved by the arrival of young Florio. He sparkled, as usual, in the gaiety of the jolly god, but neither of us caught his mirth. Indeed, she seemed a little displeased with his visit, and gave me, unobserved, a look of gentle reproach, which I feel to this moment. Now it happens that my friend Phikander is on a tour to the northern and eastern states, and I cannot tell, without his assistance, how it is with me and Ophelia. I thought I had followed his advice, and cast my lead with due skill and industry. Nay, I thought I had good soundings; and, after all, it is but a broken voyage. I am not yet quite up to this business, and, therefore, cannot tell whether it is she, or I who have mistaken her case. If you, or one of your experienced correspondents, will explain the matter, you will much oblige, dear sir, yours,

EUGENIUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Died, at London, the chevalier de Sainte Croix, a French emigrant, of much celebrity. He was held in high esteem, by the late king of France, and was equally attached to his sovereign; there was a mutual confidence between him; which subsisted several years. After the peace of 1763, the king intended him for

his ambassador to the British court: but the parties and factions, which, at that time, prevailed in the French cabinet, thwarted his majesty's inclination. However, he has, at different times, been *charge des affaires* and ambassador to almost every court in Europe. He spoke the English language with tolerable fluency, and wrote some tracts in the English language. For a short time, he was secretary of state for foreign affairs; but when the king was forcibly brought from Versailles to Paris, he resigned his situation, and soon after came to England. He was held in considerable esteem, by the late ministry, and was often consulted by them. His knowledge and reading, being very extensive, his society was much esteemed, by the superior classes. His personal manners were those of the most polite and well-bred gentleman. He was supported, in England, by the munificence of his friends; and it is believed, he received some elymosinary benefits from persons in England. He bore his misfortunes with singular good temper, and becoming magnanimity. He died in his 60th year.

The following is the Inscription on the Tomb of John Travis, Esqr. at Baltimore.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN TRAVIS,

A NATIVE OF LANCASHIRE, IN ENGLAND,

RESIDENT IN PHILADELPHIA,

WHO DIED IN THIS CITY,

The 10th day of October, A. D. 1803.

TO THE FAITH AND CHARITY OF THE

CHRISTIAN, HE UNITED

THE CIVIL VIRTUES OF THE GENTLEMAN:

FOND, AS A HUSBAND,

INDULGENT, AS A FATHER,

CONSTANT, AS A FRIEND.

READER! HE KNEW NOT AN ENEMY!

SUAVITY GRACED HIS MANNERS,

AFFECTION CHERISHED HIS PERSON:

TRUTH PROMPTED EACH THOUGHT AND ACTION,

RESPECT DIGNIFIED HIS NAME!

Dallas's "Percival, or Nature Vindicated, is a work, warmly recommended by the anti-jacobin reviewers, to the serious attention of all parents and guardians.

The great and avowed objects of the author, are, to rescue moral sentiment from the chains of false shame, to fortify the minds of the fair sex, to expose the wiles of seduction, to give an exalted idea of marriage, to justify the rules of society, and to paint an elevated view of human nature; objects which clearly and justly suggested the second title of the work, "Nature vindicated.—Among the principles of this work, we find, throughout, the rules of society forcibly inculcated. Mr. Dallas, (reader, it is R. C. Dallas) therefore, is no jacobin or leveller. The following strong and well-chosen expressions, used by Stormont, must not here be omitted; himself an agonized sufferer, from the successes of one of those agents of hell, against the person of a wife, he might otherwise have lived with in love and mutual bliss.—"Oh seduction! diabolical art! Do not, Percival, think I would wound you, by alluding to the individual instance of it, that has destroyed my happiness. * My apostrophe is aimed at the crime alone. The devil's first crime was ingratitude; seduction

* Whom he at that time supposed to have been the brother of Percival.

was his second—second in succession, but first and foremost in mischief. By the one, he damned himself alone; by the other, he spread damnation, and blighted every joy.

The review is concluded in the following words.

We must now take our leave of this pleasing, instructive and well-written performance, with a few remarks on its style.—We can say of this novel, what we have not always an opportunity to say of the productions, in general, which come before us; it is ENGLISH; it is written in the pure language of our country; on that account, were its other merits not allowed to influence our recommendation, we should press it upon the attention of parents, who allow their daughters to read what are called (but are not always so deserving, as his, of the title) good novels. The 97th letter from Percival, to madame de St. Valeri, (miss Coverly) subdued, at length, by reason and reflection, we particularly select from the whole, as one of the most finished, most elegant, and most instructive letters, we ever read in any book whatever. Having said thus much of the work altogether, we have revised our sentiments, and are happy to declare, that we have not said too much.

Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons.—In spite of the ill-founded contempt this great man professed to entertain for actors, he persuaded himself to treat Mrs. Siddons with great politeness, and said, when she called on him, and Frank, his servant, could not immediately get a chair, you see, madam, wherever you go, there are no seats to be got.

In Britain, every man has a right to be tried by his peers—except an author!

John Selden used to say,—marriage is a desperate thing: the frogs in *Æsop*, were *extreme* wise; they had a great mind to some waters, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

Cowper's opinion of Lavater—I have read most of Lavater's aphorisms; they appear to me some of them, wise, many of them whimsical, a few of them false, and not a few of them extravagant. Nil illi medium—If he finds in a man, the feature or quality that he approves, he deifies him; if the contrary, he is a devil. His verdict is, in neither case, a just one.

Many a man, says Dr. South, would have made a very good pulpit, who would have made a very bad figure, if he had been put into it himself.

Lawyers. A proclamation was issued on the 6th day of November, and twentieth year of the first James, in which the voters for members of parliament are directed not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who seek reputation, by stirring needless questions.

In Aleyn's Hist. London 1638, we find the following:

—A prating lawyer, (one of those which cloud That honoured science) did their conduct take; He talk'd all law, and the tumultuous croud, Thought it had been all gospel that he spake. At length these fools, their common error saw, A lawyer on their side, but not the law!

No man was ever more able to appreciate the merits of deservng, none mor inclined to expose the errors and deformities of wicked authors, than Doctor SAMUEL JOHNSON;—a

name ever dear to the friends of religion and learning; and a w i e r, whose works, while these handmaids to human wants are held in veneration among men, will never cease to convey admonition to the profligate, and knowledge to the ignorant.

The earl of Carlisle, a recent and a youthful poet, has committed a ludicrous blunder in his "Step-mother, Act 2, sc. 1. He informs us, that women express their grief, at the circumstance of a rape, by neighing:

We soldiers love the roaring of great guns,
The neighing of war horses and of matrons
Violated, and all such martial noises.

Pun. The following is one of the good Puns that I have met with.

Judges are Gods, and he who made them so,
Meant not men should be forc'd to them to go
By means of angels.

It occurs, in Dr. Donne's 5th satire—The reverend writer playson the word *angels*, which signifies both a messenger and a coin.

A good artist who has long observed the perpetual struggle which *female fashion* has to maintain against her two greatest enemies, *nature and convenience*, has contrived an entire new. "Dress for Ladies" which while it satisfies the minutest inspection of a lover's eye with the sight of charms hitherto "invisible," or but "dimly seen," is calculated to protect the tender female frame against the rudest attacks of wind and weather it is made of *compleat glass*, the advantages of which must be many and obvious. Ladies, by this means, will carry about with them at once, a *mirror*, and an *emblem*, in which, while they *dress themselves*, they may *study themselves*. Cased in this suit, a lover would as soon think of flying, as offering to be rude, as he would infallibly cut his finger in the attempt. Even an invading conqueror would abate something of his impetuosity, and respect the *innocent contents*, for the sake of the dangerous *envelope* which held them. The projector has laid in a stock of glass, to customers of all ranks and degrees, as *plate glass for the nobility*, *green glass for young maidens*, and *flawed glass for courtezans*.

The following is a verbal translation of an Ink-maker's shop Bill in China. From the style and spirit of this article, we are led to believe that a strong resemblance exists between the Chinese, and the *true Indian*.

SINGONE, the name of the place, where the Ink is manufactured, and whence it derives its name.

Very good Ink, very fine, very old shop, Grandfather, Father, and self make this ink; fine and hard, very hard, pick'd out very fine and black, before and now. Sell very good ink, prime cost is very dear; this Ink is heavy, so is gold; no one can make like it; the others, that make ink do it for money, and to cheat. I only make it good, for a name. Plenty of Gentlemen know my Ink; my family never cheat: always a good name. I make Ink for the Emperor, and all the mandarins round. All Gentlemen must come to my shop, and know my name
UNGWANCHI LOCEE.

A Gentleman sometime since, ascended in a balloon, accompanied by a lady; after having risen to a considerable height, he proposed to salute her; this the lady then refused, adding 'that at any other time, she should not have the least objection upon earth.'

Taking titles are all the vogue in London Miss Plumtree having lately published Some-

thing New, a droll author has followed her with three volumes of 'Nothing New.'

The travels of a Comet.—(From the French)—"After having run a considerable career, the Comet quartered itself the first night, between the horns of *Capricorn*.—what a bed! the next night, it reposed itself on the *Dragon's tail*—what a spot! the following evening, it got into company with a minor *Bear*—what a society! it then paid a visit to the heel, the leg of *Heracles*!"

In Belturbet church-yard, Ireland, is this inscription—"Here lies *John Higley*, whose father and mother were drowned in their passage from America. Had they both lived they would have been buried here.

THE RANZ DES VACHES OF SWITZERLAND Translated.

The Ranz des Vaches was inserted in the 6th number of the Port Folio.—Its simplicity recalling, on perusal some days ago, the scenery of a particular part of his former country, induced the gentleman who sends us the following to translate it, while under the influence of that *maladie du pays*, which gave birth to the original. Some of our readers may have seen a translation of it in the Port Folio No. 15.—Notwithstanding which we hope the one we now offer will be thought worthy of notice,

Oh! when shall I that happy moment prove,
To see again the objects of my love!

Our lakes and our riv'lets so clear,
Our hill and our mountains so high,
Our hamlets to mem'ry so dear
And our vales that with Tempe might vie!

Oh! when shall I that happy moment prove,
To see again those happy objects of my love!

When, under the shade of the tree,
To the sound of the shepherd's soft pipe,
Shall the sweet Isabella with me
Dance gayly again by moonlight!

Oh! when shall I that happy moment prove,
To see again those objects of my love!

My father and mother so dear;
My brothers and sisters so kind;
My lambs and my flocks that were there;
My charmer so long left behind!

Oh! when shall I that happy moment prove,
To see again those objects of my love! D.
[Anti-Democrat.]

It is said that the committee of our legislature who *unanimously* adopted a resolution to call three of the judges of the Supreme court before them to answer certain charges brought against them by Thomas Passmore, have reconsidered their resolution, and determined merely to call Thomas Passmore and his witnesses before them, in order to procure their testimony. Probably somebody has kindly told these sage legislators what they did not know themselves, that they have no power to compel the appearance of judges to answer to any accusation whatever.

[Gaz. U. S.]

The National Intelligencer of the 27th, has the following paragraph.

The Members of Congress Dine together to-day, and next week give a *Ball*, in celebration of the acquisition of Louisiana. This example will, we have no doubt, be generally followed by the citizens of the United States, who appreciate, as highly as their Representatives, this great event.

[ib.]

Married lately in New Hampshire, Mr. William Longfellow to Miss Elizabeth Short.—There are some good matches, some bad matches, and even some happy matches; but this may be said to be *no match* at all.

THE RULE OF RIGHT.

If the United States have lost, say, a hundred thousand dollars by Mr. Jefferson's putting Mr. Livingston into Mr. Harrison's office without any necessity or good cause, ought not so fine a patriot and philosopher as Mr. Jefferson to pay the loss himself?—Or, if he should be President another four years, and it should be stopped out of his salary, which is twenty-five thousand dollars a year, would no 25,000 dollars multiplied by 4, the number of years, produce, according to the rule of three, 100,000 dollars, the exact amount of the judgment already obtained against Mr. Livingston at the suit of the United States. [Fred. Her.]

A PUZZLE.

Mr. Jefferson, we find by the papers, has appointed a person to the office of District attorney of New-York, which office we know was held by Edward Livingston, Esq. Now we want some democratic printer to tell us, what has become of Mr. Livingston, and what is the meaning of this new appointment. Can it be that Mr. Livingston is dismissed from office? And if so, for what? Why all this silence about the matter? Why can't we get one word about it from the Jeffersonians? And why won't they open their—
'poor, poor dumb mouths
And bid them speak.' [ibid.]

Examining the fragments of writing which have come down to us from the times of monkish darkness, when the human understanding, as well as conscience, was kept in fetters, and the churchmen of the day contrived to make a monopoly of learning, by shutting out, as far as they could, the laity from the use of letters, we find a most deplorable want of that sententious wisdom, which distinguished the latter end of Paganism, and of that wit, which has rendered the face of the civilized world so illustrious since the revival of learning—or, to use the words of Dr. Johnson, 'Since learning triumph'd o'er her barbarous foes.' All was, during that time, quaint quibble, or miserable conceit, and those continued for a long time afterwards to be affected by the greatest men. Shakspeare now stands a signal instance of it. Sometimes, however, we find a lucky thought in the rubbish of those times, and among those we consider one which has been noticed by Lord Bacon. 'One of the *Fathers*, says his Lordship, saith that there is this difference between the death of old men and young men: that old men go to death, and death comes to young men.' [Charleston Courier.]

Some years since, a gentleman in Scotland observed a post boy, and another lad, dismount from their horses, and proceed to playing quoits. The gentleman could not contain his indignation at this neglect of an important duty, but rode up and exercised his whip on the *post boy*. The other lad begged not to be treated in the same way, as he 'was ONLY an express!' [ib.]

Among other instances of deviation from instinct, mentioned in a late British publication, is that of a buck rabbit. A spaniel dog and a cat were in the same house with him; and they all ate and slept together. They were often seen before the fire, the dog at the bottom, the cat over him, and the rabbit stretched across the cat.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In numbers tun'd to unaffected woe,
To thee, dear maid, I bid my sorrows flow,
Convinc'd within thy feeling breast to find
The balm of comfort for a weary mind.
Oh! what extatic pleasures fir'd my soul,
While o'er our heads the down-wing'd moments
stole,

And love light hovering in the fragrant air,
To give a zest to every joy was there!
What though no more I clasp my Hannah's
charms

In the fond circle of a lover's arms,
What though no more ambrosial sweets I sip
From the rich ruby of her smiling lip,
What though no more the languish of her eye,
Her head declin'd, and gently heaving sigh,
Bless my fond sight, and firm assurance prove
That her fair soul is form'd for tenderest love;
While now cold Prudence, with a cautious air,
Moves me reluctant from the melting fair,
Yet all these pleasures could I well resign,
Convinc'd her heart, her yielding heart, is mine,
Did but a constant correspondence prove
The dear memorial of unalter'd love:
But ah! while now through each revolving day
My breast accuses loitering love's delay,
How can I fancy's mournful views controul,
Or check the fears that agitate my soul?
Can she be wavering?—no—the thought I scorn,
Of jealousy and frantic passion born—
Oh! jealousy, thy cold, reverted eye,
Thy heaving bosom, and thy ponderous sigh,
I will not own;—all tyrant as thou art,
Thou shalt not lord it o'er my faithful heart.
But, O my soul! whence these foreboding fears?
Whence that deep sigh, and whence these stream-
ing tears?

Does dire disease with tottering step advance,
And in her bosom fix his burning lance?
Methinks I see her mournful friends around,
And catch her sorrows' lamentable sound.
Through the lone day these griefs my thoughts
employ,

And chase each faint, each fleeting sense of
joy.

And round my couch at night, (the couch of
pain),

Sad fancy's terrors rise renew'd again;
Grief's pallid train my shudd'ring soul affright,
And forms unusual burst upon my sight;
Methinks with thee thro' aromatic groves
I stray, surrounded by the laughing loves;
Gay spring before us strews the path with flowers,
And melting music warbles from the bowers;
Down the green slope a wildly winding stream
Murmurs and sparkles to the solar beams;
Sudden the tempest heaven's bright glory shrouds,
And thick and thicker fly the sable clouds;
Through the deep gloom the lightning's livid
glare,

Sweeps in broad curves, and seems to fire the
air,

While o'er our heads the thunders roll around,
And deafning echos catch the awful sound,
And night's tremendous crew, with aspect pale,
And shape terrific, flit along the vale,
Another flash succeeds, and lo! the maid
I most revere a lifeless corse is laid!—
Instant, and though with sleep the vision flies,
Should I once more to slumber close my eyes,
Perhaps upon some mountain's breezy brow
We view the ocean's placid waves below,
At distance far the posting sails descrie,
Like some fair cloud just dropping from the sky,
And as their safe return we bend to greet,
The faithless bank betrays our trusting feet;
Down, down we sink; but I, not doom'd to share,
Unhappy youth! the fortunes of the fair,

Preserv'd from death and left behind to see,
What doubly wounds my breast, the loss of
thee.

In pity, Hannah, to a love like mine,
Send from thy hand the soul-consoling line,
Or, if I may not this full blessing prove,
At least these tortures of suspense remove,
'Tis all I ask;—if, with destructive sway,
Sickness shall tear each bud of bliss away,
Still shall my soul, to generous feelings true,
The path which love and duty point pursue;
Or should celestial health, without alloy,
Lead thee in rapture through the realms of joy,
Thou'lt not forbid my votive muse to stray,
A soft companion on the flow'ry way,
To cull poetic blossoms, and to braid
A breathing garland in th' embow'ring shade,
To deck the ringlets of my lovely maid!

HARLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

In vain to me the zephyr blows,
And vainly blooms the vernal bow'r,
Down my sad cheek the tear-drop flows,
And sighs consume the pensive hour:
Ne'er must the briny torrent stay,
Till Delia wipes the tear away;
Ne'er must my bosom cease to sigh,
Till kindness re-illumes her eye.

Why did the gentle maiden rove
From rural scenes, from rural joys?
Why, when I dar'd to disapprove,
Did she resent the friendly voice?
Ah! rather say, thou simple swain,
When Delia left this peaceful plain,
Why did'st not thou, with ready care,
Attend the footsteps of the fair.

Ah! would she bless my longing eyes,
Would she but smile on me once more,
Then ne'er should chiding damp our joys,
Henceforth my every care were o'er:
Then lay thy every care aside,
Sweetly the generous damsel cry'd,
As through the grove, with blushing charms,
She sprung into her Damon's arms.

HARLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PSALM 137.

As down in the vale all dejectedly laid,
Her star-pointing turrets where Babylon rears,
When russet-rob'd evening had spread her dun
shade,
We mournfully swell'd the slow tide with our
tears.

Upon the green willows that wav'd o'er the
stream,
Our harps all untun'd we neglectingly hung,
No more we attempted the heart-cheering theme,
No more flow'd the heav'n prompted hymn from
our tongue.

When down the low valley, with looks full of
pride,
Our laurel-crown'd victors came stately along,
And give us, ye Hebrews, they tauntingly cried,
Come! give us the notes of your Sion's sweet
song.

How can we, far distant from Solyma's towers,
Our harps, all untun'd, in soft music employ?
How can we call forth gentle harmony's powers
To indulge an ill-tim'd, an unnatural joy?

Should I be forgetful of Sion's blest vale,
From my heart should the deep fix'd impressions
decay,

May my fingers to guide the gay strings ever
fail,
May my tongue still refuse to pour forth the
soft lay.

Oh! father, enthron'd in the mansions of love,
Whose frowns can destroy, and whose smile can
restore,
May Edom the fate of captivity prove,
And feel the distresses thy people deplore.

For, O! when the sword of the mighty is nigh,
When the hand of destruction spreads horror
around,
O'erturn that proud temple exulting they cry,
And level those towers of defence with the
ground.

And shortly, ah! Babylon, thou too shalt drain
From the cup of affliction the bitters of woe,
The queen of all nations no more shalt thou
reign,
But all thy proud honours be humbled and low.

Nay, blest shall they be who in fury arise,
And pierce at the breast the dear pledges of
love,
Whose bosoms regard not the tenderest ties,
Whose pity no moans of misfortune can move.

HARLEY.

SELECTED POETRY.

[A good translation of the works of Anacreon, say the English reviewers, has long been a desideratum in English literature. We are happy to declare it as our opinion that this desideratum is now ably supplied. Mr. Moore seems to have a clear perception of the peculiar graces of the original, and has not been unsuccessful in transfusing them into his native language. His versification is at once polished and easy; and he has imitated, as far, perhaps, as was possible in a translation, that concise simplicity of phrase, which renders the odes of Anacreon so attractive.]

ODE IX.

I pray thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
'I will, I will be mad to night!'
Alcmeon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic pac'd the mountain head;
And why? a murder'd mother's shade
Before their conscious fancy play'd.
But I can ne'er a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me,
Yet can I rave in wild delight,
'I will, I will, be mad to night.'
The son of Jove, in days of yore,
Imbrued his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of the expiring boy;
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
No weapon but this flask of gold,
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers;
Yet, yet can I sing, with wild delight,
'I will, I will be mad to night.'

The classical reader, after perusing this sally of jovial enthusiasm, will remember the dulcest desipere, and the non sanius bacchabor of the carousing HORACE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 5

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1804.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 81.

Vox populi vox dei.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

TO the cosmopolite, in spirit, I know of no more consolatory reflection, or, to the eye of philanthropy, a more exhilarating prospect, than the striking and universal pre-eminence of the modern over the ancient world, even when in the zenith of its reputation, and in the most celebrated eras of its renown. Human reason towers in flights, far beyond the ken of Grecian or Roman philosophy to reach, or their presciences to anticipate; and irradiations of light have beamed upon the world, to whose splendour the boasted perfection of antiquity is as much inferior as that perfection is exalted above the gross ignorance and ferocious barbarism of the eleventh century. Science and the arts have enlarged their empire, and indefinitely multiplied their ramifications; the range of the ratiocinative faculty is incalculably dilated; to the powers of fancy are expanded new and inexhaustible sources of amusement and creation; and the mind reviews, with astonishment and exultation, the extent of its progress, and the variety of its acquisitions.

We emulate the ancients in the distinguishing characteristics of their excellence, and encounter them in the most favourite walks of their genius. To Plato and Aristotle we may oppose, in politics, Locke, Montesquieu, or Machiavel; in criticism, a Johnson or a Blair; in pneumatology, the patient research, luminous method, and profound analysis of Reid and Steward: to the nervous diction and masculine oratory of Demosthenes, the logical precision, and irresistible cogency of Chatham and Fox: to the diffuse, the brilliant, the versatile, and argumentative eloquence of Cicero, the more enlarged philosophy, diversified information, glowing style, ductile imagination, rich and variegated imagery of Burke. The glory of Pliny is lost in the superior lustre of Linnæus and Buffon: the problems of Euclid and Archimedes dwindle into insignificance when contrasted with that vast superstructure of mathematical truth, which the moderns have reared by the instrumentality of algebraic and infinitesimal calculation. From a monstrous compound of visionary theory, and wild, absurd hypothesis, the grand discoveries of Newton and Kepler, the elaborate investigations of La Grange and La Lande, have exalted astronomy to the rank of one of the most extensive and clearly demonstrable, as it is the most sublime and useful of sciences. The invention of glasses, which bring near what is immensely remote, and

render perceptible, what the unassisted eye would search for in vain, which lead up the astronomer's discernment even to the satellites of the Georgium Sidus, and carry down the naturalist's observation as far as the animalcule race, has elucidated an infinitude of phenomena, heretofore deemed inexplicable, and opened new stores of knowledge too abundant for the imagination itself to grasp, too multifarious for the limited period of human life thoroughly to explore.

In the course of this progressive amelioration, the ten closing years of the last century have produced improvements both of theoretic and practical legislation, which more nearly affect and which must ultimately prove more beneficial to society, than any other of which the ingenuity of man can boast. My remarks on this head shall be confined to the most momentous of those improvements, the more complete development and wider diffusion of what the enlightened venerate as the boldest lineament and very seminal principle of the sacred rights of man, I mean the text I have adopted, 'that the voice of the people is the voice of God.' As by the voice of the people is understood the voice of the majority, and as a majority is always composed of those, whom the inanity of pride has contumeliously denominated the vulgar, their voice comes, therefore, not simply as the dictate of the most profound sublunary wisdom, but fortified by the more awful and imposing guise of an emanation from on high. It was at the prospect of a revolution, which promised to propagate and establish this maxim, together with all the unutterable blessings which it necessarily entails, that a juvenile warmth thrilled the frame of doctor Price, that, in the ardor of joyful anticipation, and in the effervescence of a generous zeal, he breaks out, to speak the language of his eloquent antagonist, into 'that beautiful and prophetic ejaculation' nunc demittis, 'Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' He saw, as if in the bird-eye landscape of a promised land, the proximate overthrow of that subordination of rank, so falsely emblazoned as the Corinthian pillar of society, he saw the invidious distinctions of birth and wealth and talent totally exploded; superstition, under the more specious appellation of religion, disrobed of all the ornaments, and divested of all the terrors which the pious credulity of accumulated ages had enabled her to usurp; mankind casting off the thralldom of experience and the clog of prejudice; acquiescing in no domination but that of reason; amalgamated into one promiscuous mass, and consolidated into one equal fraternity. He saw the approaching verification of this prediction of the Gospel, 'that the kingdom of Sion was at hand, that whatever was highest on earth should be brought lowest, and whatever was low should be exalted.' The partial illuminations of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries did but lop the branches, and prune the luxuriance of the feudal despotism: he saw the axe now applied to the root, the sap siccated, and the trunk withered. Mathias and Boccold,

it is true, seemed in those ages to have imbibed one spark of the celestial fire; they seized upon Munster, a city of Westphalia, proclaimed that the spirit of God should alone be their political guide; taught the universal equality of man, and anathematised the office of magistracy, as an unwarrantable encroachment on spiritual independence. Cnipperdoling's voluntary commutation of the consular dignity, for the humble duty of a public executioner, sanctioned those doctrines by an act of self debasement, no less rare than admirable. Unfortunately for their contemporaries, the flame which they lighted up was both circumscribed in its extent, and transient in its duration; the salutary lessons inculcated by the first, and the heroic example of the latter, were equally inefficacious in a warfare against the bigotted hierarchy and too potent aristocracy of the times; it remained for this glorious epoch to prosecute what they had left inchoate, to embrace their principles in the fullest latitude, to give them wider dissemination, and establish them on a more stable basis.

For one conversant with the literature of the ancients, it is almost a work of supererogation to remark, that whatever they possessed of genius the most brilliant, judgment the most solid, or penetration the most acute, militates not only against the letter, but against the spirit of the maxim which forms the subject of the present essay. The works of Plato and Aristotle, of Herodotus and Thucydides, of Xenophon and Plutarch, of all the luminaries of Greece and Rome, illustrious for their experimental knowledge of republican systems, teem with the most unqualified abuse of majorities; their turbulence and venality, their credulity and ingratitude, their indiscriminating vindictive rage, when roused, their wanton oppressive tyranny when armed with power, are themes on which they appear to dwell with the utmost fervor of complacency and energy of invective. They abound in opprobrious epithet, odious simile, and injurious allusion. From their mutability they assimilate the populace to the moon, and enforce the analogy by portraying both bodies as equally opaque, in which there is inherent no native light, whose superficies can only be affected, and whose interior is impervious to the cheering ray. A solitary eagle supports the blaze of the sun better than a myriad of bats; if the chisel of the statuary, and the polish of the artificer are essentially requisite to fashion a stone into the human figure: without their aid that figure would as little spring from a junction of all the stones of the quarry, or the rocks of the mountain. If the union of an infinity of Zenos can never produce an unit, to the unenlightened wisdom of antiquity a similar impossibility would seem to obtain that an infallible decision, or even a judicious choice, should result from an host of men, who, individually, can have no speculative or practical acquaintance with government, whose situation and habits necessarily preclude them from even a moderate insight into the genuine characters of the candidates for their favour.

The celebrated Phocion is said to have been so deeply impressed with these ideas, that he considered the plaudits of the multitude as the most indubitable test of error, and habitually investigated, with peculiar warmth of suspicion, and diligence of scrutiny, the steps of his career, which stood highest in the public estimation. To an undistinguishing eye the melancholy catastrophe of this great man would appear to superadd no contemptible weight to his opinions: he was finally executed, as an infamous delinquent, by the people of Athens, although the boast of Greece for the supereminent endowments of his mind, and the exalted purity of his life.

Whatever loftiness of feeling, or elation of conscious superiority, this retrospect must infuse into the breast of the most illiterate of the present day, I venture to pronounce that those emotions will be greatly invigorated, and the triumph doubly enhanced when the name of Cicero is subjoined in support of the same ignoble cause. With a hand that refined and perfected whatever it touched, with a mind that ranged through every region of science, and penetrated into every subject, however complicated or abstruse; in his political disquisitions alone he walked in error, and groped in obscurity. A most intimate knowledge of human nature, and a long series of years, unremittingly occupied in the midst of popular elections, and in the study of popular passions, instead of leading him in the strait path, served but to widen and multiply his aberrations. His banishment from the republic, after having twice preserved it from destruction, the exaltation of Piso, Lentulus, and 'a funeral train' of ferocious monsters, the subsequent reign of the sanguinary triumvirate, may possibly have conducted to the adoption of those sentiments, so repugnant to the majesty of the people, of which he makes even an ostentatious display. The following argument, already given in substance above, is gravely advanced in the fifth book of the *Tusculano*: 'An quidquam stultius, quam quos singulos contemnas, illos aliquid puta. e esse universos?' In an other philosophical moment, in all the coolness of speculation, he unequivocally declares that the multitude possesses neither reason or prudence, or discrimination or judgment, 'Non ratio, non discrimin, non consilium, non diligentia in vulgo.' His ideas of government wear a similar aspect, 'Statuo esse optime constitutam rempublicam quæ ex intrinsecis generibus illis regali, optimo et populari modice confusa.' This vaunted union and eternal equipoise of the three diverse species, is but the veil of tyranny, the delusive plausibility of interested politicians, fundamentally subversive of real liberty, and every way incompatible with the voice of the people, if free and untrammelled in its operation. Theirs would be the total abolition of the regal authority, the annihilation of the aristocratical, the complete preponderance of the popular. The works of Seneca breathe the same spirit, and strenuously inculcate the same doctrine: the sober moralist treads undeviatingly in the footsteps of his predecessors, dictatorially publishes to the world that nothing is so contemptible as the judgment of the multitude, 'nihil tam inestimabile est quam animi multitudinis,' and omits no opportunity of instilling a preposterous and an aristocratical, but, with him, a favourite maxim, 'estimes judicium non numeros,' estimate opinions by their intrinsic merit, and not by the number of their abettors.

If the reader, from his individual experience, or in the plenitude of his veneration for these great names, be inclined to fluctuate, I would beg leave to suggest, and it should always be premised, that a belief of what is incomprehensible, constitutes the essence of faith. If also, in the course of his historical studies, he should

have encountered obstacles still more formidable, if he should have found that the annals of all democratical institutions uniformly record the triumph of vice, and the depression of virtue; that they are invariably the archives of licentious disorder, and tumultuary violence, of iniquitous intrigue, and shameless corruption, of bloodshed and of massacre, if he should have discovered that whatever is most abhorrent to the understanding and to the heart has been in all ages, sanctioned by the general approbation of a multiplicity of nations, I would again remark, that the ways of providence are inscrutable to man, and that it is a received paralogism in logic to condemn because we do not understand. This country has already felt the genial influence of the preponderance of the majority, it is here that the genius of universal suffrage has selected the seat of his empire; we have opened 'an asylum for oppressed humanity from all parts of the globe;' to that asylum numbers of the oppressed have flown; throwing aside narrow views, and local prejudices, we have demanded no probationary period, but instantaneously made them members of our body corporate, and even elevated them to the rank of our political teachers; we have, indeed, a constitution moulded after a corrupt model, but the framers and the advocates of that constitution we have hurled from power, and in their place have substituted those who know no reverential awe, or puerile scruple, who have already applied the incision knife, and can soon lodge it in the family vault of 'all the Capulets,' these are a part of the effects of this glorious doctrine; to them, and to such as are future, I appeal as the most irrefragable vouchers of its truth and utility.

FLORIAN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOË.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

NO. 3.

Memabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science. Interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kiddnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651

Washington, printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

In pursuance of my engagements, I now present to the public an extract from the first section of the first chapter of this admirable work, which opens in the following manner:

"Man is, by nature, a mighty megalonyx, produced purposely, in a philosophical view, to prowl, pillage,* propagate, and putrify. But circumstances combining to produce an augmentation of the species, and the ratio of individual exigencies increasing beyond that of his energies, he was soon necessitated to circumscribe his natural dispositions, and submit to the slavish requisitions of society. In this state his original temperament preserved its preponderancy. The inclination to take from each other, what each other had accumulated, strengthened. Hence proceeded throes and convulsions. The agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, to wrest its earnings from labour, and the counter current, the disposition to retain produced, agitated the billows of society, and left no shore peaceful. To this wild

condition of civilized man, succeeds a republican organization. Instead of expending his blood and substance for the wretched purpose of exchanging this master for that, he placed the powers of governing him in a plurality of hands of his own choice: so that the corrupt will of no one man might in future oppress him, and, proscribing prerogative, he consolidated the laws in the hands of such plurality. Then succeeded the sum of good government. Then closed the circle of his felicities. Men, restrained from injuring one another, and left otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry or improvement, took not from the mouth of labour the bread it had earned, nor from the belly of industry the butter it had churned.

"About to enter, republicans, upon an examination, which will comprehend every thing dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principle of democracy. I will compress them into the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its modifications. Regular and continued multiplication of men. 'Heat being,' as the great Jefferson says, 'friendly, and moisture adverse, to the production and development of large animals,' a careful collection of fuel for population propensities. Intimacy, commerce, and sexual connection with all women—matrimonial alliances with none—a careful preservation of the whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home, and safety from abroad. The support and elevation of insurgents, Genevans, French, and other imported patriots, as the most competent administrators of our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwark against anti-republican tendencies; a jealous watchfulness over elections, and a studious command of democratic plurality, by the mild and easy infusion, into the rights of suffrage, of foreigners, who, at home, were destined to be lopt by the sword of the law. A well disciplined band of needy expectants, our best reliance in power, and our only sure resort in moments of election. The civil supremacy of a democratic executive, and a prompt corrective for the want of participation in office of those, who are neither honest, capable, nor faithful to the constitution; economy in the public expense, that coaches may be lightly burdened; the punctual payments of Virginia debts from the national purse, and a sacred distribution of offices, according to faith pledged previous to election. Encouragement of Duane, and of Dawson as his hand-maid. Diffusion of jealousies of monarchical designs, and arraignment of all orders of the state at the bar of democratic reason. Freedom for all religions and for atheism—freedom for falsehood—freedom for convicted libellers, under the protection of the power of pardoning—and a trial by juries, selected by marshals appointed out of our own party, or trembling under correcting procedures. These are the bright constellation of principles, which have conducted, or attended, democratic power in all ages and nations, and as they should be the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try those we trust, I thought I could not do better than thus, in the beginning of my history, to give them as conspicuous a place as their importance deserves."

Having shewn the above extract to some democratic friends of mine, they affirm that it is as choice a sample of fine writing as was ever produced in any age or country. It is, say they, cut in the latest and most fashionable *court style*, and closely corrected after the most approved models. As to that 'sublime aliteration,' (for so

* To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot.

POPZ.

* See his Notes on Virginia.

they term it), with which the work opens, they are at a loss for language to express their admiration. According to them, however, our author cannot lay claim to originality in designing this beauty, as they insist he had it in outline from the great Jefferson, who, in his sixth query of his Notes on Virginia, expresses himself in the following elegant manner. 'The truth is that a *pigmy* and a *patagonian*, a *mouse* and a *mammoth*, derive their dimensions from the same nutritive juices.' Again, a sentence or two after, 'But all the *manna* of heaven would never raise a *mouse* to the bulk of the *mammoth*.' These sentences they affirm must have been in the eye of Mr. Kiddnap, and that by them he must have modelled his own. Their candour and justice will not permit them to deny that, in this instance, the disciple has surpassed his master, and reached a point of exquisite refinement, which the original has not attained. In like manner as some of the finest inventions of Homer expand with new graces by the striking attitudes and flowing drapery in which Virgil's genius displays them, I find this beauty of alliteration very popular among all my democratic friends. 'My mind,' said one of them, speaking to me upon this subject, 'often sinks under the majesty of this form of speech, so happily exemplified in the writings of this illustrious head of our sect. Of what infinite talents must not he be possessed, who is able to give thought alphabetical arrangement! What a wide range of intellect, commanding the whole circle of science from alpha to omega, or, to speak more intelligibly, from A, to and-per-se-and. Great writers, like great heroes, have ever been scrupulously precise in marshalling their instruments. Frederic of Prussia not only watched over the great concerns of his camp, but also was attentive to the minutest part of the dress and uniform of his soldiers. Now what is alliteration in style, but words dressed in uniform, which have as great superiority, in point of effect, over the common slovenly mode of composition, as a regular army of Prussian blues would have over a beggarly mob, collected from docks and kennels, on any patriotic emergence. I cannot but hope, therefore, that, before I die, under the sanction of our present chief magistrate, who is, doubtless, in the chair for life, to see some folios written, in which every word shall begin with the favourite letter, and from which every one, not having the established character, shall be driven with as much contempt, as Frederic would have driven from his organised battalions a rustic in shirt-sleeves.'

With respect to that passage, in the preceding extract, which speaks of not taking 'from the mouth of labour the bread it had earned,' my democratic friends are of opinion, that it is, so literally adopted from an expression of the great and original Jefferson, as to amount to a plagiarism, altogether unpardonable, were it not for that conclusion of the sentence, for which Mr. Kiddnap is intitled to the whole credit. They are in rapture at the new idea, he has inserted, of not taking 'from the belly of industry the butter it has churned,' and are chagrined that a thought, at once so natural and so obvious, should have escaped the eye of their admired leader. 'For,' say they, 'all the democrats in the ancient dominion have butter to their bread, so that the latter could not well be taken out of the mouth, without the former came along with it.' Besides, as the design of Mr. Jefferson was, undoubtedly, to show power in one of its most odious exercises, the thought of Mr. Kiddnap, they think, is much more striking, and, of consequence, must proportionally, interest the bosom of philanthropic humanity, or of humane philanthropy, (I forget which ex-

pression they used), to see the hand of tyranny plucking, not simply bread from the mouth, but *bread and butter from the belly of labour*.

The only part of this passage, to which any of my democratic friends objected is the word 'churn.' Some of them thought it was not happy, in the relation in which it stood, inasmuch as the butter must have been churned, before it got into the belly, and they did not recollect any figure of speech, by which this word, could be applied to the processes of digestion. One of my friends, however, more acute than the rest, vindicated Mr. Kiddnap, by observing that he thought the expression correct enough. For as it appeared by Mr. Jefferson's own words, that the *mouth* might *EARN* the bread, he did not see why the *belly* might not, with equal propriety, be said to *CHURN* the butter. It is true that the design of the stomach is to digest the butter, and not to churn it, and so also it may be said, with no less justice, that the design of the mouth is to eat the bread and not to earn it. For his part, he thought Mr. Kiddnap was correct, and had the sanction of the highest authority.

The remainder of this extract, they agreed on all sides, was a perfect piece of composition, whether considered with respect to style or sentiment; altogether worthy of the writer, the party, and the man; so that it deserved to be printed on *white satin*, and form the ornament of chimney pieces and side-boards; an honour which only one or two democratic works have ever before merited.

I have thus given to the public the first transcript from the work under review. In the scope and execution of which, I trust, its taste and curiosity have been abundantly gratified. And I dare promise that the other parts of this rare work will be not less worthy of its attention and esteem. I have also thought it best to suffer this, as I shall future extracts, to be accompanied by the remarks of democrats of taste and discernment; reserving my own opinion to be given at the last. For as I profess not to be of the same sect with Mr. Kiddnap, I am fearful if I should print my own opinions only, without taking notice of the favourable sentiments of his friends, lest it should look like taking advantage of the review of a literary work to inforce political principles and prejudices: than which nothing is more distant from my views. The course I have taken in this, I shall follow in all future numbers. The friends of Mr. Kiddnap, when their opinions are known, shall first be heard on the merits of his work. But I shall reserve to myself the privilege of expressing my own opinion when a proper occasion offers. There is no character of which I am so ambitious as that of an impartial critic.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Ariel, road of Croix, September 8, 1780.

I dare say, my dear friend, my silence for so long a time must have an extraordinary appearance to you, and have excited in your mind various conjectures not much to my advantage. I will now endeavour to make some atonement, by confessing the truth. I have been ashamed to write you an account of the strange variety of events that have taken place, and detained me in port, from the tenth of February until this date.

I wish to pass over these events, for the present, in silence, choosing rather to suffer a little ill-natured misconstruction, than to attempt explanations before the matters are brought to a proper

and final decision. I hope it will then appear that I have been not very fairly treated, and that my conduct has been blameless. M. De C— pursued his resentment to such a length as obliged me in April to pay a visit to the Minister, greatly against my will at that moment, for I then thought myself neglected, and not very well used by him; but I was most agreeably undeceived by the very friendly reception I met with. My every demand was granted respecting the prizes; it became me, therefore, to be very modest. I found that I had C. alone to thank for the altercations at the Texel. He sought to dishonour me, but could not. I had the happiness to be feasted and caressed by all the world at Paris and Versailles except himself. He, however, looked guilty; we did not speak together, not because I had any determined objection, for I love his family, but he could not look me in the face, and fled whenever chance brought us near each other.

Without studying it, I enjoyed over him a triumph as great as I could wish to experience over Jemmy Twitcher. His majesty ordered a superb sword to be made for me, which I have since received, and it is called much more elegant than that presented to the Marquis de la Fayette. On the blade is this inscription, 'Vindicati Maris Ludovicus XV. remunerator strenuo vindici.' His Majesty has also written, by his Minister, the strongest letter that is possible in approbation of my conduct, to the President of Congress, offering to invest me with the cross, an institution of military merit, which I carry with me, for that purpose, to the Chevalier de la Luzerne. The Minister of the Marine has besides addressed a very kind letter to myself, and I have also had the like honour shewn me by the other Ministers. I continue to receive constant marks of esteem and honourable attention from the court, and the ship I now command was lent to the United States in consequence of my application. Nothing has detained me from sailing for this month past, but that my officers and men are still without wages or prize money. There is a strange mystery in this, which, when explained, must surprise C. who pretends to exercise authority over these monies, will I fear persist in withholding them till he obliges me to lay a second complaint against him before the Minister; and if I am reduced to the necessity of this step, he will not come off as well as he has hitherto done, on the score of betraying secrets.

I will take care of your packets, and, as I expect to remain but two or three days longer, I hope to hear from you through the hands of our friend R. M. of Philadelphia. Let me know how Mr. Round Face, first letter, that went lately from Paris to the Hague, is proceeding? I understand he is gone to Amsterdam. I wish he may be doing good. If he should, inadvertently, do evil, as a stranger, I shall, as his fellow-citizen, be very sorry for it, but you, being a native, will hear of it. I confess I am anxious about his situation. The man has a family, and these troublesome times, I wish he were at home to mind his trade and his fire-side, for I think he has travelled more than his fortune can well bear.

Present my respects to Madame, and the virgin muse. I got many little pieces addressed to me while near the court, but I made very little return. When I revisit Europe, and find a moment to see you at the Hague, I will be obliged to you if you please make a C— of my brother knight, for his unremitting attention to me while at the Texel. I have written but twice to your Satan. I am, my dear philosopher, with unalterable regard, your

M. Dumas.

T. P. JON

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT DODSLEY.

[Concluded.]

The intrinsic merit of *Cleone*, as a moral and interesting drama, is universally acknowledged. 'When I heard you read it,' said Dr. Johnson to Mr. Langton, as reported by Mr. Boswell, 'I thought higher of its power of language. When I read it myself, I was more sensible of its pathetic effect. If Otway had written this play, no other of his pieces would have been remembered.' Dodsley himself, upon this being repeated to them, said, 'It was too much.'

It will not, indeed, stand in competition with the tragedies of Otway or Southerne; but it is not, upon the whole, inferior to any that have been brought upon either stage for the last fifty years, except 'Douglas.' It is equally free from the bombast and rant of a 'Barbarossa,' and from the flowery whine and romantic softness of 'Philoclea,' but at the same time it wants the majesty of diction, and high reach of thought, essential to the dignity of a perfect tragedy. The plot is too thin; the scenes are too barren of incidents, at least of important ones, and the language, in general, too much, though not altogether destitute of poetry. It contains, however, some happy expressions and striking sentiments. The circumstance of Siffroy's giving his friend directions concerning his wife, has some degree of similarity to Posthumus's orders in 'Cymbeline.' In the two last acts, he appears to the greatest advantage: *Cleone's* madness, in particular, over her murdered infant, being highly pathetic.

This tragedy has lately been revived by Mrs. Siddons; but so strong were the feelings which her exquisite performance of *Cleone* excited on the first night of acting, that the house was thin on the second night, and the play was dropped.

In 1760, he published his last separate work, the *Select Fables of Æsop*, and other *Fabulists*, in three books, with the *Life of Æsop*, and an *Essay on Fable*, 8vo. This work added greatly to his reputation. It is indeed a classical performance, both in regard to the elegant simplicity of the style, and the propriety of the sentiments and characters. The first book contains ancient, the second modern, and the third original fables; the stories in the third book are wholly invented by Dodsley and his friends. The *Life of Æsop*, by M. Mezeriac, is the only *Life of Æsop* that is consistent with common sense; that of *Planudes* being a ridiculous medley of absurd traditions, or equally absurd inventions. The *Essay* considers the fable regularly; first, with relation to the moral; secondly, the actions and incidents; thirdly, the persons, character, and sentiments; and, lastly, the language. This is one of the first pieces of criticism, in which rules are delivered for this species of composition drawn from nature, and by which these small and pleasing kind of productions that were thought to have little other standard than the fancy, are brought under the jurisdiction of the judgment. Dodsley has been so eminently successful in his design, that the propriety of his remarks cannot be disputed, except only in a single instance; in which, alluding to the well-known fable of the 'Fox and the Grapes,' he says, 'a fox should not be said to long for grapes;' because the appetite is not consistent with its known character. It is not so in the east. Dr. Hasselquist, in his 'Travels,' observes, that the fox is an animal common in Palestine; and that it destroys the vines, unless it is strictly watched. Solomon also says, in 'Canticles' ii. 15. 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have

tender grapes.' Before he committed the *Essay* to the press, he subjected it to the revision of his literary friends, and especially of Shenstone.

In 1761, he published a collection of *Fugitive Pieces*, by Spence, Cooper, Lord Whitworth, Mr. Burke, Mr. Clubbe, Dr. Lancaster, Dr. Hill, and other elegant writers, in 2 vols, 8vo.

In 1763, he published the works of his amiable and ingenious friend Shenstone, in 2 vols, 12mo; to which he prefixed a short account of his life and writings, and added a description of the *Leasowes*.

His 'Description of *Persefield*,' in a letter to Shenstone, is preserved in Hull's 'Select Letters,' between the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Luxborough, Mr. Whistler, Miss. Dolman, Shenstone, Dodsley, &c. in 2 vols, 1778.

In the course of his profession, Dodsley acquired a very handsome fortune, which enabled him to retire from the active part of business, which devolved on his brother and partner, Mr. James Dodsley, the present respectable bookseller in Pall-Mall. During the latter years of his life he was much troubled with the gout, to which, at length, he fell a martyr, while he was upon a visit to his friend Spence, at Durham, Sept. 5, 1764, in the sixty-first year of his age. Spence paid the last kind office to his remains. He was buried in the Abbey church-yard of Durham, and the following inscription was engraved on his tomb-stone.

If you have any respect
For uncommon industry and merit,
Regard this place
In which are deposited, the remains of
MR. ROBERT DODSLEY;
Who, as an author, raised himself
Much above what could have been expected
From one in his rank of life,
And without a learned education;
And who, as a man, was scarce
Exceeded by any in integrity of heart,
And purity of manners and conversation.
He left this life for a better,
Sept. 25, 1764,
In the 61st year of his age.

A second volume of his *Miscellanies* was published in 8vo, 1772. The volume contains *Cleone*, *Melpomene*, *Agriculture*, and the *Economy of Human Life*. The editions of the *Economy of Human Life* are too numerous to be specified. His *Agriculture*, *Melpomene*, and other poems, are now, for the first time received into a collection of classical English poetry.

His character was very amiable and respectable. As a tradesman, he preserved the greatest integrity; as a writer, the most becoming humility. Mindful of the early encouragement which his own talents met with, he was ever ready to give the same opportunity of advancement to those of others; and on many occasions he was not only the publisher, but the patron of genius. There was no circumstance by which he was more distinguished, than by the grateful remembrance which he retained, and always expressed towards the memory of those to whom he owed the obligation of being first taken notice of in life. Modest, sensible, and humane; he retained the virtues which first brought him into notice, after he had obtained wealth sufficient to satisfy every wish which could arise from the possession of it. He was a generous friend, an encourager of men of genius, and acquired the esteem and respect of all who were acquainted with him. It was his happiness to pass the greatest part of his life in an intimacy with men of the brightest abilities, whose names will be revered by posterity; by most of whom he was loved as

much for the virtues of his heart, as he was admired on account of his writings.

As an author, he is entitled to considerable praise. His works are recommended by an ease and elegance, which are sometimes more pleasing than a more laboured and ornamented manner of writing. His prose is familiar, and yet chaste. His *Essay on Fable* will be a durable monument of his ingenuity. In his dramas he has always kept in view the one great principle, *delectando pariterque monendo*, some general moral is constantly conveyed in each of his plans, and particular instructions are displayed in the particular strokes of satire. The dialogue, at the same time, is easy; the plots simple; and the catastrophe interesting and pathetic. In verse, his compositions sufficiently show what genius alone, unassisted by learning, is capable of executing. His subjects are well chosen and entertaining; the diction is chaste and elegant; the sentiments, if not sublime, are manly and pleasing; and the numbers, if not exquisitely polished, are easy and flowing.

Of his poetical production, his *Agriculture*, a *Georgic* in three cantos, is the most considerable. The subject is such as must be grateful and entertaining to every Briton; and though, in the execution, there are imperfections impossible to be overlooked by a critical eye, yet there are a number of beauties in it deserving of applause; and those who may have reason to condemn the poet, will find ample cause to commend the patriot. Indeed, to write a truly excellent *Georgic*, is one of the greatest efforts of the human mind. Perfectly to succeed in this species of poetry, requires a Virgil's genius, judgment, exquisiteness of taste, and power of harmony. The general economy of this *Georgic* is judicious; it contains several exalted sentiments; and the descriptions are often delicate and well expressed. But, at the same time, the diction is frequently too prosaic, many of the epithets are inadequate, and in some places, sufficient attention is not paid to the powers of the versification.

In the first canto, after having generally proposed his intention, addressed it to the Prince of Wales, and invoked the Genius of Britain, he proceeds to consider husbandry as the source of wealth and plenty; and therefore recommends it to landlords not to oppress the farmer, and to the farmer that he should be frugal, temperate, and industrious. After giving an account of the instruments of husbandry, he describes a country statute, and introduces the episode of Patty, the fair milk-maid. The next objects offered to view are the farmer's poultry, kine, hogs, &c. with their enemies, the kite, the fox, the badger, and such other animals as prey upon the produce of the farm, or impede the industrious labours of the husbandman; and we are shown how the cultivation of the former, and the destruction of the latter contribute alternately to provide him with business or amusement: whence we are led to contemplate the happiness of a rural life; to which succeeds an address to the great to engage them in the study of agriculture. An allegorical explanation of nature's operations on the vegetable world, with a philosophical system, built on the experimental foundation laid by Dr. Hales, concludes the canto. The address to the Genius of Britain is pleasing, and the description of the Fair Milk-maid is exquisitely beautiful.

The second canto begins with instructions for meliorating soils, according to their diversity, whether they consist of sand, loam, or clay. Mr. Tull's principles and practice are particularly taken notice of, and those of the Middlesex gardeners. Directions are also given for various manures, and other methods are pointed out for

the improvement and inclosure of lands; the respective uses of the several forest trees are distinguished; the advantages arising from plantations pointed out; and rules are presented for their successful cultivation. To these succeed some observations on gardening, wherein the taste for straight lines, regular platforms, and elipt trees, imported from Holland at the Revolution, is exploded. These are succeeded by a few compliments to some modern gardens, Chiswick, Richmond, Oatlands, Esher, Woburn, and Hagley; a description of those of Epicurus, and a celebration of his morals. The apostrophe to the Genius of Gardens is happily introduced; and the description of the Gardens of Epicurus is rich and luxuriant.

In the third canto are described hay-making, harvest, and the harvest-home; a method is prescribed for preventing the hay from being mow-burnt, or taking fire. Other vegetable, fossil, and mineral productions peculiar to England are praised. From the culture and produce of the earth, we have a transition to the breeding and management of sheep, cows, and horses; of the latter there are descriptions according to their respective uses; whether for draught, the road, the field, the race, or for war. The portraits of the two last, which are eminently beautiful, conclude the poem.

Of his other poems, his Melpomene may be considered as the greatest effort of his poetical genius. It cannot indeed vie in sublimity and enthusiasm with the lyric compositions of Dryden, Akenside, Collins, Gray, and Mason. It has a more moderate degree of elevation, and poetic fire. It is animated without being rhapsodical, and joins ardent sentiment and picturesque description, to correctness, harmony, and happy expression. His picture of Despair, in the Region of Terror, is finely drawn, and only inferior to that of Spenser. The portrait of Rage is equally happy in the designing, and the expression. In the Region of Pity, the image of a beautiful maid expiring on the corse of a brave lover, who has been killed in vindicating her honour, is affectingly picturesque. That of a too credulous and injured beauty, is equally striking and beautiful, and pregnant with a necessary moral caution.

Of his Art of Preaching, in imitation of Horace's 'Art of Poetry,' the rules are well adapted, and exemplified, and the versification is smooth and elegant. His Songs, in point of tenderness, delicacy, and simplicity, are not inferior to any composition of that kind in the English language.

Most of his smaller pieces may be read with pleasure. His just retort on Burnet, for calling Prior in his 'History of his Own Times,' one Prior, is probably remembered by most readers of poetry.

LEVITY.

AUTHENTICATED ETYMOLOGIES.

When the seamen on board the ship of Christopher Columbus after a series of fatigues came in sight of S. Salvador, they burst out into exuberant mirth and jollity. 'The lads are in a merry key,' cried the commodore. *America* is now the name of half the globe.

Antiquarians say, that an old Negro at Cape Cod, whenever his master required any thing of him, would exclaim, '*Massa chuse it.*' Thence in time the name of *Massachusetts*.

The girls of Palmyra, when romping with the fellows, often cried out. '*The boys tear us.*' This gave rise to the word *Boisterous*.

The city of *Albany* was originally settled by Scotch people. When strangers on their arrival there asked how the new comers did? the

answer uniformly was, '*Albany.*' The spelling we find a little altered, but not the sound.

When Julius Cæsar's army lay encamped at *Ticonderoga*, near two thousand years ago, the deserters were commonly tied upon a battery ram and flogged: When any culprit was brought out, the commanding centurion would exclaim. '*Tie on the rogue!*' The name we see has worn well,

A fat landlady who, about the time of the flight of Mahomet from Mecca, lived between New-Orleans and the Chickasaw cliffs, was scarcely ever unfurnished with pigeon sea pie; and thence got the name of *Mrs. sea pie*. The enormous river *Mississippi* owes its name to this fat landlady.

In the reign of Dermot O'Mullogh in the kingdom of Connought about the beginning of the second century, a noisy fellow of the name of *Pat Riot* made himself very conspicuous. The word *Patriot* has come down to us perfect and unimpaired.

When Nebuchadnezzar took the tour of Asia, coming to the eastern part of it, he was one day asked by the cook, 'if his imperial majesty could relish a chine of pork?' With a brow frowning dark as Erebus and in a voice of thunder the monarch cried, *Chine! ha!* The affrighted cook fled, and the exclamation became the name of the first kingdom upon the face of the earth.

The term *Hurricane* is supposed to take its rise from one *Harry Kane*, a turbulent Irishman who lived at Antigua. Indeed the very name *Antigua* is now well known to be derived from an avaricious old female planter who once lived on the island and was always called by the sailors, *Aunt Eager*.

When the French first settled on the banks of the river St. Lawrence, they were stinted by the intendant to a can of spruce beer a day. The people thought this measure very scant and every moment articulated a *Can a day!* It would be ungenerous in our readers to desire a more rational derivation of the word *Canada*.

A jolly West-Indian, whenever the neighbouring girls came to his plantation insisted on their sipping his choicest syrups and reiterated the terms '*My Lasses*;' thence the name of that syrup. Few words have aberrated from their primaries less than this.

A tipling hussey of Grand Cairo in the reign of Ptolomy Philadelphus, was forever frequenting public houses and sipping gin and brandy without paying a single farthing; and by this prudent management obtained the name of *Polly Tick*.—The elder Scaliger, Duns Scotus, and Erasmus, all declare, that the well known word *Politick*, or *Policks*, is derived from this artful trollop.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FINE ARTS.

[In the following article the amateur will meet with much pleasing information respecting the more celebrated paintings of Sir BENJAMIN WEST, an American genius, who, most unaccountably, prefers the banks of the Thames to the banks of the Delaware, and chooses to tint historic canvas, under the patronage of his KING, rather than to paint sign boards for some republican major in the militia, or cover with *Spanish brown* the dead flat of some Quaker, out of pure brotherly love and affection.]

Thee, West, the various powers of art obey,
The great, the graceful, terrible, and gay;
With equal ease thy skillful pencil roves
Thro' flowery fields, with Venus and her doves,
Gives us the classic scene, the sober gloom,
The learned tone of Archimedes' tomb;
In warmer tints bids gayer scenes arise,
Bids fair Calypso charm in airy dyes.
Who can, unmov'd, thy *Regulus* behold?
Who see that scene, and yet his praise withhold?

Where, nobly stern of soul, the chieftain stands
Unmov'd, 'mid weeping, supplicating bands;
Turns from the scenes that nurs'd his early years,
Though love and friend-hip court his stay with tears,
Though Carthage bids her fires of torture burn,
And on her shores death waits for his return.
See too where WOLFE, the dying hero, lies,
Who beams expression though from fading eyes,
Who calls on glory with his parting breath,
And grasps the laurel in the arms of death.
Yet not to scenes of earth alone confin'd,
The fire and ardent temper of thy mind
Give thee the secrets of the abyss to spy,
Upon the seraph wings of extacy;
To paint what he, in Parnos, who heard cry
The warning voice, that sounded from on high,
Saw in the apocalypse, when Heaven reveal'd
Visions till then from mortal eyes conceal'd,
When he, the conqueror, went forth; when, to slay,
Went forth the Power that takes all peace away.

NOTES RELATIVE TO THE PAINTINGS OF MR. WEST.

The following notes pretend to no critical knowledge. They were simply dictated by the admiration which was created in me by those talents which produced the pictures here noticed. It may not be improper to mention that I fixed upon the paintings here more particularly described, rather because they conveniently offered themselves as proofs of versatility of talents, than on account of any pre-eminence they may have over the rest of Mr. West's works.

NOTE I.

Cicero discovering the tomb of Archimedes to the Magistrates of Syracuse.

This picture is classic; and the air, and character of the features, the introduction of the lictors, and Consular chariot, the costume, the buildings, the scenery, in short all the component parts are purely so. The combination of forms, and the general air of the buildings, and surrounding landscapes are such, that while we behold them, we imagine ourselves carried back to the age in which the discovery here represented actually took place and planted, amid the sages who are the actors in the scene. Every thing is perfectly in character with the solemn dignity which belongs peculiarly to scenes of this nature. The clouded sky; and the smoke of Mount Ætna, mounting with difficulty, and labouring through a heavy atmosphere, are in perfect concord with the subject. Indeed there is not the form, or character of foliage of a tree, the shape, or colour of a fragment of stone, or the course or tone of a streamlet of water, that does not tend to advance the prime object of the painter.

It has been said, but surely without foundation, that this picture is in the manner of Poussin. It certainly has that composed solemnity which is almost personified in his pictures, and the subject is such as Poussin loved to paint; and this is all the resemblance. The composition of Poussin's groups is generally diffuse, much dispersed, and, if I may so express myself, stringy; and the character which he gave to all his figures, upon all occasions, was a transcript of some statue or bas-relief: he rather loved to paint the simple elements of a passion, and to represent a general idea of man, than to discriminate between this or that national character; and in his pictures we only know from the symbols, and allegory, which he introduced, whether we are on the banks of the Jordan, the Nile, or the Tiber. In Mr. West's picture, the composition of the principal group, is well knit and firm; and the character given to all the personages is such as suits them individually.

The point of time chosen for the picture, is that on which Cicero points out to the astonished and admiring Syracusians the tomb of the philosopher at the entrance of a grave, w

are busily employed, with proper implements, in removing the trees, and shrubs that concealed it. We are informed that the tomb of Archimedes, was marked by a sphere and a cylinder; but, as these forms would not of themselves possess sufficient consequence for the purposes of the painter, he has raised them upon a sarcophagus. Behind the group in which Cicero is conspicuous, waits his chariot, preceded by the lictors. Further back in the picture are several spectators, some mounting the eminence on which the principal figures stand. In the distance is the city, from the gates of which the inhabitants, who may be supposed to have heard of the discovery, are rushing out—Mount Ætna occupies the remote distance.

NOTE II.

THE CALYPSO.

The style of Albano does not form a stronger contrast with that of Michael Angelo, than does 'the Calypso' with 'the tomb of Archimedes'; nor is the latter of these pictures less admirable than the former, for the manner in which every thing is made subordinate, to one predominant character, and a strict observance of the subject.

The point of time chosen is that on which Telemachus, and Mentor first meet Calypso and her nymphs, after the shipwreck. Telemachus seems to address the goddess with awe, and diffidence; but in the severe frown, and stern regard, which accompany the eye of scrutiny with which Mentor beholds her, we recognize the penetration and distrust of the concealed Minerva. Calypso is stepping before her nymphs, with that majestic air which Fenelon makes her assume on the occasion. Behind the principal group, are other nymphs dancing and playing on the timbrel.

All crude and raw tints are kept out of the picture, and it appears to be pervaded by a soft and tender atmosphere, which governs the whole with most complete harmony. The light is not an open sunshine, but such as is given by the watery rays of the sun, when flowing from behind a cloud after rain. The manner in which the principal group is composed and borne out by its own shadow, deserves the highest commendation. The sky, the distance, the waves still heaving, and feeling the influence of the past storm, are all happily coloured, formed, and touched. The pencilling of the foliage in the trees is admirable, and totally unlike that in the 'tomb of Archimedes.'

NOTE III.

The 'Regulus,' and the 'Wolfe' are too well known to the lovers of art, to need any comment. Those who suppose that the latter of these pictures has derived the general admiration, it has met with, from the circumstance of the faces being all portraits, must have as little knowledge, as taste, and judgment in matters relative to the art. I was sorry to find the following note appended to one of Dr. Beattie's Essays—'An historical picture, like West's death of Wolfe, in which the faces are all portraits of individual heroes, and the dresses according to the present mode, may be more interesting now than if these had been more picturesque, and those expressive of different modifications of heroism. But in a future age, when the dresses become unfashionable, and the faces are no longer known as portraits, is there not reason to fear that this excellent piece will lose its effect?' Surely Dr. Beattie does not mean to say that the picture does now receive its effect, as he terms it, from the circumstance of the faces being portraits, and the dresses being fashionable.

I might quote Rubens as an instance that modern dresses may be introduced even into the company of the gods, and goddesses of ancient Greece; though not without censure from many. But does Dr. Beattie, or do those who shall assent to his opinion, when it may be defined, think that only one style of drapery is to be given to the personages of an historic or dramatic painting; that Mr. West should have wrapped the limbs of his Wolfe, his Moncton, and the other figures of that painting, in the blue, red, and yellow blankets of Florence, or in the seraglio trappings of Rubens? And that (in order to secure himself, in future ages, applause as strong as that which has been showered upon the picture in the present) he should have changed the face of Wolfe, because it had not the ideal beauty, for the features of Mr. Townley's Pericles, or the hat of the former for the more classic helmet of the latter? Or can it be supposed by any one that the subject is improper for the pencil? I know that Sir Joshua Reynolds was persuaded to think so before he saw the picture; but the greatest men are obnoxious to error; and I know that when he did see it, when he beheld the wonderful powers of composition, the irresistible force of nature, of expression, and truth that it contained, he needed no arguments to induce him to change his opinion.

Heroes have been hitherto so monopolized, by the proud accoutrements of Chivalric pomp, by the tunic, the breast-plate, the morrion, and the habergeon, that it certainly required some boldness to combat the erroneous opinion that had gone abroad, deduced falsely from principles that could not support it. A hero in boots, and breeches, undoubtedly requires that some management should be bestowed upon him before he can impress us, with the veneration we should feel for him, when arrayed in the prescriptive habiliments of the heroes of antiquity. The cocked hat of one of our Generals has not so imposing an air, as the helmet of a Greek; and, in sound at least, the *surremides Agais* have an advantage over the 'well booted Hessians;' and even if the forms of different parts of ancient and modern dress, should be passed over without a comparison, the modern attire may lose something of its consequence from being familiar to our eyes; while the ancient, as with the generality of mankind, according to Tacitus, *omne ignotum pro magnifico est*, gains as much from being too rare for common, or frequent inspection. I can readily allow myself to be persuaded, that if the target and the helmet were as frequent in our streets, as are the parasols, and plumed hats of our ladies, we should (setting aside gallantry) behold the latter with at least as much respect as we should be inclined to pay to the former.

But the judicious painter can conceal, or even turn to his advantage, by particular incidents of light and shadow, those objects which common opinions deem to be unfavourable to his art. An example of this is before us in the picture now mentioned. The hat of the general is placed upon the ground, so as to be of great service in breaking the flatness of a large mass of light, the stock round his neck, answers the same purpose; both of the objects operating in the painting, as a discord introduced into a musical composition; like that, too, they arrest the attention, and fix it upon particular points.

I dare hope and believe that this picture will be instrumental in overthrowing a great, and injurious prejudice: it has already been imitated, and has given a new light to the historic painting of almost all Europe. What the objections may be that can be set in array against the subject, I know not; it is not merely

historic, it is dramatic, as circumscribed by historic truth; and every subject of this kind, be its accompaniments, its accidents what they may, is proper for the pencil. Must we only paint Romans and Greeks? Can no human being, be the hero of a picture until he has ceased to live for a thousand years?

We have sufficient proof from other paintings far inferior to this, that the dresses of a picture cannot influence its fate, unless it is bad in other respects, who can believe that the scene in which Calas and his daughters are the chief actors (by Chodowiecki) will ever cease to affect and interest? yet the draperies are less favourable in that work to the purposes of the artist (according to received notions) than the 'Wolfe.' But, like Mr. West, Chodowiecki knew that the object of the dramatic (or, if you will have it to be a simple history, the historic) painter is, to make, form, composition, and colour, but the vehicles of passion and expression, of truth and nature.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Time, which is continually washing away the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of SHAKSPEARE.....Dr. Johnson's Preface.

FIRST COMPLETE EDITION IN AMERICA,

FROM THE TEXT OF THE

BEST EDITORS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Hugh Maxwell and Thomas S. Manning,
Propose to publish, during the month of April ensuing.

VOLUME I. OF THE

PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH

THE CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

NOTES,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON AND GEORGE STEEVENS.

From the fifth and latest London edition, published in 1803....revised and augmented

BY ISAAC REID.

WITH A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

Sweet SWAN of Avon, what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear.
With all those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and King James!
But stay...I see thee in our *beni-phure*
Advanc'd, and made a constellation here....
Shine forth, thou STAR OF POETS, and, with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage.
BEN JONSON.

TERMS.

The first complete edition, in America, of Shakspeare will be contained in sixteen volumes, duodecimo.

It will be printed in a style, eminently beautiful, on a fine cream-coloured woven paper, with a type entirely new and cast for the purpose, by Messrs. Binny and Ronaldson.

The Proprietors pledge themselves, that it shall surpass the London edition in neatness of mechanical execution, and rival it in fidelity and correctness.

It will be printed under the immediate direction and superintendence of an Editor, assisted by several men of letters.

The price, to subscribers, will be one dollar and fifty cents per volume, in boards; to non-subscribers, one dollar and seventy-five cents.

The inferior copy of the last London edition, in 21 vols. boards, sells for FIFTY-ONE DOLLARS; more than double the price of the proposed edition, which the Proprietors have resolved shall, from its cheapness, as well as elegance, deserve the notice of the Public.

To consult the economy or the taste of different Purchasers, an edition will be printed in a compressed, cheap and portable form, without the notes, in 8 vols. 12mo. price one dollar per volume in boards.

It is contemplated to print one volume every month, from the time of commencement, until the work be completed.

The Proprietors sanguinely hope that the liberality of the Public will be conspicuous in the support of a work of singular magnitude, to which intense labour and great expense are necessarily incident.

Dr. Toulmin will soon publish a small volume entitled "Addresses to young men." The subjects on which they turn are sobermindedness, religion, the pursuit of Knowledge, company, conversation, sympathy towards the sex and marriage, and on application to trade, on professional subjects of interest and importance to the manners and happiness of youth.

A new and improved edition of Byron's short Hand, edited by Mr. Molineux of Macclesfield is preparing for publication.

Clio, or a Discourse on Taste. Addressed to a Lady. A new Edition, illustrated by Notes, Anecdotes, and Quotations, adopted to the present Era, By J. Mathew, Esq. A Deputy Lieutenant of the County, and late Captain in the South Battalion of Middlesex Militia; Author of Letters, written during the war in Indian, Political Strictures, Poems, &c.

Few Works have been more popular, or ran through a greater number of Editions, than Clio: It has, however, for some years been out of print, and since the days of its Author, such a variety of revolutions have occurred in the circumstances of the world, that some elucidation appeared necessary in order to produce the effect intended by the original publication. In the humble hope of contributing in a slight degree to this object, the present edition is respectfully offered to the Public, with the Addition of Notes on some part of the Text, which appeared not perfectly applicable to the present Era; Anecdotes of deceased and living personages adduced as examples of asserted facts; and Quotations from Authors who have written on the subjects, of Taste, Genius, and the Fine Arts. The ease and familiarity of style in which the Work is written, cannot fail of being pleasing to every person of real taste; and from being entirely free from abstruse disquisition, or quotations in the learned languages, it will probably prove peculiarly acceptable to the Ladies, to whom it is more particularly addressed.

Sold by Longman and Rees, Paternoster-row; and Emery and Adams, Bristol.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

A Political writer in England, thus describes the situation of two of the Continental Powers. Spain is intirely under the influence of France. The Spanish government has been, hitherto, suffered to remain neutral in the war, because, no doubt it appeared its services might be, thus, more effectually useful to France, than if it had openly but unwillingly taken part in the hostilities against England. How long this neutrality may be suffered to continue seems uncertain.

Germany remains, for the present, tranquil wherever it is not oppressed by the armies of France, or subjected otherwise, to inconveniences in consequence of the precautions which England is obliged to take against the dangers of naval enterprizes from the German ports in the power of France. Austria augments its troops and makes every defensive preparation which its revenues will bear without alarming the jealousy of those states by which it is viewed with fear or rivalry. Prussia, on the one hand fearfully cajoling France; on the other hand, still striving to rise to a new ascendancy over the house of Austria, maintains, also a great army in perfect discipline. Bavaria having lately risen to new importance among the powers of the German empire keeps up also a great military force, and watches the movements and designs of its neighbours with assiduity. The smaller powers remain in a certain subjection to the views of those three greater ones and to the influence of France. On the other hand, there is not, now, an appearance as if any state in Germany would interfere in the present war.

The perfectibility of human nature is said to be one of the favourite tenets of the creed of Mr. Jefferson. To make a trial which shall test the correctness, of this opinion, a very favorable opportunity offers in our lately acquired territory of Louisiana. Here is ample scope for an experiment. The pupils would be the children of nature, the savages of the forest, whose minds are unadulterated with the prejudices of civilized life, unshackled with its useless restraints, and unembarrassed with too much regulation. Mr. J. might make himself president for life of this Utopia, and perhaps realise some of his fondest dreams.

"No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpet kindle war no more;
But useful lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end."

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowing bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forkey tongues shall innocently play."

We are happy to preceive that the London Booksellers, have announced the publication of the first vol. of the Annual review or history of Literature for 1802, to be continued annually. A. Aiken, Editor.

The plan of this work, is such as to combine the characters, both of a review and a history of Literature, and it is hoped that, upon the whole, its execution will be found, to be not unworthy of the rank, to which it aspires. The division into chapters corresponding with the various branches of human knowledge, each of which is preceded by an historical introduction, will, we doubt not, be acknowledged to be equally advantageous as novel. Even for temporary purposes, and for an increased interest in the

present perusal, an orderly arrangement is preferable to a miscellaneous, and disproportionate mixture; and for future research, for the ease and convenience with which it may be consulted respecting any particular work, or class of Literature it possesses a clear superiority over all other similar publications. From the compressed, yet handsome manner in which it is printed, this single volume contains as much as is comprized in the three volumes of any monthly series; by which the double advantage is secured of diminishing the expense to the Purchaser, and occupying less space in the Library. The publication of this first volume, has been so long delayed by a most unfortunate accident, and by the Editor's inexperience in the details of management, that we must forego, in the present instance, the merit which it would otherwise have possessed as an *early* review of books. Arrangements have, however, been made, which for the future will obviate this disadvantage; and we do not mean to deceive the public, when we announce, that the second and all succeeding volumes will make their appearance in the month of March, in every year. The Proprietors and Editor have only to add, that as no pains have been spared, nor expense declined, in procuring the assistance of men in every respect well qualified for the office, they boast that this work will in no respect be found inferior to any other critical publication.

This vol. is a large royal Octavo, Price a Guinea *in Extra boards covered with green paper.

The following whimsical letter appeared in one of the English papers the last year, and we understand that the author's eccentricity obtained him the hand of the fair one to whom it was addressed.

Miss,

You demand of me my lineage, my birth, parentage, &c. Briefly then, I am an Indian—one of the aboriginals of America—descended from a sachem of known valour and merit—my father, a chief of one of the small western tribes, and, in his own country, passes for a great man. His coat of arms is a tomma-hawk and scalping knife, which are considered, in America, of equal rank with the Lion and Unicorn of Great Britain. My mother is a descendant from one of the great families of the south, and, if ever such a nation did exist, is probably of Amazonian extract. She, like all other Americans, is of a good stature, handsome featured, long black hair, and a fine bright copper complexion. The barbarity of your English customs has clipped my hair till it insensibly became a crop. I hope my descent may not be frowned upon by your ladyship. If I am not quite so much of the copper complexion as you might expect from this description, I can only say that European polish has taken it off. This, my dear lady, is all I know of myself, except that I am excessively enamoured of you—and, unless you prove more kind to my wishes, I certainly shall recross the Atlantic, and drown myself in the Muskingum or Wabash.

The motto of the English arms is 'Honi soit qui mal-y-pense.' A Yorkshire wag, reading it on the sign of a public inn, rendered it thus—'Honey, suet, quills, and malt pens.'

The motto of the English ambassador's (Mr. Merry) coat of arms is 'Toujours Gai,' *always merry*.

* The annual subscription of the monthly critical Journals in boards is £1. 19, and this vol. contains an equal quantity of matter.

The Editor of the National *Aegis*, a democratic paper, thus candidly appreciates the worth of Connecticut wit and humour. "We are always pleased with sterling wit and pungent satire, wherever it may be found, and whatever may be the subject. We cannot, therefore, withhold our tribute of applause from the anniversary ode in the Connecticut Courant, intitled 'Sketches of the Times.' It is a legitimate offspring of the sportive muse, which brought forth Hudibras, and presided at the birth of MacFingal. Without approving the invective, or subscribing to the political sentiments of the author, we feel ourselves at liberty to laugh at his wit, and to admire his genius."

THE SAILOR'S FAREWEL.

By Dr. Ogilvie.

Hark! the hollao, that calls us away!
Tom, fill up a bumper in haste;
While the ship lies unmor'd in the bay,
Let us drink to the days that are past.

Let us drink, jolly boys, ere we part,
To our mates that carouse on the shore,
To the friend whom we lodge in our heart;
To the nymph whom we prize as our store.

Adieu to the hut in the vale,
To the secret recess in the grove;
To old Ned, with October so stale;
To Molly, the maid of my love:

To the joys of the feast and the glass,
Where beauty displays all her charms;
To the song and the buxom young lass,
That melts in the sound in your arms.

See the mainsail that floats on the wind,
Hark! they heave up the anchor!—Gee ho!
Our friends stand assembled around,
While the shores all re-echo—hillo!

Let the heart of each Britain rejoice
At the shouts that resound from the main;
'Tis the spirit of England, brave boys,
That swells in the slow rolling strain.

Farewel to our dear native home,
And our sweet little pastimes of yore;
O'er the wide spreading ocean we roam,
And may see the old hamlet no more.

Yet the heart of a sailor can feel
For his friends, for his country's repose;
To these he presents the smooth peel;
And the rough oak beneath—to their foes.

Ye breezes, blow fair from the land!
Thou Power, on all nature impress'd,
Who holds the wild winds in thy hand,
O smooth the rough billows to rest.

They fill the loose sails as they glide;
The landscape recedes from the view;
In our broad wake, we furrow the tide—
Ye shores of old England, adieu!

SONNET.

THE VILLAGE SABBETH.

The farm-house left, from upland hills and dells,
The rustic troop crowd thro' the church-yard lane;
With lively chime resound the busy bells,
As wind their footsteps to the ivy'd fane.
Dress'd in their Sunday shoes, their milk-white frock,
The lisping youngsters trudge with shining face;
The curate, watchful shepherd of his flock,
Smiles on his charge with unaffected grace.
His partner, doctor, of the peasant train,
Her offspring by, showers blessings as she goes;
Their little hands huge books of prayer sustain,
Their cheeks more ruddy than the damask rose!
Best emblems of the golden age!—how few,
Scenes of tranquillity, like your's pursue.

THE HOPEFUL YOUTH.

A man who saw his son quite handy
Toss off a glass of strong French brandy;
Neddy, cried he, ah don't do so,
For liquor is our greatest foe.
But we are taught to love our foes,
Quoth Ned, so, father, here it goes.

Recal, Clarinda, to thy breast,
The moments past and o'er,
When tho' we were, ah! too, too blest,
We sigh'd for something more.

When I was doating and content,
And thou, Clarinda, dear,
With new desires my soul was rent,
And thine with jealous fear.

Oh, had we with discretion lov'd,
And sometimes thou deny'd,
We ne'er the sick disgust had prov'd,
Nor o'er past fondness sigh'd.

Ah, parricide delight, the flame
That gave thee birth, is cloy'd,
The traitor bliss, like Judas, came,
And with a kiss destroy'd.

The subjoined *retort courtois* was occasioned by a cynical allusion in a late Port Folio.

With learning's magic spell,
Shall gentle ladies charm you,
When ignorance can tell—
A simple rule to charm you?

What nymph, endow'd with senses,
Employs scholastic art,
(With nouns, and moods, and tenses),
To conjugate—the heart?

Your sophistry illusive,
Unletter'd belles can reach:
And arguments conclusive,
As ruby lips will teach.

CANZONET.

By John Edmund Harwood.

Ask why a blush o'erspreads the rose,
Its velvet leaves in crimson dyed;
Why, round, the busy zephyr blows,
And waves the flower in stately pride:

Ask why the lilies, drooping shed
The dew-drop from each pallid leaf;
Why each reclines its beauteous head,
As weigh'd to earth with bitter grief:

Emma vouchsafed the rose a kiss!
The modest lily she disdain'd!
Who would not weep such joy to miss?
Who would not blush, such joy obtain'd!

LITERARY MAGAZINE.—A new monthly publication has made its appearance in Philadelphia. It is termed the Literary Magazine, and is edited by a gentleman whose talents are acknowledged to be of a superior order. As the author of a novel called *Wieland*, he acquired considerable celebrity, and we find from the second number that the subject on which that work was founded is to be pursued in the present periodical publication. It will be recollected by the readers of *Wieland* that the extraordinary power of ventriloquism has a very material agency in producing the surprising incidents interwoven in that story. The memoirs of Carwin the Biloquist, which are commenced in the magazine, for November, will it is presumed possess more than common interest.

While it is to be regretted that every attempt to diffuse miscellaneous information and entertainment by publications of this sort have hitherto been found unprofitable to those who have made effort, it is also to be hoped that the success of the present undertaking will remove the stigma consequently attached to the taste and literature of this country.

[N. T. Morn. Chron.]

Anecdote.—Two men of the sword, one from Virginia, the other from Kentucky, meeting at an Inn, in Pennsylvania, over a bottle of wine, an altercation took place, which ended in a challenge from the Virginian, and was accepted by the Kentuckian. The seconds were chosen, and

the preliminaries agreed on; which were, that they should stand back to back and march, and neither fire till both had wheeled. They took their stand, and both marched; the Virginian turned, and saw his antagonist still marching forward, and cried out 'where are you going?' to which the other answered, casting his eye over his right shoulder, 'I am going to Kentucky, sir.'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Philander's 'accomplished fair' must, in our opinion, display more airs and graces, before she can make any conquests in public.

'Verses on a violin' are destitute of harmony.

The 'acrostic on spring' is of such a versatile and accommodating character, that it would apply, with equal propriety and success, to a very chilly season.

We would cheerfully oblige S. O. if his request was within our plan.

The greatest obligation we can bestow on 'Sydney,' is to suppress his production.

'Past twelve o'clock' came too late for insertion.

H, who dates his poetry from Cambridge, is invited to a regular correspondence.

The correspondent who, some time since, favoured us with one of the most pertinent speculations on the cession of Louisiana we have ever perused, and shortly after transmitted an anecdote respecting the first Earl of Chatham, will oblige us by continuing his speculations.

The dialogue between X and Y is incomprehensible. It may be wit at Washington, or excite a smile at New-Orleans, but it has a very grave face in Philadelphia.

A correspondent avers that his performance was not originally intended for the press, therefore, agreeably to the first intention, it shall not be sent to our Printer.

The epitaph, sent us by S, has been repeatedly printed in all the news-papers.

Climenole usefully and pleasantly derides the democrats. His stile is in the manner of the Dean of St. Patrick's, and his wit is a thorn in the side of jacobinism.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET.

TO WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Written in the year 1792.

Cowper! to thee, whose comprehensive mind
Looks nature through, whose animated lyre,
By plastic genius to thy hands consign'd,
No vulgar thoughts, no vulgar strains inspire,
My thanks sincere I pay—not that thy muse,
Borne on mao-lian wing, has dar'd to soar—
Not that thy vivid fancy-fashion'd views
Breathe the rich spirit of poetic lore,
But that fair freedom's self the theme supplies,
O'erlooks thy labours, and thy work refines,
Bids thee lament the trade where mercy dies,
And coward justice all his rights resigns.
Oh! when will Britain hear her awful voice,
Oh! when shall Afric's sons rejoice!

HARLEY.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 7.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1804.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 82.

In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last,
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen,
A third interprets words, and looks, and eyes,
At every word a reputation dies,
Snuff or the fan supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.....POPE.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

IT was one of the wise precepts of Pythagoras to his disciples, that, after their labours were over, they should conclude by a careful review and examination of the events of the day. Conformably to so excellent an instruction, to-night, before I retired to rest, I sat down to consider the manner in which my evening had been spent. I had been in a large assembly of young persons of both sexes convened for their own amusement, who seemed to possess the power, as well as the inclination, to please. Yet I could not but regret that all the attractions of beauty and fashion should have been lost by an injudicious disposition of them, and that the want of something to do, or to engage their attention, should have repressed the pleasure which such meetings are calculated to afford. Being myself, on these occasions, a mute and a mere 'looker-on here in Vienna,' I had leisure to survey the manœuvres of the company; and as the forms of a tea-party have never yet been recorded, for the benefit of posterity, it may not be superfluous to describe them. About half after seven we had all assembled: the ladies were disposed in prim array round the room, like jars for the inspection of purchasers, whilst the gentlemen occupied the fire-place. In this situation the parties remained for the space of half an hour reconnoitring each other; the beaux viewing and criticising the appearance of the belles, who, if an occasional whisper, and its attendant giggle, can be trusted, were equally particular in their observations. After these preliminary arrangements, the object of the congregation was discovered by the introduction of the tea, which discomposed for a while the placid gravity of the entertainment, and obliged both parties to exercise the cup and the spoon for a considerable time. Observing the avidity with which this drink was swallowed, I plucked my neighbour by the sleeve to request an explanation, but he only replied that it had been so time immemorial, and quoted, in the punning spirit of the time, 'Et parum comis sine te juvenas Mercuriusque.' But its effects were soon visible. Stimulated by its influence, a valourous knight issued from the crowd which defended the fire, and boldly advanced to a damsel. By degrees a lodgement

was formed in a chair, which separated two ladies, the youths acquired courage, adventured across the room, and advanced to the encounter. The weather in all its forms was now discussed. The fair, the foul, the misty, the rainy, the foggy, the cloudy, the hazy, the state of the walking on the past and preceding day, together with the possibility of a clear or a wet day were subjects which received, as they deserved, a marked attention. A few, indeed, ventured a bolder flight, but they soon fell alike unsupported and disregarded. But lest our interest in the affairs, which are thus passing, should cease, a fresh supply of refreshments came to cheer and enliven us. These at once stimulate, and afford subjects for conversation. Thus the brilliant wits made an easy transition from kisses of flour to kisses of flesh, and the punsters almost raised a laugh in descanting on the comforts of comforts. We were now to be regaled with the concord of sweet sounds, but on which of the ladies the choice was to fall still remained in the hands of fate. All wished to avoid the arduous undertaking, and if the rosy cheeks of the fair ones did not evince the contrary, I should have thought myself in a hospital or a rookery. Not one but had been dismally afflicted with disorders, or who did not vow that she rather screamed or croaked than sung. Much solicitation at last produced a song, during which every one was bound in silent rapture. The end of the song gave an opportunity of expressing the astonishment of the hearers. The connoisseurs called it bravissimo, whilst those who did not venture on a superlative, contented themselves with a smaller portion of admiration. To assist the music in the humane office of beguiling the weariness of the company, cards were introduced, and these did seem to engage and amuse a few, but still the many were in a state of hopeless despondency, to extricate themselves from which, after many attempts to keep themselves awake, the company gradually retired, till at length the entertainment is concluded, and the parties dispersed.

Such was a tea-party, the bare recital of which shews the littleness and inanity which must necessarily attend it; whence it is derived our antiquarians seem at a loss to determine. If it be not entertainment sui generis, from its Dutch complexion I should readily discover its native country, and were every gentleman provided with a chair, (a consummation devoutly to be wished), and a pipe, we might easily date its introduction at the time of our German settlements. If neither of these suppositions be correct, I should suspect we had taken the hint from the talks of our Chickasaw tribes, and that, therefore, the custom is altogether aboriginal. Leaving, however, these profound disquisitions to others, to you, Mr. Saunter, I apply for the correction of this fashionable procedure, of which all seem to complain, but which none seem inclined to reform. In the present state of the world it seems necessary that the gay and the fashionable should meet in some way, but the difficulty of finding some employment for them,

when collected, is formidable. Rational conversation seems to be the desideratum, but this can never be attained in large companies, where from the nature of the case, we must be constantly in motion, and directing our discourse to a number of persons. Besides, the topics on which we are allowed to converse, at such a place, are necessarily trivial and common-place, and when the stock of conversation, which each one can bring, is exhausted, the company becomes tedious and uninteresting, whilst if some employment were given to the parties, that fund might remain for a much longer time. I think, therefore, we may conclude, that any assembly of which conversation is the only employment will, from its very nature, be dull; and the almost proverbial insipidity of these parties, fully justifies the conclusion. What, therefore, shall be introduced, or, to speak with the logicians, what substance shall we have of which conversation will be the accident? In the present day, a proposal that the parties should bring their work, would startle our belles, for besides that, the duty would lie on their side altogether, (for what have our beaux to do?) many of them might produce an unanswerable objection to showing the labours of their hands. Music or cards are ineffectual to amuse a large company. There remains, therefore, but one resource—that is dancing, which unites all the qualities of a murderer of time, a healthy exercise, and a substitute for conversation, which all seem to like, and without which scarcely any collection of young people are capable of enjoying themselves. To shew, however, my impartiality, I must acknowledge, that some advantage has been derived from these entertainments. Our tea trade has visibly increased since their introduction, our beaux have been incited to the study of astronomy, and I am told that the number of almanacs disposed of is always in proportion to the frequency of tea parties. To conclude, let us, Mr. Saunter, banish these noxious congregations to the huts of the Choctaws or the dykes of Holland, and let our society be no longer haunted by this monster, which frightens away our ease, our pleasure and almost every enjoyment.

A YOUNG BACHELOR.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

NO. 4.

Memorabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science. Interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kiddnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651

Washington, printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

It is a great comfort to me, that the public coincides so entirely with touching the merits of the work under

Since my last number was published, I have had frequent occasion to converse with men of both parties, who, although they are at variance in every thing else, agree in this, that it contains a rare and precious specimen of fashionable democratic style. The strain in which Mr. Kiddnap proceeds, in his four ensuing chapters, is not at all less elevated than that which has been so justly admired. But as, in these, he has entered upon a critical and philological inquiry into the name and origin of democracy, in which he has had frequent recourse to Grecian, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and Sanscrit writers, all of whom, as was becoming, in a work so solemn as this, he cites in their most ancient versions; and, to prevent erroneous translations in their original languages. I have found it necessary, in consequence of the deficiency of our printer, in these types, to postpone the curiosity of the public, until it shall be conceived expedient to publish an edition entire. The sixth chapter will excite great interest, not only from the subject, which is an inquiry into the causes which make the clergy enemies to democracy, but also from the renowned pen engaged in the task. The public will not need the hints, thrown out by Mr. Kiddnap, to discover the production of one of the first law characters in our union. They, who have read his official letters, and, much more, those laboured essays of his intitled 'the Farmer,' will recognise all those characteristics of style and sentiment, which so eminently distinguish him. Nevertheless, for the satisfaction of the public, and to the end that no reasonable doubt may remain, that the letter, which Mr. Kiddnap has made public, is truly the work of that eminent man, I have carefully collated it with those celebrated essays, and have caused to be marked, in italics, all those expressions relative to the clergy, which may be found as well in this letter as in 'the Farmer.' Whereby I think the most sceptical must be convinced of its authenticity. For, although a similar train of thought will often suggest to minds, equally impressed with their subject, a similarity of expression, yet when the same epithets and ideas, the same turns of expression, and peculiarities of diction, are every moment occurring, and that not only in general combination, but in their minute arrangements, and individual qualifications, no man, I trust, can hesitate to refer both productions to the same original. Besides,—the public will here excuse me if I lay aside, for one moment, my character of a critic, to give vent to a party sentiment, let any man read any number of 'the Farmer,' the tenth for instance, and afterwards this letter to Mr. Kiddnap, and I dare engage he will lay down both with the same irritated and indignant temperature of mind. Nor will the classical reader be able to refrain from repeating the exclamation, which the former works of the attorney-general have never failed to extort from him, *Huic Vulcanus erat pater!!* For, like the other child of that hard-working god, he eludes the grasp of his adversaries, by vomiting forth words, like clouds, impenetrably dark, through which nothing is revealed but that fiery vengeance, which flames and smoulders, and which is made ten times more terrible by the black opaque which accompanies it:

*Faucibus ingentem fumum, mirabile dictu,
Evomit; involvuntque domum caligine circa,
Prospectum eripiens oculis; glomeratque sub antro
Funeralem noctem, committit igne tenebris.*

But our author is of a different opinion. Like others of his sect, he has brought himself to believe that 'the Farmer' is a most lucid, satisfactory writer, and an equal honour and advantage to the cause of democracy. Lest, therefore, it should be thought that it is my design to prejudice the public, whereas nothing is farther from

my thoughts, I shall present the sixth chapter entire. Being determined that no party considerations shall tempt me, in the course of this review, to depart from a rigid impartiality. I would not conceal any laurels which so able a judge as Mr. Kiddnap may think due to any democratic chief.

CHAPTER V.

The reasons which make priests enemies to democracy considered.

"Democracy has had then, as we have shewn, an existence in all periods of society. Every where it has been the solace of oppressed humanity. The wretched outcast of the social compact has ever found it the balm of his woes; and, when all other means of livelihood fail, any man may be assured of support, or of compassion, who will set up for a patriot. Thus, for instance, when that canonized democrat, Abijah Adams, expired, miserably in agony and in want, under the brutal operation of the sedition law, what sympathy soothed his dying pillow! How were the pangs of dissolving nature mitigated by the consolations he experienced! Tears, dropping from the fairest republican eyes, softened even the stones which composed the floor of his prison. The democratic ladies of Boston wept around his couch, and, with their tender hands, closed those eyes, doomed never again to open on the miseries of his country. The clothes, in which he died, being purchased, at twice their worth, by the proprietor of the Boston museum, are, with those of other oppressed patriots, exposed three times each week to crowds of zealous republicans, who thither repair to enkindle their just indignation with the sight of these precious relics of this martyr to liberty. Since then such are the comforts which the exercise of this art yields, and such the honours it attains, strange it is that the clergy have in all ages and countries, where they could act out the spirit of their profession, been among its most zealous and influential opposers. Yet is it not more strange than it is true. Although there are some noble instances of individuals, especially in these southern States, rooting out of themselves the natural antipathies of their sect, yet, it can not be denied, that with a free exceptions, this body of men have been, in all places, where they are encouraged, the greatest terror of all true democrats, and that the interests of the democratic science have received from them, the deadliest blow. The causes of that animosity, which the clergy have universally discovered to democracy, I thought it not improper, in a work of this nature, to explain. But I found myself, on reflection lamentably, deficient in materials, as my observation extends not beyond the Clergy, in the antient dominion, who are, all the world know, the most innocent and harmless creatures imaginable. But recollecting the depressed State of New-England, in this respect, and knowing that there are imperious, and rapacious Clergy, sucked the heart-blood of the people and was the immediate cause of that vice, ignorance and slavery, which abound, (the State of Rhode Island excepted), in every part of the Eastern States, while the present condition of the priesthood, in Virginia, is the cause of that high State of morality, knowledge and Liberty, which, in so much perfection we here enjoy. I resolved to apply for light, on this subject, to a great law character, who, by his situation in the centre of Massachusetts, is enabled to observe, and by his instinctive abhorrence of all tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical, highly qualified to represent the odious and abominable despotism of the Eastern Clergy, in its true colours. This great man was no sooner apprised of my wish, than he undertook the task and has executed it, with all

that stern, republican zeal and hardy democratic muscle, for which he is distinguished. In the course of less than three weeks, I received the following elaborate letter, which will supersede the necessity of any farther remarks of mine upon the subject of this chapter. Besides that acute perception and deep research, which distinguish this writer the intelligent reader cannot fail to remark that this letter possesses that exquisite polish of style, which is his peculiar characteristic which consists in an amalgamation of the pomp of Cicero, with the splendor of Lord Bolingbroke. He is no less conspicuous than they for that *copia verborum* and that *plena et exuberantia oratio*, which those writers so greatly admired and so successfully executed. I shall not, in compliance with his modest request, annex his name; although it is impossible that excellencies, so unparalleled, should not be traced to the only head in the United States capable of producing them."

It is with extreme reluctance, that I divide this chapter between two numbers. But my printer assures me, that the publication of it entire will occupy more room than he can allot to it, consistently with his engagements to other correspondents. I know the public will be impatient to possess the work of so elevated an artist, on his favourite subject. But the above consideration will, I trust, be a sufficient apology. I cannot, however, close this number without expressing my regret, that so exquisite a strain of pathetic eloquence, as that, which Mr. Kiddnap, has exhausted on Abijah Adams, should not have lighted on a worthier object. I fear that Mr. Kiddnap will be outrageous, as other democratic writers have been before, at hearing, that, according to my last letters from Boston, Abijah Adams, the lamented hero of this bloody tragedy is now alive, and in the full exercise of all his qualities, animal and vegetable; that he eats, drinks, sleeps *et olet ut oim*. Our author has fallen into this error by placing too implicit confidence in the Aurora and other democratic publications, who have massacred poor Abijah in a manner shocking to humanity. The known candour of our author will doubtless, lead him to correct this mistake, in the next edition of his work. Unless, indeed, Adams, should before that event luckily die, in the course of nature, in which case to alter the phraseology a little, and represent him as lingering three, four, or ten years, as it may happen, under the effects of his imprisonment will have, in a democratic view, the happiest tendency.

The following letter addressed to the Editor of a British Magazine, is worthy the attention of our readers.

SIR,

"Many observations have appeared within these few years on the subject of the credit of the Bank of England, and the validity of Bank notes. The authors have probably been actuated by pure and patriotic motives; but it can be made to appear most easily, that all their reasonings are unworthy of the smallest attention. Unacquainted with the routine of the business of the Bank, and with the restrictions under which Bank notes are issued, these writers have assumed mistaken data, and deduced false conclusions.

"No mathematical axiom, no self evident proposition, on geometrical demonstration can be more apparent than the Bank of England is, and always has been necessarily solvent; and that every one of its notes must always be worth twenty shillings in the pound.

"This position will be readily assented to on the bare perception of the two following Facts.

"1. The Bank of England holds in pledge substantial and undeniable securities for the whole

amount of the notes which at any time it has issued.

"II And every Bank note in circulation has its representative value in the Bank of England."

"These two facts demonstrate the absurdity of all the reasonings, which have been published of late years on this subject."

"However, for the information of persons who are not acquainted with the routine of the Bank business it may be stated as a satisfactory elucidation of the above positions that no note is issued from the Bank, except in the purchase of Bullion, in the discounting of good commercial bills and in loans granted or unexceptionable public or private security."

"At a crisis like the present, it seems to me, Mr. Editor, worth while to set this question in so clear a light, as to prevent its distracting the attention or diminishing the confidence of the country."

I am, sir, your humble servant,

Philo Veritatis."

Lombard st. Nov. 1803.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

St. Ildefonse, September 21, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I received your obliging favour of the 18th ult. the 11th inst. and I should have sooner answered it, if my punctuality equalled the pleasure I always have in writing to you. Your situation gives me pain, while it alarms me; and I own it to you that my heart feels a mixed emotion difficult for me to describe, pity and admiration, with a passion that I shall not name, rule it alternately. Your piece on the affair of Charlestown was well-timed, and, without flattery, well written, expede Hérculem. I saw it before you sent it to me, for I have the perusal of most of your gazettes from your M—r, whose politeness hath increased since the late good news; indeed it has happy effects everywhere. Do not be apprehensive of Mr. C—d, although you are told the princess of Asturias smiles on him. I have no American news but what you will find in the public prints. It appears that the union, enthusiasm, and perseverance of the people is such as we could wish. The Count D'Estaing will arrive at Cadiz Sunday or Monday next; when I hope he will find the fleet in forwardness to act as the two courts may judge proper, which as yet remains secret.

I do not fully comprehend what you say in the secret article of your letter; because you have intermixed figures, the sense of which is not contained in the list you sent me. Be cautious, and write me the nature of the rardj—business. You will remember, my dear sir, your promise with respect to my letters—written, as they have been, in the warmth of friendship and confidence, I should like them to be in no hands but your's. Mr. J. presents his compliments. Adieu, I hope better days and better deeds.

Yours sincerely,

W. C.

If you see Messrs. de Neufville, he will commune with you, and I pray you to be in good spirits. You must imitate the example of the old man, mentioned in a book that you do not think much of I believe, keep in this world that your eyes may see our salvation.

Pazy, October 2, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I received duly yours' several letters of the twelfth, fifteenth, seventeenth, nineteenth, and twenty-first of September. I am much pleased with the Intelligence you send me, and with the papers you have had printed.

Mr. Searle is a military officer in the Pennsylvania Troops, and a member of Congress. He has some commission to execute for that Province, but none that I know of from Congress. He has another letter for you, from Mr. Lovell, which he has shewn me. It is full of expressions of his Esteem; and I understand from Mr. Searle, that you stand exceeding well, with the committee, and with the Congress in general. I am sorry to see any marks of uneasiness and apprehension in your letters. Mr. Chaumont tells me that you want some assurance of being continued. The Congress itself is changeable at the pleasure of their electors, and none of their Servants have, or can have any such assurance. If therefore any thing better for you, and more substantial should offer, no body can blame you for occupying it, however satisfied they may be with your services. But as to the continuance of what you now enjoy, or of some thing as valuable in the service of the Congress, I think you may make yourself easy, for that your appointment seems more likely to be increased than diminished, though it does not belong to me to promise any thing.

Mr. Laurens was to sail three days after Mr. Searle, who begins to fear he must be lost, as it was a small Vessel, he intended to embark in.—He was bound directly to Holland.

I enclose some Extracts of letters from two French Officers of distinction in the Army of M. de Rocheambault, which are pleasing, as they mark the good Intelligence, that subsists between the Troops, contrary to the reports circulated by the English. They will do perhaps for your Leyden Gazette.

With great esteem and affection I

Am ever,

Your faithful friend and servant.

B. FRANKLIN.

October, 2, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I received your double dated letter of the first and third ult. with that pleasure that I always receive any thing from you. I feel for your situation, and have so often expressed it that you cannot doubt it now. All our news of late has been good, and I wish I could give you such as would be personally agreeable to you. You know, my dear apostle, that I left congress before any appointment for Holland was in agitation, and, therefore, all that I could do was to remind the members of congress of your long services and attachment. I did this to many, and yet, to my mortification, I find, that, in the appointment for that country, you appear to be forgot; but as my intelligence is vague, I would not have you to count much upon it, and above all not to give way to melancholy or despair. If this should be the case, write to congress a modest and exact state of your situation previous to and since you engaged in our affairs. Communicate to no one my advice. But speak to Mr. Laurence, whom you will see in Holland, and, perhaps, before you receive this. I hope he is a just man, and I am sure he is generous and liberal; cultivate him assiduously, for in our enthusiasm for the * * * parts of human nature and their affairs we must not forget that we are all men, and stand in need of the assistance of men, independent, as you and I are, in every idea of a public nature.

I am sorry, on the public account, for what you tell me of the person at Amsterdam. I have found often that public persons consult more private feelings than public interest. I shall be sorry to think this of the person in question; but as I have no immediate correspondence with him, you will oblige me in giving me a detail of his motions, connections, &c. a few Louis d'ores

employed in this way will not be amiss, and I will repay them to Messrs. de Neufville's order. This is merely for my personal satisfaction, without a doubt or suspicion.

Mr. C—d is still here. Please to insert that he was not permitted to stay at St. Ildefonse in your gazette, and, at the same time, mention, in your own way, that Mr. Jay remained there, and that your humble servant appeared at court frequently, and was generally well received, which is fact, and the insertion of such an article is meant only in opposition to falsehoods from the other party and their friends. You will also insert the following article, from the Newbern gazette—July, Bodies of troops from all quarters assemble to form the army under the command of his excellency general Gates, who will soon be in condition to block the English in their late vaunted conquest of Charleston, and drive them from the small extent of country they possess in Georgia.

This army, while it represses the rash attempts of our invaders, will contribute to facilitate the operations of the Spanish arms in the Floridas. where we have every thing to hope from the active and enterprising character of gen. Galver, who commands in that quarter. We should be unjust to that gallant officer if we did not mention the attachment that he has always discovered to the common cause, and in all his concern which regard the interest of the United States, and particularly to such of their inhabitants as have stood in need of his protection. The conduct of this governor discredits all the false ideas with which our ancient tyrants endeavoured to inspire us with respect to Spanish policy, and we look forward with pleasure to the time when we shall have no other neighbours on that side of the continent than the subjects of his catholic majesty. You will word this as you please, but send it to the first gazette. Although I am not in the secret, I believe great and brilliant designs are meditated. Adieu. DISCIPULUS.

P. S. Put this letter on the fire, and there to be seen by none but yourself.

DEAR SIR,

Russy, October 9, 1780.

I received yours of the 29th September and 3d October. It is a very good addition you made to your memoir for the ministers of Russia and Sweden. I am glad to find you are again on such good terms with the ambassador, as to be invited to his comedy. I doubt not of your continuing to cultivate that good understanding. I like much your insertions in the gazettes—such things have good effects.

Your information relative to the transactions at Petersburg and in Denmark are very interesting, and afforded me a good deal of satisfaction; particularly the former. Mr. Searle will have the pleasure of seeing you. I recommend him warmly to your civilities. He is much your friend, and will advise Mr. Laurence to make you his secretary, which I hope you will accept. I have given it as my opinion that Mr. L. can no where find one better qualified, or more deserving. The choice is left to that minister, and he is empowered to give a salary of 500l. sterling a year. I am in pain on account of his not being yet arrived; but hope you will see him soon. I request you would find means to introduce Mr. Searle to the Portuguese ambassador. Pray consider the inclosed papers, and, after advising with your friend, give me your opinion as to the manner of the application to the States General, whether I should make it thro' their ambassador, or directly with a letter to the G. P. or in what other manner. You know we wrote to him formerly and received no answer. With great esteem, I am your faithful friend,

B. FRANKLIN.

P. S. You say nothing of Mr. Adams. How do you stand with him? What is he doing?

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FINE ARTS.

NOTES RELATIVE TO THE PAINTINGS OF
MR. WEST.

[Concluded.]

NOTE IV.

The opening of the four first seals. From the Revelation of St. John.

Subjects of this nature lie only within the grasp of great minds. All things necessary to be represented in them are ideal, and can have their prototype only in the mind of the artist. All the benefit that he can derive from external sources, is assistance in the modification of those forms which must circumscribe his ideas: and every thing must be so ordered by him, that coalitions of forms merely possible, may be taught to wear the appearance of probability, and be offered to us in a manner so plausible, that we do not revolt from them as extravagant, or reject them as absurd.

The difficulty of treating this subject in a manner worthy of its sublimity must be apparent, upon reading the words of Scripture:

'And I saw when the lamb opened one of the Seals; and I heard, as it were the voice of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, come and see. And I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering, and to conquer. And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, come and see. And there went out a second beast that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon, to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another; and there was given unto him a great sword. And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, come and see. And I beheld, and lo, a black horse: and he that sat on him had a pair of balances in his hand. And I heard a voice, &c. And when he had opened the fourth seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, come and see. And I looked, and behold, a pale horse; and his name that sat on him was Death; and Hell followed with him: and power was given unto him over the fourth part of the Earth, to kill with the sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.'

On approaching this picture, the eye is carried to the centre of it, where, laying waste all before him, and around him, Death, on the pale horse, drives over a group that already feels his power. An infant, naked, dead, livid, is thrown over its mother, who lies prostrate in mortal agonies, already suffused with a pale deadly hue. Another infant, with a countenance full of terror and affection, clings to her; her head is supported by a man, who, with woe and despair forcibly depicted in his features, interposes one arm between the object of his care and Death, on whom he fixes an imploring eye. At the feet of the woman is a man falling backwards, endeavouring to support himself on one arm, and covering his head with the other. Behind this groupe, and forming an appendage to it, is Famine, characterised by his exhausted cup, his ghastly, and hungering countenance, abdominal contraction, and limbs palsied and incapable of motion. Still farther behind, is a female, the full personification of woe and misery. Over, and in the midst of this group, in his dreadful course, is Death; 'black as night, fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell, and shakes a deadly dart.' But the painter has not given the trite and vulgar darts generally placed in the hand of this king of terrors; his shafts are fire, and his darts are the sudden lightning. The pale horse that bears him, is almost as much an object of terror as his rider. He seems to be

the horse 'whose neck is clothed in thunder, the glory of whose nostrils is terrible, who swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. Hovering over Death, and in his train, are a throng of hideous monsters, the fiendish character of whose expression plainly marks them as the progeny of Hell; and by the fiery glow that flashes in the gloom, from which they are emerging, the imagination is impressed with an idea of the continuation of their train, and is carried into infinite space. To the right, in shadow, is he that sat on the black horse, with the balances in his hand; and further to the right, taking a course different from that of Death, is he that sat on the red horse, that had power to take peace from the Earth, and the conqueror on the white horse; the one pouring forth his destructive shafts, the other threatening with the sword. In the distance, is carnage by land and by water. The other side of the picture is covered with the destruction of the beasts of the Earth. This part is connected with the middle group, by a horse that crouches down in terror, under the feet of the pale horse that carries Death. The fury of the lions, that are rushing on their prey, the dismay of the wretch who attempts to draw his sword, and the headlong descent of him that has been tossed on the horns of the bull, are admirably conceived and expressed. They are the prominent features of the left side of the picture.

The composition is, as is usual with Mr. West, excellent, and the disposition of the different groups such as is calculated to shew the parts, which ought to be brought forward, even if the distribution of light were less skilful than it is. The colouring is such, as the subject demands, grave and severe, yet not harsh or crude, but properly tempered by a partial introduction of warmth. The colouring of the woman and her infant is in the very tones of mortality, and her garments are the robes of death. The pervading tone is well sustained throughout, and aided by the dismal heaviness of the sky, and the gleams that seem to shoot athwart the horizon. Although the picture has been wrought with great boldness and impetuosity of pencil which the subject demands, the drawing is correct and fine, and is kept in due bounds.

Perhaps Mr. West has never been so happy in expression as in parts of this picture. Nothing can be better conceived than the savage and unrelenting fury of Death; it speaks as well in his action, as in his face; it breathes through him, from the stormy forehead and cruel eye, down to the extreme tension of the strained foot; it is announced as well by the whirl and brandish of his arm, as by the open nostrils, and the fell exultation of this mouth. His eye, like his arm, has no single scope, and destruction not less than universal, seems to be his purpose. The horse has a terrific wildness, which the features of that animal might be supposed incapable of expressing. The agony of the last pangs that separate the soul from the body, is working in the face of the prostrate woman, yet half smothered, and struggling through the veil of stupefaction; the expression in the face and attitude of him that supports her, can be conceived by those only, who, having seen the picture, are able to recollect it; and the earnestness of sorrow and solicitude in the living child, can only be equalled by the character of morbid fleshiness that is so ably kept up by its dead mother.

In the dead serpent, and the dove mourning over its mate, the painter has given us an epitome of the whole picture, and by suggesting to us the powers and qualities which those animals have, and represent in their symbolic acceptance, has in one spot comprised the subject, as it were, into an encheiridion.

Such is the general outline of this picture; a picture that trembles with destruction, and havoc, and woe, and terror, and dismay. In it the Artist has employed various instruments and a multiplicity of engines, each working in its own manner, but all tending to one object, and all calculated to unite their powers in forcing one irresistible idea upon the mind, and stamping it upon the imagination.

NOTE V.

The resting of the ark, and the subsiding of the waters. Mr. West, by his manner of treating this subject, has given to it a wonderful dignity; shewing, that as well in painting, as in poetry, simplicity is a branch of the sublime. The component parts of this picture are in the ark, the bow set in the cloud, the memorial of God's covenant with Noah, the waters, and, placed in the front of the picture, a group of the bodies of those who have perished in the flood, and with them, the victim of his own snares, the serpent, whose head the seed of the woman was doomed to bruise.

The form of the ark is such as suits not the purposes of the painter without some particular management. It is here placed in a commanding and impressive situation, in the midst of clouds, high in the centre of the picture, immediately under the rainbow, which has an introduction purposely anticipatory. Shrouded in obscure dimness, in 'disastrous twilight,' the form of the ark has something undetermined about it, from the prismatic reflections that play and glimmer round it. The raven is represented as passing to and fro, and the dove, self-poised over the waters, is gathering in her beak the first emerging germ of vegetation.

NOTE VI.

Each of the pictures already mentioned, is in a style peculiar to itself; and indeed so much attention does Mr. West pay to his subject, and so thoroughly does he study it, and adapt his design, his composition, his colouring, and even his handling of the pencil, to it, that every variety of subject meets in him with an appropriate variety of style.

I shall briefly mention two other pictures, which bear not the least resemblance to each other in character of style, or to any of the pictures I have before noticed.

The first is a picture, painted some years ago, now retouched, and which was lately about to be placed in the Foundling Hospital. It represents the action of the point of time on which our Saviour says, 'Verily I say unto you, whoever shall not receive the kingdom of Heaven as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein.' The remarks that follow apply to the picture as it now stands, and not as it was formerly, for I understand that it is materially altered, as to general tone, effect, force, and expression. It was originally painted in a low key, and the drapery of the Saviour, which was then white, formed the principal light. The painter thought the mass heavy and dull, and, giving to the Saviour, the blue and red draperies in which he is generally represented, transferred the principal light to the body of the child, and the white drapery in which he is held. The flesh of the child is painted with the utmost purity of colour, and height of light, and the white of the drapery is unbroken; this pure light, with the bright red drapery of a fanciullo, who holds the child, forms the key of the picture, and the whole is worked up to it. Although this is the principal light, yet the attention is forcibly carried to the Saviour, by his situation in the picture the colours of his drapery, his attitude, his arm raised towards Heaven, the glory that plays around him, and by the shaft of a column that is placed immediately behind him.

This picture may be said to be painted, in what Agostino Caracci called *lo stil decoro*. Every thing in it is placid and tranquil, except a pharisaical face in shadow, which by its stormy workings, serves to give value to the prevailing calm of the picture. The child is the union of grace, loveliness, and innocence: the character of the head of Saint Peter, who stands nearest to the eye, demands particular notice; the bones of the skull, and the form of the forehead, are marked with truth and precision. But nothing can equal the expression of the Saviour's face; a cloud of soft melancholy spreading over it, shews him the man of sorrow, he who was acquainted with grief, from his youth up; but it is not a selfish sorrow; there is compassion in it; and benevolence, and mercy, and patience, and long-suffering dawn through it.

Those who see this picture will not think it over-rated by me, if I affirm, that for the appropriate fulness of pencil with which it is worked, it may vie with any production of modern art.

The last picture that I shall mention is 'Fitz-gerald rescuing Alexander III, of Scotland from the attack of a stag.' Little as the title promises, this picture is perfectly heroic, as much so as if, for Alexander, we had the body of Patroclus; for the assailing stag, Hector; and for the preserver of the king, Menelaus; as much so as if, for the Scotch footmen and horsemen, we had Greeks and Trojans; and for the river and the castle, Scamander and Troy-town.

Although this painting represent an accident that happened to the Scotch monarch when hunting, though there are men, and horses, and dogs employed in the scene, it bears no more resemblance to the hunts of Rubens, than the Iliad, or any other poem celebrating a particular event, bears to the relation of a common place occurrence. I mean not to draw a comparison, though this picture need not shrink from one. I only speak of the subject. No one, perhaps, but Rubens, could have succeeded in giving motion, character, and energy, to such an unwieldy mass as the Hippopotamus; but still the hunt of that animal is merely a hunt in the general signification of the term; nor can the crocodile, disturbed in the chase, and roused from his lurking place, or the prostrate wretch about to be devoured, though introduced with all the accustomed felicity of Rubens, alter the nature of the subject. His men are neither Egyptians, Asiatics, nor Europeans; indeed, they bear no more of national character about them than do any other of the human beings painted by Rubens. All the skill of that wonderful man, exerted upon a subject of this nature, without reference to a particular action (heroic, as is this represented by Mr. West), would fail to give birth to emotions so powerful, and of so high a class as those he might awaken by employing equal skill upon an heroic subject. Mr. West's picture, then, certainly classes higher than any of the hunts of Rubens.

The national character which is so strongly depicted in the Irishman and in the Scots, is so far from lessening the interest, created by the picture, that it heightens it. Strongly marked as it is, it is so strongly modified as to serve all the purposes of the painter. I cannot, therefore, join the opinion of those who may think that Mr. West would have done well in taking the idea of his Alexander from a bust of his namesake of Macedon; his hero Fitz-gerald from a Disco-bolus; his horses from any exhibited in a Venetian antisala; or his dogs from a bas-relief of Diana hunting.

CRITICISM.

[The following article from a provincial paper is with the fullest approbation republished in the Port Folio. We are always delighted with every species of ridicule employed against that jargon, so unhappily prevalent in this country.]

AMERICANISMS.

In every language irregularities and anomalous expressions are to be found. The caprice and affectation of innovators give birth to spurious terms and phrases, which are readily adopted by the illiterate, and gradually obtain a general currency.

Fond of novelty, and incapable of determining the legitimacy of a word or idiom, the bulk of mankind admit, without examination, the productions of vanity and ignorance to the same privileges and honours as the genuine offspring of erudition.

The fewer irregularities there are, however, in any language, so much the better:—It is so much the more simple, and by consequence the more intelligible: so much the more easily learned by those to whom it is vernacular, and the more easily attained by foreigners.

As the English is the prevailing language in the United States, it certainly behoves the inhabitants to speak it, and especially to write it, with purity; that is, according to the established manner, and approved models of writing and speaking in the country whence it came. That its purity, however, is often violated, is obvious to every one in the least acquainted with the nature and grammar of the language. For instance,

LAY,

the preterite of the neuter verb *to lie*, is very frequently used for the present of that verb. Do we not often hear such expressions as the following? The paper *lays* on the desk. The book *lays* upon the table. The wood is *laying* in the cellar. The cloth is *laying* where you left it, &c. And do we not often read in the newspapers, that such a vessel *lays* at such a wharf? or, that whilst such a vessel was *laying* too? In these and similar instances, *lies* and *lying*, the present of the verb and participle, should have been employed. The verb *to lay* is active, and therefore inadmissible in such expressions.

The adjective BAD

assumes, in the mouth of an American, a much better meaning than is attached to it by an Englishman. The former says, I need a coat very *bad*, when perhaps there is not a worse in town. But don't mistake him. Far from wanting a *bad* coat, he intimates by this phraseology that he needs a *new* one. To express the same idea the Briton would say, I need a coat very *much*.

A captain informs us, in a late New-York paper, that in a heavy gale he got his canvass exceedingly torn, and that during the rest of his voyage he needed sails very *bad*. Unluckily for him he got what he wanted, a set of very *bad* sails, and was therefore some weeks longer in getting to port. Had he said that he wanted sails very *much*, he had spoken plain English.

The comprehensive term *creature* is restricted in this country, by a singular fatality, not to an order, or class, or genus of created existences, but to a single species of animals. The horse, and horse alone, is here dignified or degraded, I don't pretend to say which, by the exclusive appropriation of the epithet *creature*.

The idea that this term belongs to the horse alone, has taken such a hold of some people's minds, that they conclude the bare word *horse* is not sufficiently definitive without it.

In a late advertisement, the subscriber tells us that 'two *horse-creatures* were taken up on his plantation,' &c. Apprehensive, no doubt, lest we mistake his *horses* for *cows*, he very wisely

takes the determining epithet *creature* to the dubious term *horse*, and thus prevents all hesitation respecting his meaning.

Some years ago a gentleman who had lately arrived in this country from Scotland was going on a visit to a farmer's. Having occasion to pass through a corn-field hard by the house whither he was going, he observed some geese busily feeding. A considerable time after reaching the farmer's he recollected the innocent plunderers, and told that he had seen a great number of *creatures* eating the corn as he came along. At the alarming news a regret was hastily expressed that he had not told sooner, out rushed a man, woman, and child to repel the destructive invaders, when lo! the formidable herd of *horses* which they expected to find, proved to be an insignificant flock of *geese*. M.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Basle, October 18, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

We have been employed both yesterday and to-day in visiting the public Library, and private cabinets of painting, and natural history. In the last we saw a putrified Elephant's tooth which was found in this Canton. Whether it belonged to one of those which Hannibal lost in his passage over the Alps, or whether it is the evidence of a climate having once been enjoyed by the high country favourable to the existence of that animal, I shall leave to others to determine.

In the library are preserved some paintings by Holbein, which far exceed any of that artist's works that are to be met with in England. His portrait of his friend Erasmus is an admirable picture. We were shewn an edition of that learned man's book in *praise of folly*, which belonged to Holbein, who had illustrated the subject by numerous drawings on the margin with a pen and common ink. A number of manuscript letters written in Latin by Erasmus to the person who became his heir, are also shewn as curiosities.

As I am on the subject of Holbein, I mention to you that I have seen his celebrated Picture of Death, which he, or, as some suppose, one of his scholars, painted on the wall of a grave-yard. It is rather curious than interesting, or well painted, and the inhabitants talk of pulling down the wall, to make room for some new houses.

The custom of painting historical and other subjects upon the outside of houses prevailed very much at Basle, if I may judge by the number of such decorations now to be seen. The walls of the court of the town-house are covered with these paintings, which are now very shabby from the loss of their colours by time and exposure to the weather.

We saw also among the manuscripts the proceedings of the celebrated council of Basil (the German name for Basle) taken down at the time by a cardinal, one of its members. Pius II, who presided in this council, founded at that time the university of this place. The library contains about fifteen thousand volumes.

The singular custom which has prevailed from time immemorial of all the clocks in Basle being an hour in advance of true time, exists no more. Its origin is not well accounted for, but the inhabitants tell you that some long time ago a conspiracy was formed to betray the town, which being discovered by one of the band, the town clock was set an hour forward, so that when midnight, the hour of attack, came, instead of twelve, the clock struck one, which so confounded the conspirators, that, conceiving their scher

discovered, they abandoned it altogether, without daring to assemble. Many attempts were made to correct this ridiculous custom, but the inhabitants would not permit the change till the arrival of the French, who, with the strong hand of power, effected such a revolution in all the clocks of the Baslers, that they now go like those of other people.

Lauffenbourg, October 9.

We left Basle this morning, and crossing the Rhine by the bridge I mentioned, travelled along its banks in one of the heaviest showers I have seen in Europe, we crossed the river again at Rhinefeldt by a covered wooden bridge, and arrived here just before night. The first part of our day's ride lay through what was formerly called the circle of Swabia, and partly through the Black forest, whose pines were rendered infinitely gloomy by the rain, and formed a striking contrast with the foliage of the trees, which, at this season of the year, were of every tint. The valleys and plains were charmingly cultivated, and the verdure was of the freshest kind.

This short ride along the meanders of the Rhine presented to us a number of beautiful scenes. The splendid garb of autumn was everywhere to be seen, and decked every shrub with her fanciful colouring.

Our chamber in the post-house is most uncomfortable, as we can scarcely turn round in it. Instead of a coverlid or blanket, we find on ourselves a species of light downy pillow, or rather bed, which is extremely light and warm, but there is no medium temperature; we must be either chilled without, or thrown into a violent perspiration with it.

Before it grew too dark we walked down to the Rhine to see its falls, or rather rapids; they are, however, of no consequence. They are rendered interesting from a very melancholy accident which befel two young Englishmen, Lord Montague and his travelling companion, who, after examining the current, thought they could shoot it; and, notwithstanding the intreaties of their servant, and the remonstrances of the inhabitants of the town, imprudently ventured to pass in an open boat; they had scarcely got safe over the foam, before they were caught in a vortex which carried them down. They were never seen afterwards, though the place was dragged immediately, and their servant remained three weeks to search for their bodies. The servant who waited on us at supper was an eyewitness of this unhappy occurrence, and gave us the preceding detail.

Schaffhausen, October 10.

A romantic, though well cultivated, country borders the Rhine to this place, which presented, by turns, the grandest as well as the most rural scenes of nature. We came from Lauffenbourg to Waldshut to breakfast. This last is a small walled place, in the circle of Swabia, and is one of the Forest-towns. We saw there some singularly dressed peasants of the Foret moire, whose hats were turned up all round like scalloped shell.

At Waldshut the Rhine is still broad, but its banks very high; a little way above it, on turning suddenly round a point, we found it narrow, and continue so to this place.

We embraced the first moment of sunshine, after our arrival, to ride as far as the famous cataract of the Rhine, about two miles down the river. It is certainly a very grand cascade, but it did not equal my expectations; and, divested of the surrounding scenery, such as the castle of Lauffen, which hangs over it, from the top of a high rock, on one side, and the mills on the other, it would, I think, not be considered superior to the Great falls of the Patowmack. It is, however, a fine object. The river passes Schaffhausen with great rapidity, and of as deep an

azure as the ocean; its velocity soon brings it to the precipice of Lauffen, in the midst of which two high pointed rocks seem to threaten obstruction to its passage; this resistance only increases its rage; it dashes against them, and, bursting into a vast cloud of foam, tumbles furiously on every side, and, at last, precipitating itself in numerous white sheets into the pool below, sends up a mist of spray, and a noise of thunder.

Our carriage stopped at a little Village on the top of the right bank, where we got out, and descended by a steep path to the shore of a little bay, formed by the eddy of the stream. We frequently admired the different beauties of the fall, from the various points of view, in one of which we observed that the smallest of the two rocks was absolutely perforated by the constant beating of the waters. A part of the river had been drawn into a mill race, which, after performing its functions, was left to tumble down the rocks, and its humble, yet picturesque cascade formed a curious contrast to the foaming sheets of the grand cataract.

In part we had much pleasure in viewing a different effect, and having wind about, we crossed to the other side, though not without some danger from the up and down motion of the waters, which were in a perfect agitation from the descending force of the falls. The skill of our boatman, however, conducted us safely to the bottom of the rock, on which stands the Castle of Lauffen, (formerly a *chateau baillival* of the republic), and afterward to a small gallery, which is boldly built just under the cataract, and from which the view of the water, coming as it were from our heads, was very sublime. We were so near that the spray wetted us completely in a few seconds, and compelled us to quit the place.

You have often heard of the bridge of Schaffhausen, celebrated for being supported only by its geometrical construction without piers, in the manner of some of the bridges in Massachusetts and New-Hampshire. The magistrates, however, thought proper to have a pier of stone placed under it; and it has long been a doubt whether it rested on it or not. This celebrated bridge no longer exists, as the French burnt it when they came, to prevent the Austrians from passing the Rhine; it was three hundred and forty-two feet long, and covered, as are all the bridges I have seen in Switzerland, except those at Basle and Lauffenbourg.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAHS.

The republic of Algiers, the republic of America, and the republic of the Seven Isles, so happily established by Buonaparte, that illustrious friend to free Governments, are the most conspicuous Commonwealth, which the politician can now seek for, in a map of the World.

Dr. Johnson remarks, the breakfast is a meal, in which the Scots, whether of the lowlands or the mountains, must be confessed to excel us. The tea, and coffee, are accompanied not only with butter, but with honey, conserves and marmalades. If an epicure could remove by a wish, in quest of sensual gratification, where ever he had supped, he would breakfast in Scotland.

EPITAPH.

Here lies John Sullen, and it is God's will
He that was Sullen shall be Sullen still,
He still is Sullen: if the truth ye seek,
Knock until dooms day, Sullen will not speak.

ON MR. MILES.

This tomb-stone is a milestone—Hal! how so?
Because beneath lies Miles—who's miles below.
A little man he was a dwarf in size,
But now stretch'd out at least Miles long he lies,
His grave, though small, contains a space so wide,
It has miles in length, and miles in breadth beside.

ON MR. THOMAS ALL.

Reader, beneath this marble lies
All that was noble good, and wise;
All that once was form'd on earth,
All that was of mortal birth;
All that liv'd above the ground,
May within this grave be found:
If you have lost or great or small,
Come here and weep, for here lies All.
Then smile at death enjoy your mirth
Since he has took his all from earth.

Here lies John Shore
I say no more
Who was alive
In Sixty-five.

Lines written on a Blank leaf of a History of the French Revolution.

I hate mock Freedom's frantic noise,
Her canting, philanthropic voice,
Those crocodile effusions!
Practis'd upon the Rights of Man,
By every Gallic Charlatan,
With magical delusions.

Amid the necromantic glare,
Deceit conceals a hidden snare,
Envelop'd deep in gloom:
Proscriptions, dungeons, and the cord,
The axe, the dagger, and the sword,
A Royal Martyr's tomb!

Thousands in horrid caverns pine,
Or crush'd in pits their breath resign,
Or sink beneath the wave:
Blown from the cannon thousand fly.
Are these the fruits of Liberty,
Or, deeds that mark the brute?

The following *jeu du mot* was sent by a young lady to her lover, whose name was Nott, a few weeks before their marriage. The nuptial knot was fastened soon after the discerning lover decyphered its import.

Why urge, dear Sir a bashful maid
To change her single lot?
When well you know, I've often said,
In truth, I love you, Nott.

For all your pain I do, Nott, care,
And trust me, on my life,
Though you had millions, I declare,
I would, Nott, be your wife.

LINES,

On reading a paragraph, stating the marriage of Mr. T. Young, to Miss Ann Beard, both of Islington, near London.

No more let Scandal's busy tongue
Deride the youth of Tommy Young;
For that no longer need be fear'd,
Since Tommy now hath got a Beard.

Tho' rous'd, reluctant, from repose,
Again to combat Freedom's foes—
Still eager to degrade us;
We'll teach the stilted pride of France.
Tho' single handed we advance,
We need no force to aid us.

And should the foe, his fate allow
To touch our coast, with hostile prow,
And waft his minions o'er;
He'll find, to check his vain career,
'Tis hard to gain an *acre* here,
As erst on Egypt's shore.

[London paper.]

Epitaph on a celebrated professor of Midwifry, who, after having faithfully discharged the most important duties of a married man for near half a century, died childless.

MEMORIZ

X. Y.

In Academia Edinburgena
Artis obstetricæ quondam professoris,

Qui

Lucinam sine venere

Venerem sine Lucina

Coluit:

Filiis post mille

Republicæ datos

Ehu.

Sine liberis discessit

Bella inter intestina

Manu forte

Sed sine marte,

Liberatoris

Nomen adeptus est

Respicite Matres

Prospicite Virgines,

Et lugete.

Several pick-pockets were yesterday examined before the Lord Moyer, charged with attempting, at Bartholomew Fair, to make themselves merry at other peoples expense.

[London paper.]

THE KISS AND THE BLUSH.

My gentle Grace, I did but seek,
From off that delicate fair cheek,
To steal a kiss: and lo! your face
All o'er with shame and anger glows!
What have I done, my gentle Grace,
But turn'd a lily to a rose?
And well you know, we all declare
That face too delicately fair.

Your cheeks—your forehead too—were flush'd!
Your neck, and e'en your bosom blush'd!
And shame may clime the larger part
In that fair neck, and all above;
But the blush so near the heart,
O let it be a blush of love!
Pygmalion thus lit up with life,
The Statue that became his wife.

THE DRUNKARD BURIED ALIVE.

FROM FONTAINE.

All have their secret faults—not man,
Not woman, are from imperfections freed,
Which neither shame, nor terror, can
Eradicate. For proof this story read—

A very toper, who well lov'd his glass,
Was inj'ring fortune, health, and mind;
For drunkards, tho' their parse be full, alas,
Will soon its bottom find!
Once with a jovial set he carried on the game,
Till all his senses were in liquor drown'd;
The friends retired—his wife, a prudent dame,
Stretch'd on the floor his senseless body found,
And caus'd it to be plac'd within a tomb,
Where, in the midst of silent gloom,
The bloated drunkard lay,
Till all the fumes had work'd away.

When waking he observ'd the den of death—
There sees a coffin standing at his feet,
And there a pall and winding-sheet—
He scarce thro' fear could draw his breath!
What's here? he cries, my wife is sure a widow!
This said, his spouse, dress'd out like dame Aleco,
With visage mask'd, and accent feign'd,
Approaches, and presents a soup which well
Might Satan suit. All this enough explain'd
That he was now a citizen of Hell.

What art thou? he to the spectre cries,
The caterer of Satan, she replies:
I am entrusted with Hell's stock of meat,
And to the shades supply the food they eat.
Here he exclaims, before he well had time to think,
Why what the devil, don't they drink?

From the Toy Shop of

MESSRS VERBAL & TROCHEE.

The following lines from the pen of Mr. Sheridan were obligingly handed us by a friend, who had preserved them to the poetical department of a newspaper, of '77 or '78. Our friend was so delighted with it, he said he had imagined it the most finished piece of poetry of the kind he ever read. We think this no vain conceit, but a pretty correct opinion; and considering that in most of the modern songs composed in shapallic measure, we seldom find any thing to admire, we are the more pleased with this exception, which is in the highest degree elegant. The smooth and easy march of the verse, the harmony of the numbers, the sweetness of expression, and the figurative beauties (among which the 'grotto' the 'willow,' &c. must be ranked in the highest class of personified objects,) can be equalled only by the refined sensibility, which reigns through the whole.

We believe our readers would be well satisfied, if we could always present them such rare productions of British genius, instead of our own 'coarse homely manufacture.' But it is necessary for us further to remark, that Mr. Sheridan, the celebrated orator, meeting Miss Linley (afterwards Mrs. Sheridan) in the entrance of a grotto, took the liberty to offer her some advice, with which he apprehended she was displeased. We hope we do not transgress, the laws of delicacy if we ask our readers what they imagine must have been the Lady's feelings, whatever her station in life, when, on entering her grotto, the next day she found this beautiful performance, left her by a man of Mr. Sheridan's just celebrity and elevated standing in society.

Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone;
And damp is the shade of this dew-dropping tree;
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And willow! thy damps are refreshing to me.

For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I, in secret, her confidence sought;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught.

Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-cover'd stone,
And tell me, thou willow, with leaves dripping dew,
Did Delia seem vex'd when Horatio was gone?
And did she confess her resentment to you?

Methinks now each bough, as you're waving it, tries
To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel;
To hint how she frown'd when I dar'd to advise,
And sigh'd, when she saw that I did it with zeal.

True true, silly leaves so she did I allow?
She frown'd, but no rage in her looks could I see;
She frown'd, but reflection had clouded her brow;
She sigh'd, but, perhaps, 't was in pity to me.

For well did she know that my heart meant no wrong.
It sunk at the thought of but giving her pain;
But trusted its task to a faltering tongue!
Which err'd from the feelings it could not explain,

Yet oh! if indeed I've offended the maid,
If Delia my humble monitions refuse;
Sweet willow, next time she visits thy shade,
Fan gently her bosom, and plead my excuse.

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
Two lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll serve,
As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you.

Or least they unheeded should fall at her feet,
Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and I swear
The next time I visit thy moss-cover'd seat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine tear.

So may'st thou, green willow, for ages thus toss
Thy branches so dank o'er the slow-winding stream,

And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his theme.

Nav more—may my Delia still give you her charms
Each ev'ning, and sometimes the whole ev'ning long
Then, grotto, be proud to support her white arms
Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to the song.

The federalists have long been accused of a fixed determination to change the constitution; and the democrats have constantly *professed* a firm attachment to that important charter of our liberties.—But, mark their *practice*:—The moment they gain a sufficient ascendancy, they are contending with all their might to effect a material *alteration* in that national compact. We derive, however, some consolation from a writer in the *Political Observatory*, who has applied to his communication the signature of "A Farmer." This sagacious writer gravely assures us, in his concluding paragraph, that, 'should an alteration be made in *one particular*, *all the rest* of the constitution will remain precisely as it was before, unsullied in its excellence and unimpaired in its obligation.' Here is a discovery no less gratifying than it is ingenious. It is like the valuable medicine lately discovered, which, if rightly applied, the inventor assures us, will be the means of snatching thousands of constitutions from the jaws of death.

[Farmer's Museum.]

SECOND THOUGHT BEST.

From the French.

Liris, whom shepherds on the Saine,
Count the first beauty of the plain,
By Damon left forlorn,
Cried—'did he every saint invoke
With vows made only to be broke,
Charms such as mine to scorn?

Since heaven's just anger he defies,
And from my arms perfidious flies,
To court a homelier maid;
Repent he may when 'tis too late,
Revenge shall soothe my hapless fate,
On yonder river laid.'

Quick to the eddy stream she goes,
Upon her cheek pines every rose,
Tears trickle from her eye;
Fix'd on her doom, disdains to shrink,
But, rising o'er the sedgy brink,
Heaves a despairing sigh.

Check'd by the grim approach of Death,
Aghast she stood; then, out of breath,
Ran to her flocks again—
'Good God! she said, was I so mad
To risk the only life I had!—
Lovers enough remain.'

Our Subscribers and Agents are very respectfully apprised, that, henceforth, the price of the Port Folio is fixed at SIX DOLLARS. This augmentation is but an act of justice to the Editor, who, for three years, has published this paper, with an expense so large, and an income so small, that prudence requires a small addition to the premium of labour. The price of workmanship and materials are so high, that the Port Folio cannot be afforded for less than SIX DOLLARS; and the most captious, or most sceptical Subscriber, may, on a fair examination, satisfy himself, that the price of this Miscellany, far from being exorbitantly dear, forms an annual volume, cheaper than any contemporary work of a similar description, published either at home or abroad.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ELEGY

In memory of the late William Brown, Esq.

'Tis night! the funeral torch obscurely burns,
The bell of death prolongs its solemn sound;
The hollow gale the lingering note returns,
And echoes o'er the plain the groan profound.

Perhaps some hoary saint, the cloisters gloom,
A prey to grief, and unattun'd to earth;
Or heedless youth, unconscious of his doom,
Hath fled to glut the carnival of death.

Alas! more lov'd and wept than these the swain,
His doating parent's hope, and sisters' pride;
The fond companion of the letter'd train,
And ah! more honour'd of a lovely bride.

Such was the man I fondly call my friend,
Rich in esteem, and skill'd in *useful* lore;
Peaceful his course, domestic bliss his end,
And humbly blest his basket and his store.

Bright was his prospect while the morning ray,
At early dawn, a twinkling lustre gave;
And brighter grew, till orb'd in perfect day,
He dropp'd at life's meridian to the grave.

What then avail the treasures of the mind,
The fancy free, the soul that genius warms,
The soft emotions of a heart refin'd,
And sacred friendship, what thy boasted charms?

Where leads the pomp of princes? where the
pow'r

That, with a nod, decrees an empire's doom!
The airy path where pleasure's vot'ries soar?
Illusive all! to darkness and the tomb.

Death, like the prouder tyrants of the world,
To grace a triumph marks no vulgar foes;
In higher spheres his errless darts are hurl'd,
Nor threats the victim ere he gives the blow.

Thy virtues, Brown, too justly plac'd thee there,
But vain the blow, could unaffected worth,
Or the sweet incense of the orphan's tear,
Or widow's pray'r call back the sleeping earth.

Warm was his manly heart, his reason strong,
To force conviction, or bid mercy flow;
The patriot's ardour kindled on his tongue,
And bade the slumbering throng admire and glow.

No venal wishes linger'd round his heart,
Nor burning envy, nor corroding care;
That flame alone that virtue's beams impart,
Like heaven's own fire, burnt unconsuming there.

But why should such a friend attempt his praise,
Or bid the muse his mouldering urn bedew;
Why wakes not *Alfred's lyre to sweeter lays,
For Alfred's lov'd, and science mourns him too.

Yet thou, once happy partner of his joys,
May'st claim the partial tribute of a tear;
And call my feeble thought from idler toys,
To sorrow-soothing strains....and mark them here.

Sweet to thy memory be endearments past,
And ever fresh the bays his virtues won;

* Alfred, the poetical signature of a gentleman, whose habits of intimacy with the deceased, and whose distinguished poetical talents would have eminently qualified him for that task, which the *writer* has, with diffidence, attempted.

By thee preserv'd from every wasteful blast,
To grace the temples of his infant son.

And ye, sweet tendrils of the broken vine,
No more as erst in fond affection blest;
Your little arms around your sire entwine,
And cling for succour to his yielding breast.

Nor e'er again a faithful father's care
Shall lead your ductile minds to virtue's ways;
Nor guide your steps; nor lure your tender years,
In soothing strains, from error's devious maze.

How oft a guest at social eve I've seen
His little flock their youthful sports forego;
With earnest heed inclin'd and wistful mien,
To catch instruction from some tale of woe.

These scenes are o'er! peace to his gentle shade,
No more let friendship, with unlicens'd eye,
Or unavailing grief, pursue the dead,
They rest in peace—the living claim the sigh.

And oh! fair mourner, may indulgent heav'n,
That ne'er forsakes the widow nor betrays,
Preserve unstain'd thy flock in mercy giv'n,
To bless the noon and ev'ning of thy days.

And when the golden bowl shall burst in twain,
The silver chord's vibrations all be o'er;
Then may thy kindred heart in friendship join,
Where death divides, and pain afflicts no more.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following verses by the late Daniel Webb, Esq. are highly extolled by the British Critics.]

TO MIRA,

ON HER WEDDING-DAY.

Assume, my verse, thy wonted art,
While all in expectation stand,
Can'st thou not paint the willing heart,
That coyly gives the trembling hand?

Can'st thou not summon from the sky
Soft Venus and her milk-white doves?
Mark—in an easy yoke they fly,
An emblem of unsever'd loves.

Now, Mira, art thou pale with fear;
Look not, thou sweetness, thus forlorn;
She smiles, and now such tints appear,
As steal upon the silver morn.

Quick, Hymen, to the temple lead,
Cupid, thy victory pursue:
In blushes rose the conscious maid,
Trust me, she'll set in blushes too.

Well may the lover fondly gaze
On thy bright cheek, and bloom of youth,
Impatient of the calmer praise
Of sweetness, innocence, and truth.

Yet these shall to thy latest hour,
These only shall secure thy bliss,
When the pale lip hath lost its power,
These shall give nectar to the kiss.

[To the industry of Athenæus we are indebted for a hymn to Health, which Dr. Johnson has lavishly commended in his *Rambler*. Mr. Webb has translated it as follows.]

First born of heaven! for without thee,
Bless'd Health, the gods themselves would be
Oppress'd by immortality.
Come then, thou best of blessings, come,
And make my humble roof thy home;
Propitious come, and shed a ray
Of gladness on my setting day.
For if there be in wealth a charm,
If joys the parents bosom warm,
Whate'er the good, to thee 'tis given
To perfect every boon of heaven.

If diadems the fancy please,
Thy hand must make them sit with ease;
Lost, without thee, were Cupid's wiles,
And Venus owes thee half her smiles.
Whate'er we hope, whate'er endure,
Thou giv'st the enjoyment or the cure;
Where'er thou spreadst thy balmy wing
Ills vanish, blooming pleasures spring.
All wishes meet in thee alone,
For Happiness and Health are one.

[The inefficacy of rural beauty to please during the absence of a mistress, is among the common places of amatory poets. The language of the heart is so universal that the similarity of this sonnet to a passage in Langhorne, will not surprise:

"What are streams or flowers,
Or songs of blithe birds? What the blushing rose,
Young health or music, or the voice of praise,
The smile of vernal suns, the fragrant breath
Of ev'ning gales—when Delia dwells afar?"

SONNET FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

Silent and slow now fresh'ning breezes blow,
Where groves of chesnut crown yon shadowy
steep,
And all around the tears of ev'ning weep,
For closing day, whose vast orb, westering slow,
Flings o'er th' embattled clouds a mellow glow,
While hum of folded herds and murmur ring deep,
And falling rills such gentle cadence keep,
As e'en might soothe the weary heart of woe.
Yet what to me is eve, what evening airs,
Or falling rills, or ocean's murmur ring sound,
While sad and comfortless I seek in vain
Her, who, in absence, turns my joy to cares,
And, as I cast my listless glances round,
Makes varied scenery but varied pain.

[Moore in his translation of a famous ode of Anacreon has emulated every beauty of the original.]

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my swimming soul;
As hush'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions over my fancy play'd.
With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to trace the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe, bath'd in dew,
We flew and sported as we flew.
Some ruddy striplings, young and sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flow'ry wild
With dimpled girls and slyly smil'd;
Smil'd, indeed, with wanton glee,
But, ah! 'twas plain they envied me,
And still I flew—and now I caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To kiss—when all my dreaming joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys
All were gone! Alas, I said,
Sighing for the illusions fled,
'Sleep, again my joys restore,
Oh, let me dream them o'er and o'er.'

EPIGRAM.

SENTIMENTAL CHARITY.

Such fine spun pain does Want excite,
When beggars near Penurice stray,
From fear of fainting at the sight,
She turns her head another way.
Her generous notions *partial* call
The hand that grants a penny;
So, as she cannot give to *all*,
She never gives to *any*.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 8.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1804.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 83.

Si vis ut loquar, ipse tace.....MART.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

IN your twenty-sixth number you have published an essay on ingratitude, under the signature of Harley. In this essay one circumstance has been omitted, which, I apprehend, contributes more than any other to check the generous exertions of a grateful mind, and to fix the soul in that torpid insensibility to an act of beneficence which, but too often, falls under every one's observation. The circumstance which I allude to is the pleasure which some people take in boasting of the favours which they have conferred. A person of this disposition cannot hear of the prosperity of his neighbour without informing you of the many and great favours which he himself has conferred upon him. Or, if he should so far restrain himself as not to enter into particulars, you may, at least, expect a hint that he owes much of his advancement in life to the assistance of his friends, and that the time is not far elapsed when he was in a different situation, but some people easily forget their benefactors, or other sly insinuations, the drift of which is obvious to the company. You may recollect a pretty epigram of Martial, which turns upon this thought, and, perhaps, an English imitation of it may afford your readers some entertainment.

Thy generous actions, Posthumus, imprint
On the warm tablet of my faithful breast,
Live, and shall ever live; should'st thou inquire
Why then my tongue ne'er owns the grateful fire?
Know that whene'er I tell thy favours o'er,
I'm answer'd—Oh! we've heard all that before.
Sure in this cause one speaker may suffice,
Be silent, and I'll praise thee to the skies:
But give me leave to whisper in thine ear
A truth thou may'st with much advantage hear,
The babbling giver, emulous of fame,
Destroys the greatest gift, defeats his darling aim.

The propriety of these observations may be placed in a more striking light by exhibiting the character of Ventoso. This man possesses a considerable estate; he is by no means aviricious, but his liberality proceeds rather from vanity and a love of praise, than from that nobleness of soul which seeks no reward but the pleasure of performing a generous action.

There are few of his neighbours whom he has not, at one time or another, obliged by his favours and disgusted by his loquacity, for the one always follows the other as invariably as night succeeds to day. Hence it happens, that, instead of enjoying the fame which he fancies is due to his beneficence, he is constantly surrounded by a crowd of mean sycophants, who soothe his pride in his presence, and laugh at his follies behind his back. Notwithstanding this

he believes himself beloved and esteemed by all that know him, and will talk with the greatest self-complacency of the many benefits he has conferred, and the many charities to the promotion of which he has contributed.

It was but the other day that a useful, charitable institution being mentioned in his hearing, aye! says he, that institution cost me two hundred guineas at its first establishment, besides the many different contributions which my reputation has since compelled me to advance. The character of generosity lays a heavy tax upon the purse, too heavy, indeed, for every one's estate to bear. Thus he goes on, exposing his vanity and folly, yet pleasing himself with the idea that he supports the character of a generous man, notwithstanding the heavy tax which it lays upon his purse. He knows not, poor man, that the silence of his hearers is not the silence of attention but of disgust; he knows not that he is rendering himself ridiculous by the very means which he uses to appear amiable.

Those who gape for fame ought to be disappointed, in order to teach them to have a better motive for their conduct; and we generally see the justice of mankind will not suffer any one to praise himself, and, at the same time, to enjoy the praises of others.

I am, &c.

S.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To the lovers of the belles lettres how peculiarly pleasing is it to peruse the history of the preservation and revival of learning in the latter end of the fifteenth century, under the patronage and by the example of the Medici family; especially of Lorenzo the Magnificent: to whose uncommon assiduity of research, and unquestionable genius and taste we of the later ages have been so much indebted. The amount, however, of our gratitude, and its direction to the proper object, was in a great measure unknown to ourselves until, a few years ago, we were favoured with a "Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, by Wm. Roscoe, Esq." a work, which, as the author of the Pursuits of Literature very justly says, 'places its author in the very first rank of English classical historians.' But Lorenzo not only contributed to the restoration of learning by his patronage of learned men, but by his example also. His learned biographer says, that, as a poet, his claim to high rank is indisputable: comparing his sonnets and other pieces to those of his great predecessors, Dante and Petrarca, he says, 'that though they do not possess the terseness of the former, or the polish and harmony of the latter, yet they have a boldness of colouring superior to either. And his successors, say Ariosto, Tasso, Guarini, &c. by imitating this feature of his writings, and uniting it with the correctness of Petrarca have thereby exhibited in their works the highest degree of perfection Italian poetry has attained. His re-

presentation and combination of material and external objects are vivid and distinct; he arranges the affections and passions of the human mind; gives them a visible and substantial form, distinguished by their attributes, their insignia, and their effects.' In the knowledge and use of the *prosopopœia* Mr. Roscoe thinks the moderns excel the ancients—the attribution of sense, he says, to inert objects is indeed common to both, but that still bolder exertion which embodies abstract existence, and renders it susceptible of oracular representation, is almost exclusively the boast of the moderns.' He then goes on to observe 'that few authors, who preceded Lorenzo de' Medici, have exhibited many striking instances of those embodied pictures of ideal existence, which are so conspicuous in the works of Ariosto, Spenser, Milton, and others, who have formed their taste upon the poets of Italy.

It may not be unpleasant to quote an instance of Lorenzo's use of this figure in representing jealousy, and of the poetry to the Italian scholar.

Solo una vecchia in un oscuro canto,
Pallida, il sol fuggendo si siede,
Tacita sopirando, ed un ammant,
Dun incerto dolor cangiante havea;
Cento occhi ha intesa, e tuttiversan piante
E cent' orecchie la maligna dea;
Opel ch'... e ch'è none trista ode e vede;
Mai dorma ed ostinata a se sol crede.

Sad in a nook obscure, and sighs deep,
A pale and haggard beldam shrinks from view;
Her gloomy vigils there she loves to keep,
Wrapt in a robe of ever-changing hue;
A hundred eyes she has that ceaseless weep,
A hundred ears that pay attention due;
Imagin'd evils aggravate her grief,
Heedless of sleep, and stubborn to relief.

Speaking of the Tuscan *lingua contadinesca*, or country dialect, Mr. Roscoe says 'it abounds with phrases highly natural and appropriate, though incompatible with the precision of a regular language; and observes that specimens of it were found in the writings of Boccaccio. The idea of adapting this language to poetry first occurred to Lorenzo de' Medici, who, in his verses intitled *La Nencia de Barberina*, has left a very pleasing specimen of it, full of lively imagery and rustic pleasantry. The following are two stanzas of this piece from the appendix:

Ardo d'amore, e conviemmi cantare,
Per una dama che mi strugge il core,
Ch'ogn' oita ch'io lasento ricodare
El curo mi brilla, e par che glesca fore,
Ella non trovadi bellizza pare
Con gl'occhi getta fiacole d'amore,
Io sono stato in citta e cartaella
El mai non vidi guano tanto bella.
Jo sono stato a enpoli almercato,
A prato, a monticelli, a san casciano,
A coll e, a poggibon, a san donato;
El quin a monte insino a dicomano:
Figline, catelfranco ho ricevare,
San pier, el Borgo, Montagna, e Gagliana,
Piu bel mercato, che nel mon e sia,
E' a Barberin dov e' la Nencia mia.

'That the Romans (adds he) had also a distinction between the written tongue, a

dialect of the country inhabitants may be inferred from the following lines of Tibullus, lib. 2. Eleg. 3.

*Ipsa Venus lætos jam nunc migravit in agros
Verbaque aratoris rustica discit amor.*

'Few attempts (says Mr. Roscoe, in a note,) have been made in England to adapt the provincial idiom of the inhabitants to the language of poetry. Neither the Shepherd's Calendar of Spenser, nor the Pastorals of Gay possess that native simplicity, and close adherence to the manners and language of country life, which ought to form the basis of this kind of composition. Whether the dialect of Scotland be more favourable to attempts of this nature, or whether we are to seek for the fact in the character of the people, or the peculiar talents of the writers, certain it is that the idiom of that country has been more successfully employed in poetical composition, than that of any other part of Great Britain, and that this practice may there be traced to a very early period. In later times the beautiful dramatic poem of the Gentle Shepherd has exhibited rusticity without vulgarity, and elegant sentiment without affectation. Like the heroes of Homer, the characters of this piece can engage in the humblest occupations without degradation. If to this production we add the beautiful and interesting poems of the Ayrshire ploughman [BURNS] we may venture to assert, that neither in Italy nor in any other country, has this species of poetry been cultivated with greater success. The Cotter's Saturday Night is, perhaps, unrivalled, in its kind, in any language.'

Notwithstanding the exertions of the Medici family, (say Lorenzo the Magnificent, his grandfather Cosmo, and his son pope Leo X.) to recover the works of the ancients from the mouldering cells of superstition, or from their Gothic possessors, yet still we have to regret the loss of many valuable works of antiquity, not only of the Greek and Latin historians, but of the comedies of the Greeks. The specimens which another elegant classical historian, Richard Cumberland, Esq. has given us from fragments of the ancient, middle, and new comedies, tend to aggravate this regret.

In the fourth century, when religious zeal, as in the days of John Knox, and some other modern reformers, thought it necessary to destroy every thing that appertained to the objects of their persecution: then it was the fathers of the church, in whose hands these authors were, held it a point of conscience to destroy the idols of the stage, as they had already destroyed the idols of the temple, and to bury heathen wit in the same grave with heathen superstition: their poets and their gods were to be exterminated alike.

To the more enlightened taste, or rather perhaps to the lucky partiality of Chrysostom, bishop of Constantinople, alone we owe the preservation of Aristophanes; the translation of whose few comedies that remain we cannot but wish, with the author of the Pursuits of Literature, may be undertaken by Mr. Cumberland; from the specimen he has given in his translation of The Clouds, he considers Mr. C. as the best fitted for the task as a Greek scholar and as a poet—

*For Athens Cumberland seems born alone
To make her comic patriot all our own.*

P. of L. Part 4.

Mr. C. in his annals of the Greek dramas regrets much the loss of the works of the authors of the new comedy, as he calls it, beginning with Menander. The comedies of this author, since they were all translated by Terence, and since all the comedies of merit of this age were

translated by Terence and Plautus, (for the comic schools at Rome, in their highest glory, seem to be formed upon the new comedy of the Greeks) leaves us some room to hope that they may yet be recovered by the discovery of some new Herculaneum.

Of Menander, whom Plutarch and Quintilian concur in praising so highly, Mr. Cumberland has translated several fragments, one of which, preserved by Plutarch, may be acceptable:

If you, O Trophimus, and you alone
Of all your mother's sons, have nature's charter
For privilege of pleasures uncontroll'd,
And that some god hath ratified the grant,
You then, with cause, may vent your loud reproach,
For he hath broke the charter and betray'd you:
But if you live and breathe the common air,
On the same terms as we do, then I tell you
And tell it in the tragic poet's words,*
Of your philosophy you make no use
If you give place to accidental evils,
The sum of which philosophy is this—
You are a man, and, therefore, fortune's sport,
This hour exalted, and the next alas'd:
You are a man, and though by nature weak,
By nature arrogant—climbing to heights
That mark your reach, and crash you in the fall;
Nor was the blessing you have lost the best
Of all life's blessings; nor is your misfortune
The worst of its afflictions; therefore, Trophimus,
Make it not such by over-strain'd complaints,
But to your disappointment suit your sorrow.

Fragment from Philemon, the rival of Menander.

If what we have we use not, and still covet
What we have not, we are calld by fortune
Of present bliss,—of future—by ourselves.

[To the judicious lover of that elegant simplicity, which never wearies in the works of Xenophon, Julius Cæsar, Phædrus, Addison, Parnell, and Prior, every effusion from the pen of GOLDSMITH is eminently agreeable. The following original paper has never appeared in any edition of his 'Essays,' but the critical reader will instantly perceive that it is genuine, and will cherish the fugitive as the legitimate offspring of GENIUS and GOLDSMITH.]

Of all men, who form gay illusions of distant happiness, perhaps a poet is the most sanguine. Such is the ardour of his hopes that they often are equal to actual enjoyment; and he feels more in expectation than actual fruition. I have often regarded a character of this kind with some degree of envy. A man possessed of such warm imagination, commands all nature, and arrogates possessions of which the owner has a blunter relish. While life continues, the alluring prospect lies before him; he travels in the pursuit with confidence, and resigns it only with his last breath.

It is this happy confidence which gives life its true relish, and keeps up our spirits amid every distress and disappointment. How much less would be done, if a man knew how little he can do! How wretched a creature would he be, if he saw the end as well as the beginning of his projects! He would have nothing left but to sit down in torpid despair, and exchange employment for actual calamity.

I was led into this train of thinking, upon lately visiting the beautiful gardens of the late Mr. Shenstone, who was himself a poet, and possessed of that warm imagination, which made him ever foremost in the pursuit of flying happiness. Could he have but foreseen the end of all his schemes, for whom he was improving, and what changes his designs were to undergo, he would have scarcely amused his innocent life with what, for several years, employed him in a most harmless manner, and abridged his scanty fortune. As the progress of this im-

provement is a true picture of sublunary vicissitude, I could not help calling up my imagination, which, while I walked pensively along, suggested the following reverie.

As I was turning my back upon a beautiful piece of water, enlivened with cascades and rock work, and entering a dark walk by which ran a prattling brook, the genius of the place appeared before me, but more resembling the god of Time, than him more peculiarly appointed to the care of gardens. Instead of shears, he bore a scythe, and he appeared rather with the implements of husbandry, than those of a modern gardener. Having remembered this place in its pristine beauty, I could not help condoling with him on its present ruinous situation. I spoke to him of the many alterations which had been made, and all for the worse; of the many shades which had been taken away, of the bowers that were destroyed by neglect, and the hedge rows that were spoiled by clipping. The Genius, with a sigh, received my condolence, and assured me he was equally a martyr to ignorance and taste, to refinement and rusticity. Seeing me desirous of knowing farther, he went on:

'You see, in the place before you, the paternal inheritance of a poet; and to a man, content with little, fully sufficient for his subsistence, but a strong imagination, and a long acquaintance with the rich are dangerous foes to contentment. Our poet, instead of sitting down to enjoy life, resolved to prepare for its future enjoyment; and set about converting a place of profit into a scene of pleasure. This he at first supposed could be accomplished at a small expense; and he was willing for a while to stint his income, to have an opportunity of displaying his taste. The improvement in this manner went forward; one beauty attained led him to wish for some other; but he still hoped that every commendation would be the last. It was now, therefore, found that the improvement exceeded the subsidy, that the place was grown too large, and too fine for the inhabitant. But that pride which was once exhibited could not retire, the garden was made for the owner, and though it was become unfit for him, he could not willingly resign it to another. Thus the first idea of its beauties contributing to the happiness of his life was found unfaithful; so that instead of looking within for satisfaction, he began to think of having recourse to the praises of those, who came to visit his improvement.

In consequence of this hope, which now took possession of his mind, the gardens were opened to the visits of every stranger; and the country flocked round to walk, to criticise, to admire, and to do mischief. He soon found that the admirers of his taste left by no means such strong marks of their applause, as the envious did of their malignity. All the windows of his temples, and the walls of his retreats were impressed with the characters of profaneness, ignorance, and obscenity. His hedges were broken, his statues and urns defaced, and his lawns worn bare. It was now, therefore, to shut up the gardens once more, and to deprive the public of that happiness, which had before ceased to be his own.

In this situation the poet continued for a time in the character of a jealous lover, fond of the beauty he keeps, but unable to supply the extravagance of every demand. The garden, by this time, was completely grown and finished; the marks of art were covered up by the luxuriance of nature; the winding walks were grown dark; the brook assumed a natural sylvage; and the rocks were covered with moss. Nothing now remained but to enjoy the beauties of the place, when the poor poet died, and his garden

* Probably Euripides.

was obliged to be sold for the benefit of those who had contributed to its embellishment.

The beauties of the place had now for some time been celebrated as well in prose as in verse; and all men of taste wished for so envied a spot, where every urn was marked with the poet's pencil, and every walk awakened genius and meditation. The first purchaser was one Mr. Truepenny, a button maker, who was possessed of three thousand pounds, and was willing also to be possessed of taste and genius.

As the poet's ideas were for the natural wildness of the landscape, the buttonmaker's were for the more regular production of art. He conceived, perhaps, that as it is a beauty in a button to be of a regular pattern, so the same regularity ought to obtain in a landscape. Be this as it will, he employed the sheers to some purpose; he clipped up the hedges, cut down the gloomy walks, made vistas upon the stables and hogsties, and showed his friends that a man of taste should always be doing.

The next candidate for taste and genius was a captain of a ship, who bought the garden because the former possessor could find nothing more to mend, but unfortunately he had taste too. His great passion lay in building, in making Chinese temples, and cage work summer-houses. As the place before had an appearance of retirement and insipid meditation, he gave it a more peopled air; every turning presented a cottage, or ice house, or a temple. The improvement was converted into a little city, and it only wanted inhabitants to give it the appearance of a village in the East Indies.

In this manner, in less than ten years, the improvement has gone through the hands of as many proprietors, who were all willing to have taste, and to show their taste too. As the place had received its best finishing from the hand of the first possessor, so every innovator only lent a hand to do mischief. Those parts which were ~~formerly have been only~~ *formerly have been only* walks which led naturally, have been twisted into serpentine windings. The colour of the flowers of the field is not more various than the variety of tastes that have been employed here, and all in direct contradiction to the original aim of the first improver. Could the original possessor but revive, with what a sorrowful head would he look upon his favourite spot again! He would scarcely recollect a dryad or a woodnymph of his former acquaintance, and might, perhaps, find himself as much a stranger in his own plantation as in the deserts of Siberia.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

NO. 5.

Memorabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science. Interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kiddnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651

Washington, printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

If any of my readers should doubt of the authenticity of the ensuing letter, notwithstanding the testimony of Mr. Kiddnap, and the remarks made in my last number, to obtain perfect conviction, on this point, they need only take up 'the Farmer,' and

'Voyage that unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion,'....' swarming thick
With complicated monsters, head and tail.'

"26th year of liberty, 1st of democracy.

Respected Fellow-Citizen,

It is an abundant matter of advantage, pleasantness and gratification to me that you enable and allow me to discharge the duty which, in common with every republican, I owe to my fellow-citizens of the United States, to aid them, looking around for light and help, on that interesting and important inquiry which you are about to institute in that solemn and immortal work you have undertaken, thought, and determined upon. From that work republicanism cherishes a hope that it shall be placed on a prosperous basis, and will acquire that stability consistency, and splendor, which will long adorn, forever adorn, your envied name in America. That I am selected as an humble tool by you in this task, is a thing of which I am justly proud. It is singularly pleasant to me to have an opportunity to represent the causes and the reasons which have enabled that horrible monster a hierarchy, the most deformed, as it is the most bloody of the English constitution, to organise sedition, and to anathematise, by vulgar rashness, and sacerdotal prejudice, the unexamined and untried measures of government, rudely, suddenly, prematurely and wickedly. My bowels yearn, my heart bleeds, my stomach sickens, while I recur to all the miseries which these wolves in sheeps' clothing daily have, are and will inflict upon my native land, country and state. I have but one request to make, in respect to the sentiments I am now about to display and unfurl; and this is that you would consider them only as a general recognition of principles, and depository of facts, of which you are to make use for the sole purpose of giving excitement to the friends and success to the projects of republicanism, but that you would, by no means, make public the name, or alphabetical signs, by which I am known, designated, and marked. I possess, I trust, a dignified, a proud, integrity, an invincible attachment to truth, a soul exalted by a habit of candour, inquiry and fairness, a mind independent and composed, with innate propensities to war against injurious prejudices, error and baseness, sufficient for stemming the torrent of party and outrage, yet I would willingly, except in cases directly connected with elections, expose myself to the shafts of calumny and detraction, which the priesthood in New-England would pour upon me from their strong holds. Should I be known as the author of this stricture or scrap, I should expect nothing better than to be torn piecemeal in a thousand ecclesiastical invectives, to be hurled headlong from their desks like a birch canoe down the cataracts of Niagara, or vomited forth from the craters of their pulpits, like a red hot stone from the mouths of Vesuvius, Stromboli, or Etna. Relying, therefore, upon your honour and attachment, I proceed boldly to develop the effects of a priesthood, publicly patronized, and the causes which conspire to make the clergy foes, enemies, and opponents to democratic republicanism, or, as it may be, perhaps, better expressed, republican democracy.

Any man who will turn his attention upon human nature and look through the fog or false medium through which objects are made to impress the eyes of men, will find three great principles constantly operative, and dragging after them the thoughts, acts or words of individuals. These are avarice, or love of money, goods, chattels, bills, or credits; pride, or anxiety for distinction, place, or pre-eminence; ambition, or desire of power, influence, or popularity. All men are, more or less, infected with these, according to their circumstances, situations, habits, sentiments, feelings, hopes, fears, wants, possessions, and inclinations. These dispositions exist, in nature, in the relations and fitness of things, in the aptitude and tendency of principles, to reasons, aims and ends, and the clergy,

partaking of the frailties consequent upon the fall of Adam, are not less hurried along by these furious guides into the miry ditch. By attending to these principles you will easily understand why they are such prostituted and noxious creatures why, as I have fully hinted in my 'Farmer,' and more particularly expressed myself, they are such 'fomenters of feuds, sharpening their tongues with more cruelty than the dagger of the assassin, why they have stabbed characters in the dark, and, like common scolds, called their opponents by hard names;* why they are propagators of sedition, slanders, libels, and modern federalisms;† why they are guilty of such 'adverse combinations, oppugnations, disrespect, reproach, and systematic revilings, in essence and nature, sedition, treason, and rebellion.†

And, in the first place, you, an enlightened free, and happy democrat of the ancient dominion, will scarce be able to credit, or conceive the extravagant oppression and misery, to which the avarice of this body of men has reduced and sunk our poor priest-ridden people; who lie prostrate under the payment of the rents, tithes, taxes, and assessments, which, by law, they impose and levy for their support. Thus, for instance, there is scarcely a clergyman, in the wide extent of N. England, who does not receive the scandalous, enormous, and oppressive salary of one hundred pounds lawful money, Massachusetts's currency; that is to say, three hundred and thirty-three dollars, thirty-three cents, money of the United States; or, to express it more intelligibly to you, in the coin, or circulating medium, of your own native state, equal to seven hogsheds of the best James River Tobacco. A salary, which many poor and pining democrats would rejoice to possess, and the attainment of which would put joy between the teeth of very many mouths of labour. In addition to this, the wretched parishioners are, not unfrequently, obliged to drag to the parson's house, twenty cords of wood annually, all cut out of the parish lot, or paid for out of the parish chest. To complete this disgraceful narration, they take, in right of their office, most commonly, possession of a parsonage house, whereto is annexed tillage land, enough for a kitchen garden, and pasturage, sufficient to support a horse, and a cow, and a cosset sheep. The laws of the country also give them perfect security and protection in all these rich revenues, rights, immunities and possessions. To this, however, the wise, happy, virtuous, and highly republican state of Rhode-Island forms an honourable exception. There it has been judicially and most justly determined, that a clergyman cannot maintain an action for his salary. But in Massachusetts, to its disgrace, it is otherwise, as is aforesaid. There not only they can recover their professional dues, but what is more they are relieved from all taxes. Such are the scandalous sacrifices, by which the people of this my native commonwealth pamper the avarice of this body of men. The consequences are such as might naturally be expected. By their wealth, riches and extravagant rents and incomes they are enabled to influence elections, to bribe and corrupt the people, and to mislead them from the true highway of democracy. For, out of these rich revenues, they have scarcely ever more than a wife and seven children, although I have known some have ten, to support. So that the surplus is ample, as you cannot but see, to produce all those nefarious, wicked, and mischievous effects, combinations, and oppugnations, herein hinted at, and, in my Farmer, exhibited, and, at large, insisted upon.

* Farmer, No. 2:

† Ib. No. 10.

But the avarice of this body of men is not more insatiable, than their pride is exorbitant. This they exhibit by the pomp and splendor of their dress and demeanour. All of them keep a horse and most, a second a chaise, in which they have been known, in the wantonness of sacerdotal competency and presumption to ride over—pigs, which, in the confidence of innocence and simplicity, were reposing in their paths; thereby indicating, by a malignant innuendo, or figurative procedure, their enmity to democracy, in their treatment of an inoffensive animal; long represented, by wicked and malicious foes, as its type, symbol, or representative. On the first day of every week, they dress themselves in black silk, or superfine broad-cloth, having two peices of choice cambric, suspended under their chins; they lean upon velvet, and hold in their right hand a book, ornamented with black morocco and sometimes with gold leaf. With such anti-republican dress and demeanour do they dazzle the people and astound and make them stare at the gorgeous trappings of a New-England hierarchy.

But more terrible and destructive, than either the pride or the avarice of the clergy, is their ambition, or their love of popularity, power, weight and influence. To gratify this, their ruling passion, their means are not less nefarious, than their ends are criminal. Instead of exhibiting that universal philanthropy, which, embracing all mankind, in the arms of benevolence, has not time, room, or opportunity to relieve the individuals of which the species is composed, these men circumscribe all their offices of love and affection to the sphere of their own parish, and so insinuate themselves into the hearts of their parishioners. Thus, for instance, they no sooner hear of a sick one, than they visit him; they no sooner know of an unfortunate one, than they hasten to him; and there, under pretence of affording consolation or advice, they never fail in the weak, and distressed moments of the human heart, to insinuate their pernicious maxims and strengthen their dangerous influence. With the same view, they call together, once or twice, every month, all the children to what is called 'a catechising.' Here they take occasion to instil into their young and tender minds, those habits, manners, and principles, which render the people of New-England, so generally, wretched, poor, and depraved, and the absence of which, renders so elevated and pure, the democrats of the ancient dominion. The effects of this influence are nowhere more conspicuous, than in the manners and conduct of the children of these States; who scarcely ever suffer an aged person to pass, in the streets of our country villages, without making a curtesy, or a bow; both sure marks of slavish minds and a servile education, and nowhere to be seen, except in countries, where the spirits of both parents and children are broken, and their necks galled, by the yoke of an imperious hierarchy. To the same pernicious influence may be attributed the utter neglect and idiotic contempt, in which almost all our young men hold horse-racing, cock-fighting, billiard-playing and those other, like, republican sports, the pride of the youth of your happy land. Instead of these many exercises, they are shut up from their childhood in a narrow room, and subjected to the anti-republican domination of a master. The constitution of these schools is, alas! an unlimited monarchy. Instead of a republican representation of the boys, whereby the feelings and the local interests and rights of each individual can alone be considered, through the medium of a single assembly, all power is deposited in the hands of a despot, who restrains their natural liberty, or punishes the exercise of their unalienable rights, by those ancient instruments of despotism, the rod and

the ferula. These and a thousand other, like, infringements and oppugnations of democratic principles may be traced to the fear and vile bondage, oppression and slavery, in which all classes are holden in New-England by this domineering order.

But I will not keep open wounds, which bleed so plentifully any longer, and which bleed the more for not having bled sooner. From what I have written you will easily collect the reasons and causes, why the clergy are such dangerous enemies to the peace, prosperity, power and pre-eminence of genuine democracy, and why they must be vanquished, trodden down, dissipated, destroyed and frowned upon, if we ever hope that investigation, government, philosophy, morals, and the ever watchful principle of a public and individual interest, assuming their native energies, will repair the losses sustained, and progress to the triumphs of grandeur and of sovereignty in their struggles for freedom and for placing sound democratic principles, in the Eastern States, on a firm basis.

With homage and respect

I am &c.

To Slaveslap Kidnap Esq.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF RICHARD JAGO.

[This elegant, and feeling writer, deserves all the candid criticism of his Biographer. We have read his longest Poem with peculiar pleasure. It is entitled 'Edge-Hill,' deriving its name from the boundary line between the counties of Oxford and Warwick, and memorable, as the scene of the first engagement, between loyalty, and rebellion, in the reign of Charles I. The Author's opinion of that malignant mob of fanatics and rebels, who, in their mad paroxysm of democracy, spilt the blood of their Sovereign; defaced the noblest institutions; oppressed the best men; exalted the worst; made hypocrisy a trade, religion a drab, liberty a jest, and totally annulled the public peace and private happiness of a whole country, is clearly expressed, in these lines.

..... Here, thy subjects first, IMPERIAL CHARLES,
Dart'd in these fields, with arms, their cause to plead.
Where once the Romans pitch'd their hostile tents,
Other Campanias fair, and milder Alps
Exploring, now a nobler warrior stood,
His country's Sovereign liege! Around his camp
A gallant train of loftiest rank attend,
By loyalty and love of regal sway
To mighty deeds impell'd. Meanwhile below
Others no less intrepid courage boast,
From source as fair, the love of Liberty!
Dear Liberty! when rightly understood,
Prime social bliss! Oh! may no fraud
Usurp thy name, to veil the dark designs
Of vile ambition, or licentious rage.]

But the popular part of Mr. Jago's reputation will rest upon those little Poems, dear to humanity, which have been devoted to the best purpose of rescuing the inferior orders of animated nature, from the capricious cruelty of man. His 'Elegies' are most amiable in their sentiment, and most elegant in their expression, and will probably save the life, and vindicate the freedom of many a feathered songster.]

Richard Jago was born October 1. 1715. His family was of Cornish extraction; but his father, the Rev. Richard Jago, was Rector of Beauchert, near Henley in Arden, in Warwickshire. He married Margaret, the daughter of William Parker, Gent. of Henley, 1711, by whom he had several children. The poet was his third son.

He received a good classical education under the Rev. Mr. Crumpton, an excellent country school-master at Solihull, near Birmingham in Warwickshire; where he formed an acquaintance with several gentlemen who were his school-fellows; among others with Shenstone. A similarity of taste and of pursuits soon brought on an intimacy between these two poets, which continued without abatement till the death of Shenstone.

'From the acquaintance,' says Mr. Graves, in his 'Recollection of some particulars in the Life of Shenstone,' 'which I had with Mr. Jago, and

some others who were bred under Mr. Crumpton, he seems to have given his pupils a more early taste for the English classics, than was commonly done in grammar schools at that time.'

About 1732, he was removed from the school of Solihull, and entered as a servitor, of University College, Oxford; where he was privately visited by his school-fellow Shenstone, then a commoner of Pembroke College, who introduced him to the acquaintance of his fellow collegians, Anthony Whistler, Esq. of Whitchurch, Oxfordshire, author of the 'Shuttle-cock,' and several original poems in 'Dodsley's Collection,' Mr. Robert Binnel, author of some learned notes in Grainger's 'Tibullus,' and Mr. Richard Graves, the present rector of Claverton in Somersetshire, author of 'The Spiritual Quixote,' 'Euphrosyne,' 'Columella,' 'Peter of Pontefract,' and other ingenious performances.

On the humiliating situation in which he was placed at University College, his friend Mr. Graves makes the following liberal and indignant reflections, in his 'Recollection, &c.'

'Mr. Shenstone had one ingenious and much valued friend in Oxford, Mr. Jago, his school-fellow, whom he could only visit in private, as he wore a servitor's gown; it being then deemed a great disparagement for a commoner to appear in public with one in that situation; which, by the way, would make one wish with Dr. Johnson, that there were no young people admitted in that servile state in a place of liberal education.

'Servitors, or Sizars as they are called in Cambridge, were probably appointed when colleges were first established, and when there was a scarcity of fit persons to supply the learned professions, that a greater number might have the advantage of literary instruction, by the poorer waiting on the more affluent students.

'But what good end can it answer in those times, when every genteel profession is overstocked, to rob our agriculture or our manufactures of so many useful hands, by encouraging every substantial farmer or mechanical tradesman, to breed his son to the church?

'If now and then a very uncommon genius in those walks of life discovers itself, there are seldom wanting gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who are proud of calling forth, and if necessary, of supporting, by a subscription, such extraordinary talents.

'Mr. Jago, however, who was the son of a clergyman in Warwickshire, with a large family, and who could not otherwise have given his son a liberal education, may be thought an instance in favour of this institution.

'But I make no doubt, that a respectable clergyman, as Mr. Jago's father was, might, by a very slight application to the head, or fellows of almost any college, have procured some scholarship or exhibition, for a youth of genius, and properly qualified; which, with a very small additional expense, might have supported him in the university, without placing him in so humiliating a situation, which in some future period of his life (when, perhaps, his parts might have raised him to some eminence in the world), might put it in the power of any purse-proud fellow collegian, to boast that he had waited on him in the college; though, perhaps, all the obligation he had lain under to such a patron, was the receiving sixpence a week, not as an act of generosity, but as a tribute imposed upon him by the standing rules of the society.'

He took his degree of Master of Arts, July 9. 1738, having taken orders the year before, and served the curacy of Snitterfield, near Stratford upon Avon.

In 1744, he married Dorothea Susanna Fancourt, a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Fancourt, of Kilmcote in Leicestershire.

For several years after his marriage, he resided at Harbury; to which living he was instituted in 1746. At a small distance lay Chesterton, given him about the same time by Lord Willoughby de Broke; the two together amounting to about 100*l.* a year.

Before his removal from Harbury, he had the misfortune to lose his amiable companion, who died in 1751, leaving him a numerous family of small children, and from such a loss the most inconsolable widower.

In 1754, Lord Clare, afterwards Earl Nugent, who had a great regard for him, by his interest with Dr. Madox, Bishop of Worcester, procured him the Vicarage of Snitterfield, where he had formerly been curate, worth about 140*l.* a year; whither he removed, and where he resided the remainder of his life.

In 1759, he married a second wife, Margaret, the daughter of James Underwood, Esq. of Budgely in Staffordshire.

While he was engaged in the duties of his profession as a country clergyman, which he performed with exemplary diligence, he found leisure to indulge his early propensity to the study of poetry; and carried on a constant correspondence with his friend Shenstone, on the subject of their literary studies and poetical compositions.

It appears from Shenstone's 'Letters,' published in 1769, that he communicated from time to time to Mr. Jago and Mr. Graves, the detail of his improvements at the Leasowes, an account of the visits he received from people of rank, and the ordinary occurrences of his life. His eleventh 'Elegy' is addressed to Jago. He appears also to have lived in intimacy with Somerville, Mr. Hylton, Lady Luxborough, and other friends of Shenstone.

In 1742, his *Elegy on the Blackbirds* was published by Dr. Hawkesworth in the 'Adventurer,' and attributed to West. It was afterwards inserted in 'Dodsley's Collection,' with his name.

When it first appeared with his name in Dodsley's Collection, a manager of the Bath theatre boasted in the circle of his acquaintance, that he was the author of it, and that Jago was a fictitious name which he had adopted from the celebrated tragedy of 'Othello.'

It is remarkable, that Dr. Johnson, in his 'Life of West,' leaves this affair still dubious; when it is demonstrable, from the very letters of Shenstone to which he refers, that Jago was the real author.

The case seems to have been thus: As Shenstone was fond of communicating any poetical productions of his friends, which he thought would do them credit, he probably gave a copy of Jago's elegy to the Lyttleton family at Hagley, where West frequently visited. And as West thought it worthy to appear in the 'Adventurer,' he might send it to Dr. Hawkesworth without mentioning Jago's name which was then very little known in the world. So that Dr. Hawkesworth might well imagine that West himself was the author of it, as Dr. Johnson has hinted.

However this may be, there is a living evidence, Mr. Hylton, the editor of his poems, who is able and ready to support indisputably, Jago's claim to this beautiful elegy, as well as to the others of the Swallows and Goldfinches.

In 1767, he published his *Edge-Hill* or the rural prospect delineated and moralized, a poem, in four books, 4*to*, which completely established his poetical reputation.

In 1768 he published his *Labour and Genius*, or the Mill-Stream and the Cascade, a Fable,

written in the year 1762, and inscribed to the late William Shenstone, Esq. 4*to*. It consists chiefly of encomiums on the genius and taste of Shenstone.

In 1771, he was presented by Lord Willoughby de Broke, to the living of Kilmcote, before mentioned, with near 300*l.* a year, and resigned the vicarage of Harbury.

During the latter part of this life, as the infirmities of age came upon him, he seldom went far from home. He amused himself at his leisure, in improving his vicarage-house, and ornamenting his grounds, which were agreeably situated, and had many natural beauties.

After a short illness, he died on the 8th of May 1781, in the 66th year of his age; and was buried according to his desire, in a vault which he had made for his family in the church at Snitterfield.

He had children only by his first wife; three sons, who died before him, and four daughters, three of whom were living in 1784.

His poem of *Edge-Hill, Labour and Genius*, *Elegies*, &c. were reprinted, as they were corrected, improved, and enlarged by him, a short time before his death, with *Adam*, or the *Fatal Disobedience*, an Oratorio, compiled from the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, and adapted to music; and some additional pieces, never before printed, in one volume 8*vo*. under the title of poems, *Moral and Descriptive*, by the late Richard Jago, M. A. with a preface, containing an account of his life and character, by his friend Mr. Hylton, which has been chiefly followed in this account. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1784, for the first time received into a collection of classical English poetry. The Oratorio is omitted in this edition; because it is merely a compilation from the 'Paradise Lost,' in the language of Milton, adapted to representation. An Oratorio, on a similar plan, intitled, 'Paradise Lost,' was presented to the world, by the amiable and ingenious naturalist and poet Mr. Stillingfleet, in 1760.

The character of Jago appears to have been truly amiable and respectable. To his learning, taste, and good sense, Shenstone, Graves, &c. bear ample testimony. His moral and intellectual character has been so accurately delineated by the friendly pencil of Mr. Hylton, as to render the after-strokes of a casual hand unnecessary.

'Mr. Jago in his person,' says Mr. Hylton, who knew him well, 'was about the middle stature. In his manner, like most people of sensibility, he appeared reserved amongst strangers; amongst his friends he was free and easy, and his conversation sprightly and entertaining. In domestic life, he was the affectionate husband, the tender parent, the kind master, the hospitable neighbour, and sincere friend, and both by his doctrine and example, a faithful and worthy minister of the parish over which he presided.'

'To do justice to Mr. Jago's character as a poet, would require the pen of a more able writer. It may safely be asserted, however, on the authority of the public approbation which they have already met with, that the pieces on which we rest his poetical fame, viz. his poem of *Edge-Hill*, his fable of *Labour and Genius*, and his *Elegies on the Blackbirds*, &c. are all excellent in their kind.'

'The poem of *Edge-Hill*, though the subject is local and chiefly descriptive, yet he has contrived to make it generally interesting, by his historical narrations and digressive episodes; and by his philosophical disquisitions or moral reflections; particularly the philosophical account of the *Origin of Mountains*, which is equally curious and poetical. His description of the *Earl of Leicester's Entertainment of Queen*

Elizabeth, at *Kenelworth Castle*, which is truly characteristic of that pedantic age; as the moral reflections on the ruins and departed grandeur of that superb structure, is in the best manner of Young, in his 'Night Thoughts.' The story of the youth restored to sight, from the 'Tatler,' is told with so many natural and affecting circumstances, as makes Mr. Jago's poetical much superior to Sir Richard Steele's prose narration. The historical account of the important battle of *Kington or Edge-Hill*, contains some curious facts not generally known, as well as very suitable reflections, religious and moral, on the fatal effects of civil discord.

'The fable of *Labour and Genius*, the subject of which was suggested by Mr. Shenstone, is told with some humour, and great clearness and precision, with a very useful moral forcibly inculcated.

'In the beautiful elegy on the *Blackbirds*, as well as in the others of the *Swallows* and *Goldfinches*, Mr. Jago's original genius appears, and as Thomson says, he has

..... touch'd a theme

Unknown to fame, the passion of the groves.

'Among the additional pieces, which now make their first appearance, the *Roundelay* for the *Stratford Jubilee*, in particular, is beautifully expressive and characteristic of Shakspeare's versatile genius and multifarious excellence.'

These observations might be still augmented, by a more minute examination and development of the beauties in his *Edge-Hill* and *Elegies*, which, if he had written nothing else, are sufficient to entitle him to a classical distinction among the poets of our country.

As a descriptive poet, he evinces a picturesque imagination, a correct judgment, and a delicate taste, refined by a careful perusal of the ancient classics. His *Edge-Hill* ranks with the 'Cooper's Hill' of Denham, the 'Grongar Hill' of Dyer, and similar compositions of other writers, who have proved their powers in loco-descriptive poetry. It is written in blank verse, and exhibits a specimen of great strength and harmony in that metre. The diction is elegant and poetical. He discovers no want of ease or fancy; and shows a goodness of disposition in every part of his work.

'The title is *Edge-Hill*,' he informs us, in his introduction, 'a place taken notice of by all the topographical writers who have had occasion to mention it; for its extensive and agreeable prospect, and farther, unhappily distinguished by being the scene of the first battle between the forces of King Charles and those of the Parliament, under the command of the Earl of Essex, in the year 1642. These two circumstances of natural beauty and historical importance, coinciding with the affection of the writer for his native country, lying at the foot of this celebrated mountain, presented to his mind a theme for poetical imagery too pleasing to be resisted by him. His business, therefore, was first to select a stock of materials fit for his purpose, and then to arrange them in the best manner he could. Both these points he endeavoured to effect, not only by consulting his eye, but also by considering the character, natural history, and other circumstances of such places as were most likely to afford matter for ornament or instruction of this kind; forming from the whole, by an imaginary line, a number of distant scenes, placed in the most advantageous light, and corresponding with the different times of the day, each exhibiting an entire picture, and containing its due proportion of objects and colouring.'

'In the execution of this design, he endeavoured to make it as extensively interesting as he could, by the frequent introduction of general sentiments, and moral reflections; and to en-

liven the descriptive part by digressions and episodes belonging to, or deducible from the subject; divesting himself as much as possible of all partiality in matters of a public concernment; in private ones, following with more freedom, the sentiments and dictates of his own mind.'

That poetry which is employed in rural description, lies under many disadvantages. Though there is a variety, there is likewise an uniformity in the works of nature, which renders it difficult to embellish such subjects that have not been exhibited by former writers. Hence it arises, that he who has perused one descriptive poem of this kind, is often struck with a seeming repetition of ideas; and more sensibly so, where the places described have no previous seat in his own imagination. The poet who describes, or the reader who peruses descriptions of scenes familiar to him, will easily find the distinct images awakened by general terms; but he who is to impress a local picture in his fancy, merely from the combination of words, will find little novelty in these reiterated descriptions of country prospects. The poem of Edge-Hill is local; and though it is embellished with strong painting, apt allusions, historical incidents, and moral reflections yet its descriptions are not always adapted exclusively to the place it professes to celebrate. Like the descriptions of Thomson, they do not always apply to any particular spot, or raise any ideas of locality, but more frequently please, by exhibiting the general views and effects of nature. The different times of the day, Morning, Noon, Afternoon, and Night, produce an agreeable diversity of description. Pathetic reflections, and moral instructions, are often happily introduced, in places where one expects only painting and amusement. Through the whole poem, the description of places, and images raised by the poet, are still tending to some hint, or leading to some reflection upon moral life or political institution, that have a relation to the object. But the moralizing of his rural paintings, is sometimes attended with quaintness, and a forced manner. Nor is it difficult to investigate the causes. All moral truths are of an abstracted nature; and when we attempt to illustrate them by objects of the senses, the transition from the natural simplicity of the latter, to the refinement of the former, is incompatible with that ease which we expect to find in poetical descriptions, and interrupts that attention which we are always inclined to afford. The digressions and episodes arise naturally from the subject, and enliven the description; but the episode of the blind youth in the third book, is perhaps too long. Where episodes are introduced, in works of this kind, they should be related in no very tedious or circumstantial manner; because we are not willing to be long detained from the principal subject. The famous story of the Lady Godiva of Coventry, will be read with pleasure. The rules he lays down for the situation and construction of a rural seat, are worthy of the genius and taste of Shenstone. They show him to have been a man of true taste and good observation.

Of his Elegies on the Blackbirds, Goldfinches, and Swallows, the extensive popularity is the best eulogium. They are characterized by an amiable humanity, and tender simplicity of thought and expression, which justly entitle him to the exclusive distinction of the 'poet of the birds.' They have received the highest applause from Dr. Aikin, in his ingenious and entertaining 'Essay on the application of Natural History to poetry.' Grame, Mr. Pratt, and other poets, have successfully employed similar circumstances of fictitious distress in their compositions; but the praise of invention, and the palm of merit, in this species of elegy, belong to Jago.

Respecting his fable of Labour and Genius, the present writer is happy to coincide with the judgment of Mr. Hylton.

His Eclogues and smaller pieces, have considerable merit; but they require no distinct examination, or particular criticism.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.
[Continued.]

SIR, *Amsterdam, October 4, 1780.*

I have just received your favour of the third, and thank you for the early information of the arrival of the courier from the plenipotentiaries of this republic at Petersburg. I hope that this republic will agree, without delay, to the armed neutrality: but I should be glad to see a copy of the dispatches if possible, or at least as exact an account of their substance as may be. I should be glad also to learn whether the object of the congress is simply to form a plan for supporting each other, and making a common cause in defence of those principles only which the three northern powers have already adopted, or whether they have in contemplation a more extensive regulation of maritime affairs.

I do not see how this congress can have a peace between the belligerent powers, for its object when the parties who compose it have so positively declared for a neutrality. I wish, with all my heart, that another republic had a minister at the congress, or at least at the court of Petersburg. Neither the cause nor the country of America are understood in any part of Europe, which gives opportunity to the English to represent things as they choose—one *sha e sempre la causa di colui che parla soli*.

I do not expect peace so soon as next spring, and I should read the interposition of congress at Petersburg in the business. They understand not the subject, it is impossible they should. America is not represented there, and cannot be heard; if they should take into consideration the affair of peace, I should be apprehensive of some recommendations to save the pride, or what they would call the dignity of England, which would be more dangerous and pernicious to America, than a continuance of the war. I do not dread a continuance of war. I should dread a truce ten times more.

If all the powers at the congress at Petersburg would agree together to acknowledge American independency, or agree to open a free commerce with America, and admit her merchant ships and vessels of war into their ports, like those of the other belligerent powers; this I think would be just. Indeed I think that perfect neutrality which they profess requires it. Refusing admittance to the American flag, while they admit that of England, is so far from a neutrality, that it is taking a decided part in favour of England, and against one of the belligerent powers, a power too which in point of numbers, wealth, industry, capacity, military and naval power, as well as commerce is quite as respectable as several of those which are or will be represented in the congress at Petersburg. I have the honour to be, with great esteem, sir, your humble servant,

JOHN ADAMS.

I am very sorry I did not give Mr. Guild a letter to you. He is an American of Maryland, a gentleman of letters, taste, and sense.

SIR, *Amsterdam, October 9, 1780.*

I should think your safest way would be to inclose your letters to M. de Neufville, who will convey it to his son in London, under cover to some safe hand, known only to him and his son. I am, with great esteem, yours,
M. Dumas. JOHN ADAMS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Zurich, October 12, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have lately been complaining of rain and mist, the greatest enemies I can have in this picturesque country, but fortunately yesterday morning when I arose I beheld the sky perfectly serene, and hurrying our voiturier, (for there is no such thing as posthorses to be had in Switzerland), to get his animals harnessed to our carriage, we quitted Schaffhausen just as the sun began to illumine the tops of the neighbouring mountains.

The time we took to climb up the long hill which rises on the right bank of the river, with the exorbitant bill of an avaricious landlord, put us a little out of humour, but as soon as we gained the summit we were gladdened by a sight so glorious, that our ill humour was dissipated in an instant, and our hearts swelled with delight at the sublime view which burst, like enchantment, upon our astonished eyes.

On our left, far below us, the Rhine made the desperate leaps I described in my last letter, and the spray, gilded by the mild beams of a morning sun, was scattered in profusion on every thing near it; the vallies and plains, on all sides, were rich in chequered fields and clumps of trees, among which we seen here and there the white Swiss cottages. The hill sides were covered with vines, just receiving the yellow tint of autumn, and a few scattering black pines seemed to contrast with their gay appearance. Such a landscape you will allow to be beautiful, and I assure you the description is not exaggerated. What then must it be when I tell you that the whole boundary of the eastern and southern prospect was the immense chain of Alps, whose summits were glittering with their eternal snows, just receiving the first beams of the sun, far above the clouds. I shall certainly never forget the impressions made upon me by this splendid sight; my sensations were indescribable. This was the first view I had of the glaciers, and it undoubtedly was the noblest that ever presented itself to my eyes, accustomed even as they were to the grand elevations of the vaunted mountains of Scotland and Wales.

As the sun got higher, their high-pointed Alps presented a variety of beautiful reflections. One side offered a stream of radiant white, while the opposite one melted into the purple tint of ether, so as scarcely to be distinguished from the sky or the light shadows of the clouds behind.

The three leagues we travelled to breakfast at Egglisaw were passed almost without obstruction; so charmed were we with the novelty of the objects we beheld. The situation of this little town is extremely romantic, and in any other country than Switzerland would attract attention. We bade farewell here to the Rhine, which we passed by a good bridge (being the tenth time of our crossing it) and ordering our servant to follow with the carriage, set out on foot for Zurich, about fifteen miles distant.

Our road carried us over hill and dale, and through some noble forests, which, since the revolution, have been the scenes of much violence and robbery, instances of which were rare before that event. The grand objects in our view beguiled the time so that when we arrived at the brow of a hill we saw, with surprise, before us the white houses of Zurich and its pretty lake. Our carriage overtook us in the streets, and we repaired to an inn, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Limat, just where it issues from the lake.

Among the letters we had for Zurich, was one for the celebrated Lavater, to whom we sent it with a request for permission to pay our respects to him. He appointed this morning to receive us. We found him in his bed-chamber, to which he has been confined for this year past, owing to the unfortunate event which you have heard of. He related to us the whole affair. He was taking his usual walk on the ramparts of the town, about the time the French arrived. A Swiss soldier, who appeared intoxicated, made up to him, and demanded money; Lavater gave him a crown; the man clapped him upon the shoulder, and appeared very friendly. Immediately on Lavater turning to walk away, the wretch raised his musket, and made a thrust at him with his bayonet, which he received in his breast, a gentleman passing by at the moment, ran up and clasped him in his arms to screen him from another attack; at this instant the soldier drew the trigger, and the ball passed through the arm and body of the venerable Lavater. He says he thought it a fit of frenzy in the man, for till then he appeared the mildest creature imaginable. Since that day, Lavater has been confined to his bed, and has wasted daily. Scarcely an hour passes without his suffering the most painful sensations from his wound; which, he says, resembles exactly those he felt when he was shot, this renders his life irksome to a degree. I saw him repeatedly in very great agony for a few moments, after which he resumed his mild complacent air, and conversed with great calmness upon his situation. He observed that he knew his end was approaching,* and that it would be folly to deny himself that knowledge, but in the meanwhile he was determined to enjoy life while he had it.

In his intervals from pain, he amuses himself by writing, and he says his mental faculties are not in the least impaired. He was gay when we saw him, and talked pleasantly on different subjects. He is now principally employed in writing *souvenirs*, or little sentences, to be given to his friends to remember him by after his death. He has promised us one, and made us write our names in a book which he keeps to record his acquaintances.

Lavater is a very mild and amiable character, universally beloved in Zurich, and whose loss will be sincerely regretted. The parish of which he is pastor, he says, has made him several handsome presents, and kept him alive, for as he has no property, he must have starved, had not his friends sent him and his daughter, who lives with him, occasional necessities. He is a violent enemy to the Swiss revolution, and hates the French as the cause of it. Whenever he spoke to us of the miseries of the small cantons, he became quite enraged, and said 'their treatment called aloud to heaven for vengeance.' The bold manner with which he always delivered his sentiments, occasioned his being deported. Since his return, however, he has acquired the confidence, the respect, and the esteem of every one by the purity of his life and the virtue of his principles. Never did I behold so perfect a christian, so resigned a man; he enjoys in an eminent degree the triumph of the mind over the body, and looks on death with as steadfast and as indifferent an eye, as if it were only the change from one temporal situation to another.

Lavater, though not an artist, is a connoisseur and man of taste. In his cabinet we met with several good pictures, and were gratified with a sight of the original designs for his celebrated work on Physiognomy. He has lately published a curious picture to exemplify the resemblance which exists between animals and human beings. He takes the head of a frog, and, by gradual changes, which are imperceptible between any

* He died about a month after we saw him.

two of the *suite*, produces in twenty-four figures the head of—the Apollo of Belvidere! He shewed me also a drawing of the same nature, which has just been made under his directions, in which the head of a monkey is brought, after half a dozen changes, to that of the Venus de' Medici!

LEVITY.

Mr. Wolff has just published in London 'sketches and observations taken on a tour through a part of the South of Europe.'

We think, say the London Reviewers, Mr. Wolff has been fortunate in his following whimsical description of a scene in the coffee room of *Les quatre nations* at Marseilles, which we transcribe as a specimen of the entertainment the reader may expect from a perusal of the whole performance.

Strolling into the coffee room of *les quatre nations* at Marseilles one day at the hour of dinner, I could not avoid remarking the manners of different people, and the effect of various languages, on the ear of a stranger. Several persons were assembled, either at dinner, reading the papers, taking ices, or ordering whatever suited their palate. A little full dressed, hungry meagre Frenchman, *losso avec des jambes longues et un nez croché*, with his napkin tuck'd under his chin and devouring a sallad with impatient gestures was, at every mouthful, vociferating *Garçon, Garçon*—The latter arriving out of breath with big drops of symptomatic heat on his brows 'Quid d'iable, garçon est ce donc comme, ça qu'on fait des attentions ici? Il y a plus d'un quart d'heure que j'ai appelé, et personne ne vient! appelez vous cela être bien servi? Qu'avez vous donc pour dîner? Donnez moi la carte sur le champ'—*Eh bien, monsieur, la voilà*—*Ah! voyons un peu*—Taking a magnifying eye-glass out of his pocket, which, by the reflexion of the candles, seemed to set the bill of fare on fire.

Bouille a la sauce

Des rosbifs à l'Anglois

Cabillau a la sauce blanche

Demi canard rôté, ou aux navets

Quarre de mouton en chevreuil, ou a la reine

Poirine de mouton pannee grillée

Epicandéau a l'ozeille, ou a la Dauphine

Des Epinards ou jus

Omelette aux pommes

Poudin au ris

Oeufs au miroir

Maccaroni &c. &c.

A blustering German baron, six feet high, surrounded by dishes, none of which seemed to please or satisfy him was muttering to himself *Was Teufel donner wetter! hat er mir gegeben, dis kan ich bey meiner seele nicht essen*. What the devil, thunder and lightning, has he given? By my soul this is not eatable—*Garçon! fien ici tonc*—*Eh bien! me voila monsieur, que vous plait il?*—*Ke tiabile Kes que ça qu'on m'apport?* *Me prend on per en plete sauvage Ke je pis manger ceci ou cela in ci, Ke tous vos otes tiabiles se plats, he?*—*Mais, monsieur, said the waiter with a humble and submissive tone of voice je vous assure que tout est bon dans notre maison, et*—*Et quoi tonc, monsieur Hanswurst! foila des raisonnements toujours, tes a domestiques quant on temande kek chose c'est les Carcons de nous faire les tisputes, tes Kerelles donner blicksum allez foo au tiabile, et dit a ton maitre quil fient ici*—*Tiabile! der verfluchte Kert meint dass man hier mit allez zufrieden seyn mus*—The cursed rascal conceives that one must be satisfied with every thing here—At this moment, an English naval officer entered the room, who, going to a table, was recognized by an old acquaintance, his countryman 'ah, George, my worthy, who the Devil would have thought of seeing you in France? How are you? Why, Bedford, damme where do you

come from,' replied the other. I though you were safely lodged in old England among the loungers in Bond-Street.—'No, I'm on my travels with my tutor—are you? Well I'm d—d glad to see you, by G— Let's sit down and crack a bottle of 'Burgundy together. Here you waiter, garçon, scaramouch, what's your name, lay the cloth and bring a bill of fare dy'e hear?'—Monsieur said the waiter staring, 'me no understand English'—you don't, hey.—'Why then damme, tell your master to send a fellow that does—Another waiter arriving, 'Here, you son of a land lubber, bring in something decent, to eat. None of your black broths, cursed fricassee of frogs, or half starved rabbits ragoued up into a kickshaw; some Beef, damme, plain wash is good enough for me, by —.' 'Oui, monsieur vous aurez le ros bif toul de suite.'

This interesting conversation, and a volley of expletives was checked by a large New-Found-land dog, who, in following the officer up the room, had stopped on the way, tempted by the sight, and smell of a delicate *gigot de mouton*, which was visible from the corner of a table occupied by a spruce abbe, and Italian opera-Dancer *bien poudré*, and dressed for the ballet of the evening, who were warmly disputing whether a *gigot de mouton* fait a la merveille avec sauce piquante, was, or was not preferable to *maccaroni a la parmesan*. In the heat of the controversy, the *gigot* was nearly edged off the table, by the arm of the impetuous abbe; when impatient Caesar, thinking a donation was intended for him, snapped at the knuckle of the *gigot*, and, with an irresistible pull, brought down dish, mutton, haricot, cloth and plates, on the extended leg of signor scamperino, and ran growling, with the *gigot* in his mouth, under his master's chair. Up started the abbe, in a rage vociferating—*Oh! morbleu! sacristie, quel voleur! Oh! mon gigot! voila un infame chien—je voudrais qu'il l'etrangle. villain! Ah il mio gambi*, cried the Italian, rubbing his leg, 'e rotta e non pin ballare—cospetto di Baccho! corpo di Christo! meleditto sia il dog Inglese che ho fatto! Ah! me! son disfortunato e rovinato! Ah! my leg it is broken, and I shall no longer be able to dance—O Bacchus, body of Christ! curses alight on the English dog who did the deed—Oh Lord, I'm undone, I'm ruined! These exclamations, the clattering of the broken dishes and the coolness of the dog gnawing the *gigot* under the table, attracting the attention of the company, created a general laugh at the distress of the Signor and his friend, the passionate abbe, the latter crying out furiously pour son chapeau, ses gands sa canne, le compte, tout e tant en desordre, ou perdu, in the confusion of a crowded room, where *la jolie maitresse* at the bar was too deeply engaged in receiving the *milles attentions* of her admirers, and delivering out *bons, bons* from a *boudoir ome*, to attend to any mishap at a distance; her surrounding gallants pressing her to give them ices a la creme, a la pistache, des marons glacés, des verres de limonade, d'orgeat, des bavaroises, une tasse de coffe, des liqueurs de cannelle, anis, girofle noyau de la martinique, de clede amphion, des isles and a thousand other et cetera with which her *joli cabinet* was replenished. This agreeable confusion of tongues and discordant sounds continued till a boy entered the room, and distributed *les petits affiches*, announcing the play of the evening, wherein *la charmante Porteuille* was the chief performer, a piece which had had a run of several nights, but of which *tout le monde* was still anxious to be spectators. This broke up the sittings, the *amateurs* quitted their seats with alacrity, the *dillatante* hopped off in graceful attitudes, and the *cognoscenti* after taking their *pousse caffè*, with a grave and dignified air, marched *au spectacle*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

Ye, who have pass'd the period of youth,
When young Romance, the child of Fancy, led
Your idle footsteps in pursuit of Love
O'er fields in May, with fresh-blown roses smiling;
Or to the grassy margin of the stream,
Where the young waters, eddying round the trunks
Of fallen oaks, make melancholy music;
Ye, who have sought the wanton child in shades,
And built in solitude, with Fancy's fingers,
The cottage for your fair one, while around
The breeze made sweeter, rustling through the grove;
And vernal flowrets bloom'd with brighter hues,
Tell me the hour extremest bliss was yours?
Or, if inclin'd to list a lover's tale,
My artless numbers, in seclusion flowing,
May touch a chord that winds around your hearts,
May chase Oblivion from her drowsy watch,
And wake Remembrance into life again.
Then shall ye say, if ever love was yours,
That he, the simple sea-boy, needs a storm
To make his home seem pleasant; that the rose
Borrows fresh beauties from the rains of Spring;
Then shall ye say, Love loses half his charms
If short-liv'd quarrels be unknown to Love.
Hard by a village, yet unsung by all,
Save him who first felt transport in its shades,
I found my Mary, dress'd by Nature's hand;
The rose-bud bloom'd upon her youthful cheeks,
Her blue eye sparkled, as the brilliant gem
Which, yet unseen by Av'rice, lies neglected
By Peru's streams, shining thro' morning dews,
Her dark hair floated on her polish'd neck,
Fair in themselves, yet hiding fairer charms—
She was the idol of the villagers!
When from the field the star-light guided them,
Each to his home, they minded not to leave
The nearest path, to call at Mary's door—
With sweet civility, that loves to dwell
In hearts untainted by a tainted world,
Each offered to my girl his rustic boon,
And sought no recompense but Mary's smile!
Yet they were not in love with Mary's charms,
For, when their lips had uttered her dear name,
Those lips would never tremble, and they gaz'd
Upon her eyes, heedless who saw them gaze—
And, when her smiles proclaim'd good-humour's reign
Within her bosom, I have seen them press
Her willing hand, heedless who saw them press—
Ye youthful lovers! say, could this be love?
I knew that Mary lov'd them not, and yet
I could not but be jealous, if she smil'd
On aught but me, and when the flow'rs they brought
Had wither'd I have seen her throw them by;
Still while those flow'rs were fresh they were not sweet
To me. I wish'd that ev'ry tongue should sing
The charms of Mary, yet their honest praise
Has tortur'd me, and made me yield one morn
So far to doubts, which Love is wont to raise,
That, heedless of the bliss I hazarded,
I call'd her false, capricious, e'en striving
To lure the simple rustics to her chains!
She smil'd to see me jealous, but it was
The smile of conscious innocence. She answered not,
But, turning from my tears, she sought the house,
And left me firm in pride's delusive strength.
Such moments oft the ardent lover knows,
They mock the poet's pencil; else, inspired—
It was a summer morn, and on I roved
O'er many a field. I strove to banish far

The image of my Mary from my heart—
Rambling, I combated with Love and Pride.
And while the latter, frowning, urg'd me on
To seek amid the world a prompt relief
For every wound the archer's shafts had caus'd,
I heard the whispers of deceitful Love
Steal on my ears, and felt his galling chains
Twine tighter round me at each step I urg'd
From Mary. I had wandered far from home.
The forests shades accorded with my mood,
And rushing in, a prey to keenest pangs,
I threw my weary limbs upon the grass.
A thousand feelings warr'd within my breast,
And restless, as I roll'd from side to side,
Now curs'd my girl;—now, softly sigh'd her name.
The busy bee humm'd by me, and my eye,
Marking his flight, trac'd him from flow'r to flow'r,
And as he rested on a rose his wings,
I thought on Mary; and I sigh'd in pain,
'How near the honey is the hidden sting!'
The robin's whistle, that, at early morn,
My ears have eagerly drank in, and which,
When Mary smil'd, was sweetest music to me,
Had lost its pleasant measures—lost its sweetness—
I could not bear this warfare in my soul,
But, starting upwards, press'd with hasty steps
To cast my bursting heart at Mary's feet,
And gaze again; tho' I should gaze on frowns!
Where an old oak upon the meadow's bank
O'erhangs its foliage, while its unclad roots
Sip the fresh waters as they murmur by,
I saw her seated; but I saw her there
Unconscious she had stray'd so near my haunt—
What should I do, ye lovers? Where was pride?
Where the firm purpose of a lover's heart?
Could I but sue forgiveness at her feet?
Should I have turn'd my trembling steps to slight
The bliss which Love had thrown upon my path?
Ye, who have felt the rapture of such hours,
Attend the question,—yet remember well
That when she smil'd, I look'd for naught but frowns.

JAQUES.

SELECTED POETRY.

[If Horace inclined most to the system of Epicurus, yet he seems to have adopted in their rational and true sense of the doctrines of that engaging moralist, to have considered the inordinate pleasures of sense as destructive of their own object, and to have set a just value on the enjoyments arising from virtue, and the happiness of self approbation. In his loftier odes he in general adopts the sentiments of the stoics; for he knew and felt, that, although pleasure might be a proper subject for a Bacchanalian or amorous song, industry and toil, temperance and fortitude were the only sources of Roman greatness, and the only pledges of its stability. But his rules also for private conduct, his remarks on private life, are, except where the subject is professedly festive, as just in the sentiment as they are elegant in the expression, so that he is properly said by Dacier to be a poet in his philosophy, and a philosopher in his poetry. The subsequent interesting ode, addressed to a rural nymph, recommending plain and simple sacrifices, with purity of heart, is a proof that our gay poet can sometimes be grave. The original is recommended as an exquisite model of sweet Latinity.]

HOR. ODE XXIII.

Translated by W. Boscawen, Esq.

Now, Phidyle, at Luna's birth,
Now lift thy hands to heaven's abodes;
Let incense, freshest fruits of earth,
And swine, appease thy household gods.

So shall no south wind blast thy vines,
Thy corn destructive mildew spare,
So, as the sickly year declines,
Thy young shall 'scape the autumnal air.

Let the devoted herds, that feed
In Algidus, o'erspread with oak,
Or whom the Albanian pastures breed,
Fall by the sacred pontiff's stroke.

But thou with slaughter's crimson stains
Court not within these soft retreats
Thy humble gods; but crown their fanes
With rosemary and myrtle's sweets.

If guiltless hands approach the shrine,
No sumptuous victims can procure
More favour from the powers divine,
Than humble pious gifts ensure.

[In a late Port Folio, we published a version of the following ode of Horace by Mr. Hunt. The following is by another hand, and translated with great spirit.]

Come, friend, with me to Gades' distant shore,
Where fierce Cantabrians spurn the Roman chain;
That barbarous clime, where storms unceasing roar,
And boiling quicksands choak the struggling main.

Where Tyber's walls confess an Argive hand,
Act I the scene of life's concluding stage!
There find these limbs, long toss'd by sea and land,
A bed of comfort for reposing age.

If fate unkind deny this blissful seat,
Thy stream, Galesus, and the rural reign
Of Sparta's sons receive my pilgrim feet!
Where flocks unnumber'd whiten all the plain

Delicious fountains, and enchanting fields!
Oh! may that spot of all the earth be mine!
Not purer honey e'en Hymettus yields,
Not e'en Venafrian olives rival thine.

The zephyrs there of quick returning springs,
Thy rigour, short-liv'd winter, melts away;
There grapes that Aulon from his full lap flings,
Like thine, Falern, matures a warmer ray.

Each grace that Nature's gaudiest garb can lend
To soothe the soul, invites our footsteps there:
There pay the last sad office to thy friend,
There on his glowing ashes drop a tear.

EPIGRAM.

As Jack and Bob together sat,
One night indulging sober chat,
The world, cries Jack, is grown so bad
It makes a thinking person sad.
There's not upon this earthly sphere
One lover true, or friend sincere,
All, all from virtue's maxims stray,
And vice has universal sway.

Hold, hold, says Bob, you run too fast,
Some few you must except at last,
Or, granting what you say be true,
Virtue a stranger is to you.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 9.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1804.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 84.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

I HAVE been referred, by a curious friend, to a paragraph in a village paper, that bears the form of an advertisement, but which is worthy the perusal of other eyes than those of debtors and customers, to whom it imports to be more particularly addressed. I think it should be rescued from the obscurity of an ordinary gazette, to be honoured with a more extensive circulation than has yet been its fate. I admire the concise brevity of its style, and the simplicity and candour of its author, and, under these impressions, I have copied it for the literary patrons of the Port Folio:—

CATHARINE KEISS,

Residing in the corner-house, North Queen-street, informs herewith, that she is married to Frederic Reinert; and that, in addition to her former assortment of store-goods, she has for sale, Groceries, at the most reduced prices: also, Musical Instruments, Notes, Fiddlestrings, &c.

She likewise requests, for the last time, those who are indebted to the estate of Andrew Keiss, deceased, to discharge their respective debts without delay, otherwise she will be under the necessity of resorting to other measures.

January 31, 1804.

The first idea which its perusal presents to the mind is the variety of purposes which it serves. In the short compass of a dozen lines it announces a death; proclaims a marriage; serves as an advertisement of goods on hand, and tells us that wedlock has excited the idea of *harmony* in the author's mind by enabling her to deal in *musical instruments, notes, and fiddlestrings*. It informs the world that Catharine Keiss is executrix of one husband, and wife of another, and concludes with pleasant intelligence to the neighbouring lawyers. The sign over Caleb Quotem's door does not announce a greater variety of business.

The next idea which strikes the reader's mind, is the dignified pride, and laudable self-importance of the writer in preserving the name of her former husband—'Catharine Keiss informs herewith that she is married to Frederic Reinert,' she thought herself sufficiently condescending in taking him, but resolves not to take his name, that the public may know that wedlock, with her, was but a secondary consideration, and possibly Frederic Reinert may not be a loser in allowing her to retain her name, for the lucrative

considerations of a wife; an executorship; a stock of goods on hand; and musical instruments, notes, and fiddlestrings; together with the privilege of being plaintiff in a multitude of actions. We hope he will be grateful, and afford her no just occasion to substitute the shrill screams of her own pipe for the harmony of her fiddlestrings, and that it may be long before she surprises him by changing her notes.

The third idea which strikes the reader is, that she not only preserves her former name, but also her importance. Catharine of Russia had not more authority over her numerous husbands, than our Catharine appears to have over Frederic Reinert. Although, as she informs herewith, she is married, she is yet determined that she shall not have all the privileges of a husband. For she still has for sale groceries at the most reduced prices; also, musical instruments, notes, and fiddlestrings. She calls on her debtors for payment, otherwise she will be under the necessity of resorting to other measures. Her groceries are sold at the most reduced prices, but as no price is affixed to the musical instruments, notes, and fiddlestrings, we may presume that *HARMONY* is purchased at her house at the common price, although we hope that Frederic Reinert will not be obliged to pay more for it than others.

A fourth idea which is presented to the mind by this laconic note, may recal to our recollection the epistle of a French lady, which was couched nearly in the following terms:

"My dearest Annette,

Sympathise with your wretched Josephine at the death of her *Beaumont*, who died about an hour since, and has left me overwhelmed with grief and despair.

Ever yours,

JOSEPHINE."

"P. S. Apropos! send me some rouge."

A cynical writer has remarked that a woman's postscript always contains the material part of her letter, but if this observation be generally correct, yet the postscript of our lady is assuredly an exception, for she certainly was more in want of a husband, than of rouge, unless, indeed, grief, in the short period of an hour, had robbed her cheeks of all their colour, which most probably was not the case, and then, indeed,

'One need not sure be ugly, tho' one grieves.'

Frederic Reinert must certainly be happy in the possession of a wife, who will give him no trouble in the management of her affairs, and we should advise him to act cautiously, as more disagreeable sounds are sometimes heard in a house than any which can be produced by musical instruments, notes, and fiddlestrings.

TOUCHSTONE.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

NO. 6.

Memorabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science. Interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kiddnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651

Washington, printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheatham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

In order to gratify the public, which seems to entertain a just relish for the writings of Mr. Kiddnap, I shall indulge, for the present, more in extract, and less in remarks, than I at first had intended. The following is taken from that chapter which is intitled 'A comparison of the fates and characters of ancient and modern democrats.'

"One can scarcely open any page of history without finding occasion to lament the fates of democratic leaders. A few of them, it is true, have received a recompense for their talents in the gratitude of the multitude, or in the riches or dignities they have attained, but by far the greater number have either lived, condemned by the very populace they have attempted to excite to liberty; or perished, miserably, by sword or pistol, halter or poison. In the circumstances of their death, however, the leaders of the democratic parties do not differ, materially, from those of the aristocratic. It being the common fate of great men to be cut off ignominiously in free states, in their turns, according as one or another faction predominates. But in this aristocratic have always had the advantage of democratic chieftains, that, whilst the former have been immortalized in song or in history, the latter have been either wholly neglected, or held up to contempt or detestation; having their names used as stalking horses by malignant wits, to terrify or amuse the populace. The reason of this procedure, which wants correction, seems to be this, that literary men are, for the most part, needy, and thus dependant on the aristocracy, or else they are anxious for what they call honourable fame, and to be esteemed, as their cant is, of the few. Whence it happens, that, as soon as the democratic influence is extinct, as it usually is, after a short, but splendid, day, all these literary men set themselves about gratifying the aristocracy; and by the means of their histories, poems and annals, load the leaders of democracy with all the odious and abominable epithets they can imagine; thereby transmitting them to posterity as enemies of good order, as ambitious, avaricious, or licentious persons, fit objects of abhorrence and execration. Taking into consideration these misfortunes, so long the bane of the democratic interest, I have lately presented a memorial to Mr. Jefferson, proposing that now, while he is in power, he should

new officer to be appointed, to be called Historiographer to the President; whose duty it shall be to preserve an imperishable memorial on white satin, (which, of all democratic materials, is found most likely to get down to posterity) of the life, principles, and manners of the executive, as also of all those heads of department and great men of his party, with whose fame the reputation of democracy is, in this country, chiefly connected. In an especial manner, I proposed, it should be his duty to watch over the joints of the harness, and to strengthen all those weak points of character and conduct at which the aristocracy seem, with most prospect of success, to level their deadly shafts. In this memorial I took also the liberty to suggest the particulars which ought, in my opinion, first, to occupy the attention of the historiographer. Thus, for instance, I thought, he should be required to set about an early disquisition on the chastity of the president. That in this he should do away those odious and abominable stories of black Sall and Mrs. Walker; either expressly, by proving an *alibi*, or else, in Mr. Jefferson's own manner, by bringing all the females of his family, his cook, his waiting and chambermaid, his milliner and laundress, to give their depositions as to the consummate coolness of his constitution, often tried and always impregnable. Here I stated it would cast a lustre upon the fortitude of this hero, if the deponents would enter a little minutely into details, and give to the public the circumstances of the attack; under what colours he resisted; and particularly whether, at the time of the assault, he was panoplied in his black breeches or his red. The next object to which the historiographer should direct his labours as I suggested in my memorial, is to rescue the literary fame of our president from the dangers which threaten it. Here all the allegations made against him, as a writer, such as egotism, vanity, flimsiness, weakness, falsehood, a love of the wonderful, and of low popularity, should be explained, justified, or refuted. The courage of Mr. Jefferson might also be a subject of special inquiry and illustration. It might easily be shown, that, when he fled to the mountain, he walked backwards, with his face to the enemy; and that his retreat was, on a small scale, not a whit inferior to that celebrated one of Moreau, or of Xenophon and his ten thousand.

But the more fully to repel that scandalous insinuation, touching the derangement of his animal economy on that occasion, it is certainly worthy of the majority of our present congress to appoint a committee of their own body, *de braccis inspiciendis*, with full powers to send for person, paper, and wardrobe. To the end that the matter may not be kept covered any longer, but that Dr. Mitchell may have an opportunity, with the aid of his chemical tests, to examine the contents, and ascertain whether there be any thing more than the ordinary *residuum*, after a complete process of digestion, or whether there be, as has been asserted, a supersaturation of noxious effluvia, the effects of fear upon the *viscera*. An investigation which Dr. M. is, I know, very anxious to make and which is also altogether worthy of his genius. The historiographer might afterwards take in hand the head of department. He might represent Mr. Gallatin, as he is, modest, unassuming, content with his condition, and raised to eminence by merit only. He might also repel that other odious calumny, which alleges he is a foreigner, in thirds, Swiss, Genevan, and French, whereas it can be proved, by good living witnesses, faithful democrats, that he is a native American, born and bred; who has never been out of the country, but is as true a citizen, and speaks as good English as the best of us. In other respects the task of our historiographer

would be easy. He would be required only to supply general Dearborn with a portion of intellect, and general Varnum with a *quantum sufficit* of information. General Jackson might need an apology for his want of religion, as Dr. Mitchell might for his failure on the score of modesty. Perhaps it might be a difficult task to paint Matthew Lion as a gentleman, or to prove Mr. Dawson's manhood, or Mr. Randolph's puberty; yet even here it would be better to have an authorized officer, whose duty it shall be to varnish over defects, than to leave the whole democratic constitution exposed to the effects of those political changes, which, sooner or later, have never failed to prove fatal to it.

"I mention this subject of an historiographer incidentally only; believing it to be the only certain remedy for the evils to which I allude. It being my principal design in this chapter to enforce and explain this observation of mine, that it has been the fate of almost all democratic chieftains to receive cruel treatment from men, calling themselves historians, annalists and the like. The truth of which is made very obvious, by every page of those writings ancient and modern, which treat of the struggles, which take place about the time of popular commotion. I shall illustrate my idea, by a recurrence to the history of a very eminent democrat of antiquity, who has suffered the unjust treatment, before mentioned, and has become undeservedly odious in the opinion, even of men, who, were he now living would, not only be his associates, but willingly, give him their support, as a candidate, for the Vice-Presidency, at least. The person, to whom I refer, is Lucius Cataline. By means of one Sallust, a notorious aristocrat of antiquity, who, in addition to his connection with the wealthy patricians, was a man of the most dangerous talents, he has been delivered down to posterity as a most desperate villain, whereas it is very apparent from even his enemy's own statements, that Cataline was a most worthy and true republican, well versed in the principles of civil liberty and an able and resolute, but, Alas! an unfortunate assertor of the rights of man. In order to make this out to the satisfaction of the public and to rescue from detestation a name, deservedly dear to all true democrats, I shall enter a little minutely into those traits of character, which Sallust has delineated, and render it apparent, how unjustly he has been treated by that historian, and how different a figure, he would have made, had his party been successful; that is, had Cethegus been chosen first Consul, or President of the United States; as the Roman republic would, probably, in such case, have been called.

"The first trait of character I shall notice, is that famous one, '*alieni appetens, sui profusus*.'" As to the first part of which, I humbly conceive, it cannot be brought, in this country, as a serious charge against any man. The *alieni appetens* being the true spirit of commerce. For all property in the world being parcelled out, every thing having an owner, no trade could be carried on, no bargain could be driven, if it were not for that laudable anxiety to make property shift hands; and whether we, democrats, have a higher title to this virtue, than the federalists, I am as yet at a loss to determine. That Cataline was *sui profusus*, I have no doubt, but how any writer could criminate him, on this account, is the difficulty. Surely a man has a right to spend his own property if he pleases. We are not told that Cataline had either wife or children, who might be brought to want by his profusion. It is true, there are some strong reasons to induce a belief that he was a widower and had stepchildren, dependant upon him, but as he took care to place them in high offices civil or military,

no reason can be given, on this account, why he should abridge his natural inclination to expense. Suppose young Cataline was "*captus amore Aurelia orestelle*" and also "*multa nefanda stupra fecerat*." What could be more venial in the state of manners, which then existed at Rome, than one or two mistresses; especially as he lavished, for aught appears, only his own property upon them? Upon this part of Cataline's character I have taken an opportunity to converse with Edmund Randolph, Edward Livingston and the Vice-President. The idea of kept mistresses was very shocking to the morals of all those gentlemen; particularly of the last, who shuddered at the suggestion; saying that, in a young country, the bare mention of such a vice might be detrimental. But as to his being *sui profusus*, they were unanimous that he had a right. There was no just ground of complaint, unless Cataline had been *alieni profusus*, that is, had squandered the property of other people. In this case, whether he was justifiable, or not, depended upon circumstances. 'For if,' said Mr. Randolph, 'Cataline had been Secretary of State, and had appropriated a few Thousand dollars of the public money, to his private pleasures, it could be vindicated by the most direct precedent.' 'The same would be the case,' said Mr. Livingston, 'if he had made a similar appropriation, out of monies, coming to his hands, as district attorney, or as Mayor of a rich corporation.' 'Or if he had happened,' said Mr. Burr 'to have been appointed administrator to a wealthy stranger, who had died in the country. The heirs being foreigners, there would have been no harm in the world, in spending among free republicans the estate of subjects of a foreign despot.'

Another charge against Cataline is, that he was often seen in company with those, '*qui alienam, ex grande confluxerant*.' As if a man, by being in debt, was made a less pleasant companion, or a worse vote, or a less useful instrument. Whereas let any man consider past history, or present experience, and he will find that the best patriots, those, who have been the loudest and boldest, in behalf of the multitude, have been, the most open, those, who were not in the best circumstances, as to money matters. A hectic in the purse never fails to produce an irritability in the nervous system, which, by judicious treatment, is made to terminate in patriotism of the most active and intelligent kind. Indeed very proper and natural is it for those, who have no cares of their own, to watch over, and be solicitous about, the concerns of other people.

"The speech of Cataline to his comrades, as Sallust has reported it, is undoubtedly a noble specimen of eloquence, and has hitherto been unparalleled, in the records of democracy. Yet, without detracting any thing from this great man of antiquity, the speech, delivered by Mr. Burr at that meeting, which was holden in Philadelphia, by our party, previous to the late election of President and Vice-President of the United States, for the purpose of designating candidates for those offices, seems to me not at all inferior, to that of this celebrated Roman. I have a copy of that speech taken, in short hand, at the time; and I shall now favour the public with an extract from it, not so much with the design of giving celebrity to Mr. Burr, as to vindicate that great ancient democrat from the slanders of the aristocracy. That the ensuing extract possesses that terse, pointed, and bold style, peculiar to the vice-president, every one must acknowledge. The propriety of the language and the argument, to the persons present and the occasion, is also very apparent.

But the purpose I have in view, to do equal justice to these bright luminaries of democracy, can alone be effected by making them reciprocally illustrate each other. I shall, therefore, place their respective speeches at once before the public, to the end, that, at one view, it may perceive the conformity of purpose, opinion, language, and character.

For after the establishment of the federal constitution, all power and influence fell into the hands of a few federalists, who created themselves judges, generals, and officers of the revenue. The people and states became tributary to them. While to us, the hardy and staunch republicans, they denied all credit and countenance because we were not of the party of those, who, if the government had been in right hands, would have trembled beneath us. Of consequence, all places of honour and profit are in the hands of a few federalists, or where they choose to distribute them; while we are harassed by difficulties, repulses, executions, and poverty. How long, my brave fellows, will ye endure such an administration? Is it not better to swing for treason, or to be imprisoned under the sedition law, than to lead a tedious and suspected life, insulted by an haughty aristocracy? But, indeed, by G—, victory is in our hands. Republican voters multiply. Irishmen throng in our streets. Against the federalists, enervated by success and riches, every thing conspires. We have only to agree and adhere to our candidates, and all shall be as we wish. For who, that has the spirit of a man, can endure that, by their riches, they can build ships and rows of houses, while some of us, with all our ingenuity, can scarce keep clear of the jail. That they can command two or more mansions, while some of our party, who have been, at least, a month in the country, have not a roof, they can call their own, over their heads, while they purchase bank stock, at one cent, and deferred, and by selling out of one fund and buying into another, amass immense riches, which excite rather than allay their thirst. To most of us there is want at home, and creditors abroad; bad circumstances and worse prospects. In truth what have we left, but this wretched existence? But let us exert ourselves. Behold the election—the election, so long and anxiously expected, is approaching. It places before our eyes office, salary, power, pre-eminence, all these are the rewards of success. Let occasion, opportunity, difficulty, want, and the rich spoils of the treasury, more than any eloquence of mine, animate you. As for me, make use of me, either as president or vice-president. In soul and body I am yours. Of the last office, at least, I trust, I shall not be disappointed, unless indeed I am deceived in your characters, and you prefer to remain private citizens, rather than to become political rulers.*

* Nam postquam respublica in paucorum potentiam jus, atque ditionem, concessit; semper illis reges, tetrarchæ, vectigales esse: populi, nationes, stipendia pendere: ceteri omnes, strenui, boni, nobiles, atque ignobiles, vulgus fuimus; sine gratia, sine auctoritate, his obnoxii, quibus, si respublica valeret, formidini essemus: itaque omnis gratia, potentia honores, divitiæ apud illos sunt, aut ubi illi volunt: nobis reliquerunt pericula, repulsas, judicia, egestatem. Quæ quousque tandem patiemini, fortissimi viri? Nonne emori per virtutem prestat quam vitam miseram, atque inhonestam, ubi alienæ superbiz ludibrio fueris per dedecus amittere? Verum enimvero, pro deum atque hominum fidem, victoria in manu nobis est: viget ætas, animus valet. Contra illis, annis atque divitiis, omnia consenserunt. Tantummodo incepto opus est: cætera res expedit. Etenim quis mortalium, cui virile ingenium est, tolerare potest, illis divitiis superare, quas profundant in extruendo mari, et montibus conæquandis nobis rem familiarem etiam ad necessaria deesse? Illos binas, aut amplius domos continuare; nobis lacem familiarem nusquam ullum esse? Cum tabulas, signa

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF MR. COOPER
THE TRAGEDIAN.

In America, where business is every one's occupation, but few remarkable characters have appeared, and scarcely a biographer has been found to distinguish those few, before the world. However congenial the mystery of money-making may be with a cheerful evenness of temper, it is certainly inimical to genius; and where the opulent lounge would foster, the man of trade frowns on the efforts of imagination: our luxuries are exotic, our entertainments imported, our public spectacles more or less excellent, as they approach the European models, of which they are the distant imitations. The barrenness of our literary domain is not therefore to be wondered at; nor where the soil, tho' so rank has hitherto been so uncultivated, should it surprise, that when a native plant has sprung up, its virtues have not been recorded, or when a foreign one transplanted here, has thriven, though its qualities may have been used and enjoyed, they have not been sufficiently made known, or justly appreciated. The writer of the following memoir, is among the earliest in this country, to attempt the delineation of a living character, and the subjects one of the most eminent of those whose walks of life, have not been political, that have presented themselves to the biographer. The undertaking is made with that diffidence, which respect for the world's voice, and the magnitude of a biographical attempt inspire: the writer's motto is *Neminem libenter nominem, nisi ut laudem; sed nec peccata reprehenderem, nisi ut aliis prodessem*.

Mr. Cooper was born about the year 1777, of reputable parents: His father was a surgeon, and acquired considerable property in the East, under Warren Hastings's Indian administration—but of the greater part, if not all of this, his widow and children were at his death, which was abroad, defrauded and left destitute. When nine years old, Cooper was taken, out of friendship to his family, and in some sort adopted by Mr. Godwin, the well-known author of the *Essay on Political Justice*, by whom he was educated and intended for a writer, and no doubt inducted into the visionary democratical sentiments of his instructor. He is probably one of a very few, who have been apprenticed to authorship; and as it is impossible to determine the bent and much more so the soundness and strength of a mind so young, it is somewhat remarkable that a man of Godwin's understanding should train a boy to write books, before it was certain he could ever be induced to read them—What Mr. Godwin's particular method of education was, we do not know; and though when his opinions are adverted to, it should seem it was not a system of restraint, yet when Cooper's readiness on most subjects is considered with his negligent habits for some years past, a belief cannot but be impressed, that the foundation laid, was, of its kind, a good one.

toremata emunt, nova diruunt, alia ædificant; postremo omnibus modis pecuniam trahunt, vexant; tamen summa lubricine divitiis suas vincere nequeunt. At nobis est domi inopia, foris æs alienum; mala res, spes multo asperior. Denique quid reliqui habeamus, præter miseram animam? Quin igitur expergiscimini? Eui illa illa, quam sæpe obstitis, libertas, præterea divitiæ, decus, gloria, in oculis sita sunt; fortuna ea omnia victoribus præmia posuit. Res, tempus, pericula, egestas, belli spolia magnifica, magis quam oratio mea, vos horrentur. Vel imperatore vel milite me utemini. Neque animus, neque corpus a vobis aberit. Hæc ipsa, ut spero, vobiscum una consul agam: nisi forte me animus fallit, et vos servire magis, quam imperare, parati estis.

Such a pupil to such a master must have been roused, and delighted by the French revolution. Cooper was scarcely seventeen when his enthusiasm prompted him to relinquish the pen for the sword, and to seek a commission in the armies of the great Republic, the just-sprouting, sensitive and uncertain laurels of the author were blasted—civic and mural crowns, ovations and *sabres d'honneur* were much more glittering, and accordingly it was already determined he should engage for the banners of equality and confusion, when the war broke out between England and France, and clouded the brilliant prospects of military promotion and renown in the cause of liberty—Then it was, he turned his attention to the stage, and communicated his wishes to his benefactor; they were received with coldness and regret, and not till after some time assented to, and then with decided disapprobation. His intention however being found invincible, Mr. Holcroft undertook to give him some preparatory lessons. When he was thought prepared, many difficulties occurred, before a suitable place could be procured for his first appearance: at last Mr. Stephen Kemble offered his auspices, and Edinburgh was concluded on. The writer of this sketch has heard Cooper describe with great pleasantry his first interview with the Scotch manager: he was at that time a raw country youth of seventeen. On his arrival in Edinburgh, little conscious of his appearance and incompetency, he waited on Mr. Kemble, made up in the extreme of rustic foppery, proud of his talents, and little doubting his success. When he mentioned his name and errand, Mr. Kemble's countenance changed, from a polite smile to the stare of disappointment: Cooper had been prepared for young Norval; but he was obliged to exchange all his expected eclat for a few cold excuses from the manager, and the chagrin of seeing some nights after, his part filled by an old man and a bad player. During the remainder of the season he continued with Stephen Kemble, without ever appearing. From Edinburgh he went with the company to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, there he lived as dependent, inactive and undistinguished as before, till, owing to the want of a person to fill the part of Malcolm in *Macbeth*, he was cast to that humble, character—in so inferior a sphere did he begin to move who is now become one of the brightest luminaries of the theatrical hemisphere. His *debut* was even less flattering than his reception, from the manager had been. Till the last scene he passed through tolerably well, but when he came to the lines which conclude the play

'So thanks to all at once and to each one
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.'

after stretching out his hands and assuming the attitude and smile of thankfulness, slight embarrassment checked him, and he paused, still keeping his posture and look—the prompter made himself heard by every one, but the bewildered Malcolm, who still continued mute, every instant of his silence naturally increasing ten-fold his perplexity—Macduff whispered the words in his ear—*Macbeth* who lay slaughtered at his feet, broke the bonds of death to assist his dumb successor, the prompter spoke up almost to vociferation—Each Thane dead or alive joined his voice—but this was only 'confusion worse confounded'—if he could have spoken the amazed prince might with great justice have said 'So thanks to all at once'—but his utterance was gone 'vox faucibus hæsit'—a hiss presently broke out in the pit, the clamour soon became general, and the curtain went down, amid a shout of universal condemnation.

After this discomfiture, Cooper returned not a little humiliated to England. Where or what he lived from this time till his appearance on the

London boards is not known, though believed to have been among the country theatres, and valetudinary, a chequered life, 'per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.' Had he been so disposed, this leisure afforded a fine opportunity for study; probably it was spent at least in mechanical preparation, though Cooper's conduct and belief are very well known to be governed by Biron's sentiment.

'Study is like heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won
Save base authority from other books.'

POLITE LITERATURE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF
THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES. SECTION FIRST.

Of the orators who preceded Demosthenes, and of the character of his eloquence.

It is a remarkable fact in the history of the human mind, that there were two republics, which have left, to the whole world, eternal monuments of poesy and eloquence. It was from the bosom of liberty, that the lights of good taste, which still illuminate the civilized nations of our times, were twice scattered over the earth. It is with great impropriety, that some have called, the age of Alexander, that, which commenced with Pericles, and finished under that famous conqueror, whose triumph in Asia, had certainly no part in the literary glory of the Greeks, which expired, with their liberty, precisely at that epocha. Of all the great empires, which preceded his, nothing has remained, but the remembrance, of power overthrown; but the arts of imagination, the taste, the genius, have been, at least the noble inheritance, which ancient liberty has transmitted to us, and which we have collected, from the ruins of Rome and of Athens.

Those arts, so brilliant, carried to so high a point of perfection, had, like all other human affairs, but feeble beginnings. That which remains to us, of Antiphon, of Andocides, of Lysurgus the rhetorician, of Herod, of Lesbos, rises not above mediocrity. Pericles, Lysias, Isocrates, Hyperides, Iseus, Eschynes, appear to have been the most conspicuous in the second rank. Demosthenes stands alone in his. We see, in what remains of Isocrates, a diction ornamented, elegant, of a sweetness, a grace, and, above all, a harmony, studied with a scrupulous exactness, which is, perhaps, carried to excess. His natural timidity, and the feebleness of his organs, kept him from the bar, and the tribune. But he procured for himself, another kind of illustration, by opening a school of eloquence, which was, for sixty years, the most celebrated in Greece, and rendered the greatest service to the art of oratory, as Cicero testifies, in his judgment of the Greek orators. I cannot do better, than to produce this sketch, made by so distinguished a judge, who was much nearer than we are, to the objects of which he speaks.

"It was in Athens," says he, "the first orator existed, and that orator was Pericles. Before him, and his contemporary, Thucydides, we find nothing which resembles the genuine eloquence. It is believed, however, that a long time before, old Solon, Pisistratus, and Clisthenes, had merit, for their time. After them Themistocles appeared superior to others, by the talent of speaking, as well as by political information. In fine, Pericles, renowned for so many other qualities, was also for that of a great orator. It is agreed also, that Cleon, though a turbulent citizen, was, nevertheless, an eloquent man. At the same period, Alcibiades, Critias, Theramenes, present

themselves. As there remains to us, nothing of any of these, it is only by the writings of Thucydides, that we can conjecture what was the taste, which reigned, at that time. Their style was noble, elevated, sententious, full, in its precision, but even by that very precision itself, somewhat obscure. As soon as the effect was perceived, which might be produced by a discourse well composed, persons appeared, who offered themselves as professors, in the art of speaking. Georgias of Leontium, Thrasimachus of Calcedon, Protagoras of Abdera, Prodicus of the Isle of Cos, Hippas of Elea, and many others, made themselves names in this way. But their pretensions had too much ostentation; for they boasted, that they could teach, how a bad cause could be made a good one. It was against these Sophists that Socrates arose, who employed in his warfare against them all the subtleties of his dialectics. His frequent lessons formed many learned men. It was then, that morality began to make a part of philosophy, which, till then, had employed itself wholly in physical sciences.

"All these, of whom I have been speaking, were already on their decline, when Isocrates appeared, whose house became the school of Greece, a great orator, a perfect master, who, without shining in the tribunals, without going from home, attained to such a degree of celebrity, as no man, in the same career, has, ever since, reached. He wrote well, and taught others to write well. He knew better than his predecessors, the art of oratory in all its parts; but, above all, he was the first to comprehend, that, if prose ought not to have the rhythm of verse, it ought, at least, to have numbers and harmony appropriate to itself. Before him, they knew nothing of any art in the arrangement of words. When such arrangements were happy, they were the effect of accident; for nature herself inclines us, to enclose our thoughts within a certain compass, to give to our words some convenient order, and to terminate our phrases, most commonly, in a manner more or less numerous. The ear itself perceives that which fills it, or that which is wanting; our phrases are divided by the intervals of respiration, which not only must not fail us, but which cannot even be restrained without producing bad effects."

Cicero speaks afterwards of Lysias, of Hyperides, of Eschynes, and after having given them the praises they merited, he expresses himself thus, Demosthenes combines the purity of Lysias, the wit and refinement of Hyperides, the sweetness and splendor of Eschynes, and as to the figures of thought and the vehemence of discourse, he is above all: in one word, nothing can be imagined, more divine.

The applause of Demosthenes, flows perpetually, from the pen of Cicero, as that of Racine does from the pen of Voltaire. Thus each of them, never ceased to exalt the man, whom he might have dreaded the most, and whom he resembled least. It must be, no doubt, one of the advantages of genius, to feel more sensibly than others, the charm of perfection, because it knows all the difficulty of it; and this attraction ought to contribute to place him above the jealousy natural to rivalry. His pleasure, in that case, prevails over his self-love: he enjoys too much to envy any thing: he is too happy to be unjust.

There are, unfortunately, exceptions to this truth, as to all others; but I am thinking, at this time, only of examples of equity, and that of Cicero is so much the more striking, the justice he does to Demosthenes, is so honourable to them both, as the characters of their eloquence are, as I have just said, absolutely different. Cicero is, of all men, the one, who has carried to the highest perfection the charms of style, and the

resources of the pathetic. He delights in his magnificent exuberance. He narrates with all possible address, and pours out his tears with dignity and grace. It is nevertheless this orator, who esteems Demosthenes as the first of men, in the judiciary and the deliberative eloquence, because no man advances so directly and surely to his object, which is to hurry away the multitude or the judges. It is Cicero who extols the superiority of Demosthenes, the elevation of his ideas and sentiments, the dignity of his style, his irresistible energy and victorious vehemence. Fenelon renders him the same homage, and prefers him to Cicero himself, whom he loves however to enthusiasm; such being the fate of Demosthenes, to subjugate, in every kind, both his judges and his rivals.

All the obstacles he had to overcome, and all the effects he made to correct, to promote the flexibility and perfectibility of his organs, and to render his oratorical action worthy of his composition, are well known: but, perhaps, there has not been sufficient attention bestowed on the grandeur, of that singular idea of harranguing on the shores of the sea, to exercise himself, for speaking afterwards before the people. He considered, in a very just point of view, the similitude, between these two powers, equally tumultuous and imposing, the waves of the sea, and the agitations of the people in their assemblies.

Reasonings and emotions, comprise all the eloquence of Demosthenes. Never did a mortal, give to reason, arms more penetrating and irresistible. The truth is in his hands a piercing lance, which he brandishes with equal agility and force, and whose strokes he redoubles, without intermission. He strikes, without giving time to breathe, he pushes, presses, overturns, and is not one of those, who leaves his adversary on the ground, the means of denying his fall. His style is austere and robust; such as becomes a frank and impetuous soul. He rarely embellishes his thoughts; this care seems to be beneath him; he thinks of nothing, but to drive it entire to the bottom of your heart. No man made less use of the figures of diction; none has more neglected the ornaments: but, in his rapid march, he drags after him his audience, where he pleases: and that which distinguishes him, from all the orators, is, that the kind of suffrage which he commands, is always for his cause, and not for himself. We say of others, they speak well. We say of Demosthenes, he is right.

SECTION 2.

Of the different branches, of oratorical invention, and in particular of the manner of reasoning oratorically, as it was employed by Demosthenes, in his harrangue for the crown.

Oratorical invention consists in the knowledge and the choice of the means of persuasion. They are drawn, generally, from things or persons; but the manner of considering them, is not the same, in many respects, in political deliberations, as it is in judiciary questions. In these, what is commonly the point? Such a fact, is it evident? Is it a crime? What law is applicable to it? The age, the profession, the manners, the character, the interests, the situation of the accused, do these render the accusation probable, or improbable? This is the foundation of the judiciary division. In the deliberative, the question is, according to the ancient rhetoricians, concerning that which is honest, useful, or necessary. But Quintilian rejects the last case, and, taking the word in its most rigorous acceptation, for that which we are constrained to do by an inevitable necessity, he pretends that this necessity cannot exist, when we prefer the liberty of dying. And he cites, as an example, a garrison, to whom it should be said, it is necessary that you surrender, because, if you will not, you shall

all be put to the sword: and he adds, there is in this no necessity, because the soldiers may answer, we had rather die, than surrender. Neither the reasoning, nor the example, appear to me conclusive. There is not indeed an absolute necessity to surrender, when they rather choose to die: but in the art of oratory, as in morality and politics, a relative necessity is admissible, and the question may be considered in another point of view. We may inquire, whether the place is of sufficient importance, to sacrifice to its preservation, the lives of so great a number of brave men, who might still, for a long time, serve their country? And in that case an orator might very well establish, as a necessity of preserving to the state, the defender whom it may want. This species of moral necessity, may have place in a multitude of parallel cases. It is nothing more than a utility more imperious. It is, in truth, the only necessity which can be brought into deliberation: for the constraint, which arises from physical force, is not susceptible of discussion.

We cannot answer all, by saying, We will die, as we cannot satisfy all by knowing, how to die. It is always a kind of courage, it is true, but it is neither the most rare, nor the most difficult, nor the most useful. Many receive death, when it is sure, with a resignation, which may be called firmness, but not energy. Energy consists in braving the danger of death, when it is yet doubtful, in risking every thing to avoid it, and in refusing to meet it but in the last extremity. We shall be, forever, an example of the reality of this distinction: nor is it the first which history affords, but it is the most striking of all. If so many citizens drawn to dungeons and to punishments, under the reigns of our tyrants; if so many men, who have shewn so much patience in chains, and so much serenity on the scaffold, had possessed the genuine courage, the courage of the head, they would have perceived, that the victims being much more numerous than the hangman, and these being the vilest of men, would not have dared every thing, but because the others suffered every thing.

They would have felt, that when there is no longer any law, but force, it is a thousand times better to perish with arms, in our hands, if we must perish, than to be dragged to the shambles: and it would have been sufficient to demonstrate the resolution, to have imposed on wretches, who never could do more than cut the throats of men, without defence. The rallying point of every citizen is the law, and as any other kind of force, is erected against it, he ought to answer it only by laying his hand upon his sword. It is for this end it was given him and as an ancient poet has said

Ignorantia datos, ne quisquam serviat, enses!

If the lesson we have received in this respect was necessary, it has been so strong, that we may hope it will not be lost. Let us not then take words of common use in the rigour of a metaphysical language, which has sometimes led the ancients into error; and in that of the art of oratory, let us call that necessary which may be so named in morals, that is to say all which is indispensably commanded by the public interest: and in this relation nothing enters more naturally into the order of deliberations.

The ancients made another kind of general division. The Judiciary, says Cicero, turns upon equity, the deliberative upon honour, or in other words, the one upon that which is equitable, the other upon that which is honourable. Here, we perceive the difference in the genius of languages, and the diversity of acception in the corresponding forms of one language to another. For we shall demand in the first place whether all that is honourable is

not equitable, and whether all that is equitable, be not honourable. But in the language of their Bar, the Latins understood by equity, that which is equal, that which is conformable to positive right, to the laws; and by honest, that which is conformable to universal morality, to the conscience of all men; and this distinction was not chimerical; for the laws are necessarily imperfect, but conscience is infallible; whence it follows, that the law which cannot foresee all cases, often offers decisions, which are not such as exact honesty would dictate. In this sense one of our authors has said in a Tragedy 'The law often permits what honour forbids' and here honour signifies what it ought always to signify, honesty.

Thus, to avoid a confusion of ideas in our language, we shall say, in adopting the division of Cicero, that the Judiciary, turns upon that which is of the legal order, and the deliberative, upon that which is of the political order: and as in both, justice, moral and social order are equally interested, we shall conclude, afresh, that these divisions coalesce and are confounded together in general principles, whether of nature or art, although they are separated by the diversity of cases, which ought to determine that of oratorical materials.

These materials are 1. The proofs deduced by reasoning which applies the principles to the questions. 2. The proofs drawn from facts, which are to be established or denied, or explained according to the rules of probability, and all this supposes logic. 3. Authorities and examples, which are of so great use and so great power in eloquence, and which suppose the knowledge of history. 4. That which the ancients have named common places, that is to say the truths of morality and experience, generally applicable to all human actions; considerations drawn from the instability of all things in this world, the dangers of prosperity, the caprices of fortune, the commiseration which we owe to distress, the pride of wealth, the inconveniences of poverty, and a thousand other such things the detail of which is infinite, and which an orator ought to employ according to his occasions, which demand philosophical views of the condition of human life; 5. In fine, the sentiments and the passions, which the Latins called, *Affectus*, and the Greeks, *παθη*, and which we have very much restrained, by a word, which is not equivalent, the word pathetic, which comprehends only indignation and pity, whereas the generic term of the Greek and the Latin, included all the affections of the soul, which the orator may put in motion as favourable to his cause or his opinion; compassion and resentment, love and hatred, emulation and shame, fear and hope, confidence and suspicion, grief and joy, presumption and diffidence. This is peculiarly the province of a great orator, and which depends, especially on the movements of style. It was in this part that Demosthenes excelled. He has not made use of the affecting pathetic, like Cicero; his subjects did not lead him to this; but he has in a superior manner, handled the vehement pathetic, which is more proper to the deliberative kind of eloquence as the other is to the Judiciary. You now see, whether I have been mistaken in bringing history and philosophy, into the plan of a course of literature such as ought to be pursued by any one who wishes to be in reality a man of letters. For a man of letters ought, by no means to be a stranger, to the talent of speaking, and this talent in order to rise to a certain degree, ought to be supported by all the knowledge, which I have pointed out.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.
[Continued.]

In Congress, March 25, 1780.

Resolved,

That the papers and original affidavits relative to the capture of the brig Eagle, John Ashmead commander, under a fort in the island of Saba, be filed in the office of the secretary of the United States in congress assembled.

That authenticated copies thereof, signed by the said secretary, be transmitted to their High Mightinesses the States General of the United Provinces by the minister plenipotentiary of these United States at the court of Versailles; and that he be directed to apply to them for their aid in procuring satisfaction for the loss of the said brig Eagle and cargo, and for some assurance that the flag of the United States of America shall be protected from insult when in the ports of the United Provinces.

Extract from the minutes.

CHARLES THOMSON, Secretary.

I, Charles Thomson, secretary of the United States of America in congress assembled, do hereby certify, declare, and make known to all whom it may concern, that the several writings hereto annexed, are true and exact copies of their respective originals, filed in my office agreeably to a resolve of congress of the twenty-fifth day of March instant.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal at Philadelphia this thirtieth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty, and in the fourth year of American independency.

CHARLES THOMSON, Secretary.

No. I.

Wy Thomas Dinsey, gouverneur over de eysland Saba permitturen be deese aan schipper John Ashmead, voerende de brig genant de Eagle, von Philadelphia, met syn by zig habende volk en laading, bestaende in

4 tieren Speck.

192 Vactten dijn.

4 Oxhoofden Taback.

50 Vacten Brood.

250 Withe oak flaxen voor oxhoofden.

Omme van hier te vertrekken en te navigeeran na St. Eustatius en alle vryge plaatsen heir in de West Indien volgende tractaaten hebbende syn Behoorlyke regt en lasten alhier betaalt.

Des to irkonde dieses door ons gouverneur en secretaris eygenhandig onderteekend en met gewoone slands zegat bevestiget.

Achemos Saba, den 13de Nov. 1779.

THOMAS DINSEY.

(L.S.) IN THEMISE VAN MR.

CHARLES WINFIELD, Sec.

No. II.

TRANSLATION.

This day, being the sixteenth of November, 1779, before me Anthony Beaujon, first clerk, (officiating during the absence of the secretary) in the service of the honourable chartered Netherlandish West India company, residing at the island of St. Eustatius, in the presence of the witnesses herein after named, appeared John Ashmead, Master, James Brown, Gunner's mate, and Francis Lange, Seaman, who, in their aforesaid capacities, had navigated the brigantine called the Eagle, and in support of truth for the purpose of manifesting it in proper place, did declare, witness, and depose, that they with their aforesaid brigantine and other equipage had sailed from Philadelphia, bound for this island.

That on the 13th instant they, these appearers, had been chased into the road of Saba by a ship, a brigantine, and a schooner, English privateers; that they, these appearers, had cast anchor at Saba aforesaid at or about eleven of the clock, and that he, the first named appearer, had gone ashore and cleared in his vessel and cargo at the governor's and secretary's; that then the brigantine of these appearers lay not above eighty fathoms from the shore, and to the same was fastened by a heavy haulser, and stood right under the fort, and having been at anchor for the space of about one hour, the beforementioned ship, brigantine, and schooner, came likewise to an anchor close to the appearers, and that so close that the brigantine lay at the distance of about ten fathoms from the appearers. A little while after the appearers discovered two sloops and one schooner, to which vessels the brigantine privateer had given a signal, and they one after the other came also to anchor, except one of the sloops that lay off and on. That between the hours of seven and eight, in the evening, the appearer first named being then on shore and with the governor heard the alarm that the brigantine privateer had entered his the said appearers vessel, and was making preparations to take her out; whereupon the governor had given orders to fire alarm and the citizens to appear at the fort to give to the appearer's brigantine as much protection as was in their power to give, that, according to these summons, the said citizens had readily repaired, and in the meanwhile the second and third named of these appearers had swam to the shore, and given information that the brigantine *Prial*, captain Saunders, belonging to Bristol in Great Britain, had boarded the vessel of the said appearers, and was about taking her out. That in consequence a considerable number of citizens of Saba, with great speed, had repaired to the fort, and spoken to the privateers, "that they should desist from committing hostilities, else they would fire upon them, but that, notwithstanding this, the privateers had continued taking the appearers' brigantine, and going out of the road with her. That thereupon the fort fired upon the ship and brigantine, and the fire was immediately returned from the ship, the brigantine, one of the sloops, and from one of the schooners, that it was a very smart cannonading of whole broadsides and single canon for the space of one hour and a half, with balls and round-shot, to the great danger and peril of the citizens, who had continued firing upon these vessels, until all their ammunition was spent, but that all this was to no purpose of hindering them in the taking out of the appearer's brigantine, which the privateer's crew effected, by towing out the appearer's brigantine, there being little wind.

And the said first-named appearer further declared, that he is informed, that the vessels which had committed that outrage, are as followeth, to wit: the ship *Robust*, captain Page, belonging to Liverpool; the brigantine *Tryal*, captain Sanders, belonging to Bristol; the schooner *Grey Hound*, captain Robert Dunlap, belonging to St. Kitts; the sloop *Hawke*, captain Isaac Hartman, belonging to Anguilla; one sloop of Antigua, and a schooner, called, *The Fame*, of Antigua.

And the said appearers, each, with respect to what he has said, do declare, that the foregoing is the pure and upright truth, and that they are ready, when thereunto required, to confirm the same by their solemn oath.

Moreover, he the first-named appearer, and, as far as it may be necessary, the second and third of the appearers, do protest against the cutting out their said brigantine, and the outrages committed by the English privateers,

against whom the aforesaid privateers, and all others whom it may concern, for all damages, losses, and interests, thereby already had and suffered, and to be had and suffered, to the end to recover the same, or that they may be recovered at such places, and in such manner, as shall be thought proper.

Thus done and passed at St. Eustatia the day of the date first above written, in the presence of Joseph Roda, and Anthony Beaujon, jun. as witnesses, who, as well as the appearers and myself, the first clerk, have duly subscribed the original thereof.

Which I attest,

Collated.

ANTHONY BEAUJON,
first clerk.

We, Peter Runnels, captain commandant, officiating in the absence of the honorable and worshipful master Johannes de Graeff, governor of the islands of St. Eustatia, Saba, and St. Martin, do hereby make known and certify, that before us appeared, John Ashmead, master, James Brown, gunner's mate, and Francis Lunge, seaman, having in their aforesaid capacities navigated the brigantine *Eagle*, who, after the foregoing deposition had been truly interpreted to them from the Netherlandish into the English language, did each, on his part, declare the same to contain the fair and upright truth. To which they solemnly adhered, so sure as God Almighty shall help them, these deponents. In testimony whereof, these presents are signed by us, the captain commandant, and by the first clerk, and sealed with the common seal of this island.

Done at St. Eustatia, the 17th Nov. 1779.
(L. s.)

PETER RUNNELS.
With my knowledge,
ANTHONY BEAUJON,
first clerk.

Agreeth with its original remaining in the secretary's office of this island.

Done at St. Eustatia, the 18th Nov. 1779.
Which I do attest,

ANTHONY BEAUJON,
first clerk.

Translated February 29th, 1780, by
L. WEISS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Zurich, October 12, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been amusing myself both yesterday and to-day with walking about this town and its delightful neighbourhood, to enjoy the beautiful prospects which present themselves in every direction, and which continually vary as the spectator changes his position. There can, I conceive, be very few situations more delightful than that of Zurich, which is built at one end of the lake of the same name, and on each side of a charming river which issues from it. The houses are neat and clean, as well as ancient; the modern buildings are elegant. Two wooden bridges connect the two parts of the town; on these are mills, turned by the current of the Limat, which supply water to the inhabitants. The public walks are good, particularly the grand one, which extends along the banks of the river, it is charmingly laid out in gravel-walks, groves, and bouquets, in one of which is a handsome monument erected to the memory of the celebrated Gessner, the author of the *Death of Abel*, and the beautiful *Idylls*, which we have so often admired together. Gessner was as famous for his taste and talents as a painter and engraver, as a poet, and I have had much pleasure in being at his house, which is now occupied by his widow

and sister, who shewed me all his works, and even the very plates he etched.

Madame Gessner tells me her husband was originally intended for a Printer, and, indeed, followed that business for some time, but his taste for drawing made him neglect every thing else; he never learned the principles of the art till he was thirty years of age, but his assiduity and correct taste facilitated his studies very much. She recounted many curious anecdotes respecting him. He used to go into the fields and draw all the leaves, grass, and trees which struck his fancy. Sometimes he would come home with his pocket full of stones, which he would arrange upon the table to give the effect of rocks, precipices, &c. Once, she said, he caught hold of a silk gown she happened to have on, and crumpling it upon the table cried out to her (who was wondering what he was about) *don't you see?—what a grotto!*—and uttering a thousand exclamations which were to her totally unintelligible.

The monument I have mentioned was to his honour erected by his fellow-citizens, and is of a simple yet elegant taste.

There is another walk, somewhat elevated, called the *Linden Hof*, where the society of archers have, for this century past, exercised themselves with the cross-bow. On one side is a statue of William Tell.

The ramparts furnish a walk still more elevated, and much more commanding; from a summer seat at one end there is a beautiful view over the lake for several leagues, and of its little white sails, and its shores sloping up to the mountains, rich in vineyards, pastures, villages, and white country seats, whose forms are distinctly reflected by its calm surface. The horizon is skirted with high mountains in every direction, but at the farthest end of the lake the snow-covered peaks of the Alps rise in all the majesty of sublime nature. Whenever I turn my eyes to this scene, I cannot refrain from bursting out into new exclamations as if it was the first time I beheld it, and I take delight in occasionally renewing the pleasure I feel in contemplating it.

Zurich was the Tigurum of the Romans, and the inhabitants pretend that an old square tower, which stands on a rock in the river, and serves as a prison, is one of their works. The fortifications are in excellent order, and tend to embellish the town very much; they are faced with hewn stone, and the grass in the dry ditches and on the ramparts mowed very close.

This is at present the headquarters of the commander in chief of the army of reserve, and the place is deluged with French officers. Every citizen is obliged to quarter a few soldiers, and even poor Lavater, in his desperate situation, is applied to, to receive one.

Poor Lavater!—We have just come from paying him a visit. When we came to his house he was in great pain, but as soon as he was better he spoke to us with cheerfulness, and apologised for being such bad company. We had a long conversation with him on different subjects. He told us that from what he had seen of the Americans, who had been at Zurich, he liked them better than any Europeans. Had Lavater been in good health, I should have taken this observation as a polite compliment, but from a man who is on the brink of the grave, and cannot live a month longer, and that man, Lavater, so celebrated for his discernment in matters of external character, I consider it as curious and interesting to my countrymen.

When we took leave of him, he presented each of us with a *souvenir*, or *remembrance*, which is generally some sentence or drawing, intended to remind the person to whom it is

given, of his friend; it is a very common custom on the continent to give them, and I have seen whole books of such drawings and writings. Lavater's *souvenir* was a card, with an engraved border; on mine he had written the following words,

à monsieur **** *

Qu'est ce que l'homme?

l'honneur et la honte, le chef et l'esclave de la creation. Au Dieu et un diable incarné.—Qu'est ce que sa destination? De choisir entre deux chouses—ou de devenir un image pur de la divinité, qui n'est que charité, ou du diable, qui n'est que malice.

5. 11. X. 1800 à Zurich—Jean Gaspard Lavater.

He told us, he had a vast number of portraits and other drawings, which he has never published, and that he had several ideas in his head respecting the connection between the human and brute creation, which he believes he shall not live long enough to communicate to the world. Some things he shewed us, executed under his own eye, were very curious and of ingenious invention.

The environs of Zurich will be rendered famous in military history, on account of the number of battles, which were fought here last year. I am told there were upwards of 12000 Russians slain, besides French and Austrians.

Lucerne, 13th October.

We quitted Zurich early this morning, and travelled along the borders of its delightful lake, to the foot of mount Albis, where we were obliged to hire additional horses to assist the voituriers in dragging our carriage up this steep ascent, which is one of the most formidable in Switzerland for carriages. Mr.—and I walked up in about three quarters of an hour, and found a decent inn at the top. Without resting, we set out to gain a point of view, called the *signal*, which lay about a mile along the ridge, and from whence we had a most noble and extensive prospect of the lake, the Alps, the lake of Zug, and part of the lake of Lucerne, with all the rich landscape a Swiss view affords, we returned to our inn in fine spirits, for a mountain air, joined with the contemplation of the grand scenes of nature, gave a vivacity and animation, that a less elevated situation and humbler prospects could never have done. The exercise we had taken, made us relish the homely fare we procured at the inn, and we set off afterwards to descend the mountain, in the manner we ascended.

The country all the way to Zug was a perfect garden. We remained at this small town (which is the capital of the canton of same name, and situated at the head of its pretty little lake) just as the members of the government were sitting down at the *table d'hôte*, that is at 12 o'clock, the common dining-hour in Switzerland, except Sunday, when it is 11. We immediately joined them, and entered into conversation with one, who appeared to have the manners of one who had seen the world. The rest put me in mind of the company you see at a tavern-dinner, during a country-court, and afforded full scope for our observation and remarks.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

While Cowper was laboriously engaged in his Translation of Homer, and his commentary on Milton, he became acquainted with Hayley, the poet; and thus describes the wishes, and the cares of an affectionate friend, and an anxious commentator.

Dear architect of fine Chateaux air,
Worthier to stand forever if they could.

Than any built of stone, or yet of wood
For back of royal Elephant to bear!
Oh, for permission from the skies to share
Much to my own, though little to thy good
With thee, not subject to thy jealous mood,
A partnership of literary ware.
But I am bankrupt now! and doom'd henceforth
To drudge in descendant dry on others lays,
Bards I acknowledge of unequalled worth,
But what is commentators' happiest praise?
That he has furnished lights for other eyes,
Which they, who need them, use, and then despise.

WHIMSICAL EPIEAPH.

Some years since, a Mr. Dickson, who was Provost of Dundee in Scotland, died, and by will left the sum of one guinea, to a person to compose an epitaph upon him; which sum he directed the three executors to pay. The executors, thinking to defraud the poet, agreed to meet and share the guinea among them, each contributing a line.

1st Here lies Dickson, provost of Dundee
2 Here lies Dickson, here lies he,

The third was embarrassed for a long time, but unwilling to lose his share of the guinea, vociferously bawld

Hallelujah, hallelujah

On the decease of Mrs. Vanbutchell, wife of Mr. Vanbutchell, Dentist, he contrived, with the assistance of that eminent anatomist Dr. William Hunter, by means of a kind of pickle, so to preserve the body, as to give it nearly the appearance of life and health, put it into a glass case, and shewed it for a long time to his friends and acquaintance.

The following epitaph was written upon her by Mr. Grove of Litchfield, by way of translation to a Latin one, written by Dr. Barker.

Here, unentom'd Vanbutchell's consort lies,
To feed her husband's grief or charm his eyes;
Full sweet and pure her body still remains,
And all its former elegance retains:
Long had disease been preying on her charms
Till slow she sunk in Death's expecting arms
When Hunter's skill, in spite of nature's laws,
Her beauties rescued from corruption's jaws
Bade the pale roses of her cheeks revive
And her shrunk features seem again to live
—Hunter, who first conceiv'd the happy thought
And here at length to tuit perfection brought,
O lucky husband! blest of heaven,
To thee, the privilege is given
A much lov'd wife at home to keep,
Caress converse with—even sleep
Close by her side, whenever you will,
As quiet as if living still.
And, strange to tell, that fairer she
And purer than alive should be
Fair, plump, and tender as before
And full as tractable—or more
Thrice happy mortal! envied lot
What a rare treasure hast thou got
Who to a woman can lay claim
Whose tempers every day the same.

ON AN UNDERTAKER.

Subdued by Death, here Death's great herald lies,
And adds a trophy to his victories:
Yet, sure he was prepar'd, who, while he'd breath,
Made it his business still to look for Death.

ON GATHERING SOME VIOLETS FOR—

Beneath thy silken lashes shade,
Those 'eyes of dewy light';
Nor let the envious violets fade
To find their tints less bright.

THE HAPPY CHRISTENING.

Thomas Weds—and four months barely pass o're his head
When his spouse, God be thank'd, of a boy's brought to bed,
Now what shall we call him, 'my dear, said his wife,
'Let me think,' answered Tom, 'Call him *Courier*, my life;
For he's travelled a journey of nine months or more,
To my joy and delight in the short space of four.

Epitaph on one, who occasionally performed the business of Taylor and Barber.

In a timber surtout here are wrapt the remains
Of a mower of beards, and a user of skains;
'Twas the shears of grim Death cut his stay-tape of life

And sever'd him far from twist, razors and wife,
But the prayer of all people, he serv'd for, or shav'd

Is, that he's with the remnant of those that are sav'd.

On a Libertine.

Here lies the vile dust of the sinfullest wretch,
That ever the Devil delayed to fetch:
But the reader will grant it was needless he should

When he saw him a coming as fast as he could.

On Twin Sisters, buried together.

Fair marble tell to future days,
That here two virgin sisters lie;
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death drew tears from every eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew they shone,
So much alike, so much the same
Death quite mistook them both for one.

FIGHTING DOG.

Lord Camelford, last week purchased Mr. Mellish's celebrated fighting dog. This animal who as renowned for his battles as Bonaparte, was originally the property of fighting Humphreys, he next came into the possession of fighting Johnson, by whom he was dearly loved and much admired; his next owner was fighting Ward, who sold him a few months ago to Mr. Mellish, for 20 guineas. His Lordship being fascinated with the bold feats and the spirited demeanour of the animal, proposed to buy him, and Mr. Mellish consented to sell him in the *carcase way*. The dog was accordingly put into the scale, after a good hearty dinner of tripe, and was found to weigh forty-two pounds. The price which they agreed upon was two guineas per pound, so that the purchase-money amounted to the sum of eighty-four guineas. This was satisfied in the following manner: A favourite gun, belonging to his Lordship, value 44 guineas. It would have been an insult to this noble animal to have paid the purchase in money, and therefore, he was in a manner exchanged for those warlike articles. He is known by the name of *Belcher* has fought 104 battles, and never was beat. A more warlike pedigree, or nobler blood, cannot be boasted by any of the canine race in England. To his other great and good qualities he adds a singular instinct, by which he is enabled to know a brave man from a coward, and he is as much attached to the former, as he hates the latter. His Lordship is so pleased with his purchase, he declares no money shall part him and his dog.

[Lon. paper.

BLOOD HOUND.

The Thrapston Association for the prosecution of felons, in Northamptonshire, have provided and trained a blood hound for the detection of sheep stealers. To prove the utility of the hound, the 28th ult. was appointed for the purpose of exercising it. The person he was to hunt started at ten o'clock in the forenoon, in the presence of a great concourse of people, and at eleven the hound was let loose; when after a chase of an hour and a half, notwithstanding a very indifferant scent, the hound found him secreted on a tree, at the distance of fifteen miles.

[ibid.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Imitation from the French of Fontenelle.

Struck with a tender air I play'd,
The fav'rite of my charming maid,
Young Cupid promis'd, for another,
Two kisses from his lovely mother—

No, no, cry'd I, my little friend,
You know which way my wishes tend;
I'll play it o'er and o'er again,
But for a single kiss from Jane.

He vow'd to grant my fond desire,
And sweeter sounds produc'd my lyre;
But will you, Jane, propitious prove,
And keep the promises of love?

ROWLAND.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On seeing a lady weep while reading an interesting story.
Let those of wealth and power possess't,
In Fortune's giddy circle move;
But come, and be my constant guest,
Sweet Pity, soft-ey'd friend of Love.

I saw thy pure effusions steal,
In pearly drops, from Delia's eye;
There's none thy power can stronger feel,
And none can heave a tend'rer sigh.

Learn then of her, my soften'd heart,
To sympathise with others woe;
Thy soothing influence impart,
And with thy best emotions glow.

Yet stay—for in thy silent train
Th' insidious shafts of Love I see;
And, if I deeply feel their pain,
Will Delia ever pity me?

PARMEGIANO.

SELECTED POETRY.

[Of the nine lyric poets, so highly praised by antiquity, we have few remains, except of Anacreon and Pindar; but the literary world must derive some consolation from reflecting, that probably such parts of their writings as were most valuable in themselves, being equally applicable to all ages and countries, have been preserved by Horace. This appears not only from a comparison of several passages in his works with such fragments of their writings, as remain, not only from his frequent mention of them as his originals, but from the singular circumstance, that, having scarcely any models of lyric poetry in his own language, he raised it, at once, to the highest point of perfection which that language admits. Lyric poetry, amongst the Romans, may be said to have begun and ended with him; for he had no predecessors, unless Catullus be ranked as such, and his successors have long since been forgotten. He, therefore, alone supports the lyric fame of his country, but he supports it with Herculean strength.]

The following ode contains the principles of a moderate and rational Epicurean, such as Horace seems to have been, and not those of a debauched and inordinate votary of pleasure.]

HOR. LIB. I. ODE 18.

Translated by W. Boscawen, Esq.

Varus, the vine prefer, where'er you sow
The genial soil of Tiber's far-fam'd fields,
Dull sober mortals heaven o'erwhelms with woe,
To wine alone corroding sorrow yields.

What generous soul, when cheering wine in-
spires,
Dread fears of wan poverty annoy?
Thee, jocund god, the grateful heart admires,
Thee, Venus, queen of pure unsullied joy.

Yet, warn'd, your social mirth let temp'rance
guide,
Beware the Lapithæ and Centaur's ire,

So the mad Thracians right and wrong divide,
By the thin boundaries of their wild desire.

No, gentle godhead, friend to peace and love,
Ne'er shall my voice thy genial soul affright.
Ne'er pierce the deep inviolable grove,
Nor drag thy mysteries to unhallow'd light.

Let then no Phrygian cymbals wake the breast,
For then self-love prevails with impulse blind,
And empty pride displays her airy crest,
And lavish confidence unveils the mind.

[The heart of Anacreon, devoted to indolence, seems to think that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness enough in wealth. The cheerfulness with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing. Like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity, which he attributes to himself so very feelingly, and which breathes characteristically in all that he has sung. His disposition was amiable; his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and virtue, with her zone unloosed, is an emblem of his character.]

All the translators and commentators have differed widely in their conception of this ode. It seems scarcely possible that this antique Grecian gem should be placed in a fairer light than it has been done by Mr. Moore.]

ODE 18.

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine, in brimming urns,
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid, I expire!
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o'er my brow in showers,
Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears and withers there,
*But for you, my burning mind,
Oh! what shelter shall I find,
Can the bowl or flowrets' dew
Cool the flame, that scorches you?

CANZONET.

Lady! when with glad surprise,
I meet thy soft and shaded eyes,
Or, lost in dreams of love, behold,
Thy waving locks of darken'd gold,
Or press the lip whose dew discloses
Sweets, that seem the breath of roses,
Lady! I sigh, and, with a tear,
Swear earth is heaven if thou art near.

But when the hour of transport's o'er,
My soul's delight is seen no more,
Remembering all thy host of charms,
I tremble then with wild alarms,
And, taught by jealous doubt, discover,
In every gazing youth a lover,
Confessing, with a silent tear,
That heaven and hell are wond'rous near.

[Sir Charles Sedley was never more conspicuous for that prevailing gentle art, which has been ascribed to him, than in the following gallant stanzas, which surpass in finesse and delicacy of compliment even the bland expressions of Waller to his Amoret or Sacharissa.]

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

* The translator remarks that the transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned.

But I am ty'd to very thee,
By every thought I have;
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

[The following Song, though from the pen of a nobleman, whose wickedness was at least equal to his wit, is pure; and, if deformed by some of Cowley's peculiarities, is still an agreeable trifle.]

Insulting beauty you mispence
Those frowns upon your slave;
Your scorn against such rebels bend
Who dare with confidence pretend
That other eyes their hearts defend
From all the charms you have.

Your conquering eyes so partial are,
Or mankind is so dull,
That, while I languish in despair,
Many proud, senseless hearts declare,
They find you not so killing fair,
To wish you merciful.

They, an inglorious freedom boast,
I triumph in my chain;
Nor am I unreveng'd, though lost,
Nor you unpunish'd, though unjust,
When I alone, who love you most,
Am kill'd with your disdain.

MOLLY'S RESOLVE.

Ned says your fair, I say your brown,
He says you smile, I say you frown—
Now, prithee, which is right?
To suit my answer to your mind,
If true it is that Love is blind,
Ye both have lost your sight.

For if on Ned I chance to smile,
You sicken, and turn pale the while,
And think I frown on you,
Or when he calls me Molly fair,
I black or brown to you appear,
Or any but the true.

But if you wish my mind to know,
And which the favourite, Ned or you,
I'll e'en no longer jest;
Ned has his charms, and so have you,
But, as I cannot marry two,
First love they say is best.

EPIGRAM

ON A SELF-APPLAUDER.

To speak in Nimium's praise I'd plann'd,
But he out-plans me hollow;
And he's so much the abler hand,
I can't attempt to follow.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

No. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOQL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 10.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 85.

Un esprit, juste, gracieux
Solide dans le sérieux
Et charmant dans les bagatelles.

VOLTAIRE.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

FOR a delicate mind censure must always be an irksome and an invidious task, but for one who professes a most profound devotion to the ladies, to censure them involves exclusive difficulties, becomes doubly irksome, and doubly invidious. Peculiar hardihood of enterprise and vigour of exertion are requisite to brave the resentment of those who are armed with muniments of warfare far more formidable than the spear or the falchion, who 'disarm wit' a smile, and kill with a look, to whom we habitually pay uncircumscribed deference, and yield implicit submission. The barbarians of old, in their conflicts with the Romans, palliated the ignominy of discomfiture, by proclaiming that no human power could withstand the fire of their adversary's eye, and the terrors of their brow; the recreant knight of the present day, temerarious enough to throw down the gauntlet to the sex, must expect to combat a frown still more terrible, and meet the lightning of an eye no less potent in its execution when chastising presumption, than irresistible when moistened with the tear of pity, or beaming with the congenial softness of love. In other topics of animadversion the censor is exonerated from the burden of private animosity, by the latent vanity of the reader, who is always prone to suppose himself excepted from his range; but with the female world there is, perhaps, a consciousness of infallibility, which tolerates not any charge of imperfection, however general, and a fervourous zeal in the common cause, which impels the individual to feel with as much sensibility, and repel with as much warmth, a collective aspersion as a particular attack. I know, indeed, that although I have chosen to trace this eccentricity to such respectable sources, others have assigned a more uncharitable cause, and illiberally imagine that no possible charge could be advanced which does not more or less apply to every individual. Without waiting to investigate their comparative accuracy, I shall proceed to remark, that, if I have been silent for some time past, it must be attributed to the force of these impressions, and that if I again venture to take the field, due honour should be conceded to the courage of heart, and purity of zeal, which encounter perils of such magnitude, without any prospective advantage.

Your fair correspondents, with some small indications of triumph have repeatedly urged, that although we are prolific of the blemishes we pretend to discover, and can vociferously emblazon their expatiatory eloquence on trifles, and invincible taciturnity on subjects of a rational texture, we are unable to prescribe a remedy, and are mute on the line of conduct they are to pursue. I have always considered our province to be circumscribed within the simple denunciation of the error, while it remained the exclusive and infeasible privilege of the Lounger to rectify the deviation, and designate the straight path. But he himself, at such a call, must be too gallant not to remit, with indulgent leniency, so important an infraction of his prerogative, as an humble surmise of what, if those extremes actually obtained, may be their remote cause, I mean the present defective system of female education. If the pupil form a moderate acquaintance with the French language, dance with ease or grace, and acquire some practical knowledge of music, accomplishments of a more solid or exalted nature are deemed nugatory and superfluous: she comes forth into the community with no fund for conversation but on matters that are comprised within the narrow compass of her scholastic instruction; with no taste but for the decoration of her person, or the tumultuary routine of dissipation; with no other store of ideas than those which enable to estimate point-lace, or judge of the trimmings of a cap: unaccustomed in her youth to serious application, she must be forever precluded from those intellectual enjoyments, which constitute satisfactory substitutes for the pleasures of the ball or the card-table, when the indifference of age makes them lose their zest which temper the corrosion of care, assuage the bitterness of adverse fortune, relieve the languor of satiety, and prolong the empire of a woman by the powers of her mind, when her personal attractions have vanished. 'All that you say,' exclaims the Countess La Fayette, in an elegant epistle to Mad. De Sevigné, 'bears such a charm that your words attract the smiles and graces to your person, and although it seems that wit should only affect the ears, it is nevertheless certain that your's dazzle the eyes, and that one who hears the lively sallies, that flow with such exuberance and ease, sees no longer that something is wanting to the regularity of your features or to the perfection of your beauty.' I would not wish to insinuate that the delineation I have given above is universally true; in the circle with which I have the honour to associate I know of many exceptions; from the list of your correspondents you may adduce the name of Beatrice, with a portraiture materially diverse. and, as a proof of the fallacy of a common opinion, that a polished and erudite mind is incompatible with the discharge of the duties incident to a wife or a mother. The example of the females who have obtained celebrity in the annals of literature, that of M. de Sevigné particularly co-operates to the same effect; distinguished for uncommon tenderness and indefatigable assi-

duity towards her husband and her children, she could, however, in the morning, philosophise with Tacitus, indulge herself with the Italian of Ariosto, and the Spanish of Lope de Vega, in the evening infuse life and animation into those brilliant societies of which she was the ornament and the delight. As this is a subject which I touch with 'fear and trembling,' and as I am fond of corroborating my remarks by the sanction of legitimate authority, I shall beg to close them by the following letter, from the French of Voltaire, addressed to the Marchioness of Châtelteux, and containing a dedication of his celebrated tragedy of *Alzire*.

'To you, Madam, how inconsiderable a tribute must be one of those ephemeral works of poetry, which owe their principal merit to the evanescent illusion of the theatre, and the transitory plaudit of the public, and which are doomed to encounter the common fate of neglect and oblivion. What, indeed, is a versified romance in the estimation of a woman, who reads a geometrical system with no less facility than others peruse a romance; one who has found in Locke, that sage preceptor of the human race, only the series of her own ideas, and the history of her own thoughts; one, in fine, who, although born for whatever captivates the sense, or charms the imagination, prefers the investigation of truth to the display of those powers of which nature has been so profusely lavish.

But, madam, the greatest and the most estimable genius is, unquestionably, that, which comprehends, within the limits of its research, all the fine arts. They constitute the delight and the aliment of the soul; is there any, then, that should be excluded? Happy is the mind which the severity of philosophical disquisition cannot stiffen, or the blandishments of the belle-lettres emasculate: happy the person, whose understanding is invigorated by Locke, and enlightened with Clarke and Newton; who can enjoy the sublime effusions of Cicero and Bossuet, indulge and enrich his fancy with the charms of Virgil and Tasso.

Such a genius do you possess: the avowal must be made, however harsh it may sound to a delicate ear. Your example should encourage those of your sex and station to believe that the perfection of our reason superadds new splendor to elevation of rank, and the cultivation of the intellect, new graces to the person. There was a time in France, and, indeed, in all Europe, when both were deemed, by the men, derogatory to their dignity, by the women incompatible with their character. The latter consecrated their moments to the arts of coquetry and intrigue; the former to poise the lance and wield the battle axe, to shine in the tournament, and obtain renown in the field by their dexterity in managing the weapons of mutual extermination.

The obloquy which Moliere and Despreaux attempted to cast on learned women, appeared, in an age of superior civilization and refinement, almost to sanction the prejudices of barbarism. But Moliere, whom we venerate as the legislator of moral propriety, never could have intended,

in his attack on them, to stigmatise science or wit. The shafts of his satire are levelled against the ostentatious pedantry of erudition, against the affectation and abuse of science. In his imitable *Tartuffe*, he reprobates hypocritical dissimulation, not solid piety or genuine virtue. So considerable, however, has been the progress of a liberal and philosophical spirit in France, within the lapse of the last forty years, that if Boileau still lived, he, who ridiculed a woman of rank because she dared to receive private instructions from the astronomers Roberval and Sauveur, would be now necessitated to respect and imitate those who publicly participate in the profound lectures of Maupertuis and Reamur. We are in an age, I can venture to assert, when a poet must be a philosopher, and when a woman may openly and confidently avow herself such.

It cannot, indeed, be denied, that a female, who totally abandons her domestic avocations for scientific pursuits, is reprehensible, whatever may be the brilliancy of her genius, or the extent of her attainments. But the same disposition which animates us in the investigation of truth, is that which prompts to the performance of duty. The wife of George the second of England, who mediated between two of the most celebrated metaphysicians of Europe, Clarke and Leibnitz, never for a moment neglected to discharge the functions which devolved to her as a queen, a wife, and a mother. Christina, who magnanimously renounced a throne for the study of the fine arts, emulated, nevertheless, the most distinguished monarchs for the splendor and felicity of her reign. Has not the grand daughter of the great Conde, in whom his spirit seems almost resuscitated, given additional importance to the noble blood which flows in her veins?

You, madam, whose name is worthy of being united to that of any prince, reflect the same lustre on letters. In the age of allurements and pleasure, in the vivacious season of youth, they form your delight and your occupation: you leave no species of them untouched, you pursue them through all their ramifications. You do still more: you conceal from the world qualifications so rare and so admirable, with no less assiduity, than you have employed diligence in their acquisition. Continue, then, to cherish, to dare to cultivate the sciences: although there may have been an involuntary effusion of that light, which you would have permitted to irradiate only your own breast. Ought those, who occultly bestow the charitable dole, renounce the practices of beneficence, because their virtue becomes public? And why should superior merit cause a blush to suffuse the cheek of a woman? Is not an enlightened mind a new beauty, does it not create a new empire? The protection of sovereigns is solicited for the arts; to me that of beauty is incalculably more desirable. Taste exclusively, and not fashion, must be the predominant motive in such of your sex as inform and embellish their understandings: for a reflecting mind this must be a cogent reason, more to admire and appreciate their exertions.

As for our part, it is the inflation of vanity, or the mercenary impulse of gain, which most frequently stimulate us in the prosecution of our literary labours. We commit a species of profanation in making them the instruments of our fortune. I regret that Horace has ever said of himself—

Poverty is the father of my lay.
Paupertas impulit audax,
Ut versus facerem.

The malevolence of envy, the artifice of intrigue, the virulence of satire, and the poison of defama-

tion, among men degrade a profession, which, in its nature, approximates to something divine. May this offering, which I now make, madam, be more durable than my other productions; it would be immortal were it worthy of her to whom it is inscribed.

FLORIAN.

POLITE LITERATURE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF
THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES.

What indeed would an orator be, if he were not a logician; if he were not accustomed to seize with precision, the connection or the opposition of ideas; to mark with accuracy, the point of a question in debate, to discriminate the errors, more or less specious, which obscure it, to define well, the terms, to apply properly the principle to the question, and the consequences to the principle; to break in pieces the toils of sophistry in which Ignorance entrenches, or Hypocrisy envelops itself. No doubt he ought to leave to philosophy, that methodical argumentation and those dry dialectics, which only produce conviction. The orator pretends to more: he would persuade: for if resistance to the truth is often merely an error, it is still more frequently a passion; and this is the enemy the most obstinate, and most difficult to vanquish. It is necessary then, that the orator, not only shewn the truth, but determine us to follow it: not only that he demonstrate what is honest, but impel us to do it. To this end, the logic of an orator ought to unite emotions with reasonings. But emotions will not be powerful, but in proportion as the reasonings are just: and then nothing can resist this double force, calculated to carry all before it. This was the power of Demosthenes, the most terrible gladiator that ever brandished the arms of eloquence. He employs reasoning, as if it were the club of Hercules, with which he strikes without ceasing, and every blow of which inflicts a wound. I have often recollected, in reading him, that place in the *Eneid*, where Entellus, full of the strength of the gods, pours down upon the miserable Dares, a storm of blows, and drives him from one end of the arena to the other, the blood streaming from his nose, his mouth, and his ears.

Præcipitemque Daren, ardens agit æquore toto.
Creber utraque manu pulsat versatque Dareta.

It is precisely the image of Demosthenes, when he has an adversary before him. Woe be to him, who finds himself in the hands of this rude justler. It is from him that I shall proceed to take examples of the materials and forms of oratory: I shall afterwards draw from Cicero, and you will judge of the different manners of these two great men.

In the celebrated prosecution for the crown, in which Demosthenes had all the reason on his side, Eschines had laid hold of the tenor of the decree of coronation, and on the text of the laws, a matter which always affords plentiful resources for the chicanery of words; and the accuser, a man of great talents, had availed himself of it with all possible address. A law forbade the coronation of any man who stood accountable to the public. He contends, that Demosthenes has not accounted, from whence he concludes, that the decree is illegal and void. He grounds himself upon this, that Demosthenes is still charged with the administration of the public spectacles, and had been with that of the reparation of the walls of Athens. The first accountability had no relation to the decree, which crowned Demosthenes only for his conduct which concerns

the reparation of the walls. It is true, that for this last he had not rendered any account: but he had a very good reason for this: because he had done it at his own expense; and it was precisely to reward him for this acknowledged civil liberty, that the senate, so far from demanding his account, had decreed him a crown of gold. But Eschines had intrenched himself in the literal text of the law, and moreover had affected to mix and confound, two accountabilities, very distinct, that of the spectacles and that of the walls: this was an affair of pure reasoning. You will see how Demosthenes knew, by what mode to render it oratorical, how he elevates it by the nobleness of thoughts and sentiments, at the same time that he holds up in the clearest light the evidence of principles and facts, by a luminous logic.

"If I pass in silence, the greater part of what I have done for the interest of the republic, in the various functions she has confided to me; it is because my conscience assures me of the testimony of yours, and that I may come the sooner to the laws, which they pretend have been violated by the decree of Ctesiphon. Eschines has so embarrassed and obscured every thing he has said on this subject, that, in truth, I believe you have not comprehended him better, than he understood himself. To all his long declamations I shall answer by a declaration clear and precise. He has a hundred times repeated, that I am accountable. Very well! I am so far from denying it, that during my whole life, I hold myself accountable to you, my fellow citizens, for all I shall have done in the administration of public affairs."

Before we proceed, let us pause a moment, for it is worth while to remark, what is genuine eloquence, that, which comes from the soul. *Pectus est quod disertum facit*. It is the heart that makes eloquent. This frank and simple expression of a great and beautiful sentiment of a citizen, has it not already defeated all the ingenious subtleties of Eschines? At the same time, how oratorical it is, and founded on the knowledge of men! How well Demosthenes knew his hearers and his judges! How sure he is to obtain every thing, by throwing himself into their hands, and even into those of his adversary, and by offering them much more than they could demand of him. Let it not be said, that such a declaration is very easy; that any man could make it. Aye! but the question is concerning the effect it would produce, and we must not deceive ourselves. This effect is not obtained by talents only: but it belongs to the person and his character; to express himself thus, a man must be pure. A man, whose probity is equivocal, would be ridiculous in holding this language. The audience would smile with pity: and a known villain would be hissed. Thus the ancients defined an orator to be a good man, skillful in the art of speaking. *Vir bonus dicendi peritus*. This declaration then, would be no longer oratorical, if it were not true. We shall have occasion hereafter to express these awkward apish tricks, this impudent empiricism of perverse men, who have so often been seen borrowing and disfiguring such expressions of the inward testimony which virtue may render to itself, and which in their mouths are but one outrage the more, which they commit against it. It passes unpunished, I confess, when it addresses itself to accomplices or to slaves; but when the public voice is free, it does justice on the spot to such insolent hypocrisy. I will relate but one example, and that anterior to the revolution. A man, who had not merited death, which however he has since suffered, but whose servile and venal immorality was well known, Linguet was imprudent enough one day to apply to himself, in

a full audience, that verse of Hippolite, in the tragedy of Phædre, "The light is not purer than the bottom of my heart." Scarcely could the most honest of men, without being taxed with ostentation, have given himself in public such an eulogium, which is permitted only to virtue calumniated. Linguet was saluted with a universal hooting; he turned round towards the assembly with a menacing look, as we saw him afterwards double his fist at the constituent assembly. But these gestures and grimaces, though very common at this day, are no more proper to an orator than to an honest man, because decency is inseparable from honesty, and they served only to redouble the hootings. This was just, and it must be acknowledged, that no quotation was ever more unfortunately made. I return to Demosthenes, and it is returning from afar. He continues thus:—

"But I maintain, at the same time, that there is no magistrature that can render me accountable, for what I have given. Do you hear me, Eschines?—for what I have given.—And I ask you, Athenians: When a citizen has employed his fortune for the interest of the state, where is the law so iniquitous, and so cruel, as to deprive him of the merit which he may have acquired with you, to oblige him to submit his liberalities, to the rigorous forms of examination, and compel him to appear before revisors, charged with the calculation of his benefactions? No such law exists. If there is one, shew it me.—But, no, there is none. It is impossible there should be one.—Eschines has thought to impose upon you, by a very strange sophism. Because I am accountable, for the monies which I have received, for the maintenance of the spectacles, he will have it, that I am also accountable for my own monies, which I have given for the reparation of our walls. The senate, he cries out, has crowned him, and he is still accountable! No, the senate has not crowned me for any thing which requires accounts, but for that which is incompatible with all accounts, that is to say, for my own property, of which I have made a present to the republic. But Eschines still urges, you have been charged with the reconstruction of our walls; therefore you ought to give an account of the expense.—Yes, if I had made any; but it is precisely because I have made none, and because I have done the whole at my own expense, that the senate have thought that I deserved honour. A state of expense, to be sure, requires an examination;—but for gifts—for largesses, no registers are necessary—nothing is wanted but praise and gratitude."

Let us turn to another passage, in the same discourse, where the logic of Demosthenes had much more to do: it was, in reality, the delicate point of the cause, where it presented itself under an aspect truly afflicting. Demosthenes, who, without any legal magistracy, was, in effect, the first magistrate of Athens, and indeed of the allied republics, because he governed all by his counsels, and animated all by his eloquence, had alone procured the declaration of war against Philip: and the war had been disastrous. It was well known, that it has not been his fault; but, do not misfortunes, which irritate mankind, render them unjust? Is not resentment sometimes blind? Are we not naturally too much inclined to censure him, who is the cause, innocent, or not, of our misfortunes? And suppose that we pardon him, is it not all that we can do? Are we much disposed to reward and honour him? Here lay the hope of Eschines, the strength of his accusation, and the motive of all his attacks. It appears that he would not have hazarded so many lies and calumnies, but in a confidence, that he should overwhelm Demosthenes with the pressure of

public calamities, in such a manner, that he could never surmount them: and it is in this view, that the harangue of the crown is so much the more admired, as it had more difficulty to overcome. All the public events were against the orator: the essential point was to save himself, by the purity of his intentions, which was not a resource so fertile as that of Eschines. This last had at his command all those common places, which are so powerful in eloquence, when the application of them is under our eyes; the blood of the citizens spilled; the devastation of the country; the ruin of cities, the mourning of families; and so many other deplorable objects, which he displays and developes with all the refinement of the most insidious artifice, with all the bitterness of indignation, and with all the perfidy of hatred. I shall not consider here all the materials of every kind, which Demosthenes opposes to him; they will come in their proper place. I confine myself to our present object, oratorical reasoning. To distinguish the intention from the fact, was very easy, but by no means sufficient. It was necessary so to separate it from the event, to characterize it by strokes so noble and so striking, that Demosthenes and the Athenians might appear still great, even when every thing had turned against them. We shall see, elsewhere, the article which concerns particularly the Athenians; but, for Demosthenes, he takes a course, the mere conception of which proves the force of his head, and the resources of his genius. He denies, formally, that he has been vanquished; he affirms, that he has been the conqueror; that he has really triumphed over Philip; and, which is more, he proves it. Let us hear him address himself to Eschines. "Wretch! if it is the public calamity, which has given you presumption, when you ought to bewail it, with us, endeavour then to make appear, in all that depended on me, something which may have contributed to our misfortune, or which, indeed, ought not to have prevented it. Wherever I have been sent upon embassies, have the envoys of Philip had any advantage of me? No: never: no: in no place. Neither in Thessaly, nor in Thrace, nor at Byzantium, nor at Thebes, nor in Illyrium. But all that I had done by persuasion, Philip destroyed by force; and you attribute all to me! and you do not blush to call me to account for it! This same Demosthenes, whom you represent as so weak a man, you insist should prevail against the armies of Philip; and with what? with words? for nothing was in my power, but the organs of speech; I had no authority over the arms or the fortune of any man: I had no military command: and there is no man but you, so unreasonable as to think of making me responsible. But what could the orator of Athens do, what ought he to do? See the evil in its origin, make it visible to others, and this I have done; to prevent, as much as possible, the delays, the false pretexes, the oppositions of interests, the mistakes, the faults, the obstacles of every kind, too common among allied republics, jealous of each other, and this I have done; to oppose to all these difficulties with real ardour, the love of duty, friendship, concord; and this I have done. Upon any of these points, I defy any man to find me in fault. And if you demand of me, how Philip has carried his point, all the world will answer for me: by his arms, which have invaded every thing, and by his gold, which has corrupted every thing. It was not in my power to contend with him in one way or the other: I had neither treasures nor soldiers. But in all that depended on me, I am bold to say, I have conquered Philip: and how? by refusing his largesses, and resisting corruption. When a man suffers himself to be purchased, the pur-

chaser may say, he has triumphed over him; but he who remains incorruptible, may say, he has triumphed over the corruptor. Thus then, as far as depended on Demosthenes, Athens has been victorious: Athens has been invincible."—Is not this a masterpiece of oratorical argumentation? Do you not seem to hear the exclamations, which must have followed so beautiful a morsel. And do you not conceive, that nothing could resist a genius of such force? Remember always, what I cannot too often repeat to you, that, to employ materials of this kind, you must find them in your souls: the heart alone can produce them. Art may teach you to arrange and adorn them, but it cannot furnish them. It is to the orator, above all, that the happy expression of Vauven argues, so often quoted, is applicable, "Great thoughts come from the heart." I should say then to one who desired to become eloquent: begin by being a good citizen, that is, an honest man: for you cannot be one without the other. Do you love above all things, your country, justice, and truth? Do you feel yourself incapable of ever betraying them, for any interest whatever? Does the bare idea of ever flattering for a moment, a criminal, or of ever calumniating virtue, make you shudder with shame and horror? If such is your character, speak and fear nothing. If nature has given you talents, you may do every thing; if she has refused them to you, you may still do much; in the first place, your duty, and in the next, much real good, that of giving a good example to others, and to the good cause, one defender the more.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER SMART.

[The life, and literary character of CHRISTOPHER SMART are not sufficiently known to American readers. From the first, we may learn to beware of the imprudence and excesses, which too frequently accompany, and deform the ardent poet, and in the second, we may find many honourable proofs of genius, learning and goodness. The sacred poetry of SMART is superior to that of all his contemporaries, and perhaps to many of his predecessors; his original Fables display invention and much of La Fontaine's ease; his translation of the elegant Latinity of Phædrus is incomparably the best in the language; and exhibits many of the bewitching graces of the exquisite original. His Songs combine passion and poetry; and to a beginner, perplexed with the intricate involutions of the Roman phrase, or to the superficial adult scholar, no translation of HORACE, can be more usefully recommended than Mr. Smart's Prose version, which faithfully reports the sense of the original in terms always neat, and pure, and often elegant.]

CHRISTOPHER SMART was born at Shipbourne, in Kent, April 11. 1722. The family of which he was descended had been long established in the county of Durham. His grandfather married a Miss Gilpin, of the family of the celebrated Bernard Gilpin, Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, 'the Apostle of the North.' His father was steward of the estates in Kent, of Lord Barnard, afterwards Earl of Darlington, and was possessed of an estate of 300l. a year, in the neighbourhood of Shipbourne. Having been intended for holy orders, he had a better taste for literature than is commonly found in country gentlemen; a taste which he transmitted to his son.

In the beginning of his life he was of a very delicate constitution, having been born earlier than the natural period; and his body being too feeble to permit his indulging freely in childish amusements, his mind had leisure to exercise and expand its powers.

He discovered a very early taste for poetry; and proved when he was only four years old, by an extemporary effusion, that even then he had a relish for verse, and an ear for numbers.

He received the rudiments of his education at Maidstone school, from which he was removed when he was eleven years old, on the death of his father, which happened at that time, and sent by his mother to Durham, that he might have the advantages of a good school, change of air, to strengthen a weakly frame, and the notice and protection of his father's relations.

He did not continue without distinction at Durham school, the master of which, at that time, was the Rev. Mr. Dongworth, an Etonian, and a man of eminent learning and abilities. His addiction to metre was then such, that several of his school-fellows have confessed their obligations to him for their first successful essays in Latin versification.

The Ode to Ethelinda, was written at the age of thirteen; and the Latin translation of the ballad, when Fanny Blooming Fair, at sixteen.

As his father had been steward to Lord Barnard, he was very cordially received at Raby Castle, when absent, during the holidays, from school. In this noble family he was introduced to the acquaintance of the late Duchess of Cleveland, who discerned and patronized his talents. She allowed him forty pounds a year, till her death. In the Ode to Lord Barnard, he alludes beautifully to his literary habits, and to the splendour of his connections at this early period of his life.

Can I forget fair Raby's towers,
How awful and how great:—
Where me, even me, an infant bard,
Cleveland and Hope indulgent heard, &c.

He was removed from Durham school to the university of Cambridge, when he was seventeen; being admitted of Pembroke Hall, Oct. 30 1739.

Though the favourite studies of this seat of learning were not congenial with his mind, yet his classical attainments, and poetical powers were so eminent, as to attract the notice of persons not very strongly prejudiced in favour of such accomplishments. Such was the fame of his genius, and such the vivacity of his disposition, that his company was very earnestly solicited; and to suppress or withhold our talents, when the display of them is repaid by admiration, is commonly too great an effort for human prudence.

While he was the pride of Cambridge, and the chief poetical ornament of that university, he ruined himself by returning the tavern-treats of strangers, who had invited him as a wit, and an extraordinary personage, in order to boast of his acquaintance.

This social spirit of retaliation quickly involved him in habits and expenses, of which he felt the consequences during the rest of his life.

His allowance from home was scanty; for as his father had died suddenly, and in embarrassed circumstances, his mother had been compelled to sell the largest part of the family estate at considerable loss.

His chief dependence was the assistance he derived from his college, and from the Duchess of Cleveland's bounty. Many distinguished characters now living, were, notwithstanding of his intimate acquaintance; and it appears by the Latin invitation of his friend Mr. Saunders, of King's College, to supper, that he knew how to relish the 'feast of reason.'

At this early period of his life he was not more remarkable for his learning than his humour, of which many examples, like the following, are still remembered by his academical acquaintance. The three beads of the university being men of unusual bulk, he is said to have characterised them in this extemporary spondiac.

Pingua tergeminorum abdomina bedellorum.

In 1740-1, he wrote his first Tripos Poem, *Datur Mundorum Pluralitas*, which was suc-

ceeded in the following years by *Materies Gaudet vi Inertiae*, and *Mutua Oscitationum Propagatio solvi potest Mechanice*. These verses have more system and design than is generally found in the compositions of young academics; and it is some argument of their being well approved, that they were all thought worthy of a translation into English by Fawkes, the ingenious translator of 'Theocritus,' 'Anacreon,' 'Bion,' 'Moschus,' 'Musæus,' and 'Apollonius Rhodius.'

He was encouraged by the commendations of his friends to offer himself a candidate for an university scholarship. The yearly value of these appointments is barely 20l.; but the election is open to the whole university, under the degree of Master of Arts; and as the electors are of approved learning, and fix their choice after the strictest scrutiny, the honour of obtaining a scholarship is considerable.

It has been said, that upon this occasion, he translated Pope's 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day;' but the conjecture is rendered improbable by the length and labour of the composition. But that a scholar equal to such a work, in an impartial classical examination, should surpass his competitors, is no matter of surprise.

His extraordinary success in this ode, induced him to turn his mind to the translation of the 'Essay on Man;' and he seems to have written to Pope for his approbation; who, in his answer, advises him to undertake the 'Essay on Criticism.'

'I would not,' Pope writes him, 'give you the trouble of translating the whole 'Essay;' the two first epistles are already well done; and if you try, I could wish it were on the last, which is less abstracted, and more easily falls into poetry and common place. I believe the 'Essay on Criticism' will, in general, be more agreeable both to a young writer, and to the generality of readers. I ought to take this opportunity of acknowledging the Latin translation of my ode, which you sent me, and in which, I could see little or nothing to alter, it is so exact. Believe me equally desirous of doing you any service, and afraid of engaging you in an art so little profitable, though so well deserving, as good poetry.'

It does not appear that he bestowed any farther notice on his translator, excepting that he received him once very civilly at his house at Twickenham; and Smart seems to have been induced by his suggestion, to undertake and finish the Latin Translation of the Essay on Criticism; with much praise from the learned, but without either profit or popularity.

In 1743, he was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was elected Fellow of Pembroke Hall, July 3, 1745; and took the degree of Master of Arts, 1747.

In 1747, he wrote a comedy, called 'A Trip to Cambridge; or, the Grateful Fair,' which was acted by the students of the university, in Pembroke College Hall; the parlour of which made the green-room. Of this mock-play, no remains have yet been found, but a few of the songs, and the 'Soliloquy of the Princess Periwinkle,' containing his well-known simile of the Collier, the Barber, and the Brickdust-man, preserved in the Old Woman's Magazine. The prologue is printed in the fourth volume of the 'Poetical Calendar.'

About this time, he wrote several Fables and Essays, for The Student, or, Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany, a periodical work of considerable reputation, in which many of the wits of both the universities displayed their talents. The papers were published in 2 vols. 8vo. 1748.

In 1750, he became candidate for Mr. Seaton's reward, arising from the rent of his Kissing-

bury estate, left by him to the University of Cambridge, to be annually adjudged by the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, to the author, being a Master of Arts, of the best poem on 'one or other of the attributes of the Supreme Being, till the subjects is exhausted; and afterwards on death, judgment, heaven, hell purity of heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by them to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being, and recommendation of virtue.'

Mr. Seaton's will, dated Oct. 8, 1738, having been disputed by his relations, a law suit commenced between them and the university; which terminating in favour of the latter, the first subject given out was The Eternity of the Supreme Being, in which Smart had the preference; and for five years, four of which were in succession, the prize was disposed in his favour, for his poetical essays On the Eternity of the Supreme Being, 1750; On the Immensity of the Supreme Being, 1751; On the Omniscience of the Supreme Being, 1752; On the Power of the Supreme Being, 1753; On the Goodness of the Supreme Being, 1755. The value of the prize was then about 30l.

In these poems on the Divine Attributes, confessedly the most finished of his works, confidence in genius, and aversion to the labour of correction, sometimes prevailed over better consideration. The poem On the Divine Goodness, which was written in London, he so long delayed to undertake, that there was barely opportunity to write it upon paper, and to send it to Cambridge, by the most expeditious conveyance, within the time limited for receiving the compositions.

The decisions of the Cambridge judges were, in every instance, confirmed by the approbation of the periodical critics; they admired the vein of pious poetry, which ran through his prize poems: they were diffuse in the praise of his genius, though they freely censured his carelessness and inaccuracy; and they continued their approbation of his compositions, till fanaticism (always fatal to just thinking), distorted his ideas, and confined their applause to the talents of his better day.

While he was advancing his reputation as a poet, his extravagance involving him in debt with vintners, and college cooks, occasioned his fellowship to be sequestered, and obliged him to leave the university.

In 1752, he quitted college, and soon after relinquished his fellowship, on his marriage with Miss Anna Maria Carnan, the daughter by a former husband of Mary, the wife of the late Mr. John Newbery, 'the philanthropic bookseller, in St. Paul's church-yard.'

As he had relinquished his fellowship without engaging in any of the professions, he seems to have trusted for his future maintenance to his powers as an author. But he had either over-rated his own abilities and perseverance, or the favour of the public.

Though Mr. Newbery, to whom he was now allied, was himself a man of genius, and a liberal patron of genius in others, yet the difficulties that had perplexed him at Cambridge, pursued him to London; to which the expense of a family was superadded. Such was his thoughtlessness, that he has often invited company to dinner, where no means appeared of providing a meal for his family.

Subsisting in London as a writer for bread, his manner of life neither augmented his personal importance, nor that of his productions. Never nice in his person, in his taste, nor in his acquaintance; he lost his dignity, his time, and his peace of mind. The profits of the publications in which he engaged, were dissipated by a

total neglect of economy. While the works of his more prudent contemporaries, Gray, and Mason, always polished at leisure, with critical care, and solicitude, were received as favours, and read with reverence; his compositions appeared good, bad, and indifferent, before the dread tribunal of the public, 'with all their imperfections on their head.'

He enjoyed, while thus engaged in the metropolis, the familiar acquaintance of Dr. Johnson, Dr. James, Dr. Hawkesworth, Goldsmith, and Garrick, and indeed of most who were then celebrated for genius, or for learning.

In 1752, he published a collection of Poems on Several Occasions, in one volume, 4to; which he dedicated to the Earl of Middlesex, 'not as a writer, or a scholar,' but as 'a man of Kent.' The Hop Garden, and Judgment of Midas, first appeared in this collection.

Having received some provocation from Dr. Hill, afterwards Sir John Hill, in 'The Inspector,' and in a paper called 'The Impertinent,' he took a severe revenge in another 'Dunciad,' which he called after the name of his hero, The Hilliad. The First Book of this mock-epic, with notes variorum, was published in 1752, 4to; and was followed by an anonymous performance, called 'The Smartiad, a satire occasioned by the Hilliad,' folio, 1753.

In his quarrel with Dr. Hill, he could obtain no fame, though he greatly augmented the ridicule of that extraordinary personage; but time settles the disputes of authors and men of talents, in the most upright manner. Dr. Hill seems to have been insensible to the learning and genius of Smart; and Smart only saw Dr. Hill in the light of a quack, and a coxcomb: but posterity not only allows the originality, the invention, and the poetical talents of Smart, but also regards Dr. Hill as an able botanist; and though his nostrums and panaceas are now exploded, his voluminous works in natural history have advanced towards fame, with nearly as much rapidity as his empirical productions have descended towards oblivion.

To the Old Woman's Magazine, published about this time, Mr. Newbery and himself were the chief, if not the only contributors. He translated also for Mr. Newbery, The Works of Horace into English Prose, in 2 vols, 12mo, 1756; a task which he has very ably executed, but of that kind which will never be praised in proportion to the labour. By few and apposite terms, he has expressed the sentiments of Horace, in an idiom, not placed very near the Roman, in the table of grammatical affinities. Of an author not among the least difficult, he is at once an accurate, and an elegant translator. He shows the humblest attention to the language of the original, and an absolute command over his own.

In 1756, he entered into an engagement with Gardener the bookseller, to furnish papers monthly, in conjunction with Mr. Rolt, a town writer, for The Universal Visitor. Smart and his coadjutor were to divide one-third of the profits of the work; they, on their part, signing an agreement, 'not to write for ninety-nine years to come in any other publication.' Never, surely, did rapacious avarice dictate a more unreasonable bargain, or submissive poverty place itself in a more humiliating situation.

'I wrote for some months in The Visitor,' says Dr. Johnson, as reported by Mr. Boswell, 'for poor Smart, while he was mad; not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in The Visitor no longer.'

All the essays in The Universal Visitor, marked with two asterisks, have been ascribed to Dr.

Johnson; but Mr. Boswell is confident, from internal evidence, that of these, neither 'The Life of Chaucer,' 'Reflections on the State of Portugal,' nor an 'Essay on Architecture,' were written by him.

He was likewise engaged with Mr. Rolt, in a theatrical enterprise at the Hay-Market theatre, called Mother Midnight's Entertainment. This was first undertaken at the expense of Mr. Newbery, and was afterwards carried on with some degree of success.

In 1750, he published 'A Hymn to the Supreme Being, on Recovery from a dangerous Fit of Illness, which he dedicated to Dr. James. 'If it be meritorious,' says the dedication, 'to have invented medicines for the cure of distempers, either overlooked or disregarded by all your predecessors, millions yet unborn will celebrate the man who wrote the 'Medicinal Dictionary,' and invented the 'Fever Powder.'

Though his fortune, as well as constitution, required the utmost care, he was equally negligent in the management of both; and his various and repeated embarrassment, acting upon an imagination uncommonly fervid, produced temporary alienations of mind; which at last were attended with paroxysms so violent and continued, as to render confinement necessary.

'My poor friend Smart,' says Dr. Johnson, as reported by Mr. Boswell, 'showed the disturbance of his mind, by falling upon his knees, and saying his prayers in the street, or in any other unusual place.' Talking of his confinement to Dr. Burney, 'it seems,' he observed, 'as if his mind had ceased to struggle with the disease; for he grows fat upon it.' Upon Dr. Burney suggesting, 'that, perhaps, it may be from want of exercise,' he added, 'he has partly as much exercise as he used to have; for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the ale-house; but he was carried back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up. His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit. Smart as any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.'

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

No. III.

Extract of a letter from the agents of two Bristol privateers, to General Burt, dated St. Christophers, 16th November, 1779.

A few days ago, an armed brigantine, belonging to, and having a commission from the Congress of America, was chased into the island of Saba by the brigantine Tryall, in company with the Robust, both letters of marque, belonging to Bristol, and two small privateers of Antigua, where they all anchored. The governor of Saba, apprehensive that the privateers intended to cut out the American brig, told the captain of the Greyhound, that he could not protect her, but he certainly would claim her, if she should be taken away. About nine o'clock of the day they went into Saba, captain Saunders, of the Tryall, boarded the American brig; but before this was done, the captain and as many of the crew landed, as they had time to effect it, and carried on shore arms and ammunition, when they possessed themselves of the fort, from which they fired on the privateers, and damaged the Tryall very much, before either of them returned the fire. There being little wind, captain Saunders had one man killed and several wounded, before he

got his own brig and the American out of reach of the guns from the shore. The want of wind obliged the privateers to fire upon the fort, to save themselves.—The brig is brought into Nevis by the Tryall.

(A true copy.)

WILLIAM MATTHEW BURT.

Extract of a letter from the Attorney-General to General Burt, dated St. Christophers, 25th November, 1779.

The American brigantine cut out of Saba, has been carried to Nevis, and I understand she is already libelled. However, your excellency may be assured, I shall lose no time in the communication of your letter to the judge of the court of vice-admiralty in that island.

(A true copy.)

WILLIAM MATTHEW BURT.

Copy of his excellency General Burt's letter, to the honourable Peter Runnel, captain commandant of the island of St. Eustatius, in answer to demand made of the continental brigantine Eagle that was cut of Saba, viz.

Antigua, 30th Nov. 1779.

SIR,

I had the honour of receiving your letter of the 15th ult. on the 23d, and that of the 22d, by Mr. Ravene, yesterday, the 29th, respecting an American brigantine, carried from the road of Saba by some British armed vessels. Immediately on the receipt of your letter of the 15th, I wrote to his majesty's attorney-general at St. Kitts, not to suffer any process to be commenced against that brigantine, until he should hear further from me, as I had, from a letter received from you, reason to believe, she would be claimed.—Inclosed is an extract of his letter on that subject, dated November 23th, 1779.

It is impossible for me to avoid mentioning to your honour, the very harsh, and, in my opinion, unmerited epithets and censure, which you are pleased frequently to lavish on the conduct and dispositions of the subjects of the king my master, and more particularly on the present occasion; and also the rapidity which they were laid in your letter of the 15th, where you acknowledge, you had only wrote to inquire into this matter: I must wish, censure and condemnation, had not passed prior to your inquiry and investigation; you would then probably have found, that this crew of the American privateer carried on shore at Saba, arms and ammunition, possessed themselves of the fort at Saba, and fired on the British vessels before they offered any act of hostility. I have now inclosed your honour an extract of a letter, dated in St. Christophers, November 16th, on this subject, from the agents for the two Bristol privateers.

I have directed this matter to be inquired into, and should the fact turn out as it has been represented to me, you will then see that a Dutch fort was seized, supplied with ammunition, and fought by the rebellious American subjects of the king my master, and his loyal subjects killed. How far this is consistent with the treaties of amity and ancient friendship, subsisting between our masters, they will determine. Should my information prove true, it will be my duty to lay it before the king my master.

It is my inclination, not only to render the purest and most rapid justice to the subjects of their high mightinesses, but also to discountenance and punish, to the utmost of my power, every real breach of treaty and insult offered to the ports or flag of their high mightinesses. It is also my duty, to pursue the same line of conduct to the king my master and his subjects. Acting on these principles, from the information I have received, it is incumbent on me to inquire into this matter, before I hastily determine or pursue any steps.

Your honour is pleased to acquaint me with the fixed determination of their high mighti-

nesses, no longer to consider any vessel or other objects, carried by violence out of the havens, ports, bays, or roads, within the limits of their dominions and protection, as the subjects of any question or adjudication by the British court of vice-admiralty, is established by the law of our land, on the purest and wisest principles, has the sanction of my king's approbation, and he has neither vested me with any absolute power over it, nor has my sovereign given me any instructions or directions to supersede the authority of that court.

Greatly as I respect their high mightinesses, yet it is not in my power to act in conformity with their determination.

Your honour will perceive by the attorney-general's letter, that this brigantine was libelled therefore within the jurisdiction of the court of vice-admiralty, and out of mine: I shall, however, lay this matter before his majesty's law-officers, for their advice and direction. I am happy to find your honour charmed with the manner in which I have conducted the various parts of business, which have arose between us: I shall be truly sorry, should any thing interrupt it. A more favourable opinion of my fellow-subjects of their conduct and dispositions, which neither tend to barbarity nor absurdity, will give pleasure to him, who is, with great esteem,

your honour's most obedient
humble servant,

WILLIAM MATTHEW BURT.

No. IV.

The honourable the commercial committee of congress
for the United States of America.
St. Eustatia, 14th December, 1779.

SIRS,

Annexed is the triplicate of what we had the pleasure of writing you the 30th ultimo, by captain Taylor, duplicate thereof was forwarded by captain Doane, which now beg leave to confirm. Since then the truce has returned from Antigua, but the answer from General Burt by no means to satisfaction; without paying any regard to the proofs and depositions sent him from a number of the burghers and inhabitants of Saba, he pretends, the Americans out of captain Ashmead's brig took possession of the fort first, and fired upon the privateers, that occasioned their cutting out and taking away the Eagle—that, as the vessel was libelled in the court of vice-admiralty at Nevis, he had directed the attorney-general to inquire into the nature of the case, taking the evidences of both parties, that they might be laid before him, and at the same time, that he had ordered the proceedings of the admiralty to be stopped against her; however, at the expiration of the monition, issued to bring her to trial, she was condemned and adjudged to be good and lawful prize to the captors. This puts us to a very great inconveniency, as we have not been able to meet with another vessel, to send you in the articles ordered, that you stand so much in need of, but you may depend, we shall continue on the look-out, and should we not be able to purchase one, there will be no other remedy, than to embrace all the freight we can meet with, in order to accomplish your wishes. This vessel just getting under way, obliges us to conclude, with the utmost respect and esteem.

St. Eustatia, 18th January, 1780.

The honourable the commercial committee of congress
for the United States of America.

SIRS,

Herewith we have the pleasure of handing you triplicate of what was wrote you under date the 14th ultimo, which now beg leave to confirm. Since then have not been favoured with a line from you. This, we hope, will be delivered you by captain Ashmead, who goes passenger in a brig under command of captain Stocker; he has

with him a copy of his protest, and we are in hopes of getting from Saba copy of the depositions, proving the outrage committed at that island, in cutting out of the road and carrying away his vessel, which was forwarded General Burt, but the governor being unwell then, has prevented their being sent up; as soon as they can be had from thence, they shall be forwarded to you.

We procured from the honourable Pieter Runnels, captain commandant of this island, copy of General Burt's letter, with the inclosures, that was forwarded to him, in answer to his demanding restitution of the Eagle, which we inclose you for your satisfaction, that you may perceive how vague and frivolous it was altogether. Since this affair happened, Governor de Græff has arrived here from Holland, and on his resuming the command of the government of this island, we waited on him, and represented the case to him, but as it happened while he was absent, would not take cognizance of it, as he thinks it a duty incumbent on Mr. Runnels, to represent it in the strongest colours to their high mightinesses, not only cutting out the vessel in such outrageous manner, but the indignity that was shewn to the Dutch flag.

Finding the vessel was condemned in the court of vice-admiralty at Nevis, and that she and the cargo would be totally lost, we endeavoured to purchase her in again, and we offered as high as two thousand pounds sterling for her, but the captors had determined within themselves to fit her out as a privateer, that prevented our getting her again. Notwithstanding both captain Ashmead and ourselves, have used every endeavour to procure a suitable one for you, to send in the articles wanted, it has not been in our power to get one among all the islands. Several small ones have been offered, but they would come so exorbitantly high; could not think of paying from ten to eleven thousand pounds for one, that would only carry about sixty hogsheads of tobacco, without being calculated for any kind of defence, which he will more particularly inform you of.

We could have wished to have shipped you some goods by this conveyance, but, while we were looking out to purchase a vessel, captain Stocker engaged all the freight he could take; however, we have engaged room in the ship Independence, under command of captain Truxton, (who, it is probable, will sail in company with this,) bound to Philadelphia, for a parcel of linen, fit for soldiers' shirts, which we shall hand you invoice and bill of lading by him.

We find, very few vessels will take any heavy freight, as they, in general, run upon the article of salt. We endeavoured to ship you some powder by these vessels, but not one of them would take any thing of it. We informed you some time ago, of our having purchased about one hundred barrels of that article on your account, but none having arrived here since, has caused so great a scarcity, we have been obliged to spare part of it to trading American vessels, as there was not a cask to be purchased in the place, so that there is not above six thousand pounds remaining, and twenty-two sheets of lead: if any more arrives, we shall engross it immediately; and would recommend your sending some vessel this way as soon as possible, to carry on these supplies, as we see little prospect of getting them to you otherways, and we shall in the meantime continue on look out, to procure all the other articles you have ordered.

Captain Ashmead has advanced some of his people a little money, that were taken sick here and in a very low state of health, which he will give you an account of, as we supplied him with it for that purpose.

It is really distressing to see the number of people that perishes for want of common subsistence among these islands: many are now confined in the different gaols among the different English islands, that are obliged to be satisfied with a half allowance to support nature, and those that are relieved, are hardly able to help themselves: subscriptions have frequently been set on foot, to raise something for their support, and those, who are charitably inclined, have readily contributed for their relief, for they are real objects of charity and want.

Our market continues much the same as I last advised you, only Virginia tobacco appears more in demand for the British market. The best quality would readily now command from nine to ten pence, and goes off very slow at that; other articles are noted in the inclosed price current, for your government, to which beg to be referred.

Believe us to be, with infinite esteem, Sirs,
your most obedient humble servants,
CURSON & GOUVERNEUR.

No. V.

Saba, January 20th, 1780.

We, the underwritten deponents, declare and testify, that, on Saturday, the 13th day of November last, a certain brigantine, coming from the continent of America, (and so, as the deponents are informed, was called the Eagle, and commanded by one captain John Ashmead,) was chased by a British ship into the road of Saba, under the reach of the cannons, where the said brigantine was obliged to come to anchor in the morning, between the hours of nine and ten. About twelve o'clock the same day, came likewise in the road of Saba to anchor, the above-mentioned ship, a British brig, and a schooner; the same day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, came three other British vessels, viz. two sloops and one schooner, all armed vessels to an anchor; the same evening, between the hours of six and seven o'clock, went out of our road two of the above-mentioned vessels, viz. a sloop and a schooner; but the other vessels remained peaceable at anchor all that day, till the hours of eight and nine o'clock in the evening, when the brig Tryall, commanded by a captain Saunders, made an attack upon the American brig. There was heard in the road, by captain Thomas Winfield, a terrible outcry, and as if it were a cutting with cutlasses, by which means there was an alarm fired, and we appeared in the battery and hailed the English privateer brig, and asked, what hostilities they were using, and we received no answer; which time we found they were in reality cutting out the American brig, which obliged us to fire upon the English privateer brig several great guns and muskets; the English privateer-ship first returned the fire upon the shore, the ship and brig fired several broad-sides against the shore, then they were joined by one sloop and a schooner, who all four kept a continual fire against the shore, and as long as our ammunition lasted, that we had in the battery.

This we do declare to be the truth, the day and date within mentioned.

THOMAS DINZET.
CHARLES WINFIELD,
secretary.

Thomas Winfield.
John Simmons.
Thomas Simmons.
Isaac Simmons.
Lucas Simmons.
William Robards.
John Simmons.
Abram Simmons.
Phenickas Wright.
Abram Simmons.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Lucerne, October 13.

MY DEAR SIR,

There are two ways of going from Zug to Lucerne, one by the common direct road, the other by the two lakes, which is far the more interesting. My companion preferred the former and I the latter. I immediately after dinner left him to proceed in the carriage, and hired a boat and two men to carry me the whole length of the lake to a small village called Immesen, about a league and a half distant. This little voyage was really a charming one, and I enjoyed it exceedingly. I landed at the foot of mount Rigi, which is the highest mountain of this canton, and proceeded on foot across the strip of land which separates the lake of Zug from the lake of Lucerne, to the small village of Kurnacht. About half way, on the road side, stands a small chapel, erected on the spot where Zessler was shot by William Tell. I of course stopped a few minutes to reflect upon this important occurrence, which produced the Swiss confederacy, and to smile at the curious painting over the door representing the transaction.

The instant I arrived at Kurnacht, I hired another boat, and embarked for this place on the Lake of the four cantons (a Lucerne) about half an hour before sun-set.

I suppose the impression this excursion made upon me will never be lost. A delicious calm seemed to pervade every thing. The glaciers of Uri and of Unterwald crowded upon my view on one side; at my back rose the majestic mount Rigi, and before me the enormous mount Pilate, whose rocky summit was streaked with snow, which it is free from in summer. Before the sun set, the splendor of the landscape was great, but, as it sunk behind the mountains, the effect was grand and sublime, the tops being gilded with its departing rays, while a thin vapour, of an azure hue, stole up their sides, and creeping into all the little bays, formed by the promontories, which shoot into the lake, softened the distances. The bases of these mountains, on one side, terminated in the lake, and offered no landing place; but the Lucerne shore, which slopes upward from the water, was covered with villas, cottages, villages, and steeples, with fields of the brightest verdure, skirted with beautiful trees, and chequered by their long shadows. Tho' solitary, I felt happy, and listened with a pensive kind of pleasure to the songs and cries of the herdmen bringing home their cattle, and the dashing of the oars, which were heard in every direction. Two fine boys were my rowers, and whenever they passed a boat they would scream out as if transported with the joy-inspiring scenes around them. We borrowed an oar from one of the barques, with which I rowed all the way to this place, a distance of more than a league. Night did not destroy our pleasures, for the reflections of the lights of Lucerne, and the neighbouring seats, by the calm surface of the lake presented a sight infinitely pleasing. I arrived about seven o'clock, and surprised my companion very much, who came only a short time before me, and did not expect me till the next day.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On the authority of a respectable eastern print, it is stated, that the honourable RUFUS KING, and Gen. C. C. PINCKNEY, are to be supported by the Federalists at the next election, to the highest offices in the GENERAL govern-

ment. The choice is *well advised*, and we sanguinely hope, that the event of the election will be propitious to the elevation of the above gentlemen, who will ADORN AND DEFEND OUR COUNTRY; and, redeeming the national character from disgrace and degradation, will cause every GENUINE American to rejoice under a government, strong without despotism, and pacific, though not pusillanimous.

A volume of poems, written by P. Bayloy, jun. Esq. has just appeared in London. The author, who displays good sense, spirit and genius, thus speaks of the author of the Baviad and Mæviad:

Still lives the bard, he at whose dreaded name
All fools are pale, or hang the head in shame,
Still Gifford lives, whose many-sounding strain
Scattered the wifings of Bell's tinkling train.
Where, Gifford, is the promise that thy hand
Should strike a nobler, more reluctant band,
Why sleep thy bolts, why in thy quiver lie
The shafts that bid the brood of folly die!
Ripe for thy song, the vices of the age
Demand the fullest ardour of thy rage.
Then wake thou from thy languid slumber start,
Prepare thy bow; make ready the keen dart;
Strengthen thine arm, then on religion's foe,
On guilt and villainy inflict the blow;
Nor put thou off thy wrath, till on the ground
Vice groans, laid low, and pierc'd with many a wound.

Mr. Gifford's motto to one of his satirical and classical imitations was

Nunc in ovilia,
Mox in reluctantes dracones.

The following lines, from an old English writer, will cause the reader to smile.

I never yet could see that face
Which had no dart for me,
From fifteen years to fifty's pace,
They all victorious be.

Colour or shape, good limbs or face,
Goodness, or wit, in all I find,
In motion or in speech, a grace,
If a' fail, yet 'tis womankind.

If tall, the name of *proper* slays;
If fair, she's pleasant as the *light*,
If low, her *prettiness* does please,
If black, what lover loves not *night*?

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart,
The lean with love makes me so too;
If straight, her body's Cupid's dart,
To me, if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Thus, with unwearied wings, I flee
Through all Love's garden and his fields;
And, like the wise, industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields.

TO —

Away! those arts no more shall hold me,
Hence with your insidious charms;
Those smiles are vain, that cease to fold me
In the twinings of thy arms.

And once more hop'st thou to detain me,
By thy blandishments and wiles;
Ah no! deceit no more shall chain me,
Feigned tears and studied smiles.

Believ'st thou I will wear a fetter,
Forg'd by folly and by pride?
Fair mischief! learn to know me better;
Be thy spells on others tried.

Yet once again could I believe thee,
Once more wouldst thou wrong my love,
And shall my heart again receive thee,
Perfidy once more to prove?

Yet now, when thus compell'd to leave thee,
Let me from reproach refrain;
Not in our parting would I grieve thee,
Or inflict a moment's pain.

And if those tears be true, my anguish
Soon shall mote more than equal thine,
And if those eyes sincerely languish,
Tears unfeign'd shall flow from mine.

EPITAPH.

Here lyeth, wrapt in clay,
The body of William Wray,
I have no more to say.

Another.

Here lyeth a midwife brought to bed,
Deliveress, delivered,
Her body being *churched* here,
Her soul gives thanks in yonder sphere.

Another, in Wrexham church.

Here lie interr'd beneath these stones,
The beard, the flesh, and eke the bones,
Of Wrexham's clerk, old David Jones.

On Mr. Foote.

Here lies one Foot, whose death may thousands save,
For Death has now one Foot within the grave.

In St. Alban's, Wood-street.

Hic jacet Tom Shorthose,
Sine tombe, sine sheets, sine riches,
Qui vixit sine gowne,
Sine cloak, sine shirt, sine breeches.

In Cirencester Church-Yard.

Our bodies are like shoes, which off we cast,
Physic their cobler is, and Death their last.

On Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress.

When Oldfield dies, e'en Congreve's laurels fade,
And this we own, in justice to her shade,
The first bad *act* Oldfield ever made.

In removing part of the altar in Wolverhampton church, in the year 1789, there appeared to be a part of a monument with the following inscription in very legible characters. The date 1690.

Here lie the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who eat whilst he was able
But once o'erfed
He dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table,

When from the tomb,
To meet his doom,
He rises amid sinners,
Since he must dwell
In heaven or hell,
Take him....which gives best dinners.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor will be thankful for the loan of 'An Essay towards fixing the true standards of wit and humour, raillery, satire, and ridicule: to which is added an analysis of the characters of an humourist, Sir John Falstaff, Sir Roger de Coverly, and Don Quixote, by Corbyn Morris, Esq. 8vo. London, 1744.'

The Editor having, at the request of his publisher, undertaken to superintend a new edition of the Plays of SHAKESPEARE, is particularly desirous of inspecting the *first folio* edition. This is probably very scarce, and may be found only in the cabinet of some *distant* virtuoso. But the owner of this rare book will be very gratefully thanked, if the Editor can have permission to consult it, for a short season.

'Climenole' is the frequent topic of conversation and praise. It is wished by the Editor and his friends, that this ingenious author may write much, and publish often.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On returning a lady's handkerchief, after detaining it from her some days in summer.

Go, 'kerchief, to thy mistress back again,
Pure, and unsullied as her virgin breast;
That throne where all the milder virtues reign,
That seat of each exterior charm possess'd.

When no soft breezes agitate the air,
And sultry suns exhale the balmy dew,
Then fearless wander o'er her forehead fair,
Her vermil cheeks, and lips of coral hue.

No artificial blush shalt thou displace,
Nor stain thy surface with cosmetic art;
Nature's own roses bloom upon her face:
And nature's genuine feeling warms her heart.

Oh, may that heart ne'er heave with painful sighs,
Nor thou thy gentle service e'er employ
To wipe the tear from those 'love-darting eyes,'
Except the tear of o'erflowing joy.

PARMEGIANO.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The subsequent celebrated dialogue, one of Scaliger's two favourite odes, has been translated and imitated oftener, perhaps, than any other ode in Horace. Of the English translations, Atterbury's, which is to be found in Duncombe's Horace, and in Nichol's Miscellaneous Poems, has always been deemed the best; though we cannot agree, continues Mr. Boscawen, with the writer of Atterbury's life, in the Biographia Britannica, that it is equal in smoothness and elegance to the original. Dr. Francis has copied about a third of this, but without any acknowledgment. The chief merit of the original, besides the harmony of numbers and elegance of expression, which it undoubtedly possesses, is its being the only instance we have of the *carmen amatum*, or alternate dialogue, in lyric poetry, though it is frequent in pastorals. In these dialogues we are told two rules were observed by the ancients: 1st, the person, who spoke last, always answered in the same number and kind of verses; and 2dly, he either contradicted what had been said before, or improved upon it. Both these rules, the critics remark, have been observed by Horace with great nicety.]

Horace.

Whilst folded in thy snow-white arms,
No dearer youth thy love possess,
Whilst I alone enjoy'd thy charms,
Not Persia's monarch reign'd so blest.

Lydia.

Whilst you no other love desir'd,
Nor Chloe's rose o'er Lydia's fame,
I bloom'd more honour'd, more admir'd,
Than Ilia's high, illustrious name.

Horace.

O'er my fond heart now Chloe reigns,
Skill'd in sweet song and music's power;
For whom I'd brave Death's keenest pains,
To save her at that fatal hour.

Lydia.

The gentle Calais warms my heart
With mutual love, with equal truth,
Twice would I brave Death's fiercest dart,
So fate would spare the dearer youth.

Horace.

What, if returning love controul
Our hearts, no more inclin'd to roam?
Drive beauteous Chloe from my soul?
My Lydia find her long lost home?

Lydia.

Though that lov'd youth be form'd to please,
Bright as the star, that gilds the sky,

You, light as cork, and wild as seas,
With you I'd joy to live, with you I'd die.

[This spirited poem, says its spirited translator, is an eulogy on the rose. Anacreon is always rich in the praises of that flower.

The rose seems to have a magic power over the mind of the poets. Hafiz perpetually calls for its odour, and Waller has addressed this blushing beauty of the garden in one of the finest songs ever inspired by gallantry,

Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me, &c.]

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep!
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled spring the wood-nymph wild!
Even the gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillets braids,
When with the blushing, naked graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me showers of roses, bring,
And shed them round me while I sing
Great Bacchus! in thy hallow'd shade,
With some celestial glowing maid,
While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume, sweeten'd by her sighs,
I'll bite and twine in airy dance,
Commingle soul in every glance.

[The following address to a lady is from one of the most original poets of the present day. He remembers Tibullus, and he has at once the courtly grace of Waller, and the simplicity of Shenstone.]

When casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here,
Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear.

Haply, the little simple stage,
Which votive thus I've trac'd for thee.

But oh! in pity, let not those
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye, that seldom flows
With feeling tears, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt,
With pity, never melt with love,
And they will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;

Tell him—or, oh! if gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest,
Ah! where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast.

Tell her, that he, whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;

* Mr. Moore remarks, that the Greek epithet given to the nymph is literally *full bloomed*; if this was really Anacreon's taste, the heaven of Mahomet would suit him in every particular. See Koran, cap. 72.

That glory oft would claim the lay,
And friendship oft his numbers move,
But whisper then, that, sooth to say,
His sweetest song was given to love.

[At a very early period of life, says the learned Dr. Gregory, * I amused myself with translating some of the odes of Horace into English verse. I publish a translation of the third ode of the fourth book, because I think it gives the sense of the original more completely than Francis's version. The Editor cannot refrain adding that he owes it to the genius of an amiable and accomplished scholar, as well as to literature itself, to declare that he does not remember ever to have read a version more in the Horatian spirit.]

He, on whose early natal hour
Thou, queen of verse, hast sweetly smil'd,
Breath'd all thy fascinating power,
And mark'd him for thy favourite child:

He emulates no victor's place,
Nor mixes in the Isthmian games;
Nor, in the arduous chariot race,
The Achaian trophies anxious claims.

He ne'er, adorn'd with conquering bays,
And the proud pomp of baneful war,
Shall catch the vagrant voice of praise
While captive kings surround his car.

But where the fertile Tiber glides,
To secret shades shall oft retire,
And there shall charm the listening tides,
And tune the soft Aeolian lyre.

Thy noblest sons, imperial Rome,
Assign to me the laureat crown;
And envy now, abash'd and dumb,
Nor dares to speak, nor dares to frown:

Oh, goddess of the vocal shell,
Whose power can sway both earth and sea,
Can the mute fishes teach to excel
The dying cygne's melody:

To thee, sweet Muse, I owe this fame,
That ere I pleas'd, the gift is thine,
That, as I pass, fond crowds exclaim,
The Roman bard, the man divine!*

[Few species of the gayer style of poetry are more easy than the Rondeau of the French bards. From the Portuguese of Camoens an Irish nobleman has lately translated the following Rondeau.]

Just like Love is yonder rose,
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tear its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the mid'at of briars it blows
Just like love.

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gather'd with the rest,
And with it to the heart be prest
Just like love.

And when rude hands the twin buds sever,
They die—and they shall blossom never.
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Just like love.

* See his elegant translation of Bishop Lowth's lectures.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 11.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 86.

They pick up wit as pigeons pick up pease,
In eager haste the jest and bottle seize.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

THE picture of a certain club-room, which lately appeared in your paper, from one of its members, is no doubt a true copy; but I confess my imagination had formed a more flattering one for them, than has been given by their Quixote. It has generally been supposed that this was a literary club, although anonymous, and we have thought ourselves indebted to this combination of wits for the flashes which illumine our public prints; but to find, from their own confession, that they are merely punsters, is a disappointment, although the brilliant display which appears in the communication of their fellow-member, shews they have by hard study become considerable adepts in the art. The rage for punning, which pervades our city like an epidemic, certainly must have had its origin in this society. This assertion will no doubt be disputed by the lovers of controversy, and friends to importation, who may be bold enough to aver that we have received the infection from Europe; nay swear they have seen the very letter which brought the first pun from England, and will wish to give to every species of our wit a foreign extraction. But as I am more favourably inclined to American genius I think it very possible, indeed it cannot admit of a doubt, that every individual pun given us by Quixote was really and truly manufactured by the united efforts of the punning-club. Indeed some of them have so strong a foundation, from existing and concurring circumstances, as to put it past a doubt. Their attendant genius certainly counted upon a pun, when he placed ten plates upon the stove, and I dare say this is not the first good thing he has put before them, for which he has had as little credit. The club's punning in Latin is highly approved; as they will not be generally understood we cannot say they are bad ones. *Classicus* no doubt will give the ladies a liberal translation of the best of them. A dead language appears particularly appropriate, where the professed object of the meeting is to kill time, and when the last words of the members cannot always be expressed in plain English. The Anonymous club have now got a name for wit, but as clubs do not always think it incumbent to support their names, we will not exact too strict an adherence to them. "I said the Beef-steak club often feast upon oyst." no doubt the Thinking club talked loudly, the Ugly club, I'll answer for it, often call-

ed themselves pretty boys; so the Punning club may sometimes be at their wits-end, and be obliged to have recourse to philosophy, law, politics, the belles-lettres, &c. &c. and, for the sake of a little small talk, condescend to converse on the ladies. I should be sorry this was ever to be the case; but, as it may happen, I will make a proposal, which will obviate the necessity of those gentlemen racking their inventions to grind out puns for the public, as their time may possibly be more usefully employed.

A lady of considerable talents, but of decayed fortune, who wishes to get into some genteel and reputable way of business, proposes setting up a punning ware-house, as the most fashionable article that can be dealt in. She will immediately commence business, provided the punning club will permit her to engross the wholesale line. It will be her study to furnish, at the shortest notice, the most fashionable variety of puns, conundrums, bon-mots, and inuendos, suitable for dinners, suppers, tea-parties, or clubs. Ladies and gentlemen, before they go into company, by calling at Mrs. Readywit's, can furnish themselves with witty conceits at a small expense, and without trouble. She will always have on hand a number of hints for those persons who may wish to add something of their own. And for young gentlemen just from college, and others, who may wish to shew their learning, she will have a number of puns in Latin and Greek. In this last branch, Mrs. Readywit has the promised assistance of a neighbouring schoolmaster, who will make the children compose them by way of exercises. I hope, Mr. Saunter, you will recommend the above plan to all punsters, and more particularly to the punning club, on whose patronage she chiefly relies.

BEATRICE.

Any of the puns, &c. &c. after being used for a day or an evening, may be returned and exchanged for others, unless so disfigured by the retailing as to unfit them for further use. No witticisms upon tongues or raisins, to be had at Mrs. Readywit's shop, they being long since cried down as flat, stale, and unprofitable.

MISCELLANY:

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

NO. 7.

Memorabilia democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science. Interspersed with anecdotes, characters and speeches of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats, by Slaveslap Kiddnap, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651.

Washington, printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

The opinion expressed by Mr. Kiddnap of Catiline, and the comparison he draws between his eloquence and that of the vice-president, have occasioned great surprise as well as jealousy in

vulgar democrats. Their minds have so long been accustomed to associate the name of the hero of Sallust with depravity and crime, that they seem startled at the boldness with which our author enters upon his vindication. The friends of Mr. Burr are also, as my letters from New-York assure me, in a state of high irritation. They are convinced that Mr. Kiddnap intended, by connecting Catiline so closely with the vice-president, to sanction an infamous appellation, which the Federalists have long attempted to attach to him. And as they well know the intimacy which has long subsisted between Mr. Kiddnap and Mr. Jefferson, their suspicions have grown very violent; so that some of them have condescended to suggest that the present publication is not altogether without his knowledge, but that it is a part of that system, which the particular friends of the president have devised to make the present coolness, which subsists between those great men, perpetual. I owe it, however, to Mr. Kiddnap to declare, that this last suspicion is wholly without foundation; and if any of his, or of Mr. Jefferson's friends, deem the refutation of so ungenerous an aspersion important, I am ready to make my deposition before any magistrate, they may appoint, that both those gentlemen are guiltless of this publication. In making this offer, I know, that I sacrifice my party feelings, which are abundantly gratified at the dissensions which spring up among democratic leaders; but the interests of truth are, to me, more dear than the interests of any party whatsoever. Besides, if Mr. Burr's friends will look back to the time, when, as I have stated in a former number, it was the intention of our author that his work should come before the public, they will be satisfied that he could have had no intention to sow dissension between those two great men, and their respective adherents; inasmuch as it was committed to the press, in the winter succeeding the election of Mr. Jefferson, in the very honeymoon of his and Mr. Burr's union, long before the coquetry of the Clitonians had made any impression on the susceptible heart of our cooing chief consul.

As to those democrats, who find it difficult to divest themselves of prejudices formed in childhood against certain men of antiquity, who have been unfortunate advocates of democratic principles, they will be disappointed, if they expect Mr. Kiddnap will, on account of their squeamishness, sacrifice the great interests of democracy, or fail in that duty, which, as a faithful historian, he owes to the great characters who have taken the lead in his party in former times, as well as to those of the present day. Mr. Kiddnap has enrolled himself in the service of democracy, not, as most of his party do, to serve a turn, or to gratify a passion, but from principle, research, and affection. He has chosen his system after long deliberation; after painful investigation of ancient and modern history, and after careful collation and comparison of the genius of democracy, in all ages and nations. Like the philosophers and statesmen of antiquity, he has

travelled, in search of truth, into other countries, and made just remarks on the experience of his native land. "I have seen," as he exclaims, exultingly, in one part of the work under review, "I have seen the triumphs of democracy, on the scaffolds of Paris, and on the plains of St. Domingo. I have seen the tempestuous sea of liberty, now tossing its proud waves to the skies, and hurling defiance toward the throne of the almighty; now sinking into its native abyss, and opening to view its unhallowed caverns, the dark abodes of filth and falsehood, and rapine and wretchedness. I have seen thousands of headless human trunks, the victims of its fury, buoyant on its billow, black with their clotted gore. I have seen death in all its sanguinary forms, stalk on the whirlwind which upturned the foundations of this tumultuous deep. From the top of Monticello, by the side of the great Jefferson, I have watched its wild uproar, while we philosophised together on its sublime horrors. There, safe from the surge, in company with Gallatin and Randolph, Munroe and Nicholson, at the command of our speculative host, I have quaffed the high crowned cup to this exhilarating toast,—*TO THE TEMPESTUOUS SEA OF LIBERTY.....MAY IT NEVER BE CALM.*"

Before such a mind, as this extract shows Mr. Kiddnap to possess, rich in the stores of ancient and modern learning, and steelled by long intimacy with democratic engines and processes, the prejudices of education, which terrify weak democrats, vanish. The principles of human conduct, the sources of human passions, lie open to the view of such an understanding. It sees the *real distinctions* on which the classifications of character depend. If democratic virtues perish upon a gibbet, it dares to rescue their fame from the ignominy of the law. Aloof from the circumstances which, in the estimation of common minds, disgrace their subject, it makes the rack extend the fame as well as the limbs of the sufferer, uses the axe of justice, which terminated the career of a democrat, to raise a monument to his memory, and slipping the halter from the neck forms it into an immortal wreath for the temples of oppressed humanity. But the views and opinions of Mr. Kiddnap will be better learnt from his work, than from any general description. In the chapter, from which so large an extract was taken, in our last number, he thus expresses himself.

"Let no man think that I have dwelt thus at large on the character of this eminent man, (Catineline), from ostentatious motives; to display my reading, or my classical acquaintance. My sole view, in this examination, has been to rescue past patriots from infamy, and to give a lesson to those of the present day. The great republicans of antiquity, among whom Catineline has, undoubtedly, the first rank, did labour with no less assiduity and sincerity than those, now at the head of affairs, in the United States, to place all things on a democratic basis. They had, also, for a short time, in their respective countries, the exclusive management of public affairs. In talents they were certainly not inferior to the great men of our party, now on the stage. In opportunities for permanent establishment of the democratic system, they were often much more highly favoured than those of our day have ever been. The ends, at which they aimed, were as definite, and the means as wisely devised and as boldly executed, as any we have imagined. Indeed, in the machinery to which they and we have been obliged to resort, in order to move that inert mass, with which all democrats are condemned to operate, there is a similarity, which, allowing only for the inevitable variation of political fashions, at different periods of society, amounts to identity. Yet the fates of these great patriotic democrats of

antiquity are familiarly known to us all. Their lives were for the most part terminated miserably, in ignominy or contempt. Their memories are, even at this day, the hacknied topic of scorn for every pedant, and of detestation, to every school boy. I pray, therefore, my democratic friends to reflect on these facts, and now, while the means are in their hands, to prepare their cause to appear before the bar of posterity; for they may be assured, that, if they let slip the present opportunity, their names and conduct will be arraigned, by some aristocratic Sallust, before that dreadful tribunal, at a time when they will neither be able to find an advocate, nor to pay one, should he be found. In which case, I see nothing to hinder our Jeffersons and Burrs, our Gallatins, Livingstons, and Lions, from being placed, in the estimation of future ages, on the same floor of democratic citizenship with Cethegus and Catiline, Spartacus, Anthony and Thersites. These are not the terrors of a disordered fancy. I have brought the affinity of the fates and characters of these ancient and modern patriots to a philosophic test, which, howsoever much vulgar minds may be disposed to ridicule it, has produced, in mine, the most alarming conviction. In my youth I was educated in the science of judicial astrology, and I have, in the course of a long life, had frequent occasions to be convinced of the importance and truth of that ancient, but neglected, science. To satisfy myself, therefore, of the fortunes of men, in whom I have such a great personal and political interest, I cast a horoscope of the positions of the planets and constellations at the seasons of the respective natiivities of the great men above named. My surprise was scarcely less than my alarm at the result. For I found that on the birth-day of our illustrious Jefferson, as also on that of Cethegus, the *Hare* and the *Hydra* were in present conjunction. When Burr and when Catiline came into the world, the *Fox* and the *Serpent* were ascendant. At the moment of the birth of Gallatin and Spartacus the *heart of the Scorpion* was in right aspect with the *Wolf's jaw*. The *canis* and *ursa major* were in hostile aspect on the nativity of Thersites and Matthew Lion; while on that of chancellor Livingston and Mark Anthony there was a singular coincidence of the star in the *eye of the bull*, with that under the *goat's tail*."

As the following paragraph closes that chapter, from which I have extracted so largely in this and the preceding number, and as it both displays the extensive acquaintance of Mr. Kiddnap with the great men of his party in the United States, and also introduces to our knowledge a new democratic leader, whose name, as far as I can learn, has never been mentioned, either in print or in private conversation, on this side of the Delaware. I shall present it to the public without other apology or remark.

"From what I have written, in this chapter, on the fates of ancient democrats, and the use I have been obliged to make of ancient authors, I fear lest a conclusion be drawn in favour of Grecian and Roman learning. I, therefore, beg leave to declare my perfect coincidence in opinion with the great men, now at the head of affairs, in the United States, who, from a laudable jealousy for their own times, are unremitting in their labours to bring Greek and Roman science into universal neglect and disrepute. I had the misfortune to have that kind of knowledge whipped into me when I was a boy, and since I have become a man, although I have taken great pains, I could never get wholly rid of it. But certainly it never was, and never can be, of material advantage to a republican. A man is not a whit the better patriot for possessing it. He can neither turn a paragraph

in the *Aurora*, nor raise a clap in the state-house yard, with any more ease, for having at command those accomplishments, as they are called. I was confirmed in these opinions, on a tour which I made to the eastern states, in the year 1795, to encourage the opposition to Mr. Jay's treaty. At that time I formed an acquaintance with a Mr. ———, a most worthy democrat, of great renown in the city of Boston and its suburbs, although his fame has not yet, through various cross incidents, reached us here in Virginia. I found this gentleman destitute not only of Greek and Roman learning, but also of every thing which goes, generally, in the world, by the name of knowledge and science. Yet was he a most true and inveterate democrat; and at that time, in conversations, and since by various communications, I have received, from him, great comfort and light, in my researches into the origin and genius of democracy. An assistance which I can never forget, and for which I thus publicly tender him the homage of my thankful acknowledgments. This gentleman assured me that he never could be prevailed upon to carry his pursuit of the Latin language farther than the story of the *frogs* in *Æsop's Fables*. 'When I found,' said he, 'those animals enjoying a true democracy, and altogether as capable, as appears by their history, to choose a moderator, and maintain an orderly and rational discussion, as was at a Boston town-meeting, yet, setting so little value on their natural rights and liberties, and having so small a regard to the freedom of their posterity, as to demand a *king* from Jupiter, I threw down the book in disgust, and would never attempt the Latin language afterwards. As to the Greek,' continued he, 'my parents prohibited my master from instructing me in it, before I had attained two thirds of the alphabet. For being naturally of a weak constitution, and of a foreboding imagination, I was thrown into convulsions at the sight of the letter ρ (Π) which looked so much like a gallows as to excite in my mind the most gloomy apprehensions. To this machine I have always had a strange aversion; which is one reason, among many others, for my anxiety that the guillotine should come into general use, in the United States, and supersede the necessity of an instrument for which I have an unaccountable antipathy.' I adduce this as a strong argument to show the little value of what the Federalists call learning and science are to a democratic leader. For this gentleman, as a letter, under his own hand, dated the tenth of October last (1801) declares, has been more than seventeen years busied principally in the glorious work of propagating democracy. 'During this period,' he writes, 'I have published three thousand three hundred and forty regular essays in the *Chronicle*; besides paragraphs and *jeu d'esprits* innumerable. I have also delivered two hundred and ninety-one set speeches in Faneuil-Hall, none of them less than forty minutes in length, in addition to which I have made an infinity of motions and replies of which I have no account. By my writings, in the *Chronicle*, I did much to excite that noble exertion of democratic energies, which the Federalists denominate *Shay's rebellion*. Of what service I was to the whisky insurrections, Mr. Gallatin, with whom I have frequently communicated on that subject, well knows. And now, Mr. Kiddnap, I beg you to assure Mr. Jefferson, that I am ready, at a moment's warning, to turn my hand to any like work, he may cut out for me.' How all these noble exertions in the cause of democratic liberty, could have been made by one ignorant of all the languages except the vernacular, and deficient in grammar, logic, divinity, mathematics, metaphysics, &c. by one whom the world would call *grogg*."

rate, I shall, hereafter, explain in my forty-sixth chapter, which treats of arts and sciences strictly democratic. In these Mr. — is a monument of proficiency. He is also far advanced toward that all important perception, which is, indeed, the key-stone of all democratic acquirements, in these states, and which consists in a deep sense of the utter deficiency of mental power in the north, and in an entire acquiescence in the ascendancy of southern genius. On this account Mr. — has become the butt of Federal malignity, which, among other insults, has travestied to his disadvantage four celebrated lines, in the following manner:

Virginian patriots, when this tool they saw,
Chanting their triumphs o'er our union's law,
Admir'd such fawning in an eastern shape,
And patted — as we pat an ape.

Notwithstanding such abuse, this ardent republican is steady to his belief, that, with a very few exceptions, there is neither sense nor genius above the fortieth degree of North latitude. But, I must return from this digression. Of all the ancient writers, Homer is the most celebrated, and he is, also, in a republican government, the most dangerous; insomuch that it well becomes the wisdom of our national legislature to devise ways and means to drive his writings out of the country. For it is very apparent, that the whole aim of that writer is, to elevate the monarchic and aristocratic interests, on the ruin of the democratic. Hence the reason is very obvious, why his admirers, almost exclusively, belong to the two first classes, while persons in the last, have scarcely any relish for them. I recollect but one town meeting, in the whole Iliad, and, on that occasion, the poet takes care to suffer the democratic orator to be treated, in the most brutal manner. I beg the attention of my readers to the story. The Greeks, it seems, had been nine long years, besieging Troy, to gratify the ambition, or the lust, of eight or ten kings and aristocrats. As the chance of success was every day diminishing, the republicans of the army began very naturally and properly to murmur. In other words, they looked on the bloody *Arena*, spread before them, with commiseration and with no other wish than to see it closed. Being in this humour, they were called together, by their leader, and, on a hint given, that they might go home, if they would, all the republicans began to pack up their baggage and run for the ships. At this moment, one Ulysses, a great aristocrat, and a king, into the bargain, flew out upon them and rated the unhappy citizen soldiers, in a manner so abusive and scandalous, that Homer ought to have been ashamed to relate it; as also ought Mr. Pope, to translate it; in the following bold and coarse language.

"But, if a clamorous, vile plebeian rose,
Him, with reproof, he check'd, or tam'd with blows.
Be still, thou slave, and to thy betters yield,
Unknown, alike, in council and in field!
Ye Gods! what dastards would our host command,
Swept to the war, the lumber of a land!
Be silent, wretch, and think not here allow'd
That worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd."

I desire to know in what work, or language, there was ever made a more cruel attack on the democratic interest, than is contained in the above remarkable extract. But the malignity of the poet is not satiated by railing in this general way. He descends to individuals. Thersites, a great man in the camp, a faithful leader of the republicans, and a famous town meeting orator, had the boldness to take this opportunity to address his fellow-citizens of the Greek army, and to tell them some wholesome and popular truths, in a style of manly eloquence, which would do honour to the most distinguished

democrat, in the United States. This so enraged Ulysses, that he sprung upon him, like a tyger, and, after abundance of abuse, was guilty of as aggravated an assault and battery, as was ever committed, before, or since.

"He said, and, cowering, as the dastard bends,
The weighty sceptre on his back descends,
On the round bunch, the bloody tumours rise,
The tears spring, starting from his haggard eyes,
Trembling he sat, and, sunk in abject fears,
From his vile visage, wip'd the scalding tears."

I have often read the above account to my friend Matthew Lion. This amiable man could never refrain from crying, in company, with Thersites, on the occasion, as, he assured me, the story brought to his mind the most melancholy recollections. And he has often expressed his regret, that there was no such thing, at hand, in the Grecian camp, as a pair of tongs, with which the democratic hero might have defended himself, on such an emergency. My friend Mr. —, above named, is of a different opinion. He thinks that the democrat behaved with great prudence, in taking the beating so patiently; as he has no doubt, but that Thersites 'took the law of Ulysses, and, on account of his peaceable demeanour recovered proportionably heavy damages. These, in the estimation of my friend, are a full equivalent for any beating whatsoever.'

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

Hon.

From the general inattention to the strict meaning of words, has, I think, arisen, the abuse which is lavished on Jealousy. We read in the works of those who best understood the nature of the passions which agitate the human frame, of 'savage jealousy' of 'green-eyed jealousy,' and numerous similar epithets, which in my humble opinion are not merited.

If I were asked to define this passion I should describe it, as that disagreeable sensation which arises in the mind, at seeing the favours of those whom we love bestowed on others. This is the meaning which Shakspeare attached to it when one of his lovers talks of a 'kind of godly jealousy' which he intreats his mistress to call 'a virtuous sin.' This is the interpretation which has always appeared to me as the proper one—and in this sense surely jealousy cannot be condemned.

Henry was young and generous. He was ever anxious to serve his friends, and he was not implacable toward his enemies. In his principles he was bigotted to those of what is termed the Old School. From his youth he had shewn little inclination to participate in the boisterous pastime of his class-mates. Providence had bestowed on him a keen taste for literature and an unconquerable ambition of literary eminence. He was intimate with most of the English poets, and he was not ignorant of many of those of Rome. The constant perusal of these authors had rendered him extremely susceptible of the 'soft passion of love.' From them he derived an exalted opinion of the female sex. To that sex he thought we were indebted for all the felicity which we enjoy on this side the eternal bourne. After having thought himself in love with many, he at length denied that he loved one. He was introduced to Lucy at a friend's house and soon entered into a conversation with her. He was delighted to find that the charms of her mind were no less fascinating than those of her person—and that he had met with one female who possessed other topics of conversation than the weather, and the approaching nuptials.

Henry absolutely shut up his books to pay her a visit on the following morning, and he thought he discovered new sources of admiration in her character. The progress of love is in all hearts not tardy; in that of Henry it was particularly rapid. Cupid could describe his victory with as much brevity as Cæsar. Henry saw—he admired—he loved, and he soon asked Lucy's permission to add—he married.

Henry's books were now entirely neglected, and his pen only endited verses to his mistress. He did not, however hang them on trees, 'in witness of his love,' but he gave them to the muse who inspired them, and was rewarded with her approbation. But love is full of jealousy, and every smile of Lucy's which was not directed to him created a new rival. This disposition is to be regretted as unfortunate, but it ought not to be stigmatized as savage. It proceeded, in him not from a distrust of her integrity, but from an uxoriousness of her favour. It was a godly sin.

Lucy coquetted with others at first merely to teize her lover. But what is frequently affected may become a habit, and that habit may be too convenient to be put off. After a long and unwearied perseverance to obtain her affection, in which he had once succeeded, Henry experienced the bitter mortification of seeing Lucy, to whose improvement he had devoted many anxious hours—the wife of another. He had nurtured the bud, and the blossom was plucked from him.

Henry's love though easy to be inflamed, was difficult to be extinguished.

He still lives, but his heart is broken. In the interstices of business, he meditates on his blasted prospects, and curses the fickleness of women.

Let me intreat those who may feel any interest in this imperfect sketch, if they be females to promise with sincerity and to act with consistency. Let them be told that the greatest favour they can confer on one who aspires to their hand, is to deny it peremptorily or to grant it absolutely. If they be men let them rely on such promises with confidence, and not too easily resign themselves to distrust.

SEDLEY.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER SMART.

[Concluded.]

In this melancholy state, his family (for he had now two children) must have been much embarrassed in their circumstances, but for the kind friendship and assistance of Mr. Newbery.

Many others of his friends were likewise forward in their services; particularly Dr. Johnson and Sir John Hussey Delaval, Bart, the present Lord Delaval, to whom he was private tutor in college; and who showed him, upon various occasions, particular instances of his regard.

It was at the request of Sir John, that he wrote a Prologue and Epilogue to the Tragedy of Othello, acted at Drury-Lane, by several persons of quality, 1751; the parts of Iago and Othello being filled by Sir John, and his brother Sir Francis Blake Delaval.

Mrs. Smart seems to have made an attempt at this period, to settle in Dublin, with a view to provide for her family, by engaging in business; probably without success. 'I wish,' Dr Johnson writes her 'it was in my power to make Ireland please you better; and whatever is in my power, you may always command. I shall be glad to hear from you the history of your management, whether you have a house or a shop, and what companions you have found.'

After an interval of little more than two years, he appeared to be pretty well restored; and was accordingly set at liberty; but his mind had received a shock, from which it never entirely recovered. He took a pleasant lodging in the neighbourhood of St. James's Park; conducting his affairs, for some time, with sufficient prudence. He was maintained partly by his literary compositions, and partly by the generosity of his friends, receiving, among other benefactions, fifty pounds a year from the Treasury.

Of the state of his mind, and of his modes of life at this period, Dr. Hawkesworth gives the following account, in a letter to Mrs. Hunter, one of his sisters.

'I have, since my being in town, called on my old friend, and seen him. He received me with an ardour of kindness natural to the sensibility of his temper; and all were soon seated together by his fire-side. I perceived upon his table a quarto book, in which he had been writing, a prayer-book, and a Horace. After the first compliments, I said I had been at Margate, had seen his mother and his sister, who expressed great kindness for him, and made me promise to come and see him. To this he made no reply; nor did he make any inquiry after those I mentioned. He did not even mention the place, nor ask me any question about it, or what carried me thither. After some pause, and some indifferent chat, I returned to the subject, and said, that Mr. Hunter and you would be very glad to see him in Kent. To this he replied very quick, 'I cannot afford to be idle.' I said he might employ his mind as well in the country as in town; at which he only shook his head, and I entirely changed the subject. Upon my asking him when we should see the Psalms, he said they were going to press immediately: as to his other undertakings, I found he had completed a translation of Phædrus, in verse, for Doddsley, at a certain price; and that he is now busy in translating all Horace into verse; which he sometimes thinks of publishing on his own account, and sometimes of contracting for it with a bookseller. I advised him to the latter; and he then told me he was in treaty about it, and believed it would be a bargain. He told me, his principal motive for translating Horace into verse, was to supersede the prose translation, which he did for Newbery; which, he said, would hurt his memory. He intends, however, to review that translation, and print it at the foot of the page in his poetical version; which he proposes to print in quarto, with the Latin, both in verse and prose, on the opposite page. He told me he once had thoughts of publishing it by subscription; but as he had troubled his friends already, he was unwilling to do it again; and had been persuaded to publish it in numbers; which, though I rather dissuaded him, seemed at last to be the prevailing bent of his mind. He read me some of it: it is very clever; and his own poetical fire sparkles in it very frequently, yet, upon the whole, it will scarcely take place of Francis's; and therefore, if it is not adopted as a school book, which, perhaps, may be the case, it will turn to little account. Upon mentioning his prose translation, I saw his countenance kindle; and, snatching up the book, 'what,' says he, 'do you think I had for this?' I said I could not tell. 'Why,' says he with great indignation, 'thirteen pounds.' I expressed very great astonishment, which he seemed to think he should increase, by adding—'but I gave a receipt for a hundred.' My astonishment was now over; and I found that he received only thirteen pounds, because the rest had been advanced for his family. This was a tender point; and I found means immediately to divert him from it. He is with very decent

people, in a house most delightfully situated, with a terrace that overlooks St. James's Park, and a door into it. He was going to dine with an old friend of my own, Mr. Richard Dalton, who has an appointment in the King's Library; and if I had not been particularly engaged, I would have dined with him. He had lately received a very genteel letter from Dr. Lowth, and it is by no means considered in any light, that his company as a gentleman, a scholar, and a genius, is less desirable.'

In 1759, Garrick made him an offer of a free benefit at Drury-Lane theatre, which his friends did not permit him to refuse. Upon this occasion, Garrick's farce of 'The Guardian' was acted for the first time, in which he himself performed the principal character.

In 1763, he published 'A Song to David, written during his confinement; when he was denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, and was obliged to indent his lines with the end of a key upon the wainscot.'

The same year he published two small quarto pamphlets, intitled, *Poems, and Poems on Several Occasions*; and, the year following, *Hannah, an Oratorio*, 4to; and an *Ode to the Earl of Northumberland*, on his being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, with some other pieces, 4to.

In 1765, he published *A New version of the Psalms*, 4to, and *A Poetical Translation of the Fables of Phædrus*, 12mo, which were followed by *The Parables*, in familiar verse, 12mo. 1768.

In the course of a few years, his economy forsook him, and he was confined for debt in the King's-Bench prison; the rules of which he afterwards obtained, by the kindness of his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Carnan. He appears to have been in extreme distress, by a letter of his to the Rev. Mr. Jackson, not long before his death. 'Being upon the recovery from a fit of illness, and having nothing to eat, I beg you to lend me two or three shillings, which (God willing) I will return, with many thanks, in two or three days.'

At length, after suffering the accumulated miseries of poverty, disease, and insanity, he died of a disorder in his liver, May 21, 1771, in the 49th year of his age; leaving behind him two daughters, who, with his widow, are settled at Reading, in Berkshire; and by their prudent management of a business transferred to them by Mr. Newbery, are in good circumstances.

A select collection of his Poems, consisting of his Prize Poems, Odes, Sonnets, and Fables, Latin and English Translations, together with many original Compositions, not included in the Quarto Edition, to which is prefixed an Account of his Life, &c. was printed at Reading, by Smart and Cowslade, in 2 vols. 12mo, 1791. Besides the Poetical Translations, which he published in his life-time, and the Works of Horace in English Metre, which he proposed to print in 4to; the pieces omitted in this edition of his works, are chiefly the Song to David, and some pieces in the two small 4to. pamphlets, which were written after his confinement, and bear, for the most part, melancholy proofs of the recent estrangement of his mind.

Among the pieces not included in the 4to. edition, or published separately, are, *An Ode on a Young Lady's Birth-day*; *Imitation of Horace on taking a Bachelor's Degree*; *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*; *Reason and Imagination*, a Fable; *New Version of the 148th Psalm*; *Ode to Lord Barnard*; *Ode to Lady Harriot*; *the Sweets of Evening*; *Ode to a Virginia Nightingale*; *Epigram from Martial*; *On a Lady throwing Snow Balls at her Lover*, from *Petronius Ascanius*; and *Sixteen Fables*, chiefly

written for *The Student* and *The Old Woman's Magazine*.

It is not easy to account for the works of Smart not being included in the collection of the 'Works of the English Poets,' whose lives were written by Dr. Johnson, who had a friendship for him. Dr. Johnson, however, frequently declared, that the choice of poets, for whose works he had agreed to write biographical prefaces, was not his own; and yet, as he condescended to ask a place for Pomfret, Yalden, Blackmore, and Watts, poor Smart had an equal claim to his notice, from piety, and from genius; but, perhaps the copy-right of his scattered productions could not be easily settled. Even his best pieces, though admirable, have not often been honoured with a place in favourite Collections of Poems. He was too poor an author to bestow, and perhaps he had no ambition to share in the triumph of those who, for the most part, write pieces more for their own diversion than for that of the public. His way of living, from hand to mouth, depending always on the product of his desultory pen, appropriated to no regular nor profitable purpose, and on the liberality of his friends, was not likely to procure for him that public respect from his contemporaries, which sweetens a man's life, however useless it may be to his works after his death.

The works of Smart, reprinted from the edition 1791, with some additions and corrections are now received, for the first time, into a collection of classical English poetry. The Song to David is highly worthy of republication; and was recommended by the present writer to be inserted in this edition; but a copy could not be obtained for that purpose. The slight defects, and singularities of this neglected performance, are amply compensated by a grandeur, a majesty of thought, and a happiness of expression, in several of the stanzas.

The character of this unfortunate poet, compounded like that of all human beings, of good qualities and of defects, may be easily collected from this account of his life. Of his domestic manners and petty habits, a few peculiarities remain to be mentioned.

Though he was a very diligent student while he was at Cambridge, he was also extremely fond of exercise, and of walking in particular; at which times it was his custom to pursue his meditations. A fellow student remembers a path worn by his constant treading on the pavement, under the cloisters of his college. Like Milton and Gray, he had his moments propitious to invention; and has been frequently known to rise suddenly from his bed, that he might fix by writing those delightful ideas which floated before his fancy in the visions of the night.

His piety was exemplary, and fervent. In composing his religious poems, he was frequently so impressed with the sentiments of devotion, as to write particular passages on his knees.

He was friendly, affectionate, and liberal to excess; so as often to give that to others, of which he was in the utmost want himself. He was also particularly engaging in conversation, when his first shyness was worn away, which he had in common with literary men; but in a very remarkable degree. Having undertaken to introduce his wife to Lord Darlington, he had no sooner mentioned her name to his Lordship, than he retreated suddenly, as if stricken with a panic, from the room, and from the house, leaving her to follow overwhelmed with confusion.

During the far greater part of his life, he was wholly inattentive to economy; and by this negligence lost his fortune, and then his credit. The civilities shown him by persons greatly his superiors in rank and character, either induced

him to expect mines of wealth from the exertion of his talents, or encouraged him to think himself exempted from attention to common obligations.

But his chief fault, from which most of his other faults proceeded, was his deviations from the rules of sobriety; of which the early use of cordials, in the infirm state of his childhood and his youth, might, perhaps, be one cause, and is the only extenuation.

As a poet, his genius has never been questioned by those who censured his carelessness, and commiserated the unhappy vacillation of his mind. He is sometimes not only greatly irregular, but irregularly great. His errors are those of a bold and daring spirit, which bravely hazards, what a vulgar mind could never suggest. Shakspeare and Milton are sometimes wild and irregular; and it seems as if originality alone could try experiments. Accuracy is timid, and seeks for authority. Fowls of feeble wing seldom quit the ground, though at full liberty; while the eagle, unrestrained, soars into unknown regions.

He is a various, and original, but unequal writer. Every species of poetry, not even excepting the epic, has been attempted by him, and most of them with eminent success.

His fine poems on the Divine Attributes, are written with the sublimest energies of religion, and the true enthusiasm of poetry; and if he had written nothing else, these compositions alone would have given him a very distinguished rank among the writers of verse. Their faults, though numerous, are amply compensated by their beauties. Some of their defects may be fairly ascribed to redundancy of genius, and impatience of labour; others to fanaticism, generated, perhaps, by the grandeur of the subject; on which he strained his faculties, in trying to penetrate 'beyond the reach of human ken.'—but he never could mount 'to the height of his great argument.' Dr. Johnson, in speaking of sacred poetry, in his life of Waller, has admirably said, that 'whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved.' Upon the whole, however, his prize poems are more accurate than the generality of his performances; which may be attributed to the deference he might feel from those persons who were to adjudge the prizes which he obtained.

Of his Odes it may be said, in general, that they are spirited and poetical. It will be difficult to find any other quality equally applicable to compositions very different from each other; and in many of which opposite characters occasionally predominate. He has followed the example of Horace, rather than that of the Grecian models; and of him he is, for the most part, a judicious imitator. Some of the shorter pieces are beautiful, and nearly perfect; but instances of an improper association of the grave and the ludicrous, sometimes occur, and he debases, by an impure admixture, what otherwise would have been gold of the standard value. The Ode to Idleness possesses the elegance of Sappho; and that to Ethelinda, the sprightliness of Anacreon. The Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, inferior only to the great model by Dryden, is dignified throughout, and breathes the true spirit of poetry. The Hymn to the Supreme Being, on Recovery from Sickness, is pious, animated, and pathetic. The Ode on Good-Nature is full of elegance, and that on Ill-Nature full of force. The Morning Piece is uniformly beautiful; the description of Labour is eminently happy.

Strong Labour got up—with his pipe in his mouth,
He stoutly strode over the dale, &c.

The lines were misprinted in the 4to edition.

Strong Labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly, &c.

The correction was advertised immediately after the publication of the first edition; but the blunder has been retained in the edition 1791. The poet did not mean to insinuate, that Labour had slept with his pipe in his mouth, which must have been the case, if he got up with it in that situation. In the Night-Piece, the images of Night, and her attendants, Stillness and Silence, are highly painted. The Noon-Piece is beautifully descriptive. The imitation of Horace, on taking a Bachelor's Degree, is spirited and pleasant. The Ode on the Birth-Day of a Beautiful Young Lady, is highly poetical: its chief blemish is the too frequent and affected use of alliteration. It was written on Miss Harriot Pratt of Durham, in Norfolk, a lady for whom Smart had entertained a long and unsuccessful passion; who was the subject also of the cramo ballad, and other verses among his poems. Of the rest, the odes On an Eagle confined in a Cage; To Lord Barnard; To Lady Harriot; To the Earl of Northumberland; To a Virginia Nightingale; The Sweets of Evening; New Version of the CXLVIIIth Psalm, deserve particular commendation.

On the Hop-Garden much commendation cannot justly be conferred; and the praise which is withheld from the poetry, will not be very cheerfully lavished on the instructions. But the roughness and the want of dignity in the blank verse, and the want of previous information on the art of which he treats, are to be ascribed, not to want of genius, but to want of diligence and care; for he never had patience nor application sufficient to bring a long work to any degree of perfection. There are, however, a great many truly poetical strokes in this Georgic, and whole pages that abound with beauty.

His mock heroic poem, the Hiliad, may afford entertainment to those who care little about the hero of the poem, or the subject of the quarrel. Compositions of this class, as they gratify malignity, are usually read with avidity on their first appearance; but, without uncommon merit, they quickly sink into oblivion. The spirit and loftiness of some of the lines, the happy imitations of the 'Dunciad,' and the wit and humour of the notes, deserve great praise; but the abuse is coarse, and the scurrility is a disgrace to the republic of letters.

His Judgment of Midas, a masque, or dramatic pastoral, is a classical and elegant performance. It is executed throughout in a masterly manner. It has none of those glaring inaccuracies which disgrace some of his other pieces. The description of Midas following Pan, is full of poetry, as well as spirit. The address of Timolus to the inanimate things about him, on the approach of the gods, has great dignity and propriety, as well as beauty. The first stanza of the song to Pan has great softness and great elegance. But dramatic pastorals, even if the generally interesting topic of love be superadded, will not greatly entertain without their proper embellishments, acting and music.

His Fables rank with the most agreeable metrical compositions of that kind in our language. His versification is less polished, and his apoloques, in general, are perhaps less correct than those of Gay or Moore; but in originality, in wit, and in humour, the preference seems due to Smart. They unite the grace and ease of Prior with the humour of Swift; and to these is superadded a very considerable portion of poetical spirit. The introductory lines of almost all the fables are singularly ingenious and

happy; and in the course of each, the second line of most couplets generally presents us with an independent new idea. The best and most serious of these playful compositions is, doubtless, Care and Generosity. It is one of the most beautiful allegories that has ever been imagined. The Bag-Wig and the Tobacco Pipe, Madam and the Magpie, Reason and Imagination, The Herald and the Husbandman, deserve particular commendation. The Citizen and the Red Lion of Brentford, may be thought to transgress the limits of mythological probability; but a dialogue between a man and a painted board, may be forgiven for its humour. The Brocaded Gown and Linen Rag, contains liberal praises of his poetical contemporaries, Akenside, Collins, Gray, and Mason. The Pig is a very exact and beautiful translation of the same story in Phædrus. If in any instances the modern is surpassed by the most charming fabulist of antiquity, for which, perhaps, the Roman is not a little indebted to the superior force and conciseness of the language in which he wrote, in others the original is undoubtedly rivalled, if not excelled, and obtains at last a doubtful victory.

His Ballads, and Epigrams, &c. like his other productions, bear the stamp of originality, of wit, and of pleasantry. The Force of Innocence is more serious, and is an elegant application of the Integer Vitæ of Horace, to female virtue. Sweet William, The Lass with the Golden Locks, The Decision, Lovely Harriot, a cramo ballad, Jenny Gray, are generally known and admired. The epigrams of 'The Physician and the Monkey, Apollo and Daphne, are sprightly and elegant, and the imitations of Martial and Petronius Ascanius have considerable merit. In the Horatian Canons of Friendship, the sentiments of Horace, Lib. 1. Sat. 3. are successfully accommodated to recent facts and familiar images.

Though Smart, if placed like his friend Garrick in the picture, between Tragedy and Comedy, would more incline to the laughter-loving dame than the goddess of tears; some of his serious pieces, besides those on religious subjects, manifest and excite feeling in an eminent degree. The little poem 'On the Death of Mr. Newbery, after a lingering illness, must touch every reader of sensibility. In the Epitaph on the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, at St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet, the thoughts and the words in which they are clothed seem to breathe the true spirit of poetical pathos.

In the first rank of the elegant writers of Latin, among our English poets, Jonson, May, Crashaw, Cowley, Milton, Marvell, Addison, Gray, Warton, &c. Smart stands very high. His translation of Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, is at once elegant and appropriate. He equals his original in the sublimest passages, except only the third stanza; and to the ballad and epigrammatic stanzas gives dignity and grace. The vulgar lines which describe the power of Styx over the enthralled Eurydice, and the superior power of music and of love, are translated with truth and beauty. It has been objected, and with some reason, to Smart's translation, that it exhibits a variety of metres unauthorized by any single example among the Latin poets. But had he, too timid to pursue the rapid flights and wild genius of his original, confined himself to the regular recurrence of the Roman stanza, his imitation would not have been exact, and probably would not have been interesting. The opinion of the public has fully justified the choice of Smart.

In his version of Pope's Essay on Criticism, he is a very diligent imitator of the epistolary style of Horace; and we shall find him carefully

following the footsteps of his master, where we might otherwise have been disposed to suspect the purity of his language. To the labours of Smart those persons chiefly are indebted, who, being unacquainted with the English tongue, wish to see Pope's just rules of taste, embellished indeed with his powers of poetry, though appearing with less gloss and lustre through the medium of translation. In the famous lines intended as an echo to the sense, he has laboured through a very painful task, with considerable dexterity; and in the beautiful picture of the reign of Leo, of Vida, and of the Arts, no foreigner need regret that he is unacquainted with Pope.

His version of Milton's *L'Allegro*, exhibits the exquisite poetry and brilliant imagery of one of the first descriptive poems in the English language, in appropriate diction, and legitimate verse. The title of the poem, perhaps, might have been more happily expressed in Greek, than by 'Ο Παιωνιδας.

His translation of Fanny Blooming Fair, is a professed imitation of the manner of Vincent Bourne, and is not without a considerable portion of the perspicuity of contexture, facility, fluency, delicacy, simplicity, and elegance, which characterise the compositions of that amiable and ingenious poet; but it is inferior to his admirable version of Mallet's 'William and Margaret.'

His Tripos-poems may be justly considered as legitimate classical compositions. They are the production of a mind deeply tinged with the excellencies of ancient literature, and attentive both to the substantial parts, and to the decorations of poetry. In boldness of invention, felicity of description, and strength and elegance of diction, they are not surpassed by the hexametric poetry of Milton and Gray. The Temple of Dullness, in particular, exhibits such beauties of personification, as only the richest and most vivid imagination could supply. His personification of Stupor, Sophistica, Mathesis Microphile, and Atheia, abound with the most poetical imagery, delivered in language that will abide the test of criticism.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Hotel de Parliament d'Angleterre, Oct. 18, 1780.

Mr. Searle, of America, presents his respectful compliments to Mons. Dumas, he has the pleasure to send M. Dumas three packets from America, and one from Dr. Franklin, with which he had the honour of being charged. Mr. S. leaves the Hague to-morrow morning for Amsterdam.

Amsterdam, October 25, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

I received your very agreeable letters of the eighteenth and twenty-third, in the first of which you were so kind as to forward me a letter which gave me much pleasure, it was from M. de Vergennes. I observe what you say with respect to the P. amb. who is now in England, and we shall wait his return.

I wish, as you write in English, you would be so kind to continue your correspondence in that way, more especially as you write it with so great propriety and exactness; I am the more solicitous for this as I confess that I find myself at a loss to comprehend some parts of your last letter, which seems to be very interesting, and which is of a nature not to be communicated by me to a third person for explanation.

I have the pleasure to tell you that both Mr. A. and myself have this day received letters

from Philadelphia, of the eighth of September, which are very pleasing, and I expect we shall in a few days be able to contradict, in great measure, the late publications in the English papers respecting the affair with Cornwallis and Gates. It appears that the English did certainly gain some advantage in that affair, but it was very trifling, both in itself and in its consequences.

I firmly believe that at best Cornwallis is at this moment closely besieged in Charlestown, and that we shall have pleasing accounts from that quarter very soon. We have also reason to believe, from our letters, that Clinton himself is not in a very agreeable situation at New-York at this moment, but a little time will discover more of the matter. I shall, you may be assured, make the earliest communications to you of any thing I may have authentic, that you may have an opportunity of conveying it to Monsieur le duc de la Vauguyon.

You will please to present my most humble respects to Madame and Mademoiselle, of whose extreme politeness I have a very lively sense.

I am, with very great respect,

Dear sir,

Your sincere and obedient

Friend and servant,

T. SEARLE.

Madrid, October 25, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter of the fourth instant gave me much pleasure, and contained important information for which I thank you. Before this reaches you, you must have received several from me, one of which must convince you that I must love the man to whom I open my heart. I think the uniformity of my conduct, since my first acquaintance with you, must put this out of doubt with you. My anxiety for your situation is lessened somewhat, when I reflect on your services and endeavours to serve the common cause. I heard of the sailing of Mr. Laurens when I wrote last, which, in some measure, occasioned my letter. That gentleman is taken, and I think Mr. A. will continue to occupy his place. Endeavour to be on good terms with that gentleman, I have heard well of his character in many respects, but I am told that he is not too well disposed to our Pater Patriæ, whom we both equally love and admire. I am fearful of the endeavours of England to intrigue with some of us, and although I am firmly persuaded of the strong attachment of all those who have been distinguished in the cause of independence, yet you know that an appearance of negotiation, to every part of which the countries of France and Spain are not privy, must be prejudicial to our interests. I therefore took the liberty of desiring you to be attentive to every circumstance of that nature. The emissary of the British court here is doing all in his power to disseminate jealousies. It is our business to render their intrigues, for this purpose, fruitless here and elsewhere. I had received from another quarter an item of what you communicated on the subject of the armed neutrality, but your letter was at once text and comment; and I hope that the commentator will not be deceived in the conclusions he hath drawn. The story in your gazette of the revolt in Peru is wholly discredited here. The only news I have to communicate is the appearance of M. Guichen's fleet in the vicinage of Cadiz, which is not yet public, but may be before twelve o'clock at night, when this letter will leave the post-house. The count d'Estaing hath been very active at Cadiz, and now never sets his foot on shore—a laudable example to his officers!

I beg you to take care of your health, that you may long continue a comfort to your family, to whom pray remember me in the kindest manner, and believe me always, my dear apostle,

Yours,

DISCIPULUS.

Write to me, under cover of Mess. D—ue's friends here, and wafer well your letters. I have just heard of the arrival of a schooner from Edenton at Cadiz, in thirty-two days, if I receive any intelligence before the post goes you shall have it.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAST EDITOR OF SHAKSPEARE.

To gratify the curiosity of that portion of the American public, who are solicitous to know the character and pretensions of ISAAC REED, ESQ. who, during the last year, published the most perfect edition of the Plays of Shakspeare which has ever appeared, the following particulars have been gleaned from an authentic European work of celebrity.

He is a Barrister of Staple's Inn, and was the learned editor of Shakspeare, in 16 vols. 8vo. 1785; of the improved edition of Dodsley's collection of Old Plays; of the edition of Biographia Dramatica, or Companion to the Play-house, which he enlarged, and continued to the year 1782; and of the improved edition of Prior's works. He has been an ample contributor to the Biographical Dictionary, 12 vols. 8vo. 1784. No man living is so well conversant in English publications, both ancient and modern, or has contributed more assistance to the literary world than this gentleman. He is the editor of that truly entertaining and instructive miscellany, the European Magazine. He has been long and assiduously employed in re-editing JOHNSON and STEPHENS'S Shakspeare, which now consists of twenty-one volumes, large 8vo. and which will be the text of the edition proposed to be published here by Mess. Maxwell and Manning.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Lucerne, October 14.

MY DEAR SIR,

The town of Lucerne is one of the most beautifully situated in Switzerland, and commands a view of the lakes, and the Alps of Schwitz, Uri, and Unterwald, which rise most grandly in front of it. We went this morning to see the celebrated basso-relievo of general Pfiffer, which you have often read of. It is a large plan in plaister, wax, and other such materials of sixty-two square leagues of the centre of Switzerland, in which all the mountains, glaciers, forests, towns, rivers, lakes, roads, &c. are laid down according to their proportional elevations, and coloured as in nature. It is one of the most curious things, perhaps, ever invented, and gives a perfect idea of this singular country to those who cannot penetrate into all its vallies, and ascend all its mountains. The mountains are formed of stone, taken, I am told, from the places they represent; and the lakes, rivers, and cascades, are executed in glass. General Pfiffer was employed ten years in completing it, during which time he has ascended, and accurately measured all the heights. While it was making he used to call in the peasants and painters of Chamois to make them examine if it resembled the places they were acquainted with, and wherever any difference or error was pointed out, it was rectified, so that the work is as perfect as it is possible to make it. This singular plan is twelve feet long, and nine and a half feet wide.

The lake being very calm, in the afternoon, we hired a boat, and rowed to the little island of Alstadt, on which the Abbe Raynal had erected a monument to the memory of the three founders of the Swiss republic. Unfortunately, there was too much metal in it, which last year attracted the lightning, and the whole was destroyed.

Near it is a small rock, on which stands a little chapel to St. Nicholas, the tutelar saint of boatmen. Our rowers very piously touched their hats as we passed it. These little chapels, erected to different saints, abound in Switzerland; you meet with them on every road, rock, and at the corners of streets. At most of the inns you see stuck up against the wall little statues and crosses to remind the traveller of his duty, some have little chapels decorated with ribbons and artificial flowers.

As we returned, we coasted along the Lucerne shore, and occasionally landed to ascend the heights, on which we observed the ruins of castles and watch-towers, that we might enjoy the variety of prospects, everywhere to be had along this charming lake. On one of these we found an old signal or round tower, which was used anciently by the Swiss to make a fire in order to alarm the neighbouring country on the approach of an enemy. This signal was repeated on other heights, and in this manner alarm was circulated to every canton, when the warriors armed themselves to resist an attack.

We saw upon the lake a large boat of artillery, full of cannoniers, who were transporting some brass pieces to Lucerne. The uniform of the soldiers, the noise of the drums, the dashing of the oars, and the calmness of the water, darkened by the shadows of the surrounding mountains, formed a most interesting ensemble. I am told that these cannon were used by the French, with great success, on the lake last year, when the Austrians attempted to enter this canton.

We accompanied Mr. B. one of the gentlemen we knew here, to see the cathedral, which is a handsome building, partly modern. They played the organ for us, which is considered a very fine one; the large pipe is two French feet in diameter. We were struck with a ridiculous figure of the virgin, dressed in the stiffest brocade, and with a powdered wig of many formidable curls, holding the infant Jesus, dressed pretty much in the same manner, with a round hat and crown on his head, and a bunch of full-blown artificial roses in his hand. The sanctity of the place could scarcely prevent our laughing at such *outré* objects.

The church attached to the Jesuit's college is also a handsome modern building, as is the college, and indeed all the buildings belonging to that order, who, I have observed, take good care to possess themselves of the best of every thing.

Lucerne resembles Zurich in the neatness and whiteness of its houses. Indeed, generally speaking, the houses in Switzerland are much the same in these respects; they are more substantial and convenient than elegant, and have a regularity which pleases.

All the towns are well furnished with water from public fountains. These fountains have generally a large basin of stone, or reservoir round which you always see crowds of servants washing and scowering.

A rapid river issues from the lake, and runs through the town, over which are thrown several covered bridges, and one uncovered for carriages. The great wooden bridge at the side of the lake, is a curiosity on account of its length, being, I believe, the longest in the republic.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The muse of Anacreon is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licen-

tious. His poetic invention is most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have attempted to imitate, because all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of his odes, and they interest by their innocence, while they fascinate by their beauty; they are, indeed, the infants of the Muses, and may be said to lisp in numbers.

ANACREON, ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bowers
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping
I found the urchin, Cupid, sleeping.
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him, by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Oh! then I drank the poisoned howl,
And Love now rushes in my soul!
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE XXXII.

Strew me a breathing bud of leaves
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves,
And, while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this delicious hour of joy
Young Love shall be my goblet boy;
Folding his little golden vest,
With cinctures, round his snowy breast,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!
Swift as the wheels, that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal;
A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
Why do we shed the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath
Affect the slumbering child of death?
No; no; I ask no balm to sleep;
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep;
But now, while every pulse is glowing
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing
Now let the rose with blush of fire
Upon my brow its scent expire;
And bring the nymph with floating eye
Oh! she will teach me how to die!
Yes, Cupid, ere my soul retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With Wine and Love and Blissers dear,
I'll MAKE MY OWN ELYSIUM here.

We here have the Poet, says his translator, in his true attributes, reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup bearer. None but Love should fill the goblet of Anacreon. Sappho has assigned this office to Venus, in a fragment, which may be thus paraphrased.

Hither, Venus, queen of kisses!
This shall be the night of blisses!
This the night, to Friendship dear,
Thou shalt be our Hebe here
Fill the golden brimmer high
Let it sparkle like thine eye!
Bid the rosy current gush!
Let it mantle, like thy blush!
Venus, hast thou ere above
Seen a feast so rich in love!
Not a soul that is not mine
Not a soul that is not thine.

The following lines, slightly altered from a modern poem, are evincive of the poetical skill, and descriptive powers of the author, whose picture of a city Hotspur is no caricature.

Already see each school boy, prentice, clerk,
Assumes the pistol, and demands the park;
Feels every breeze the fire of honour fan,
Pants for dispute, and burns to meet his man.
See! with what terror—striking air he stalks,
At noon through high street, or the public walks;
Or if at night, with what vast swell he blocks
Each play-house pass and bellows for his box:
With crop high frizzled, and depending glass,
Short sighted fop! to spy the crowds that pass
Booted and buskin'd, and with pliant switch
Perchance far better laid across his breech
And, most tremendous! on his beardless face
The enormous beaver, cock'd with soldier grace,

Aslant and edgewise confidently hurl'd
Inviting broils, and braving all the world.

Description of an old Farm-House.

Few years are gone, since, on the paddock green,
Beneath the hill, that old FARM-HOUSE was seen,
Round which the barley-mows and wheat-ricks rose,
And cattle sought refreshment and repose.
The cock, proud marching with his cackling train,
Sought the barn-door, to pick the scatter'd grain;
The trotting sow her spotted offspring led,
And gobbling turkies rear'd their crimson head.
The mistress there, and blooming daughters drest
In russet stuffs, their new-made cheeses prest,
Summon'd the swine the full repast to share,
And call'd their poultry with assiduous care,
From whose increase their private fortune grew,
Their ancient right, and still acknowledg'd due:
While in the fields young master held the plough,
Form'd the square load, or trod the fragrant mow!
Familiar still, he crack'd the ready joke,
And sure applause attended all he spoke.
For change, sometimes, with unremitting care,
Heled his healthful flock to pastures fair,
Along the green-wood's verge would guard the fold
From crafty foxes and marauders bold;
The helpless lambs, with tender toil, would guide
To sheltering bush, or hay-stack's sunny side:
In herbs and simples he was skill'd full well,
He taught their virtues crude disease to quell,
And, on the festive eve of shearing, heard
His praise proclaim'd, his noblest, best reward!
By rain confin'd, the sounding flail he ply'd,
Nor scorn'd the meanest labourer by his side:
All day the rustic clamour fill'd the air,
And health, content, and cheerfulness were there.

MATRIMONY.

A Gentleman, between 30 and 40 years of age of good family—with a person which, if not handsome, is at least free from deformity, and a fortune of 3500*l.* exclusive of an increase of near 200*l.* per annum, arising from a genteel profession, wishes to be united to a Lady of character, an affectionate, religious, yet cheerful disposition, and equal fortune. The advertiser will not expect any engagement to be entered into till he has given the fullest and most unequivocal proof of his being what he describes himself.—Letters, post paid, addressed to L. P. Irvingham, Esq. No. 6, Southampton-court, Bloomsbury (an assumed name), will meet with attention. The strictest secrecy and delicacy will be observed.—The Advertiser will give Three Hundred Guineas to any one who will introduce him to a Lady of the above description, if a marriage be the consequence.

[*Lon. paper.*]

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A "Biography of Algernon Sydney" is inadmissible. We have no inclination to perpetuate the memory of this sort of *Patriot*, who has been already "damned to fame" by Sir John Dalrymple.

The Moorish Songs, translated by Ithacus, are extremely curious, and the ballad style which he has judiciously adopted, reminds us of the *Rio verde*, *Rio verde* so sweetly rendered by the Bishop of Dromore.

"An officer in the militia" does not know how to handle a musquet, and is, if possible, more ignorant of the rules of war, than of the rules of composition.

P. Q. is better adapted to the objects of a methodistical miscellany, than of a paper, which has no place for the absurdities of fanaticism.

The Editor wishes to obtain from some Bookseller, or reader "Descriptive sketches in verse, taken during a Pedestrian tour in the Italian, Grison, Swiss and Savoyard Alps, by W. Wordsworth, 4to. London," &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
MOORISH SONGS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

Several years ago I resided on the coast of Barbary, and in my leisure hours amused myself in collecting specimens of the poetry of the country. The greater part of these I have lost, but I send you translations of all that I have remaining, which may, perhaps, be acceptable as curiosities. It may be necessary to mention that as my knowledge of the Arabic was very imperfect, I was obliged to get those from whom I procured them to translate them literally into Italian, from which the following versions are done.

ITHACUS.

I.

Courier, take for me a letter,
To the lady whom I prize;
Tell her I more dearly love her
Than the light that glads my eyes.*

'Anna! Anna! I beseech you,
By the love you bear your son,
Haste to mount upon your palfrey,
Come to me, and come alone!

To my house, and to my garden,
To the †Coja's garden come!
I will meet thee there, my Anna!
I will bid thee welcome home.

This the house, and this the garden,
Where the tuneful birds repair,
Where waters from the jetting fountain
Scatter coolness through the air.

To the house and to the garden,
To the mansion of repose,
Welcome, Anna, my beloved!
Welcome, O thou blushing rose!

II.†

While the cheerful music sounded,
While the careless dance I trod,
They had dug the grave to hide me,
They had plotted for my blood.

Past the garden and the fountain,
Past the path is my abode,
Far, alas! too far, the city;
Murderers are upon the road.

III.

Tell me, sea of Susa! tell
If on your banks my love does dwell;
My love, whom well you might have known,
With eyes so dark, and eye-brows brown.

'Twas from my window first I spied
My love, as past he chanc'd to ride:
In gayest colours was he dress'd,
With crimson trews and yellow vest.

Before my friends, dear youth! I seem
Thy worth but little to esteem;
But in my heart (could'st thou but see)
I languish, and I die, for thee.

IV.

Sharp as fire's burning smart
Is the pain you give my heart;
But how have you that heart beguill'd?
And who has taught you so much art?
For you as yet are but a child.

Do not behind the lattice hide,
But let the window open wide,

* It was not easy to avoid, in this line, a similarity to a verse in Gray's Bard. The original says simply 'more than my eyes.'

† Coja literally signifies a secretary, but it is a title applied to all the great officers of the court of Tunis.

‡ This song is called 'Under the trees.' Whether this title is descriptive of the place where the scene is laid, or is the name of the tune, I do not know.

And cease to play your wanton wiles,
For this is Lent's most solemn tide,*
And still you spread your artful toils.

SELECTED POETRY.

[To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiments which pervades his works is sometimes a very fallacious analogy but the heart of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart.]

ODE XXXVIII.

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!
Him, who instructs the sons of earth
To thrice the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nurs'd with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him that the snowy queen of charms
Has fondled in her twining arms,
From him that dream of transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows,
With him the brow forgets to darkle,
And brilliant graces learn to sparkle.
Behold! my boys a goblet bear
Whose sunny foam bedews the air;
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly.
Grasp the bowl, in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Oh can the tears we tend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er?
No, no, the walk of life is dark,†
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark.
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours, chaf'd to fragrant death,
Or from the kiss of love inhale
A more voluptuous, richer gale.
To souls that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul,
To him the god, who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

Sonnet, on framing the engraved heads of MILTON and SHAKESPEARE.

Thou, who on scraph pinion dauntless flew
From-heaven's high throne to hell's dominion
drear
That thou might'st bring to our astonish'd view
All we now hope, with all we had to fear.
And thou, sweet bard, his only fit compeer,
Who nature's scenes in all their changes drew,
Whose fancy, unconfin'd to one wide sphere
'Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new.'

* In the original, 'For this is the month of Ramadan.'
† The brevity of life, says the translator, allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages, which Longepiere has adduced, I shall content myself with an epigram from the Anthologia, of which the following is a paraphrase:

Fly, my belov'd to yonder stream,
We'll plunge us from the noontide beam;
Then cull the rose's humid bud,
And dip it in our goblet's flood.
Our age of bliss, my nymph, shall fly
As sweet, though passing, as that sigh,
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip
'Come, while you may, of rapture sip.'
For age will steal the rosy form,
And chill the pulse which trembles warm,
And death, alas! that hearts, which thrill,
Like yours and mine should e'er be still.

Sons of true Genius! heirs of deathless Fame!
Here shall your chosen portraiture be plac'd,
By all the graphic skill of Albion grac'd,
Albion, that sounds through Europe her acclaim,
While Europe wafts it o'er the Atlantic main,
And echoing millions catch the boastful strain.

THE NEGRO BOY.

A BALLAD.

Cold blows the wind, and while the tear
Bursts trembling from my swollen eyes,
The rain's big drop quick meets it there,
And on my bosom lies;
O pity, all ye sons of joy,
The little wand'ring negro boy.

These tatter'd clothes, this ice-cold breast,
By winter harden'd into steel,
These eyes that know not soothing rest,
But speak the half of what I feel.
Long, long I never knew one joy.
The little wand'ring negro boy.

Cannot the sigh of early grief
Move but one charitable mind?
Cannot one hand afford relief?
One christian pity and be kind?
Weep, weep, for thine was never joy:
O little wand'ring negro boy.

Is there a good that men call pleasure?
O, Osmyn, would that it were thine!
Give me this only precious treasure,
How it would soften grief like mine!
Then Osmyn might be call'd, with joy,
The little wand'ring negro boy.

My limbs these twelve long years have borne
The rage of every angry wind;
Yet still does Osmyn weep and mourn,
Yet still no ease, no rest can find!
Then death alas! must soon destroy
The little wand'ring negro boy.

No sorrow e'er disturbs that rest,
That dwells within the lonely grave,
Thou best resource, the woe-wrung breast,
E'er ask'd of heaven, or heaven e'er gave.
Ah! then farewell, vain world; with joy
I die, the happy negro boy.

SONG TO ELIZA.

If to mine eye, like thy fair cheek,
The rose soft pleasure could impart;
Its flow'rs with eagerness I'd seek.
And always wear it on my heart.

For where thy image loves to rest
'Twould bloom with still redoubled glow,
The panting soil that warms my heart
No kinder, gentler sun can know.

EPIGRAM.

To a friend on his being lampooned.
Why seem surpris'd that ribald Sly
On you his Grub-street bounty scatters?
When a full mud-cart passes by,
'Tis odds that you escape the spatters.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 12.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

MISCELLANY. FOR THE PORT FOLIO. CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW, POLITICAL AND LITERARY.
NO. 8.

IT is no small mortification to me that so exquisite a classical scholar, as Mr. Kiddnap, in all his writings appears to be, should declare in a manner so pointed, as he does in my last extract, his disapprobation of Greek and Roman learning. My surprise on this account is not less than my chagrin. For, according to the observations I have made, it has seldom, if ever, before happened, that a man, acquainted with those kinds of literature, has been guilty of decrying them. That whole mass of sages, who, in the United States and elsewhere, have been, for these twenty years past, engaged in the great work of bringing into discredit the study of the languages and sciences of Greece and Rome, being composed entirely, as far as I have ever heard or remarked, of persons lamentably ignorant of the subjects against which they declaim. Now, as the interests of these ancients, against whom so great a prejudice has been excited, lie near my heart, and as the opportunity seems to be favourable, I hope I shall be excused if I turn aside, for a moment, from the main object of these essays, in order to get rid of a few observations, for which purpose, I doubt, if I shall ever have a fairer occasion. I do this with the less reluctance, as this privilege of digression, or of wandering from the point, is very dear to all of us, who, out of pure patriotism or compassion, submit to the thankless task of enlightening, through the medium of public prints, the benighted citizens of these states. A privilege which I take to be unalienable, and, like freedom and equality, born with us, American essayists; of which universal custom, as well as the express provisions of the constitutions of our respective states, secures to us the exercise. For melancholy, indeed, would be our lot, if we, in these free states, in executing our immortal works, were under the necessity of conforming ourselves to what are called rules of taste and laws of good writing; which, being for the most part established under monarchies and aristocracies, are not at all suited to the atmosphere of a republic. Besides, why should we be the only slaves, negroes excepted, in this happy country? For, in case so odious a necessity did exist, we, alone, of all the citizens, would be bound by rules and regulations, to which we have never given our assent, either expressly in person, or impliedly by our representatives. And this is as I have been taught, the very essence and definition of slavery. It being the great character of American liberty to be bound by no laws, but those of our own making, and to suffer as few of these, as possible, to get into operation.

Now as there are two descriptions of persons, as I perceive, engaged, with great zeal, in the work of preventing the farther growth of Greek and Latin learning among us, by discouraging its culture in our schools and colleges, and so, by degrees, rooting it out of the country, I shall submit a few observations to their consideration, separately, in the hope, that, recognizing their justice, they may be induced to relax in that rancour, with which, on all occasions, they persecute these branches of science. The first is that numerous class of happy gentlemen, who are blessed with a solid roof over their brains, and who by reason of an early ossification of the sutures of the skull, the consequence, sometimes, of neglect, and sometimes of indulgence during childhood, have been able, by the flintiness of its texture, not only to turn the edge of the wit, employed to overcome the obduracy of the place, but to resist all the attempts of the senses to throw a scientific garrison into that fortress. These gentlemen are not a little provoked, that, notwithstanding a great deal of beating of it about their heads, little, or none, of that species of learning ever found its way under the destined recipient. For which reason, they owe those sciences a grudge; and, judging of the market, by their own success in it, complain, and justly, of the great expense of time and labour, in their youth, to little or no purpose. Whereas, they imagine that, if they had been educated in the method they are now pursuing with their own offspring, they would have made as great a figure, in the present day, as those children of theirs promise to do in a future, who have already become great experimental philosophers, by laboriously watching the whirling of their tops, and are also far advanced in projectiles, by a long attention to that arduous study, the delight of the moderns,—push-pin. But these gentlemen have a better reason for their animosity to these sciences. For the sage instructors of former days had, as is well known, a thorough acquaintance with the principles of intellectual architecture; and according to the nature of the soil, on which they had to work, varied their means, keeping the great objects, beauty and utility, steadily in view. Whence it happened, that, after a sufficiently long trial, to build a mind in the brain, after the manner of that ingenious mechanic, the Bee, by beginning at the top, and fixing themselves strongly there, they were accustomed, for want of a hold, or from the impossibility of getting to the underside of the skull, to change their operations, and to attempt to raise the intellectual pile, by beginning at the bottom, and proceeding cautiously, according to the rules of ancient architecture, by a gradual and industrious laying on of birch. On which account all these enemies to the ancient sciences, of whom we now treat, are very sore, even to this day; as any man may be convinced, who will observe how ill at ease they are on their seats, when their notions, on these subjects, are denied, or, in any manner, controverted. Now, I beg these gentlemen to consider, that the great writers of antiquity did not, as they seem to imagine, compose those

celebrated works of theirs with the malignant design of causing the fleshy parts of the human frame to be flayed off on their account; but that this evil is altogether accidental; an innovation of later ages, of which those great men are entirely guiltless, and which they would lament, could they but look out of their graves, with as much feeling, and with infinitely more taste and pathos, than any other modern sufferer. I know that these objectors have imbibed a different opinion; believing that not only Ovid, Cicero, and Xenophon, but that all the classical writers of antiquity, have left express directions, in their works, for those cruel whippings, which even now, at an advanced age, they cannot reflect upon without great pain and sorrow. This unhappy belief of theirs, as it is the result of inveterate associations, made in infancy and childhood, which, according to Mr. Hartley, can never wholly be overcome, I may find it difficult to alter. Yet I cannot refrain from assuring those gentlemen that I have gone through all the ancient classics, with the express design of ascertaining whether those abhorred scenes of childhood were under, and by virtue of, their authority; and I declare I have not discovered the slightest foundation for such an opinion. True it is that Herodotus, in his treatise concerning gardening, has a passage which some have thought countenanced the practices under consideration. For he says—
"There is, in Boetia, a certain shrub, in its nature low, stunted and grove-like, which, if suffered to grow in company with its own species only, shoots up but a little way from the ground, and never produces any, except the most ugly and sour, fruits. Yet if this shrub be transplanted into the neighbourhood of certain ancient trees, which are the glory of the forest, and be placed so as that it may be refreshed from their shade, and drink of the dews, which, from time to time, drop from their proud and heaven-directed tops, it will expand and grow, becoming beautiful to the sight, and yielding fruits, very succulent and delightful. But if, as will sometimes happen, from a perversity of nature, or any languor in the sap, it is found, notwithstanding it enjoys such advantages, to droop about the head, and grow palsy about the body, these two symptoms ordinarily appearing together, then the gardeners of that country have a method of treating it, usually as effectual, as it seems extraordinary. For with a certain keen instrument, made out of the pliable branches of a birch, (for so, according to the best commentators, *onus* ought to be translated) they make an incision into the bottom and stripping up the bark, they, from time to time, according as in their judgment its improvement may require, scourge off the whole scarf or outside skin. This practice, far from injuring the shrub, as a theorist would imagine, communicates great life and vigour to it; inasmuch that the largest and most flourishing trees, in that country, are those, which have been treated, when young, in a manner as one would think, at first sight, so wanton and unnatural."

Now, I know, that those, who defend the ancient customs of our schools, cite this passage of Herodotus, pretending that it is only an

allegory; and that by *those ancient trees of the forest*, he intended the classics of his day, and that, by *scourging off the skin from the bottom*, he would intimate his approbation of a custom, which, at that time, prevailed among the most celebrated schoolmasters of Greece. In support of this opinion of theirs, they assert that Greece was, at this period, overrun with democratic notions and principles; and that the schemes of liberty and equality, the rights of man, and the dignity of human nature, of which their state constitutions, and the harangues of their demagogues are so full, were plucking not only the sceptre from the hands of tyrants, but the rod and the ferula from the hands of the masters, and were laying prostrate all just and necessary controul. Herodotus, therefore, as they think, not daring to oppugn the popular sentiment, by openly advocating the ancient regimen of the schools, (particularly as his work was written for the people, and read publicly at the Olympic games), adopted this figurative method of expressing his opinion upon a very important subject, and of transmitting it to posterity. I confess this construction of that celebrated passage of Herodotus always appeared to me very forced and unnatural, but must now, I think, be admitted to be wholly erroneous, since a famous modern gardener, Mr. Forsyth, who cannot be suspected of writing typically, or figuratively, has recommended a treatment of trees entirely similar to that, which, as this Grecian historian relates, was customary among the gardeners of Bœotia. So that, I hope, those gentlemen, who have taken so violent a prejudice against the ancients, on account of their sufferings in childhood, will, after a due consideration of what is written above, see the falsity of their opinions, and retract them. The truth is, these sufferings are to be attributed to a system, adopted by our ancestors of the three last ages, founded upon the belief, that, in order to excite the human mind to its highest energies, punishments were altogether as necessary, and generally much more effectual, than rewards. According to their opinion, it is with the intellect, in a degree, as with an high mettled racer, who, let him be as spirited as he will, always keeps the course much more truly, and clears the ground much more rapidly, when beset both by whip and spur, than when he is only stroked by his rider, and sees the groom shaking his provender at the goal. I know that, under *maternal influence*, these opinions have become antiquated. A new sect has sprung up, who decry the cruelties of the ancient regimen, and maintain the efficacy of what is called the *cake and candy constitutions of school government*. According to this system, learning is a *trap*, to make boys enter which, they must be *baited*;—it is a *long and fatiguing road*, and so they ought to take an abundance of *cordials and comforts* to keep them from fainting on the journey; it is a *hill*, in ascending which they are very apt to *get out of breath*, and, therefore, ought always to be furnished, like Falstaff, with *‘a penny worth of sugar candy to make them long-winded.’* I shall not, at present, enter into an examination of these two great systems of education, which divide the learned; as I mean to set apart a number, hereafter, for the investigation of this momentous question. In the meantime, if any schoolmaster in the United States, who has laid aside the ancient method of discipline, and adopted the fashionable, palatable system, would transmit to me information, duly authenticated, concerning the *necessary outfits* of their institution, and *its results*, they would do an essential service to literature. A great diversity of opinion exists among the schoolmasters, in my neighbourhood, upon this subject. Some distributing, what, in the modern system, are

called “*rewards*,” in great abundance, with no perceptible effect, while others, who are strongly suspected of using, in an underhand manner, an infusion of the ancient method, produce great effects, with few, or no, expenditures of this kind.

Another class of persons, who are, as I have hinted, engaged in the great work of rooting out Greek and Latin from among us, consists of persons of lively imaginations and quick apprehensions enough, and who, for the most part, have escaped the sorrows which have soured the tempers of those mentioned above; but yet who had no sooner escaped from the walls of their college, or the hands of their private tutor, than they laid aside all attention to ancient learning, any farther than it assisted, incidentally, the professions upon which they had entered, and by which they were getting their livelihood. These gentlemen, having lost the relish, which they had acquired in their youth, for classical literature, and accustoming themselves to measure the utility of all acquisitions, by their connection with professional advancement, soon learned to regard the respect they had been taught to entertain for the literature under consideration, as the prejudice of childhood, which it was worthy of them, when men, to throw off. Now, although it may be true as these gentlemen contend that utility is the standard of rank among the sciences, yet, I beg leave to doubt, what they seem to take for granted, that *pecuniary profit* is the standard of utility. I do by no means agree, therefore, that they have established their opinion, because they may prove that neither Greek nor Roman learning ever qualify a man to make a keener bargain on the exchange, or whet up his invention to find means to *make money* in any of the learned professions. I know that the great mass of my cotemporaries, when such evidence is produced, think that all questions concerning the advantages of that learning are at an end. A few, however, judge more justly, and coincide with me in opinion, that, admitting their inefficacy in producing pecuniary results, the sacred relics of Greece and Rome are worthy of all the devotion, and all the study, which our ancestors paid to them, inasmuch as they contain, in their estimation, more exquisite models of excellence, juster principles of taste, nobler motives of conduct, more certain methods for intellectual advancement than are easily to be found in any of the works of the present day; not excepting those chief depositories of the learning and taste of these states, our political pamphlets and newspapers. I am very sensible that if this opinion of mine were to be decided by *‘hand vote,’* in the United States, it would be carried against me by a very great majority; particularly, if, as on other great questions, the *black interest* of Virginia and her dependencies was thrown into the scale. A measure, against which, I confess, I can see no reasonable objection. Since upon every question of *science and morals*, from all the observations I have made, the oppressed *black gentlemen* of the ancient dominion have quite as correct views, and altogether as enlarged notions, and of consequence as good right to give their opinion, as any of those wise patriots, calling themselves their masters. The truth is, that ever since putting together watchwork, and measuring bones, and making mould-boards, have been sufficient qualifications to entitle men not only to set up for great philosophers themselves, but to be rated as such by others, the ancient routes to greatness, through labour and trial, and frequent comparison of our own works with established standards, have been thought too circuitous, and gone entirely into disrepute. A man, who, now-a-days, has the ambition to be celebrated as a great scholar or philosopher,

need ask no other boon of providence than to be enabled to discover a *mammoth pit*, or to have revealed to him *‘a great claw.’* By means of which he may step up boldly, and take possession of the philosopher’s chair at once. But if he happen to have his scale and dividers in his pocket, and should submit to the drudgery of making a drawing and description, for the benefit of the curious, he will have ill luck indeed, if, in consequence of these rare exertions, he be not elevated, for life, to the presidency of the American philosophical society. Since these easy paths to literary reputation and eminence have been explored, the old tracks have been neglected. Men, here, in the United States, understand making bargains better, than to buy the good graces of posterity, by the painful labours the ancients impose, when all their cotemporaries are hawking about literary immortality, at their doors, for so great a pennyworth. From all which it is very obvious how it happened that the eulogist* of Dr. Rittenhouse could find no better way to account for the *unexampled superiority* of his genius, than his ignorance of the learned languages; and that the great man, his successor in the philosopher’s chair, omits no occasion to show his contempt for those ancients, by an open violation of all the rules they took the pains to establish concerning taste and propriety in style; and by taking that *short cut to immortality*, which the moderns have invented, but which, whoever follows, will, if the testimony of those ancients is admitted, be cruelly disappointed in his expectations.

In making these observations in defence of ancient literature, I have not thought it worth my while to notice the objections raised by our wise legislators at Lancaster, who, as I am credibly informed, are very violent in their animosity, ever since they have heard that the book, called *Homer’s Iliad*, is a shilling pamphlet, published expressly against that immortal work, *Paine’s Common Sense*; and that they have had it seriously in contemplation to pass an act of attainder against Marcus Tullius Cicero, since they have learnt that he was a *lawyer*, who had, on divers occasions, expressed himself very boldly against their favourite project of building up justices of the peace on the ruins of the bar. These false notions I must leave time to correct; for it would be going too far out of my way to collect the evidence to draw our wise representatives out of an error, into which they have fallen *very innocently*.

Having thus finished, in the manner of my cotemporaries, this elaborate and ingenious defence of ancient learning, I shall now, with great joy to myself and the public, return to the excellent work I have undertaken to review.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As you have sometimes spoken of the fashions in your port folio, you are the most proper person to whom I can address my complaints of the ill manners of the day.

I am one of those, of my sex, who think the charms with which nature has liberally gifted us, should not lie altogether concealed, and those fellows, who undertake to censure us for making a free display of them, are impertinent and reflect not that they also are very fond of displaying themselves and on all occasions, in conversations, drag in, right or wrong scraps and quotations

* ‘I am disposed to believe that his extensive knowledge and splendid character are to be ascribed chiefly to his having escaped the pernicious influence of monkish learning upon his mind in early life.’ Dr. Rush’s Eulogy on Dr. Rittenhouse.

they have gleaned from Magazines, or newspapers to make us believe they are learned and well read, yet if we expose to view only naked, genuine charms they call us immodest, but they, with all their borrowed nonsense pass uncensured; hang their impertinence!

But to come to what most weighs upon my mind, not long since being on a visit to Washington, I thought I would outstrip the most fashionable of our ladies and astonish the southern members of congress, who had been mostly accustomed to view the charms of their black woman or of Indian squaws. I had scarcely made my entree into a large assembly, when a tall mammoth of a creature suddenly fixed his lecherous eyes and kept them riveted upon my bare bosom. Had two burning glasses collected the rays of the sun there I should not have felt more torment: I knew not which way to look. I first cast my eyes down upon my neck, then looked up, now on one side, then on the other. My eyes from their sudden transitions quickened their motion, till at length they began fairly to quiver and my whole body was in one universal flutter, just like a sparrow when under the charm of a rattle snake and ready to be devoured by it. I wished I had been stark naked, that the eyes that were fastened upon me, having no particular point to attract them, would wander all over my body and give me some relief. I was upon the point of sinking, when some lucky accident relieved me from such horrid looks and gave me an opportunity to recover myself. Now I wish it to be understood, and I wish you to inculcate this idea in all your future lessons upon fashion and good breeding, that our naked charms are not to be gazed or stared at by impertinent fellows, but must only be viewed by stolen glances, particularly at this early date of the fashion, when they unaccustomed to being exposed to view, feel as sensibly the staring of the men, as eyes just opened, after being long closed, feel the glare of the sun. If the men feel at any loss for a resting place for their eyes, can they not collect their wandering looks to a point on the face, a part more injured to the gazing of men.

Yours ever, I. O.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEANE, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

[Continued.]

Extracts of letters from London.

October 6, 1780.

Mr. Henry Laurens was brought to town last night rather in better health. He was lodged that night in the messenger's house, in Scotland yard, and denied all sort of communication with his friends, or those who wished to speak to him. He was examined at noon at Lord George Germaine's, and committed by a warrant of justice Addington a close prisoner to the tower, orders that no person whatever speaks to him. These folks are so foolishly changeable that most likely in a few days the severity of his confinement may be relaxed. At present two men are always in the same room with him, and two soldiers without.

October 10, 1780.

Since my last, of the sixth, there has been no material incident relative to Mr. Henry Laurens's commitment; nor is the rigour of his confinement abated. No person whatever can speak to him but in hearing and sight of the two attendant messengers. It is said that the secretary of state's order will produce admittance to his room,

but nothing else. Some of his tory relations, and a Mr. Manning, a merchant of the city, and a correspondent of Mr. Laurens have made attempts to speak to him, but did not succeed. He is wise enough to be cautious who he speaks to. It is generally thought that this rigour will be taken off in a few days, and that his friends, who are now backward for fear that any stir may be disadvantageous to him, will have admittance. Almost every person here is crying out shame upon this sort of treatment of Mr. Laurens.

October 17, 1780.

It was not until the fourteenth instant that any person whatever was permitted to see Mr. Laurens in the tower. On that day, after repeated applications for admission, Mr. Manning and Mr. Laurens, jun. a youth of sixteen or eighteen years, who has been some years at Warrington school, were permitted to see him. An order went signed from the three secretaries of state, Hillsborough, Stormont and Germaine, to the governor of the tower, permitting the two gentlemen above to visit Mr. Laurens for half an hour. The warrant expressly intimating that their visit was to be limited to that time, and that they could not, a second time, see him, without a new order. The governor of the tower sent a note to Mr. Manning's that he had received such an order from the secretaries of state, and he, with young Laurens, went accordingly last Saturday morning. They found him very ill of a lax, much emaciated, but not low spirited, and bitterly invective against the people of England for their harsh treatment of him. He spoke very handsomely of captain Keppel, who took him, and the lieutenant who accompanied him to London; but from the period of his putting his foot on shore, he was treated with a brutality which he could not even expect from Englishmen. His weakness from sickness, and his agitation on seeing his son, took up the first ten of the thirty minutes allowed him to converse with his friends. The rest was filled with bitter invectives against the authors of his harsh treatment. His outer room is but a very mean one, not more than twelve feet square, a dark, close bed-room adjoining, both indifferently furnished, and a few books on his table; no pen and ink, or newspaper has been yet allowed him, but he has a pencil and memorandum book in which he occasionally notes things. The warden of the tower and a yeoman of the guard are constantly at his elbow, though they never attempt to stop his conversation. Mr. Manning and his child being the first visitors he has had, perhaps Mr. Laurens was led to say every thing he could of the severity of his treatment, in order that it might be known abroad, and contradict the general report of his being exceedingly well treated. He has hitherto declined any physical advice, or the visits of any of those creatures near him, who may be put in with a view to pump. Mr. Penn is making application, and will likely see him. It is doubtful if the son will again get leave. His harsh treatment being now pretty generally known, every one is crying out shame against it, and they accuse a great personage, known by the name of white eyes, as the immediate author of it.

Passy, November 6, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

My grandfather has been, for a long time past, laid up with the gout, and is so still. He directs me to inform you, that he has received several of your letters, which he has not as yet been able to answer; he hopes, however, that in a few days he shall be able to do it, as his sufferings are much diminished.

You have heard, I suppose of the arrival at Brest of M. de Guichen.

I am, as ever, my dear sir,

Your very affectionate

Humble servant,

W. T. FRANKLIN.

M. Dumas.

Amsterdam, November 9, 1780.

MY DEAR SIR,

I feel myself greatly obliged to you for your kind attention in writing frequently to me, and I beg you will believe that I receive your letters with great satisfaction.

I am happy to find we are to have the pleasure of seeing you here the end of this week, and I flatter myself we shall have much agreeable conversation together, and with the other friends of freedom and lovers of mankind, now in Amsterdam.

We have letters from London so far down as the third of this month, at which time our friend Mr. L. was still under rigorous confinement, inasmuch that his young son was not permitted to see him. We have, however, found means of some communications with him, by which we find his health quite restored, and that he is in very high spirits. He assures us, under his hand, that no paper of any consequence has fallen into the enemy's hands. We have reason to hope that he will, in a short time, be released, at least from his present rigorous confinement; but this, as well as all I write you respecting him, had better be kept to ourselves. I received a letter yesterday from L'Orient, by which I find a vessel had arrived there from Philadelphia, which brings accounts that general Gates was at the head of twelve thousand men, within seventy miles of Charlestown, and that his advanced parties had surprised several of the enemy's outposts, and made about one hundred prisoners. I make not the least doubt we shall have pleasing accounts from that quarter before very long.

I am delighted at the information you give me, that we may expect the pleasure of seeing M. le duc de la V. in this city. I shall make it a point, as soon as he arrives here, to pay my devoirs to him.

I pray you to believe me to be, with the most respectful compliments to your lady and to mademoiselle,

Your sincere friend and servant,

J. SEARLE.

P.S. We have no vessel here that will depart for any part of America this season, which I am very sorry for.

Passy, November 7, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

When I wrote you yesterday that M. de Guichen was arrived, I made no doubt but that it was certain, especially as I had it from persons who are generally well informed. But I now find that I have been deceived, and I take the earliest opportunity of acquainting you therewith, in order to prevent your spreading a piece of intelligence which is not founded on truth.

I am, my dear sir,

With great esteem,

Your affectionate

Humble servant,

M. Dumas.

W. T. FRANKLIN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Journal of a tour from Paris to Amsterdam, in the year 1796.

9th November, 1796. Left Paris in the morning in company with Mr. — on a tour to Amsterdam and lodged at Compiègne 19 leagues. This pretty town which contains 5000 inhabitants had once to rejoice in a royal chateau, a pleasing

palace of Louis the 15th, which still preserves the decapitation of its last royal and wretched owner.

It is surrounded by very extensive and luxuriant meadows through which the river Oise rolls a busy tide, if we may so conclude from the number of large barges on its margin; there is also an excellent stone bridge.

10th, Breakfasted at Noyon, a large town formerly the residence of a bishop. The cathedral still exhibits strong traits of gothic grandeur, although it now serves only as a military deposit of corn and forage. There is a well constructed fountain in the market place. Two markets one of provisions and vegetables, the other of flour and grain, appeared abundantly supplied.

St. Quentin is a fortified, being considered as a frontier town. It looks well as you approach it from a hill two miles distance. The principal church appeared higher than any I have ever seen. We rode close along the fosse of its western ramparts, but did not enter the town.

11th, Breakfasted at Cambrai, a city much more interesting for being the residence of the amiable Fenelon, than for its formidable fortifications. The style of the houses differs, and there is enough of cleanliness to shew, that you are near leaving France.

Bouchain is a strongly fortified place, as far as numerous bastions, ditches, wall, gates, and draw bridges go. It has a garrison but I saw no cannon mounted. We first met the Scheldt at Cambrai and now here again. We arrived at Valenciennes in time for dinner and for the more interesting spectacle of viewing the effects of the siege in 1793. The works are various, numerous, and apparently impregnable. The principal attack was on the east. There are two churches and about 150 houses which exhibit the melancholy effects of bombs and bullets. They are now a general pile of ruins. The Austrian and English combined forces amounted to 70,000 men. The garrison consisted of 12,000, and when the town surrendered, they were reduced to 4,000. There were also near 3,000 inhabitants who perished in this siege of forty-three days. We here met strong beer and a sea coal fire, two singular articles in France. St. Quentin, Cambrai and Bouchain are situated on high ground but this town not.

12th, Soon after leaving Valenciennes you enter Austrian Flanders or rather the conquered department of French Brabant. Arrived at two o'clock at Mons and immediately procured a guide to conduct us to the memorable spot where Dumourier, gained the battle of Jemappe. There is a hill a little to the south of Mons, on and around which was the Austrians' encampment, and about a mile and half beyond, near the village of Jemappe, lies another where the Austrians had raised several strong redoubts. These the French stormed and carried one after the other, although repeatedly repulsed with immense slaughter. There is a small village between the two hills in which much carnage was the result of the cavalry of both armies meeting. The French had full fifteen thousand killed, and the Austrians about eleven, (as the French general moved rapidly on, the peasantry of the country were at liberty to bury the dead, in doing which they filled three coal pits, the cloathing fully compensated them for their labour.) The latter hastily retreated, and Mons the next morning surrendered to the former.

This town has changed masters four times since the commencement of the present war but fortunately for its inhabitants the emperor Joseph the Second, in 1784, had taken care to have all its

out works demolished;* it has therefore always since escaped the horrors of a siege by delivering its keys to that general who brought an army to demand them. The ramparts are high with beautiful rows of trees, which like all the other fortified towns I have seen, afford very pleasant promenades for the inhabitants. Mons is situated on a hill and at some distance looks well, all the buildings of importance are churches or religious houses. Here for the first time I met in the streets several capuchin friars, and some priests. But the convents are suppressed, and next Tuesday is the time for their evacuation. On the road we passed a number of crosses and two or three little chapels, where the mendicants pick up money by imposing on credulity, and taxing superstitious sensibility. The entrance to Mons on the road from Valenciennes is remarkably pleasing from the lofty trees that border the pavement for a mile. On the ramparts there are two large windmills, but no cannon, and one mill is worth a thousand guns. The honest Brabanters think that man was made to raise wheat and vegetables, and not to murder each other. There is a fair held here twice a year which lasts twenty days; they were now engaged in the fall one; we walked round about seventy or eighty very pretty temporary shops filled with a great variety of merchandize. They are erected in and round the walls of a large public building and some in a large square. The petty merchants come from Brussels, Antwerp, Valenciennes, &c.

We left Mons at eleven, being a very fine morning and arrived at Brussels at five o'clock, thirty-five miles. For about twenty miles the country has greatly the appearance of New-England, rocks and stones excepted, and that there are no enclosures, but farmhouses occasionally scattered, and churches and windmills rising in every direction.

Brussels is considered as the capital of the Austrian Pays bas. It has among other advantages that of centrality in respect to the neighbouring great towns of Louvain, Mecklin, Antwerp, Ghent, Mons, Charleroy, and Namur; it is the handsomest city of imperial Flanders and contains about 80,000 inhabitants, in has also a great number of churches, hospitals, and maisons dieu. The river Senne runs through the lower part of it and forms several islands, which, covered with houses and united by bridges, are not distinguished by a stranger until pointed out to him. This town is built on uneven ground the scite of the Park being 150 feet higher than the surface of the Senne. Here is a handsome palace where the cidevant governor general of these provinces used to reside, and a number of large houses belonging to the nobility of the country, several edifices and hotels necessary for the different bodies and tribunals of the general government. There was also a royal library, and cabinets containing a great variety of subjects of natural history as well as for experimental physics. They had also a mint and treasury, and an imperial academy of sciences and belles lettres. One for design, painting, sculpture and architecture, but they have now all perished, and a dirty tri-coloured rag displays its tatters in front of all the public buildings which were governmental ones, or were the special property of any of the emperor's family, or belonged to emigrant nobles. Had the French been content with only this species of confiscation, the

* It was a favourite theory of this prince that countries should be preserved by armies, not by fortifications. The unfortunate experience of Joseph falsified some of his theories, both of the philosophical as well as political kind.

humiliated inhabitants would not have repined, but with deep regret they must have felt their subjugation, when they saw the waggons of their conquerors carrying off for ever, to enrich the proud capital of the republic of France, those precious paintings, sculptures and cabinets, which had so often excited the curiosity and admiration of foreigners, as well as held out precepts and stimulus to the artists of their own country.

Here is one of the most beautiful squares perhaps in Europe. it is called the park of Brussels I should rather stile it a garden in the centre of four charming streets. It is well planted with trees; the gravel walks judiciously laid out, and the busts and statues, which are numerous, suitably disposed to produce as much effect as such sort of things are capable. In front of the great avenue of the park is a noble house, in which the Council of Brabant sat. The houses which compose the four streets are not uniformly built, but sufficiently elegant, or neat, to form a pleasing coup-d'œil.

They boast of seven parishes, among which is a collegiate church. They formerly had thirteen convents, two of which were suppressed and twenty nunneries, most of which were reduced in the years 1783 and 1784 by the emperor, at the hazard of a rebellion. They also count twenty-eight public chapels, and sixty hospitals and houses for charitable purposes; and the following excellent institution is worthy the imitation of all countries, wherein charity is estimated a virtue. Each parish has a building which is called the Orphan House, where poor children of both sexes belonging to the parish are fed, clothed, and instructed; and as they advance in age, they are set to work at different employments, and the money arising from their labour goes into the general fund of the establishment; and the principal gentlemen of each respective parish, with pleasure undertake the discharge of this truly christian and honorable administration.

The hotel de Ville, or town house, is of gothic architecture, and is said to be the most beautiful public building in Austrian Flanders. The tower is of a pyramidal form three hundred and sixty-four feet in height. The statue of St. Michael seventeen feet high is fixed on the top of this lofty steeple. This angel of the revelations, it seems, is the patron saint of Brussels and therefore you see him and his dragon perched about in different streets; and they certainly have had very extraordinary fortune not to have before this time been deposed from their airy elevated station on the hotel de Ville.

The large and venerable church of St. Gudule placed on high ground, furnishes from the top of the towers a very complete view of the city. It is a collegiate, and the principal church in Brussels. The front exhibits a vast and magnificent work of gothic architecture and sculpture; the interior is composed of sixteen chapels situated along the walls, each adorned with appropriate paintings and images, according to the services and sufferings of the saint to whom it is dedicated. There are no pieces that claim much attention. The French seized and sent to Paris every chef-d'œuvre they could find in the palaces, or churches, but the priests took care, in time, to send off to Vienna all their crucifixes, vessels, and martyrs, that were composed of gold or silver; with these exceptions there still remains enough of the superb, with some glitter, to make this cathedral worth a few hours of the traveller's time and observation.

This country formed a part of the hereditary conquests belonging to the house of Austria, of course, the principles of the feudal system with the imperial fiefs constituted the ground-work of their tenures.

It is for a general peace to settle the ownership and sovereignty of the country. Should it eventually remain with France, and continue one of its departments, the constitution of that republic necessarily supercedes all feudal distinctions, and annihilates every species of legal vassalage among its peasantry. The courts of law, where the local institutes, or the emperor's placards, did not interfere, were regulated in their decisions by the civil law. The general outlines of the government, are to be found in all good geographical volumes.

Mild, frank, honest, industrious, religious and illiterate. (I refer to the multitude) I believe, and this opinion is founded on much observation, and some conversation, that the Flemings would generally prefer their old state of vassalage and pious subjugation, to being united as free denizens, to the infidel, aspiring and belligerent republic of France. They appear more disgusted at the suppression of the religious houses, than resentful at the taxes which their new masters exact from them, simple and local. For ages, inured to and managed by the monkery and magic of priests and friars, they cannot be brought to believe the shameful vices that naturally attach to convents, where, indolence and luxury united to seclusion and privacy, produce effects of the most detestable nature. Crimes confined within their own walls, if detected would not be punished, because the order ought not to be scandalised, lest religion should thereby be profaned!

There are twenty-five bridges and as many public fountains, but no one remarkable.* They have several markets, the fish, vegetable and flesh ones very full and very good.
(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[In a general and statistical history, now preparing for the press, by an ingenious clergyman, of one of the most interesting portions of American territory, a place has been allotted to Biography. In this department is a sketch of the life of CARVER, who travelled into the western country in 1765. Nothing but an outline is yet drawn; many facts are still to be collected, and many interesting particulars may yet be gleaned, to illustrate that constitutional bent of mind, which is but another term for inflexible resolution, and ardent genius.]

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CAPT. CARVER, THE CELEBRATED TRAVELLER.

Captain Jonathan Carver was born at Canterbury, Connecticut, in 1729. He was a descendant of John Carver, the first governor of the colony of Plymouth, in 1620. His mother, being deserted by her husband, was reduced, with her child, to needy circumstances. The selectmen of that town made provision for the boy, and, at a proper age, indentured him to a shoemaker of the name of Bradford.

With the common advantages of a district school, he made uncommon progress in reading, writing, and arithmetic. His active mind became uneasy with his confined situation. The severity of his master added new force to his predominant passion for adventure, and he quitted him before the age of twenty-one, under the youthful expectation of managing better for himself. He married, at Windham, a young woman by the name of Robins; but, not being contented to walk in the narrow circle of domestic duties, on the commencement of hostilities between France

and England, in 1755, he enlisted as a private soldier, and marched with the troops to the defence of the frontiers of New-York. In 1757, he escaped the dreadful massacre at fort William-Henry, where about 1500 brave troops, under the command of general Webb, were murdered in cold blood, by the Indians in the French army, commanded by general Montcalm.

Carver, in 1758, was promoted to a lieutenancy in colonel Patridge's regiment, and the year following was, with the troops under general Wolf, at the siege and surrender of Quebec. In 1760, he was promoted to a captain's commission. As a soldier and an officer he acquitted himself with reputation for bravery and ability.

After the peace of Versailles, in 1763, captain Carver retired from the army, but was too enterprising to be idle. Having become inured to fatigue and danger, his bold genius led him, from motives stated in the introduction and conclusion of his travels, to explore the western country, which had been, by the treaty of Versailles, ceded to Great Britain. Spending about two years with his family in Massachusetts, he set forward in 1765 on his rout to the lakes, without individual or combined patronage to defray his expenses. In the accomplishment of this noble and hazardous undertaking captain Carver has deservedly the honour of rendering a most important service to his country, in opening to its acquaintance a vast unexplored wilderness, which, in the progress of population, is destined to be inhabited by a civilized people. He was absent from his family two years and five months, and travelled about seven thousand miles.

In 1769, he took passage, with his family, for England, indulging the fond expectation of receiving the reward of his labours. But here he thought himself treated not only with neglect, but injustice. He obtained from the Board of Trade merely a compensation of the sums he had expended in his travels, on condition of delivering up the original journals. But fortunately retaining duplicates, he, after several years, procured the publication of his travels for his own benefit.

With his family in London, and disappointed of that support which he had every reason to expect from a government he had so faithfully served, at the risk of his life, in exploring the western territories, he necessarily fell into indigent circumstances.

The probable reasons why captain Carver and his travels were not more patronized, were the difficulties which then existed and were increasing between Great Britain and her colonies. It was their policy to suppress every thing that tended to give a more particular view of the power, wealth, and future prospects of this country.

With a family, and destitute of the adequate means of support, Carver found less sympathy in the wealth of London, than he would have shared among the tribes of the west.*

In 1779, he acted in the low employment of a clerk in a lottery office, till worn out with fatigue, and borne down by disappointment, a putrid fever put an end to his life in the city of London, January 31, 1780, aged 51.

Captain Carver was above the common stature, of a firm muscular frame of body. His features indicated a bold, persevering mind. He was of a light florid complexion. Pure in his morals, he was free from the folly of assuming importance by profanity. In his travels, and in his curious and intelligent letter to his wife, dated September 24, 1767, he manifests a practical belief of a constant providence, which, in a most remarkable manner, had guarded over him in all his ways.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Berne, October 17.

MY DEAR SIR,

We left Lucerne the 15th very early, and travelled along the banks of the lake of Sempack by a very fine road. We saw on the opposite shore the village of the same name, celebrated in Helvetian history for the battle which the Swiss gave Leopold, duke of Austria, in 1386, who was killed near it, with the flower of his knights: at the further end of the lake is the small town of Sursee. We remarked in the church-yard (as we have several times done in this country) that almost every grave was decorated with a stone, wooden or metal cross, sometimes gilt in a strange, fantastic manner; before each cross was a basin of holy water, with a sprig of myrtle in it, for the friends of the departed to sprinkle it on their graves; no weed is suffered to grow upon them, and it would be thought a disgrace to the surviving relations were they to neglect keeping them clear.

We dined at Zoffingen, a small neat manufacturing town upon the Wigger; and as our horses had to stop there a couple of hours, we got no further at night than a lone house in the neighbourhood of some mills.—The place is called Morgenthal. The next morning we proceeded on to this place, stopping only at the village of Hindlebanck, to see in the little parish church the celebrated tomb of Madame de Langhans, who died in child birth at the age of twenty-eight.

This monument, which does infinite credit to the taste and invention of Mr. Nahl, the sculptor, has been universally admired, and I think with reason. It is in an aisle of the church under a kind of trap-door, which on being raised exhibits the tombstone which is supposed to cover Madame de Langhans, burst in twain, in a very natural and fine manner, and she is seen raising it up with one arm, while she holds in the other her little infant, who also appears struggling to free itself from the confinement of the grave. I do not know that I ever saw a more pleasing monument; the attitudes and effect are surprisingly natural, and the beauty of the mother and her little innocent are well calculated to excite a lively interest in the beholder. You will see a good engraving of it in one of my port folios if you will apply to my friends in—

We entered Berne by a fine bridge of hewn free stone built over the Aar.—At the gate which terminates it our passports were demanded, but returned to us last night visited by the proper authorities.

From the appearance of Berne without, a stranger is surprised to find a large, beautiful, and regular city; the houses on every street supported by arcades, which afford a covered walk all over the place, and under which are all the shops. Nothing but carriages and servants washing at the fountains, are seen in the streets, and to facilitate crossing the streets in dirty weather, large flags, raised above the level of the pavement (like those in Philadelphia) are placed in the most convenient places. The houses are all built of freestone, of a delicate olive colour, and, independent of the ornament of arcades, are generally of handsome architecture. The public buildings are magnificent; particularly the hospital, which would do honour to a large capital.

The cathedral is an ancient, noble structure, uniting solidity with beauty. It is placed on a terrace of enormous height, supported by the highest stone wall I ever saw; I believe it is seventy feet. It is planted with rows of trees, and forms the principal promenade of the inha-

* One is called *Manneke-pisne*. It is a statue elevated on a stone pedestal, very naturally, but very offensively discharging a stream of excellent water, which the inhabitants catch in buckets—most countries have their indecencies.

bitants. The view of the surrounding country is both extensive, and grand; perhaps it is one of the finest in Switzerland, as it commands the winding of the Aar through a rich and highly romantic country, and extends to the Alps of Grindenwald, which are among the highest and most beautiful glaciers. At the rising and setting of the sun these snow-capt mountains assume a splendour which is scarcely to be imagined by a person who has never seen them, and which I candidly confess to you I never formed an idea of.

I must here, once for all, beg your indulgence for the enthusiasm with which you will perceive I am, and may be tempted to describe (perhaps too often) the grand scenes which nature delights to display in Switzerland. It may very probably be tiresome to you; but I am well convinced that any one who has ever been in this extraordinary country, and possesses the slightest taste, for its beauties, would with a kindred feeling read, and not condemn, my apparently extravagant descriptions, and most assuredly never consider them as romantic or too exaggerated. I may also perhaps permit myself to enter into too minute details of my proceedings, by informing you of my almost hourly adventures; but in a country so singular and so interesting as this, where every mile presents something new and worthy of observation, I am really loth to omit informing you of every thing I see and do, and would rather run the risk of incurring your censure for tedious narrative, than by too concise a communication leave you ignorant of what I wish you to be acquainted with.

Berne, though it appears low from the neighbouring country which is very elevated and broken into various forms, is nevertheless situated pretty high. It is almost insulated by the Aar, which flows round three sides of it. Every thing within and without gives the idea of moderate but competent wealth, industry, and attention to public convenience; indeed this is the case throughout Switzerland, where public spirit prevailed more than in any other country. The revolution has, however, made some difference, as it has dissipated all the public and contracted by its acquisitions all the private means. Besides this, it has created a jealousy which has proved destructive to all friendly intercourse, and has absolutely destroyed the society which rendered Switzerland the favorite resort of the elegant and the literary. I am tired out with hearing the complaints of the different parties; every one appears discontented and accuses his neighbour as being concerned in bringing about the dreadful change.

October 22.

We are just returned from an excursion to the valley and glaciers of Grindenwald, which even at this late season has afforded us a pleasure of the highest kind this country affords.

The weather proving very fine on the 18th, and promising a continuance, we left Berne after dinner, accompanied only by one servant and carrying a small bundle of necessaries—a noble road enabled us to arrive in three hours at the town of Thun, situated at one end of the lake of the same name, on the banks of the Aar, just where that river issues from it. We passed the night here, and were not a little amused with the loquacity of our landlord, who was a perfect Boniface. Finding we were Americans, he came into our room, uninvited, to tell us that he knew Dr. Franklin at Paris, where he said he once cut a figure, but spending all his money he was compelled to retire to this place where he was not well known, and turn inn-keeper. He professed also to have been an intimate acquaintance of Voltaire and Rousseau, of whom he recounted many anecdotes, and he diverted us with a description of the information he gave to Coxe the

traveller, who he assured us, with great pride, staid several days to converse with him respecting Switzerland.

Very early next morning we embarked in one of the flat-bottomed barques of the place, and had got half over the lake (which is five or six leagues long) before a heavy fog that had plagued us for a couple of hours was completely dissipated. We were then much delighted with the grandeur of the mountains which shut in this beautiful piece of water, and which at this season presented a singular spectacle; their tops being covered with snow, (a circumstance that scarcely ever happens in summer) which extended as far as the cold region, below which was verdure intermingled with forests, villages, and chateaux.

After a few hours rowing we were landed at a lone house called the *New Haus*, from whence we walked two miles to the village of Interlaken. A short distance from it, we passed through the small one of Unterseen, where are the ruins of an old castle, but which have no picturesque or romantic beauty. At Interlaken we hired a *char-a-banc*, or low cart, the seats of which were hung upon leathern springs—As we were much jolted in our journey up the rugged vallies, we preferred walking the greater part of the way; particularly as we could more leisurely admire the savage scenery of the Alps, among which we were now entering. Black pine and larch forests, impending rocks, and rapid torrents which dashed along over their stony beds, were the chief features of the wild vallies we passed through.

It was nearly dark when we came to the little hamlet of Grindenwald, where we found tolerable accommodations in the small *auberge* of the place, from the windows of which we could see nothing but bleak prospects, rendered more dreary by the approach of winter. The *chalets* or little log huts built on the plains which are found high up the mountains, and to which the herdsmen drive their cattle in summer, were now quite deserted and half buried in snow. Some of these *chalets* are found at an amazing height, and have a very romantic and solitary appearance when seen from the vallies.

LAW INTELLIGENCE. COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

LITERARY PROPERTY.

Hirre v. Dale.

Mr. Scarlett opened the pleadings. The declaration stated, that the plaintiff was the proprietor and had the copy-right of a song called 'Abraham Newland,' that he had a right to print and publish the same, and that the defendant injuriously printed a number of these songs in violation of this copy-right.

There were two counts in the declaration: it was described as a *poem*, as a *copy of verses*, and as a *song*.

Mr. Erskine stated to his Lordship and the gentlemen of the jury, that the plaintiff, in this action, was a music seller at Liverpool, and that the defendant was in the same way of business in this town. This case might be considered by many as of small importance; but that was always of importance, that was attended with benefit.

Lord Ellenborough here asked if this song was entered at Stationers' Hall, pursuant to the statute of Anne?

Mr. Erskine said it was not, and that it was not necessary in an action; it was only necessary to be entered for the purpose of penalties.

His Lordship asked, if this song was a book?

Mr. Erskine replied, that he should most clearly bring it within his Lordship's jurisdiction. The subject matter of this action was

this: Mr. Dibdin, who is a man of humour and genius, composed a little poem, which afterwards, in different parts of England, was set to music; and it was a poem on the same subject, which had occupied the greatest poets in the world in all ages. No man was better acquainted with all the learning of the ancient world than his Lordship. This subject had occupied the poets of all times—The love of Money. From the time of the Greeks down to the time of our own satirists, on this very topic:

O cives, cives, querenda pecunia primum est:
Virtus post nummos.

Money, they said, produced many virtues, and a great many vices. But suppose there was a correct translation of these poets, he did not think it was probable their beauties were likely to engross the attention of the mass of mankind. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was a great master in painting, used to say, that 'it required great taste to see that which was excellent in the fine arts.' A vulgar man would be apt to set the same value on the paintings at Vauxhall, as on those of Reubens, or of the first masters of the art. Mr. Dibdin did not address his verses so much to the learned, as to the mass of mankind. He chose for his subject the over-ruling power of money; and as Mr. Abraham Newland was the great representative of our currency, which had so long stood its ground, and which was likely so to do, it had been called after his name. The learned counsel here read part of the song:

O brave Abraham Newland,
Notify'd Abraham Newland;
I've heard people say,
That *sham Abraham* you may;
But you must not *sham Abraham Newland*.

This song was merely meant to represent the value of our paper credit, the name of Abraham Newland being subscribed to all our notes. Without entering into the merits or demerits of this poem, whether it was good or bad, it certainly had a great number of readers. It had been heard in theatres, and had been set to music, though it was not for the music, but only for the words, this action was brought.

Lord Ellenborough wished to see the 8th of Anne, relative to this subject.

Mr. Erskine observed, that some time ago this was matter of great controversy among the greatest Judges; and Lord Mansfield considered it as a common law right. That independent of the statute, there was a right vested in every person who was the author of every composition, to prevent any other person depriving him of the fruits of his ingenuity. Other Judges entertained different opinions on this subject. They held, while your bird was in your cage, it was yours; while your book was in your closet, it was your property; but the moment it was published, it was competent to others not only to read it, but to copy it. To put an end to all disputes on this subject, the Legislature, in the time of Q. Anne, gave the author a vested interest in his work for fourteen years, and, if he was living at the end of that period, for another fourteen years. There were penalties annexed to the breach of the copy right, which were not sought to be recovered by this action. But, in order to recover the penalties, Legislature required the observance of certain forms and ceremonies, as, that it should be entered at Stationers' Hall, &c.

Lord Ellenborough here observed, that the vesting clause was detached from the penal clause.

Mr. Erskine observed, that Mr. Dibdin having composed this little poem, it was set to music, and he had a witness who used to sing it on the stage at Liverpool. His learned friend

perhaps might say, if you allow a man to sing it on the stage, you have lost your copy-right. But that he denied. Nothing could make it more public than a publication, which had not that effect.

Lord Ellenborough asked if they could make this song a book; it was only one sheet, and the word in the Act was book. If Mr. Erskine put it on the common law right of the party, his lordship said he had an opinion on that point.

Mr. Erskine said, he should never desire his lordship to decide it on that ground. It had ever been decided, that a song is within the act of parliament.

Lord Ellenborough said, that score might be a print. He asked the learned counsel if they had any decision that a song was a book within the meaning of the act of parliament?

Mr. Erskine said it had been so decided.

Lord Ellenborough said, he rather doubted whether there had been any such decision. His lordship adverted to the cases of Becket, Donaldson, Miller, &c.

Mr. Erskine supposed, if he had written a poem of 2000 stanzas, or of twenty, that, he contended, gave him a copy-right to that composition, which was the work of the human mind, without regard to the length of it.

Lord Ellenborough said, the term used in the act was book, which he thought was material, considering the regulations on this subject, in the time of Charles the second. His lordship after looking at the act of parliament, thought they could hardly get on with this case. If it is to be a book, said his lordship, I shall not extend it. After having been at some pains to understand this subject, I cannot agree in the opinion of Mr. J. Yates.

Mr. Erskine said, what he contended was this, that this composition was a poem, and that the law applied to a poem, whether it was long or short. This song was only one sheet, how many pages must it consist of to constitute a book? Must it have three or four, or how many?

Lord Ellenborough said, he was quite clear in the statute, it must consist of a *plurality of sheets*.

Mr. Erskine said, if this poem had been printed in large letters, it might have been made to amount to several sheets.

Lord Ellenborough said it was very likely they might have spun it out to make it a book.

Mr. Erskine hoped his lordship would save the point.

Lord Ellenborough said, he was of opinion this was not a book. He did not know how far this might be carried. What was to be said of an handbill, or of a single advertisement? This thing is neither stitched, nor does it consist of a variety of sheets. Perhaps it might be said, a book is that which consists of a number of sheets stitched or bound. He did not say that was a perfectly correct definition of a book; but he was clear that a single sheet unstitched, was not a book within the meaning of the act; and therefore, said he, I think the plaintiff ought to be nonsuited, on this ground, that I am of opinion, that a song on a single sheet is not a book within the act of parliament.

Mr. Erskine said, his client had purchased it quite unconnected with music, and it was afterwards set to music from an idea it would be a popular song: but they did not pretend to have a copy-right in the music. Any body might sing the song as often as they pleased; but what the plaintiff complained of was, that the defendant had printed the words of the song.

Lord Ellenborough said, Mr. Erskine had opened to him the whole field of literary property, and the common law right of authors, on

which there had been a great difference of opinion.

Mr. Erskine said, the case was sufficiently on his lordship's notes, if he should happen to move it.

Lord Ellenborough said, that two words put upon a card, or one word, might satisfy the act of parliament, if it were to be carried to the length contended for.

Mr. Erskine said, it was unnecessary to observe, that some of the works of Mr. Abraham Newland, though very small were extremely valuable.

Plaintiff nonsuited.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

When we consider the ravages committed in *commonwealths* by avarice, fraud, envy, rapine, flagrant injustice, and false friendship; when we remark that hypocrisy and baseness are so essential to the character of a *democracy*, that without them this form of government could not continue to *cheat* mankind, no not for an hour; when we see the vice of some, the madness of others, and the folly of all, engaged in this exploded polity, what slave so passive, what bigot so blind, what enthusiast so headlong, what politician so hardened as to stand up in defence of a system, CALCULATED FOR A CURSE TO MANKIND? No geometrical proposition, in any book of mathematical sciences, is more capable of the clearest proof than that a *democracy* has, from its very nature, all the weakness of Claudius Cæsar, with all his despotism, and all the dissimulation of Tiberius, without losing a particle of his malignity.

The following is a fine specimen of the descriptive powers of Mrs. RADCLIFFE.

Wandering over the garden, Vivaldi heard the voice of Ellena herself performing the midnight hymn to the Virgin, and accompanied by a lute, which she touched with most affecting and delicate expression. He stood for a moment entranced, and scarcely daring to breathe, lest he should lose any note of that meek and holy strain, which seemed to flow from a devotion, almost saintly. Then, looking round to discover the object of his admiration, a light issuing from among the bowery foliage of a clematis led him to a lattice, and shewed him Ellena. The lattice had been thrown open to admit the cool air, and he had a full view of her, and the apartment. She was rising from a small altar, when she had concluded the service; the glow of devotion was still upon her countenance, as she raised her eyes, and with a rapt earnestness, fixed them on the heavens. She still held the lute, but no longer awakened it, and seemed lost, for a moment, to every surrounding object. Her fine hair was negligently bound up in a silk net, and some tresses, that had escaped it, played on her neck and round her beautiful countenance, which now was not even partially concealed by a veil. The light drapery of her dress, her whole figure, air and attitude, were such as might have been copied for a Grecian nymph.

When Rousseau composed his Dissertation on the Equality of men, this eloquent philosopher sought for *facts* on which to found his reasonings; these he collected from an extensive perusal of voyages and accounts of remote nations. The more I meditate, the more I am convinced that all speculations are illusory and unsatisfactory, unless they are established on prominent facts, which are to be first collected before we venture to indulge metaphysical disquisitions. If we compare the labours of Machiavel with those of

Montesquieu, we may observe, that the illustrious Frenchman had all the delicacy, the refinements and the sensibility of his nation, and his general reflections are therefore brilliant but often fallacious because not built on the permanent base of experience. The crafty Florentine, versed in the manners of princes, with sagacity equal to his genius, deduces all his reflections from those prominent facts, which passed under his eye, or which he collected from the records of instructive history. Lord Bacon introduced that wise philosophy which is only founded on experiments; the study of nature in her operations.

TO THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

When first thine eyes beheld the light,
And nature, bursting on thy sight,
Pour'd on thy beating heart a kindred day;
Genius, the fire ey'd child of Fame,
Circled thy brows with mystic flame,
And, warm with hope, pronounc'd this prophet say:

Thee, darling boy, I give to know
Each viewless source of joy and woe,
For thee my vivid visions shall unfold;
Each form that freezes sense to stone,
Each phantom of the world unknown,
Shall flit before thine eyes, and waken thoughts untold.

The beat of purpose unavow'd;
Of hopes and fears the wildering crowd,
The incongruous train of wishes undefin'd;
Shall all be subjected to thee,
The excess of bliss and agony
Shall oft alternate seize thy high attemper'd mind.

Oft o'er the woody summer vale,
When evening breathes her balmy gale,
Oft by the wild brook's margin shalt thou rove,
When just above the western line
The clouds with richer radiance shine,
Yellowing the dark tops of the mountain grove.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

From a literary friend, eager in his search for the hidden treasures of Genius, and curious in his choice of them, we have the promise of several *original* letters from the pens of certain characters, distinguished for their attainments in elegant literature.

The 'Characters from the Picture Gallery in Congress' are too caricature, and partake strongly of the manner of Mynheer Van Diqu, of sign post memory.

Ever attentive to the suggestions of sensible women, we receive, with great pleasure, the advice of ***** who may be assured, that it shall be followed with all possible closeness.

Many favours from our correspondents shall be attended to, *when time and place shall serve*, as Dogberry says.

We hope to hear very often from Parmegiano and his friend.

'Sedley' has credit at our warehouse both for his talents and industry.

'An admirer of fine writing' has profited very little by his admiration.

'Censor' is too scurrilous.

'A young Bachelor,' if he please, may soon become a *mature* writer.

'Theatricus' never was present at a rehearsal, or took a peep behind the curtain. Independently of the talents of a few performers, we have much bad acting on the American stage, but it is no less true that we are troubled with much spurious criticism. Pope says somewhere,

Ten censure wrong for one who *acts amys*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Haunt not thus the eye of sleep,
Thou object of my nightly dream!
Tinge not with distress more deep
Yon baleful planet's angry gleam.

Nor when day shall rule the sky
Let thy dreaded form be seen;
Fly, thou fatal vision, fly,
Be as if thou ne'er had'st been.

And yet—thou art the form belov'd,
Ere grief obscur'd my changeful day;
Which many a glow of transport mov'd,
And prompted many a lively lay.

And still I love thee—and for thee
Affection's fondest tear is shed;
Still beats my heart's quick pulse to see
Thy image hovering round my head.

But if one hope its bloom disclose
'Tis instant nipp'd by grim despair,
Who points to nought but future woes,
And tells me I have lost my fair.

Then fly! thou form of her I love!
Since thou can'st bring me nought but pain;
Till time shall every doubt remove,
And hope and joy be in thy train.

ITHACUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

[We are very enthusiastic admirers of the genius of Mr. Wordsworth, an Oxford scholar, an original poet, and, as it appears, an amiable and humane man. He seems to have found or made a new walk in poetry, and we doubt not he will have many admiring followers. We cannot refrain from adding, that his Lyrical Ballads have reached the *third* edition in a very short period, and that a majority of critics, as well as readers of taste, have agreed that he has, like Gay, discovered the secret of exhibiting the most pleasing and the most interesting thoughts in the simplest expression.]

THE OAK AND THE BROOM.

His simple truths did Andrew glean
Beside the babbling rills;
A careful student he had been
Among the woods and hills:
One winter's night, when through the trees
The wind was thundering, on his knees
His youngest born did Andrew hold;
And while the rest, a ruddy choir,
Were seated round their blazing fire,
This tale the shepherd told.

I saw a crag, a lofty stone,
As ever tempest beat,
Out of its head an oak had grown,
A broom out of its feet.
The time was March, a cheerful noon,
The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,
Breath'd gently from the warm south-west;
When, in a voice scdate with age,
This Oak, half giant and half sage,
His neighbour thus address'd:

Eight weary weeks, thro' rock and clay,
Along this mountain's edge,
The frost hath wrought both night and day,
Wedge driving after wedge.
Look up and think above your head
What trouble surely will be bred;
Last night I heard a crash—'tis true
The splinters took another road,
I see them yonder—what a load
For such a thing as you!

You are preparing, as before,
To deck your slender shape;
And yet, just three years back, no more,
You had a strange escape!
Down from yon cliff a fragment broke,
It came, you know, with fire and smoke,
And hither did it bend its way,
This pond'rous block was caught by me,
And o'er your head, as you may see,
'Tis hanging to this day.
The thing had better been asleep,
Whatever thing it were,
Or breeze, or bird, or fleece of sheep,
That first did plant you there,
For you and your green twigs decoy
The little, witless shepherd boy,
To come and slumber in your bower;
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,
Both you and he, heaven knows how soon,
Will perish in one hour.
From me this friendly warning take,
The Broom began to doze;
And thus, to keep herself awake,
Did gently interpose:
My thanks, for your discourse, are due,
I hat it is true, and more than true,
I know, and I have known it long,
Frail is the bond by which we hold
Our being, be we young or old,
Wise, foolish, weak, or strong.
Disasters, do the best we can,
Will reach both great and small;
And he is oft the wisest man,
Who is not wise at all.

For me, why should I wish to roam?
This spot is my paternal home.

It is my pleasant heritage,
My father, many a happy year,
Here spread his careless blossoms, here
Attain'd a good old age.

Even such as his may be my lot:

What cause have I to haunt
My heart with terrors? Am I not,
In truth, a favour'd plant?

The spring for me a garland weaves
Of yellow flowers and verdant leaves,
And, when the frost is in the sky,
My branches are so fresh and gay,
That you might look on me, and say
This plant can never die.

The butterfly, all green and gold,
To me hath often flown,
Here in my blossoms to behold
Wings lovely as his own.
When grass is chill with rain or dew
Beneath my shade the mother ewe
Lies with her infant lamb; I see
The love they to each other make,
And the sweet joy which they partake,
It is a joy to me.

Her voice was blithe, her heart was light,
The Broom might have pursued
Her speech until the stars of night
Their journey had renew'd.
But in the branches of the Oak
Two ravens now began to croak
Their nuptial song, a gladsome air;
And to her own green bower the breeze
That instant brought two stripling bees
To feed and innumur there.

One night the wind came from the north,
And blew a furious blast,
At break of day I ventur'd forth,
And near the cliff I pass'd:
The storm had fallen upon the Oak,
And struck him with a mighty stroke,
And whirl'd and whirl'd him far away,
And in one hospitable cleft
The little, careless Broom was left
To live for many a day.

SONG.

By COL. LOVELACE.

When Love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such libertye.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames:
When thirsty griefe in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts goe free,
Fishes, that tittle in the deepe,
Know no such libertye.

When linnet like, confined I
With shriller notes shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king,
When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
The enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know no such libertye.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron barres a cage,
Mindes innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such libertye.

[The following extravagant rhymes are copied from 'Select Ayres, printed by J. Playford, 1669.' The unknown author displays some of the beauties and perhaps more of the blemishes of Cowley.]

Tell me, ye wand'ring spirits of the air,
Did you not see a nymph more bright, more fair
Than Beauty's darling, or of looks more sweet
Than stolen Content? If such a one ye meet,
Wait on her hourly, wheresoe'er she flies,
And cry, and cry, Amyntor for her absence dies.

Go, search the vallies, pluck up every rose,
You'll find a scent, a blush of her in those;
Fish, fish for pearl or coral, there you'll see
How oriental all her colours be;
Go, call the echoes to your aid, and cry
Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I
die.

But stay awhile, I have inform'd you ill,
Were she on earth, she had been with me still;
Go, fly to heaven, examine every sphere,
And try what star hath lately lighted there;
If any, brighter than the sun, you see,
Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is
she!

Epigram on receiving an orange from Miss—

Now, Priam's son, thou may'st be mute,
For I can blithely boast with thee
Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 13.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

POLITE LITERATURE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF
THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY
IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued from No. 10.]

Section 3.....Application of the same principles in
the Philippic of Demosthenes, intituled, Of the
Chersonesus.

THOSE things which are wanting to those persons, who have no other faculties but those of their souls, are above all others, method and reasoning; it is that series of ideas, fortified one by another; that accumulation of proofs, which goes on constantly increasing, until the orator, domineering from on high, as from a centre of light, finishes by giving an impetuous shock to all this mass, and overwhelms his adversaries in it. It is then that emotions, as I have before hinted, decide the victory; but it is necessary that reasonings should have prepared the way for it; without this, emotions shock, but do not overthrow. Let imperious truth force from every mind this secret and involuntary assent, 'he is in the right;' it is then that the orator, who feels himself the master, commands in fact, or rather reason commands for him, and we all obey.

These are the tactics of Demosthenes in his deliberative orations, which compose the greatest part of his works, and which, under different titles, are all Philippics, since they have all the same object, that of awakening the indolence of the Athenians, and arming them against the insidious ambition of Philip.

We must comprehend, under this name, not only the four harangues, which especially bear the title of Philippics, but all those which have for their object the contests of Philip with the Greeks and the Athenians, such as the three which are commonly called the Pynthiacks, that which turns upon the peace proposed by the king of Macedonia, that which was pronounced upon the occasion of a letter of this prince, and that which is intituled, 'of the Chersonesus.' These compose ten harangues, and this last is, in my opinion, the most beautiful; but all of them may be regarded as models. We find not in them, indeed, the great paintings, the sublime emotions, the vast developments of the orations for the crown, nor that species of contention so lively as so terrible, which belongs to the judiciary kind, where two wrestlers exert themselves body to body. But we should also remark the particular, and perhaps singular advantage, attached to this last subject, this great quarrel of Eschines with Demosthenes. We should represent to ourselves all Greece assembled in Athens, to hear the two most famous orators in their own cause. And what cause? The man, who, for twenty years, had governed Athens and Greece by his eloquence, opposing to the attacks,

the most malicious and furious, of hatred and calumny, the painting, as beautiful as it is faithful, of his own administration, that is to say, the history of the Greeks at the same time with his own. The interest of events was united here with that of the prosecution. Demosthenes, in defending his own glory, defended that of Athens and the Greeks. His soul must have been, at once, elevated by all the sentiments of national grandeur, and heated by all the emotions of personal indignation. He had before him his adversary and Greece: the latter honours him, the former insults him. What ought he not to do, what could he not do, to be worthy of one, and to triumph over the other? It was in reality, between Eschines and Demosthenes, a combat for life, for in Athens, as well as in Rome, banishment was a sort of capital punishment. This assemblage of circumstances so important, rendered his discourse susceptible of all the kinds of eloquence: the poignant bitterness of refutations and criminations, the loftiness of political ideas, all the inflammation of glory and patriotism, united naturally in a pleading of this nature, and all are here found in the highest degree. Let us never forget that genius is more or less elevated by the subject, and that men are made great by things, as things are by men.

The merit of the Philippics is that which properly belongs to deliberative eloquence, a discussion animated, energetic, luminous; a series of reasonings, which fortify each other one after another, and which leave neither time to breathe, nor the idea of contradiction; forms simple, sometimes even familiar, but of that decent, and in some sort noble familiarity, which with the precision, purity, and rapidity of diction, composed what the ancients called Atticism.

I have thought that, even without a perfect knowledge of the affairs of Greece, necessary only to those who would investigate freely the spirit of her orators, certain morsels, chosen from their writings, might please the greatest number of readers. But I have not thought I could do better, to give a more extensive idea of the most famous of all the masters of speech, than by translating entire one of his Philippics. I have chosen that which has for its title 'Of the Chersonesus.' It is not long, and never orator was less diffuse than Demosthenes. It is true, that, in this respect, the taste of the Athenians was a rule and a measure to the public speakers. That ingenious and delicate people were not pleased to have their leisure abused, nor to perceive their understanding distrusted. They picqued themselves upon understanding at half a word, and it often happened that those were interrupted in the tribune who spoke not directly to the point. We may judge of this kind of severity by a word of Phocion. He was renowned for a singular conciseness, and by diction, austere and rigid, like his manners. His nervous laconism prevailed more than once over the atticism of Demosthenes, who said of him 'it is a cleaver that cuts off my discourse.' Phocion one day, when he was preparing to mount the tribune, appeared to be absent in mind and

deep in thought: when they asked him the reason of it, he said 'I am thinking how I shall abridge what I have to say.' This temperance and sobriety of words is very far distant from that verbose ambition, which is affected, among us, by the orators of the bar. It seems as if the merit of a discourse was measured by its duration. They were as well satisfied to have talked a long time, as they could have been to have talked well. Besides this, the generality of clients judge in the same manner, and imagine that their advocate has never said enough; but the foolery of those who habitually attend, and give reputations at the courts of judicature in the palace, come in aid of this ridiculous prejudice. You would hear them say, with a tone of emphatic admiration, 'Mr. Such-a-one spoke two hours, the attorney-general spoke four hours.' Reason might conclude, for the most part, that they had sold a great deal of nonsense: but ignorance concludes very differently, and hears it all with ecstasy.

The difference between the ancients and us arises from that of government. When every citizen is admitted to speak of public affairs, according to the law and the occasion, a disgust at prolixity, and the merit of precision are easily perceived, and the common rule of judgment is the importance of matter, and the faculty which each man has for treating it. But when it is the trade of a small number to speak in public, and when this profession is circumscribed in a narrow and private sphere, they extend themselves so much the more in words, as they are more confined in their objects; they turn themselves round on every side, that they may occupy as much space as they can. It is thus that a pleading, concerning a will or an entail, is commonly much longer than any of the orations of Demosthenes or Cicero, concerning the highest interest of the public, or affairs of the greatest consideration. Of the ten Philippics there is not one which exceeds half an hour in reading. The longest pleadings of Cicero or Demosthenes would not hold more than an hour: and that for the Crown, the most extensive of all, that master piece so rich in every respect, which contains, as it ought, so many objects, did not require for its pronounciation more than an hour, if we exclude the reading of the public acts, which were the evidence of facts.

A short sketch of the respective situations of Philip and the Greeks, at this epocha, will suffice to place every one in a state to comprehend the orator, whom I am about to set to speaking in our language.

Philip, whose ambition was not bounded by his small dominions, and whose talents were far greater than his hereditary power, had formed the bold project of domineering in Greece. This was a great enterprise for a king of Macedonians, a nation hitherto despised by the Greeks, who considered them as barbarians. Philip, become at once a politician and a warrior in the school of Pelopidas, the Theban, who had instructed him in his youth, took advantage of the lessons of a great man, who had cultivated in him his

natural faculties. He created a military power, very much as Frederic did in our days, and thus prepared for him the conquest of Asia, by subjugating Greece to his views. His army soon became formidable; it was composed of the Macedonian phalanx, a body of infantry which was invincible until it was opposed by the Roman legions, and the Thessalian cavalry, the best that was then known, and which afterwards obtained for Pyrrhus his first victory over the Romans. He formed generals who were afterwards esteemed among the best of Alexander, such as Attalus and Parmenio. With these troops, conducted by chiefs of such merit, well provided, and always in action, he threw himself rapidly into the different countries of Greece, according to such occasions he knew how to prepare, to expect or to seize; for it was his policy still more than his power, which obtained his successes. He found, it is true, great facilities in that spirit of jealousy, of distrust, and rivalry, which animated the Grecian republics one against the other, and excited continual divisions. Philip, prodigal of oaths, of caresses, and of money, had every where instruments and orators in his pay; and they easily deceived the multitude, who are never more enslaved than when they think they command. It was by the aid of these mercenary agents, that he directed, from afar, all the resolutions of these several states, some of them stronger and others weaker; and when he had set them at variance, he never failed to interpose in the quarrel, and, under the pretext of assisting one against the other, he finished by plundering both. It was in this manner that he obtained possession of the Pass of Thermopylae, and the country of the Phocians, which opened to him Attica; that he had made himself master of Euboea, which, on the side of the sea, held in respect, merely by her position, all the territory of Athens; that finally he had taken Amphipolis, and many other cities, both in Thrace and Thessaly. Cersobleptes, one of the petty kings of Thrace, dreading his enterprises, and wishing to engage against him the support of the Athenians, had taken the precaution to cede to them the Chersonesus, a peninsula advantageously situated upon the Hellespont, and which might be very useful to a nation powerful at sea, such as Athens was at that time. Cardia, one of the principal cities of this peninsula, had refused to submit, like the others, to the Athenian domination, and had thrown herself under the protection of Philip, who had, at that time, an army in Thrace. Athens, which had sent a colony into the Chersonesus, caused it to be supported by troops, instructed to watch Philip. Diopithes, who commanded them, regarding, with reason, as an hostility, the protection which this prince granted to the Cardians, invaded the lands which he possessed in maritime Thrace, pillaged and ravaged them, and carried off a rich booty, which he placed in safety in the Chersonesus. Philip, too much engaged in other things, to take vengeance for it, made great complaints to the Athenians, under pretence that there had not been between him and them any declaration of war. He claimed the security of treaties, which he had been the first to violate, and his creatures exert themselves to support his pretensions, and are outrageous against Diopithes. They demand his recall, that another general should be sent to force him to submission, in case of resistance, and that satisfaction should be given to Philip. This sordid cowardice could not fail to arouse Demosthenes. He ascended the tribunal, and spoke thus:

"It is proper, Athenians, that those who address you, from this tribunal, all equally exempt from complaisance or animosity, should think only of announcing what appears to them the

best to be done, especially when we have under deliberation the great interest of the public. But, since there are, among our orators, some, who allow themselves to be influenced, either by a spirit of contention and jealousy, or by other personal motives, it is your interest, at least, to lay aside all these private considerations, and employ yourselves only in resolving and executing what you judge useful to the state.

"What is the subject of deliberation at this time?—The Chersonesus, menaced by Philip, who, for eleven months, has been in Thrace with an army. And of whom do your orators speak to you? Of the operations and enterprises of Diopithes. For myself, I consider, as of very little importance, the accusations brought against one of your generals, whom you may, when you will, pursue according to the laws, either immediately, or at another time. It is of little moment at what time. And I see no reason why myself or any other should be inflamed with any zeal upon such a subject. But all which has a tendency to divert our attention from Philip, our enemy, Philip, whose troops cover the shores of the Hellespont, which you can neither relieve nor recover, if you miss the opportunity, is urgent. On this we must resolve at once, without permitting vain and tumultuous altercations to make you lose sight of it.

"I cannot hear, without astonishment, I acknowledge, many things which are said in your assemblies. But nothing has surprised me more than what has been said, in my presence, in the senate, that whoever proposed to speak to you, in the present circumstances, ought to declare formally, whether he advised to war or peace—No—We are not in this situation. If Philip were inactive, if he had not violated his treaties with us, seized your possessions, if he did not excite insurrections, and arm against you the people at the same time when he attacks them to himself, without doubt, it would be in your power to remain in peace, and, as far as you are concerned, I see you are well disposed to it, as it is possible to be. But if, on one hand, we have under our eyes the treaties which he has sworn to observe with us, if, on the other, it is manifest, that even before Diopithes departed from these walls at the head of that colony, which is reproached, at this day, as the cause of the war, Philip, in defiance of all justice and all law, had already made himself master of what belonged to you; if your own decrees, passed upon this subject, accuse decidedly these violations of engagements taken with you; if on all occasions, when he has connected himself with Greeks or barbarians, he has evidently had no other object than to make war against you, what signifies all that has been said to you, that you must choose between war and peace? Ah! you have no longer any choice; there remains to you but one part to take, which is at once that of justice and necessity: it is to repel the aggressor: and this the only course, of which they say nothing to you. Can it be pretended, that Philip, provided he attacks not Attica, the Pyrrum, or our very walls, does us no injury, and is not at war with us? But I cannot believe, Athenians, that those, who would establish such rules of equity, and would thus mark the limits of war and peace, can appear to you to have an idea of what justice prescribes, of that which you can maintain without disgrace, or of that which your safety requires. Moreover, they do not perceive that they themselves, while they thus argue, justify Diopithes, whom they accuse. For why should Philip be permitted to do what he pleases, provided he does not invade Attica, if it is not permitted to Diopithes to succour the Thracians without being accused of provoking a war? But they say, we must not suffer mer-

cenary soldiers to ravage the shores of the Hellespont, nor Diopithes, by hiring foreign vessels, to exercise the trade of a pirate. Be it so: I am convinced of the good intentions of those who hold this language: no doubt they have no other interest than that of equity and the state. In this case I have only one question to ask them, and it is this—when they shall have dispersed and annihilated your army, by defaming the general, who has found, in his own resources, the means of maintaining it, will they please to inform us, what they will do to annihilate also the army of Philip? If they remain, without giving us an answer, it is clear, Athenians, that they have but one object; it is to reduce you to the same state of things, which, in these latter times, has given so fatal a blow to the power of Athens. You know that nothing has given to Philip such advantages over us, as having always an army on foot, which puts it in his power to seize every opportunity. He anticipates you every where, because that having deliberated at leisure with himself, he acts, on a sudden, when it pleases him. He attacks; he overthrows. We, on the contrary, never commence our long and tumultuary preparations till intelligence of his invasions is brought to us. What is the consequence? That which must always happen to those who take their measures too late. He preserves without danger, what he has taken without opposition; and we, after great and useless expenses, after many superfluous efforts, after having vainly demonstrated all possible disposition to counteract and to hurt him, what remains to us? Impotence and disgrace.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

[In No. 9 of the Port Folio, a brief sketch of the dramatic life of Mr. Cooper has been attempted. At New-York, some friend of this celebrated actor has filled up our outline, and we now have it in our power to present to the public a more complete picture, than the penury of materials enabled our artist to furnish.]

His friends, Godwin and Holcroft, who were convinced that he possessed the requisites for a performer of eminence, sent him on a tour of improvement on the provincial theatres. They expected that he would thus acquire an acquaintance with the stage, and prepare himself for the theatres of the metropolis. An evil genius seemed still to provide over his wanderings. He appeared to the managers in whose corps he was enlisted as a raw recruit who possessed no talents for the profession. Characters of importance were considered utterly beyond his reach. Those of inferior rank he played without success, and he degenerated into a mere letter carrier. In this manner he murdered a few months, starving on a paltry salary and then, abandoning his irksome and degrading situation, travelled on foot to London.

Mr. Cooper's friends now abandoned the idea of practice on provincial stages: Mr. Holcroft again took him in hand, and selected some of Shakspeare's most distinguished characters for his instruction. He made him recite passages and would explain the nature of the characters, the situations in which they were placed, the passions by which they were influenced. Thus he taught him that great requisite of a performer to conceive the intention of the author, and enter into the feelings of the character. After some months close attention, in which the extraordinary talents of his youthful pupil were rapidly evolved, he was thought ready for a public appearance. He accordingly at the early age of 18 performed in one week the arduous characters of Hamlet and Macbeth, on the boards

of Covent Garden, to overflowing houses, and with the most flattering applause.

On this subject we have heard that Mr. Tyler, at present of the New-York Theatre, had belonged to one of the provincial companies in which Cooper had held a very humble station. Mr. Tyler forming other engagements with Mr. Henry, quitted the British for the American stage. Shortly after his arrival, he received a letter from one of his Thespian friends, who after regaling him with a variety of Green room history, added, and now prepare yourself for astonishment. That identical Mr. Cooper who a few months ago was playing the very underling characters at our theatre, and who appeared extremely incompetent, is now performing *Hamlet* with applause at London!

After Mr. Cooper had met so favourable a reception from the London audience, he was offered a liberal engagement; but as he was not yet capable of sustaining a line of characters, he was expected to take such business as he was able to perform. This engagement he declined. 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus' seems to have been already his object and he refused any secondary situation. He accordingly retired to the country, where he employed himself in cultivating his dramatic talent.

Shortly after this period Mr. Wignell who had visited England for the purpose of raising a reinforcement for the Philadelphia company, heard of him. He immediately entered into a negotiation which was promptly concluded, and in a few days from its commencement Mr. Cooper was on the Atlantic, voyaging to America.

The Philadelphians were slow at discovering his merits. His line of acting interfered with that of their favourite performers, and as he had many careless and some dissipated habits, he was far from being a favourite. This was particularly evidenced at his benefit, for which there were only a few seats taken. This did not affect Cooper's pocket, for his benefit was guaranteed to a certain amount by his engagement with the manager. It however affected his pride, and he was determined to avoid the disgrace attendant on 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.' He therefore closed a bargain for sixty dollars with the man who owned the Elephant. Play-bills were posted up in all directions, advertising in letters of the largest size, that the Elephant would be introduced on the stage; curiosity was all alive, and Cooper, aided by his Elephant was honoured with an overflow.

When the winter campaign had closed, the company made a summer excursion to New-York. The circus was fitted up for the purpose, and the most admirable acting ever witnessed in America was then exhibited. Cooper, Fennel, Moreton, Harwood and Bernard were the most prominent male performers, and Mrs. Merry sustained the heroine in a style of great perfection. The season opened with *Venice Preserved*, in which Cooper, as Pierre made an indelible impression on the audience. A coldness had for sometime subsisted between him and the manager: which induced a wish to change his situation. His engagement bound him in a penalty of about two thousand dollars, but this it was alleged had been already broken on the managers part. In short the sum was subscribed by a number of gentlemen, who engaged to advance it if necessary, and Mr. Cooper was transferred to the New-York Theatre.

With the exception of one season, in which he was at Philadelphia where he also became a great favourite, Mr. Cooper continued in New-York till January, 1803. He then received an invitation from London. Kemble had quarrelled with Drury Lane Theatre, had left it and gone on a tour to the continent of Europe. Cooper

was invited to come if he felt confidence for the attempt, and was proffered Kemble's situation if it should appear that he could sufficiently satisfy the town. He accordingly went, but does not seem to have succeeded in London equal to the expectation of his friends. His performances have been received with much applause, but the people there having formed their taste, on the acting of Cooke and Kemble, or from his real inferiority to those gentlemen, did not consider him equal to their favourites. He has since been performing at Liverpool, with great eclat: it is rumoured, that he has concluded an engagement with the manager at Drury Lane; but, many persons entertain hopes that he may yet be restored to the American stage.

Mr. Cooper is rather above the middle size, well proportioned, with a handsome and expressive countenance, fine form, intelligent eye, and a voice admirably adapted to the stage. He excelled in the weightier characters of the drama; while, in those of a secondary nature, he was generally careless and indifferent. His performance was particularly ever distinguished for chasteness, character and energy.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

In the year 1797, when the ardour of British loyalty was, as now, expressed by the formation of numerous armed associations for the defence of the country, in various parts of the kingdom, a poem was published, intitled *The Volunteer*. It was treated with much unmerited neglect by many of the reviewers, and with a scurrility beneath the dignity of criticism by others. That it has faults cannot be denied—What human performance is without them? Yet, had criticism assumed the smiling aspect of admonition, instead of the chilling frown of contempt, there is sufficient reason to suppose, that the piece might, in another edition, have been much improved, and the writer induced to cultivate a genius, which would have led him to the highest pinnacle of poetic glory. Indeed, to the irregularity of genius his faults are principally to be attributed. When I say that the author is gone to his final account, that he was my intimate and beloved friend, and that I might, in some respects, be looked upon as the foster father of the poem, having corrected the sheets as they passed through the press, I may be supposed to speak of it with some degree of partiality. Yet the following extracts are given under a firm persuasion that they will prove these observations not altogether unfounded. The description of a warrior, reposing after the toils of battle, is in the highest style of poetic excellence, and the close of it entirely original.

Thus, seeking rest from toils he long has tried,
The hero throws his pond'rous arms aside;
Spoils for the Loves the glittering arms afford,
And puny fingers grasp the reeking sword,
Exulting out, the rounding buckler climbs,
This in the breast-plate hides his little limbs;
Long struggling that at length uprears the plume,
Down drops the casque—the pigmy finds a tomb;
He staggering falls—loud clangors dash the ground,
While through the group the tittering laugh goes round.

Let these lines be compared with the verses on a similar occasion, by Tickell, and they will lose nothing in the comparison.

So, in the painter's animated frame,
Where Mars embraces the soft Paphian dame,
The little Loves in sport his faulchion wield,
Or join their strength to heave his ponderous shield,

Or strokes the plume in Tityon's blood embued,
And one the spear that reeks with Typhou's blood,
Another's infant brows the helm sustain,
He nods his crest, and frights the shrinking train.

Tickell's Prospect of Peace.

He thus indignantly apostrophizes the phantom of modern philosophy:

Find then a clime congenial to thy mind,
Stern like thyself, that frowns on all mankind;
The icy fane thy theorists may rear,
And thy cold frost-work virtues worship there;
Freeze there to apathy thine iron form,
Or woo the gloomy giant of the storm;
Resume the demon thou hast been before,
Enjoy your loves, and scourge the world no more;
Whilst round thy shore the howling blast shall sweep,
And storms forever rend the restless deep.

Having dwelt on the miseries of revolutionized France, he turns to a contemplation of his native country. The admirers of genuine poetry must be highly gratified with this passage; the sketch of Sydney's death, at the close, is drawn by the hand of a master.

Yet whilst in Horror's ear these tumults die,
My native country steals upon mine eye:
Age of Elizabeth, to thee I turn,
And feel the Briton in my bosom burn;
Then, England, did'st thou bask thy giant pride,
Surrounding nations shrinking by thy side;
Thy chiefs, the sons of nature's vigorous youth
High-born, their virtues of majestic growth;
Experience watching o'er the sacred pile,
Whose welfare is the welfare of the isle;
Valour, that grasps the sword, and breathes a prayer,
And Temperance, bounding from his frugal fare;
There, like a Pharo o'er misfortune's flood,
Towers unimpassioned, awful Fortitude;
Unfelt, hot lightnings hissing scorch his hair,
Below his broken pinions flash Despair—
Yet 'mongst the ranks that crowd the dome of Fame,
A softer virtue founds her noblest claim—
The rose of Chivalry, the Muses' friend,
Oh! gallant Sydney! glorious was his end,
His parch'd lips touch the draught, he hears a cry,
'Tis Anguish, panting with convulsive eye;
He feebly turns the cup aside, and sighs,
'Save that poor soldier!'—thirsts no more, and dies.

The emigration of the French priests, and their kind reception in England, is thus alluded to:

Thus late retiring from their native coast,
Themselves who weep not, but their country lost;
By furies from their homes, their altars driven,
They come, a virtuous band—the priests of heaven;
The hand that pour'd the oil to soothe their woes,
Now draws the sword in freedom's sacred cause.

The following is an animated and not incorrect description of a military parade, previous to the troops taking the field:

Then the long ranks of generous soldiers come,
Whilst thrills the liquid flute and rolls the drum;
Onward they march, no mercenary band,
But arm'd spontaneous for their native land,
Flush'd with no frantic zeal, by meteor led,
Or spectre beckoning round the midnight bed;
To drink no brother's blood their swords are drawn,
Or persecute where iron despoils frown;
To freedom and their King their vows prefer'd,
Who rally round the fane their fathers rear'd;
Protecting Youth extends his arm to save
From insult, Age, who seeks a quiet grave;
Stands the pale virgin, in mute anguish lost,
Whose glowing lover joins the gallant host;
Who feels conflicting passions tear his breast,
Till indignation triumphs o'er the rest;
There thousands kneeling lift the streaming eye,
The breathing pray'r floats trembling to the sky;
Oh! by sweet Mercy usher'd, may it bring
Descending Concord hovering on its wing.

Many other passages of equal merit might be quoted, but let these suffice. I have performed what I have long considered as a duty to the memory of a man of worth. If praise comes now, it comes too late, and he is equally beyond the reach of censure. Yet he still lives in the remembrance of his friends, and many, into whose hands this slight notice may chance to fall, will not refuse to mingle their sighs for his loss with those of

HARLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Excursion to the Glaciers of Grindenwald.

All mountains, whose summits are eternally covered with snow and ice, are called glaciers; but what is generally understood by the term *glacier* is an immense collection of ice, which in a long course of time has fallen from the tops of the mountains, filled up the space between them, and even descended into the vallies. Such accumulations are the celebrated glaciers of Grindenwald, which have attracted the curiosity of strangers for ages, and which are the only inducements we have for penetrating into the Alps at this late season.

The inferior glacier lays between the Eiger and the Mettenberg, two of the highest of the Alps; and the superior between the Mettenberg and the Wetterhorn. These two descend into the valley, and are the inexhaustible sources of several streams, which are supplied by their melting. Having a good view of the inferior glacier from our windows, we did not examine it nearer, but early the following morning we set out on foot over rocks and streams, and through fields of snow to see the superior, which is a league distant. The sight we beheld is difficult to describe. Fancy to yourself a vast sea, rushing between two mountains, into a valley, and caught by the frost in its greatest agitation. Such is the appearance of this glacier, which stands up in points like the waves of the ocean. This immense mass of ice is split into clefts, and is continually changing its form as the snows at the foot dissolve. These gaping abysses render it extremely dangerous to attempt crossing the glaciers. The colour of the ice is the most beautiful azure, similar to that of the lakes and rivers of Switzerland, which I cannot yet account for satisfactorily.

All the night we slept in Grindenwald we heard the noises made by the cracking of the glaciers and the avalanches of ice. We could not imagine what produced such thundering sounds till we visited the superior glacier the next morning, when we heard the same noises, and saw an avalanche fall in dust into the valley. You have often heard of these terrors of the Alps, which so frequently prove the destruction of whole villages. The most formidable are produced in the spring, by the melting of the snow, which, on being loosened at the summit of a mountain, by any cause whatever, begins to roll, and collecting, as it descends, a greater and a greater body, perhaps falls at last upon some unfortunate hamlet, and buries it in its enormous mass. This does not happen unfrequently, and the avalanches are the greatest afflictions of the poor peasants, who annually lose their cattle by them. There are some passages in the Alps where the guides take off the bells from the cattle and goats, and caution travellers against speaking loud, lest the motion of the air should loosen the snows above, and a dreadful avalanche be the consequence.

The mountains, which rise around these vast beds of ice and snow, are huge pointed rocks of enormous height, broken into abrupt masses, which are absolutely terrific. Nothing is seen growing, except a little grass in the clefts which the Chamois feed upon. Our guide, pointing to a spot at a great height, told us, that last year, as a hunter of those animals was pursuing them among the rocks, a fragment from above dashed him headlong down a dreadful precipice, when his body was found horribly mangled. This trade is excessively dangerous, as the hunter is sometimes obliged to depend upon the slightest ledge for his support, while in pursuit of his game, which always seeks the most inaccessible places, and at heights which would inevitably turn the head of any one not accustomed to this perilous chase. I assure you the very contemplation of these steeples filled me with horror, and made me involuntarily look to see if my own footing was safe. Most of these mountains are above twelve thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and at least nine thousand above that of the valley.

The superior and inferior glaciers descend so low that in the proper season, I am well assured, you can take ice from them with one hand, and pluck wild flowers with the other.

Having satisfied our curiosity, we were conducted to the place where the horses we had engaged to carry us to the top of the great Scheidegg waited for us. We then resumed our journey up this mountain for several leagues, but rarely out of a walk; our guides followed on foot to take back the animals. You would shudder were you to see the precipices we passed, where nothing could have saved us had our horses made the least false step; and the path was so narrow that we could not even dismount. At first I felt alarmed; but by degrees, and by observing the sagacity of the animals, and their sure footing, I began to pass many staircase paths without apprehension. Many a time has my horse's foot been within six inches of a tremendous precipice, and there was no possibility of passing otherwise, or alighting. These horses, however, may be trusted, as they are well accustomed to the narrow passages of the Alps. Their drivers, after fixing the packages they usually carry on their backs, place them on the outer edge of the path, to prevent their being overturned into the gulfs on one side, by the projections of the mountain on the other, which would infallibly be the case where the bundles they carry to strike against the rocks which jut over the passage. When you mount them yourself, nothing is to be done, but to let them take their own course, and give yourself up entirely to the sagacity of your animal, who appears to know the danger, and looks about carefully before he makes a step. As we ascended, the path became covered with snow pretty deeply, so that I could not have pretended to guide my horse, but I observed whenever there was doubt or danger, he would put his nose down as if to smell the holes that might be concealed. There is scarcely an instance known of one of these horses causing the destruction of his rider, when left to himself, and having learnt this, by the advice of my guide, I threw the bridle over the neck of the one I rode, and, folding my arms, suffered myself to be carried wherever he thought proper to go, and I confess I passed precipices which made me shudder, and think I should never see you more.

As the horses bred in the Alps are accustomed to this perilous mode of travelling, they may be safely relied on, but it would be highly imprudent to bring strange animals to perform the same journeys. There is a story told of an English gentleman and his lady being met in

the passage of the *Fete noir*, where their horses could neither advance nor retreat. I leave you to judge the horror of such a situation.

In our journey up the Scheidegg we saw other glaciers, but they were small; from one of them, situated very high on the Wetterhorn, we saw one of the most beautiful avalanches that can be seen in the Alps. It was of ice, and elevated at a height of some thousand feet. The moment it was detached from the glacier, we heard a roaring like distant thunder, which made us turn our heads to see what caused it, when we beheld it just falling from its parent glacier. As it tumbled from rock to rock, down the immense precipice, it broke into a perfect cloud of dust, of the most dazzling whiteness, which increased in size as it fell, and the sound became louder. This beautiful cloud descended most majestically, following the course of the avalanche, till it spread in dust upon the valley, at the foot of the rock, far, far indeed, from its native glacier.

We congratulated ourselves on having witnessed this beautiful spectacle, and arrived in high spirits at the top of the Scheidegg, which is six thousand feet above the Mediterranean. From thence we looked over the valley of Grindenwald, which appeared like a small mass, neatly coloured, and had a good view of the chain of Alps, among which we distinguished the Wetterhorn, the Mettenberg, the Eiger, and the Jungfrau, whose white tops were just tinged with the rays of a morning sun. On the other side were also high mountains, whose sides were black with forests of pine; beyond these lay the smiling valley of Husli, covered with verdure, notwithstanding the threatenings of the surrounding mountains, on whose hoary tops winter had begun to show his bleak honours. It is scarcely possible, I again say, for any one, who has never seen Switzerland, to conceive the grandeur and savage majesty of the scenes of the Alps.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1796.

[Continued.]

The manufactures of Brussels at present are in a languishing state. The carpet manufactory once so celebrated, in consequence of the death of the master of it, does not work. I expected to have found one of lace, but this fabric is carried on by individuals in their own houses, it is also brought from Mecklin, Mons, and Valenciennes, and sold to the dealers, for the use of foreigners, who frequent in times of peace this capital.

They have three theatres, and it being Sunday night we went to the principal one. It was a French play badly represented by French actors. The greater part of the inhabitants speak French, and indeed I have hitherto found this language the current one through Brabant. They have several fine basins for holding boats, and merchant vessels, with clean convenient quays, these broad canals are supplied with water from the Senne, and should the Scheldt be liberated from the tyrannic avarice of Dutch monopoly, this city by means of its communication with that river, must soon become a place of mercantile importance, both in a domestic and foreign point of view.

As we had agreed upon descending the celebrated canal of Brussels, instead of taking the road by Mecklin to Anvers, we embarked at eight o'clock on board a very convenient boat that sets off precisely at that hour every day of the year if not prevented by the ice. This boat is about fifty feet long, and has three apartments under her deck, which runs fore and aft her whole length. These rooms may not be improperly

called the cabin, steerage and fore-castle; as they are each intended for the different classes of passengers who occupy them and pay accordingly.

This canal is about twenty miles in length and has four locks on it, each of which have nearly six feet fall. At three of them we shifted our baggage, and took another boat, which did not occasion a delay of more than ten minutes. At the last lock we waited until the water was reduced to its level, and then passed through the gate. This took about fifteen minutes the difference of the height of water being, as I measured it five feet seven inches. At the little village of Willebroecke this valuable sheet of water ends in consequence of meeting the Scheldt over which there is a well kept ferry.

We met no delay as we found the public diligence ready to take those passengers who had secured their seats at the time of embarking at Brussels, and proceeded through one of the most beautiful roads in Europe for Antwerp, where we arrived at half past four. I cannot look back on this day's journey without pronouncing it the pleasantest in some particulars, of any I ever experienced. This noble canal which carries the navigation of the Scheldt to the basins and quays of Brussels exhibits throughout its whole extent the most charming scenery. The banks of each side have strait lines of lofty trees, planted, in double triple, and in some instances quintuple rows. The canal is seventy feet wide and from fifteen to twenty feet deep.

A few miles below Brussels we meet the magnificent chateau of the Emperor's sister, built about ten years ago. It is most charmingly situated about one thousand yards from the canal, on high commanding ground. This beautiful house with its temples, retreats, grottoes, stables, water-works, &c. was begun and finished in two years by eight hundred workmen, and the owner who could do this deserved to be an arch duchess. We passed a number of elegant country seats, particularly one belonging to a Brussels banker. This class of men, like the farmers general of France, appear to be the richest citizens of the country. Indeed every knoll has its chateau.

About seven miles down the canal we sailed by a very large brick building, which served as a place of correction and employment for vagrants, and petty criminals; the cells of which are so contrived that no two persons were together, except for the purpose of working. An innumerable number of small windows, through each of which nothing bigger than a cat could escape, indicated the distinct apartments. It is now converted into a military French Hospital.

We passed several large galliots deeply loaded. Two that must have exceeded one hundred tons. The rich meadows covered with cattle cropping a most luxuriant herbage, hamlets, mills, churches, groves and whitened cottages, every where meeting the passenger as he gently glides along the lengthened and unruffled surface, present a picturesque scenery, which it is easier to enjoy than to describe. And to finish our optical repast, immediately on crossing the Scheldt (which at Boom, the town we landed at, is five hundred feet wide) we entered a road seven miles long, and so perfectly straight, that you see its whole extent, and which, being bordered by very lofty trees, trimmed for thirty feet from the ground, produce a vista as striking as it is novel. The lands on each side are as black as the banks of the Nile, and if we may conclude from the appearance of the large fields of vegetables, that continually present themselves, not less productive.

We arrived at Antwerp at four o'clock, and got into very convenient lodgings at Louis's Hotel. We were a little surprised to see at the

corner of every street a group of a woman with a pretty child either in her arms, on her lap, or playing at her knee; at length we found that the Virgin Mary was the patroness of the city.

It is not easy to stand on the broad, convenient and once bustling quay of Antwerp, by which flows a river three hundred yards wide, and twenty-five feet deep, without a mingled sensation of indignation and pity. The Scheldt (which once by every tide, wafted wealth to this city, and animated the remotest parts of Brabant, because by its reflux it transported the product of its industry to every shore, to be paid by a rich return of the conveniences and luxuries of every climate) has for almost 180 years, rolled a useless flood. By the treaty of Munster in 1648 between the United Provinces of Holland and Spain, the latter were compelled to sacrifice the commerce of this opulent and then capital city to obtain a peace. The Scheldt thus shut, Rotterdam became what Antwerp was!

They say that this city contains fifty thousand inhabitants. On a very full view of the houses from the lofty central steeple of Notre Dame, I should conclude it to be equal to Philadelphia, yet from the quietness and apparent scarcity of the population that prevails through all its streets, I must doubt the estimate; thirty thousand perhaps is near the truth.

Every one in Flanders is under the necessity of wearing a cockade, the priest and the peasant, the foreigner and native. In France you are not safe without this party coloured insignia of citizenship.

In most countries where the Catholic religion predominates, we find that the leaders of this superstition, always took care to engage the exertions of genius to ornament the altars of Fanaticism; therefore it is that a foreigner is necessarily led to the churches to find monuments of the arts. Having seen so many of these objects, I intended in future to have taken a transient view without any sketch. But the cathedral of Antwerp cannot be omitted. This church is five hundred feet by two hundred and forty high, and three hundred and sixty feet in length including its domes; it is dedicated to the Virgin Mary mother of God. It contains upwards of thirty chapels, each inclosed by a balustrade of solid brass, here is also a profusion of marble, cut and fashioned into all shapes, such as saints and princes, apostles and generals, male and female martyrs, cherubs and archangels, crucifixes and candlesticks, of all sizes, with all that variety of trumpery which the church borrowed from gentile and pagan temples, and so successfully applied in the perversion of the human faculties, and the subjugation of mankind: but to these may be added a few pieces of Reubens, and other great masters of the Flemish school, the principal of which however have within eighteen months been disposed of for very different purposes than those their makers intended, and have travelled to Paris to aid the splendor of the proud gallery of that proud Republic.

Here are many pictures of martyrs expiring in agony. Horrid as such representations are, they may be proper enough for a church. Tired with tombs, tortures, and tapers, the eye and the mind are relieved and enraptured by the glorious representation of the ascension of the holy Virgin. This most beautiful painting is on the ceiling of the dome in that part of the church which is called the cross, it is nearly two hundred feet above the marble pavement from which it is viewed. It is finely lighted, and represents a charming woman surrounded by a multitude of smiling angels, triumphantly rising through the skies to take her seat in Heaven! A connoisseur would find something to applaud in the foreshortening of the figures,

The tower is as much admired for its delicacy as for its height of four hundred and sixty-six feet; you ascend by six hundred and twenty two stone steps to the height of four hundred, from whence you have an extensive view of the Scheldt; and if there is a clear horizon, discover the great towns of Mecklin, Brussels, Louvain, and Breda, and Bergen-op-Zoom. One of the bells of this church weighs sixteen thousand pounds.

The different churches are all decorated with pieces of Reubens, Vandyck, Jordains, Teniers, and other celebrated painters which this country formerly produced. Several gentlemen have also cabinets, to which foreigners easily obtain admission. But I did not avail myself of the advantage as pictures begin to lose their attraction.

The bourse or exchange is a plain but very convenient building; it is one hundred and ninety-four feet long, and one hundred and fifty-four broad. It was built in 1531, and the gallery of this quadrangle serves now to furnish rooms for public purposes; but the house and its piazzas are of no kind of commercial use, solitude and silence have succeeded to bustle and bargains.

This city unfortunately has more monks than merchants, the churches therefore all day long are frequented, and at no hour do you meet any one on the exchange.

Finding but one merchant-ship here, and that a Dane, I expressed my surprize to a merchant, that so little enterprize was discovered by the inhabitants, and so little use made of their noble river, now as free open as the Rhine. His answer was, that until peace they could not tell what country they were to be annexed to, or whether the Scheldt was not to be again closed. That their Dutch neighbours would not send their ships up because they looked with a jealous eye on the Flemish commerce; and their conquerors had laid such heavy duties, as discouraged all enterprize on their parts, and deterred foreigners from trading with them.

I was pleased to find that several American vessels had been here. Long, very long, may a wise policy, on the part of our government enable the adventurous merchant of America, to extend her commerce on every sea! and the hardy mariner to display the stars of his country in every port of the Globe!

They have an excellent fish-market, the Scheldt furnishes a part, but their cod, haddock, salmon, soles, and turbot, come principally from Zealand, I observed two rosy gilled hooded friars surveying a parcel of the latter fish with great complacency.

There are several crosses stuck up in different parts of the town, and particularly one of bronze between thirty and forty feet high, which stands on a marble pedestal in the centre of the handsomest street of the city.

The hotel des Ostretins is a vast house two hundred and fifty feet in length by two hundred broad; it is situated near the river and very convenient for the discharge of ships; it is three stories high, the lower one served for storing merchandize; the two others which contain three hundred chambers, served as lodging rooms for the traders. It was built in 1564 by the hanseatic towns for their mutual accommodation. It is now only a melancholy evidence of the former prosperity and opulence of this city; for since commerce perished it has ceased to be serviceable.

The maison de ville, considering the year of its erection, 1560, is a superb house. It is situated in the great place or square of the town, it has a front of two hundred and forty feet by ninety deep. The five architectural orders beautify its facade, and the columns are of marble, the interior of the edifice is correspondant.

Most of its noble rooms are graced by pieces from the indefatigable pencil of Reubens, and from those of Quillin, Helmont, &c. The first of these immortal painters appears to have possessed as much industry as genius. And if he was the master of the variety of works attributed to him, he must have been the most assiduous artist of his own, or any other age.

The assembly of the states of Brabant was holden here in the prosperous periods of Antwerp. They had also their treasury and mint, and the courts of law held their sessions in an appropriate hall. As the golden age of this city has long since passed away, the latter only now remains.

Antwerp is a walled town and has a strong citadel, with its accompaniments of bastions and fosses. It has repeatedly been besieged, and of course several times changed masters. Could the inhabitants have a voice in the councils of their sovereigns the wisest measure they could adopt would be to launch their ramparts into the ditches. Large towns having every thing to hazard and nothing to obtain by a siege ought always to be defended at a distance.

There are three different routes from Antwerp to Rotterdam, one by Bergen-op-Zoom, one by Breda, and one between both to the Maerdick. We chose the latter. It is only thirteen leagues and we were in our chaise with four fresh and able horses by six o'clock, yet we did not get through until two hours after dark. About seven miles from Anvers you enter on a desert of sand, the most barbarous and barren moor I ever crossed. Here the British forces were incamped when the victorious legions of France in the month of December, 1794 marched to Amsterdam, whilst the English confounded and half frozen, with difficulty and loss, escaped to the banks of the Elbe.

After a fatiguing day in crawling over the worst road in the United Provinces, we arrived at a sorry inn, and met a peat fire and a poor bed. At four o'clock next morning we were in the kopyacht (a boat that carries goods) with an excessive cold, but fresh and fair breeze on our way to Rotterdam, distant twenty-one miles.

We soon got up with Gravendeld, under which foreign ships lie, and had several pointed out as Americans. About two miles further, on the opposite shore we passed the large town of Dort: but it is built on so flat a site that it was impossible by moon-light, to discover much of it, excepting its forest of wind-mills. At eight o'clock we landed, and soon found in an excellent breakfast of hot coffee, a succedaneum for much cold and some chagrin.

The street we are in has the appearance of the houses menacing the heads of the passengers: the upper stories of the buildings opposite each other being three feet nearer than the ground floors. We were told that these houses, (and that we should find a great many more such) were thus built in order to have the lower apartments less exposed to the weather. A strange idea. A more natural supposition for Holland, is that former sordidness pilfered from the sky, the inches it was obliged to surrender to the street. The roofs of the old houses are steep, with their gable ends to the street. The modern ones have neither of the above defects, are built of brick or stone, and preserved in the cleanest order.

To a stranger and particularly so to an American traveller, this town exhibits the most novel and singular scenery; a scenery however appropriate to all the mercantile places of Holland. The deep, broad and crowded canals, the sides of which are every where secured by stone or brick masonry; the numerous warehouses, along which, vessels of all sizes from the huge bombs, or hundred feet house-barges of the Rhine, to the swift sailing cutter of the ocean; the bulky

bilander of the Baltick, and the handsome ship of America lie, and most conveniently discharge their freights: the streets clean, and shaded with trees. The quiet steadiness the Dutchmen show in doing their respective business, either on shipboard or on the quays, altogether form them as the most extraordinary sea-ports of the world. Few persons, who have ever seen, but must have admired the beautiful street called the Boomies. This delightful place is about the length of west Boston bridge, and runs parallel with the Maese, which is here about six hundred yards wide. The wall, which forms the terrace, is protected by a line of strong pickets drove into the mud. A range of lofty elms runs the whole extent of this street, at the distance of fifty feet from a compact line of very handsome houses of stone or brick. A very fine view of the river is enjoyed by the inhabitants of these houses, who are either merchants or bankers. A full view of the large and handsome edifice belonging to the admiralty of the province, and the partial but picturesque prospect of a large hospital, situated on the opposite bank of the river, incircled with trees, and surrounded with meadows, unite to aid the scenery, which is always animated by the passing of the numerous boats and vessels, which frequent the port, or come to its markets.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Among the hourly proofs of that gross barbarism, which infects so large a portion of this unhappy country, may be enumerated that ostentatious neglect of the classics, so generally prevalent among the *citizen* slaves of a democracy. A *true Indian* is naturally averse to any language but the barbarous dialect of his wigwam; an outlaw, or an *acquitted felon*, knows no tongue but that of falsehood, hypocrisy, and fraud; and as for your *puritan* and *fanatic*, why the very foundation of his pretensions rests upon the gross ignorance both of himself and his miserable followers.

It has been quaintly and classically said of a battered courtesan that she was

Omnibus lippis et tonsoribus nota.

When we reflect upon the *honourable* character of the French usurper, and that of some of his *republican* associates, we can apply the initial lines of a celebrated glee:

When Bonaparte at court began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He entertain'd three serving men,
And all of them were thieves.

The correct taste of a literary friend has selected, from a recent work by Mrs. Opie, the following canzonet, which finely describes the affection of a female heart.

Go, youth belov'd, in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou may'st grant this humble pray'r,
Forget me not, forget me not.

Yet should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
And never deign to think on me.
But Oh, if grief thy steps attend,
If want or sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not, forget me not.

Swift, when he is in earnest, has a strength of reasoning, which carries with it conviction. When in jest, every competitor in the race of wit is left behind him.

The Dove of Anacreon is a little poem of such exquisite beauty, that it has challenged the commendation and exercised the industry of Dr. Johnson. Fawkes has translated it *well*, Dr. Johnson *better*, but to Mr. Moore must be conceded the glory of rendering it *best*.

Tell me why, my sweetest Dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmy flowers?
Tell me whither whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest Dove.
Curious stranger, I belong
To the bard of Teian song;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;
Ah! that eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any!
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove;
'Twas, in sooth, a gentle lay
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now, his faithful minion,
Thus, with softly gliding pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
'Soon, my bird, I'll set you free;'
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Baffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell;
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from such retreats as these;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblets' brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently fanning wings,
Shade the minstrel while he sings:
On his harp then sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers.
This is all—away—away—
You have made me waste the day.
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

Epigram on a noisy fanatic, more famous for his vociferation, than his good sense or rhetoric.

With such velocity of empty sound
Thou pour'st forth nonsense on the audience round,
It seems as if some demon fill'd thy breast,
If not—at least thy pulpit is possess'd,
Thou art its demon, whom we all implore
Once to come out, and enter it no more.

Epitaph on a Butcher, whose name was Lamb.

Beneath this stone lies Lamb asleep,
Who died a lamb and liv'd a sheep,
Many a lamb and sheep he slaughter'd,
But butcher death the scene has alter'd.

Voltaire seems to have known his countrymen perfectly when he asserted that they were either monkeys or tygers.

The *Charleston Courier* is not only conducted with a vigour, vivacity and spirit worthy of better fortune and better times, but it contains more original matter than most of the daily papers published in America.

Voiture was not less famed for his generosity than his wit. Balzac sent to him one day for the loan, of 400 crowns, which he readily lent; and at the bottom of the promissory note for that sum he wrote the following lines: 'I promise, to pay M. Balzac the sum of 800 crowns for the pleasure that he has afforded me of lending him 400. He returned this note by the servant that came for the money. When Balzac read it, he exclaimed 'this note does him more honour than all the letters for which he is so justly and universally admired.'

Mr. Reynolds has received from Mr. Harris, on account of his Play being *damned*, a note for two hundred pounds, as something handsome towards the funeral expenses.

Mr. Reynolds, we believe, is the first man, who got money for being *damned*; but many others, we fear, before him, have been *damned* for getting money.

[*Lon. paper.*]

Mr. Moore has copied from Anacreon a lovely picture of vernal beauty.

When spring begems the dewy scene
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the zephyrs languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies;
How sweet to mark the pouting vine
Ready to fall in tears of wine;
And with the maid, whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, entranc'd to lie
Where the embowering branches meet,
Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

The following is the natural wish of one, who calls for *rosebuds* before they be withered.

I know that heaven ordains me here
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes, which I have journeyed o'er,
Return no more—alas! no more!
And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know, nor ask to know;
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine,
No, no, the heart that feels with me
Can never be a slave to thee!
And Oh! before the vital thrill,
That trembles at my heart is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb.

My Lord Bolingbroke observes, that the people are always the surest instruments of their own servitude.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

By COWPER.

The green house is my summer seat;
My shrubs, displac'd from that retreat,
Enjoy'd the open air:
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Liv'd happy prisoners there.

They sang as blythe as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And, therefore, never miss'd.

But nature works in every breast;
Instinct is never quite suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,

Which, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between the wires.

The open windows seem to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight,
But Tom was still confin'd;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

For, sitting on his grated roof,
He chirp'd and kiss'd him, giving proof
That he desir'd no more:
Nor would forsake his cage at last,
Till, gently seiz'd, I shut him fast,
A pris'n'r as before.

O ye, who never knew the joys
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball or rout!
Blush when I tell you how a bird
A prison, with a friend, prefer'd
To liberty without.

Epitaph on a grave-stone in a country church-yard in England, on Mrs. Arabella Greenwood, who died in child-bed; written by the Rev. Mr. Greenwood, D. D.

O Death! thou hast cutte downe,
The fairest Greenwood in all this towne;
Her virtues and goode qualities were suche,
That shee mighte have married a lorde or a judge,
But suche was her condescensione and suche her humilitie
Shee chose to take me a Doctor of Divinitie,
For which heroicke acte shee stands confeste
Above all others the Phoenix of he sexe,
And like that bride one younge shee did begette,
That she mighte not leave her sexe disconsolate,
Mie grieve for her is so verie sore
I can onlie write two lines more,
For this and everie goode her sake
Never let a blister be putte on a lying-inwoman's back.

JUSTIFICATION.

While lawyer Bounce with care attends the courts,
At home, with Bounce's wife, his clerk disports;
And this he knows—but what excuse has he?
Qui facit per alium, facit perse!*

The Lawyer's wife, or the maxim wife loquitor.
Most true it is you go astray,
And also true, that 'that's my way.'
Why call it wrong then—why this fuss?
Communis error facit jus.

To a nobleman, who boasted of the facility with which he wrote poetry.

You write with ease, to show your breeding—
But easy writing's damn'd hard reading!

A Counsel once, of pigmy size,
To make a motion did arise;
But Kenyon's sight his sense defeated,
And thinking still the dwarf was seated,
'Tis common, sir, with all,' said he,
'To stand, when they're addressing me.'
Dumb was the Counsel, and offended,
When thus a wag his cause defended:
'Justice, my Lord, from you my friend expects,
You know *deminimis non curat lex*!'

Cænabis lene, mi Fabulle apud me,
Paucis si tibi di favent diebus,
Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam,
Cænam. Carm. 13.

There have been several attempts to exhibit the generosity of this invitation in an English garb. The following I have selected as among the

* Reg. Ration.

best. The first seems to preserve more of the spirit of the original, than either of the subsequent ones.

Well, shall my friend Fabullus sup with me,
'And soon, should such be fav'ring heaven's decree.
But if the supper's plentiful and rare,
Fabullus must himself supply the fare.

Fabullus, if you'll sup with me,
I'll treat you like a king,
With every kind of luxury,
That you yourself...shall bring.

To see you at supper to-morrow I wish;
But if, at my treat,
You are anxious to eat,
Remember, my friend, you must bring
Your own dish.

It is somewhat singular that the greater number of poets, whose works have given such splendor to their names and country, have proceeded from the courts of law, a profession which of all others appears least suited to the cultivation or improvement of the talents of a poet. Should a foreigner demand a narrative of the lives of some of our more celebrated wits, he would not regard us without incredulity or surprise, should we refer him for some account of their lives to the registers of the Temple. It is certain, however, that the law has the praise of producing as many poets as judges; and it is no less extraordinary that the church, which we might imagine their more natural element, can produce almost none.

THE LOVER CURED.

Young Damon, with a Lover's stare,
Ey'd Phillis o'er and o'er;
And sure, said he, a form so fair
Was never seen before.
I love that eye, so soft and meek:
And who can e'er withstand
The lovely dimples of thy cheek,
The whiteness of thy hand?
O give me but a lock of hair,
(He said with ravish'd eyes)
That on my finger I may wear,
And kiss the sacred prize.
What female could withstand the shock?
The yielding Fair submits,
Poor Damon clip'd his favourite lock,
And found it full of—nits!

ANECDOTE.

An Actor, of some consideration, (said to be Mr. Cooke) and who has no aversion to 'tipsey revelry,' lately quarrell'd with a supper party of *bon vivants*, at Manchester; and after a scuffle, in which he broke a pane of a window opening to the street, was forced to make a precipitate exit. Shortly after, he popped his head in at the broken pane, and exclaimed—'Gentleman, I see through my error, and humbly claim your indulgence.' A laugh ensued, and the Hero of the Sock and Buskin was restored to the honour of the sitting.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to say that *Sydney* cannot spell. It is lamentable that this republican namesake of a great patriot, should be ignorant even of the first page of the useful treatise of Mr. Thomas Dilworth, who was a very good man and able schoolmaster, though he never subverted a monarchy, or attempted to teach kings wisdom.

We hope to be allowed the liberty of rejecting a very licentious song on *Liberty*. We have often thought that the figure on our American dollars of this same republican goddess, exhibited the profile of one of the most impudent harlots to be found in any bagnio.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If you deem the following juvenile production worthy of publication, please to give it a place in the Port Folio, if not, commit it to the flames.

JUVENIS.

A TALE,

In the versification of Spenser.

No longer beam'd the radiant god of day,
And scarce a murmur floated in the air,
The shepherd whistling homeward bent his way
To happy scenes, devoid of every care;
To smiling boys, whose blooming features wear
The marks of ruddy health, and peace, and joy,
Who strive full oft the father's gift to share,
Some blooming nosegay, or some childish toy,
Which he had kindly purchas'd at the neighbour-
ing fair.

'Twas then a youth, oppress'd with many a woe,
Upon whose cheek oft fell the chrystal tear,
Mov'd o'er the plain, with trembling steps and
slow,
Mournful, without a pitying friend to cheer
His sadden'd soul, which like the winter drear,
Was gloomy horror all, where nought but grief,
Keen, piercing grief, was found, nor there
Did smiling Hope e'er bring her sweet relief,
And shed her cheering beams, or bring kind pros-
pects near.

His parents died, ere yet twelve times the sun
O'er his young head had run its annual round,
And ne'er a friend he knew, not one
This orphan's mournful lot with comfort crown'd;
No soothing voice he heard, no welcome sound
Of charity once met his ear, but spurn'd
By all, in lonely solitude he found
Sweet happiness, there oft his bosom burn'd
With manly virtues, hid, like ore, beneath the
ground.

A little hut he rais'd with many a clod,
His food was herbs, his drink the limpid stream;
Nature the book which rais'd his soul to God,
And taught him life itself was but a dream:
'Twill soon be past, he cry'd, while many a beam
Of joy then sparkled in his youthful eye,
'Twill soon be past, no more my sorrows seem
To oppress my soul with grief, or raise the sigh,
Ere long the rays of happiness will on me gleam.'

Thus he philosophiz'd—but now remov'd
From calm retirement's ever still retreat,
He sought the fair, whom once he saw and lov'd,
Whom once he saw and lov'd, she look'd so sweet
As she pass'd by his cot on airy feet,
And fled so swift the youth pursued in vain
Thro' many a grove, the gentle muses seat,
Or o'er the mountain, or across the plain,
He found her not, she skimm'd along with steps
so fleet.

Gloomy despair at length bedimm'd his soul,
And now he sought to end his numerous woes,
His eyes, once sparkling, now with horror roll,
And frantic to the precipice he goes;
There gaz'd a moment, then himself he throws
Off the high summit in the stream below,
Clos'd were his eyes in death, no longer glows
His breast with ardour, ne'er again he'd know
The cares, or joys of life; but every vein is froze.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON CARE.

Away, dull thought, far hence away,
Nor to annoy me dare,

I'll cherish pleasure while I may,
And ever banish Care.

Away, away,
Nor dare to stay,
Corroding Care!

E'er to be sad I hold it wrong,
For sighs infect the air;
Then ever let it be my song
Away, way with Care!

Begone, begone,
Thy power I scorn,
Dull, baseborn Care!

The ills, which grieving mortals know,
Are simple I declare;
Reflection, our most mortal foe,
Ne'er smoothes the brow of Care.
Depart, depart,
Nor wound my heart,
Pernicious Care!

Throughout the world there 'haps no ill
But each man has his share;
The wise laugh on, and gild the pill,
'Tis fools alone seek Care.

Pass on, pass on,
'Tis e'er my song,
Away with Care!
CLEMENT.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE VINE.

[Many years ago, says the Laureate of Great Britain, when I became first acquainted with the botanical system of Linnæus, I had some thoughts of writing a poem on the subject. The plan that suggested itself to me was, to select some conspicuous plant from each of the orders, to consider the sexual distinction as lovers, and the flower as the nuptial pavilion. The example of original imagery, and correct and splendid versification exhibited in Dr. Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, precluded every idea of completion, and I dropped all thoughts of the subject. But part of my summer amusement at Stoke park being derived from a fresh perusal of Dr. Darwin's poem, I was induced to try a slight defence of the liquor, which, we are told, 'cheereth the heart of God and man,' from the severe censure of the poet, and, in doing this, I have given a specimen of the plan I had meant to adopt.]

Like clustering tents upon the embattled mead,
See Vitis thick her small pavilions spread;
Beneath each silken veil, with studious care,
Five amorous brothers woo one yielding fair;
From the sweet raptures of the fond embrace
Soon springs a lovely and a generous race,
In purple bright, or lucid vesture clad.
The passer's eye the groups luxuriant glad,
While o'er the enchanting clusters native hue,
Spreads a rich tincture of celestial blue.
Sweet to the taste, the swelling orbs produce
A rich profusion of ambrosial juice;
Mantling and clear, man sees the beverage shine,
And hails, with grateful voice, the power of wine.
Fair and delicious boon of favouring heaven,
To human kind the balm of sorrow given!
By thee inspired, behold on blither wing
Soar the young joys, the muses sweeter sing;
With lighter step the dancing Graces move,
And fiercer burns the golden lamp of love.
But, thoughtless man, beware of foul excess,
Nor draw a curse, where heaven design'd to bless:
Then flies the genial draught, that cheer'd the
soul,

And fatal poison drugs the intemperate bowl.
Amid the flowrets of the festal wreath
The serpents writhe of anguish and of death,
Shoots pale disease along the languid frame,
And passion's burning fends the veins inflame.

[The following imitation, by Mr. Boscawen, who has so ably translated Horace, will please the classical reader.]

Epistle, in imitation of Horace, Lib. I. Epist. IV. to a friend, who had retired to the country in disgust at the ill success of a law suit.

My friend, whose candor to my humble lays
Warps your sound judgment into partial praise,
Say, what amusements now your leisure fill,
What studies charm on Hampstead's airy hill?
Does the gay muse you woo'd on Tuscan plains
Still prompt to rival *Della Crusca's* strains?
Or strive you in your lonely walks to find,
Man's only bliss, serenity of mind?
No dull and lifeless body you inherit,
Devoid of grace, and uninform'd by spirit;
Heaven, when it gave you fortune, gave the art
To use it as becomes a liberal heart.
Can the fond mother wish her boy more blest,
The darling boy she cherish'd at her breast,
Than in just taste and knowledge to excel,
And what he knows, in fluent language tell?
Than fame and favour which on learning wait,
Good health, good temper, and a good estate?
Then, whether flattering hope your breast inspire,
Or care perplex you, or resentment fire,
Heed not the future, grieve not for the past,
But think each day that dawns may be your last.
Thus, calmly brave, secure from fortune's power,
You'll greet with joy each unexpected hour:
And when your friends in social converse meet,
Come, dine with me in Bedford square, or Baker
street,
Me you will find more pleas'd than when you
went,
Not fat or sleek, but cheerful and content.

SONG, BY ROBERT BURNS.

[The following is one of those simple ballads of the ploughman of Ayrshire, which have been set to such exquisite music by the genius of Pleyel. The reader, who recollects the attachments of a Scotchman, and the misfortunes of some of the hereditary princes of Europe, will easily identify him, whom the poet makes the *Preceder* say had a right to the hills and vales of Scotland.]

Irish air, 'Captain O'Kain.'

The small birds rejoice on the green leaves re-
turning,
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the
vale;
The primroses blow in the dew of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale.

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair
When the lingering moments are number'd with
care?
Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly
springing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd could it merit their malice
A King and a father to place on his throne,
His right are these hills, and his right are these
vales,
Where wild beasts find shelter, though I can find
none!

But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched forlorn,
My brave gallant friends 'tis your ruin I mourn,
Your faith prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,
Alas! can I make it no better return!

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 14.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 87.

MY correspondent, Florian, has the good fortune, sometimes, to attract and deserve the attention of the ladies; but as none of the honeyed sweets of life is entirely pure, he sometimes has the ill luck to incur censure from female lips. His late speculation on the superficial education, and frivolity of American women has excited some accomplished lady to exchange her needle for a crow quill to pierce his literary corselet. This is a most gallant encounter, not surpassed by any of the redoubtable feats of ancient chivalry; and I am happy to add, that the last who has entered the lists has saluted the adverse party not with *stern defiance*, but with *gentle courtesy*.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

"For a delicate mind censure must always be an irksome and invidious task." Thus writes Florian. But I do contend, Mr. Saunter, that there are moments, when it is a very delightful task, or why does one, so sage and sentimental as Florian, exercise himself in it so repeatedly? At this time I indulge it as a very agreeable recreation, and I do make some pretensions to a delicate mind, although not to very extensive learning, wherein I cannot meet an *esprit* on equal terms; but, for the honour of my sex, I must observe, that your correspondent seems to attack us, as if he thought he possessed the exclusive privilege of finding fault. His first essay would have passed unnoticed, had not our witty Beatrice given it notoriety by some sprightly comments. His second, in the 85th number of your Lounger is undoubtedly a very respectable performance, but especially for the elegance of the style, and the deep knowledge therein displayed. Did he attack us in this way, because he had nothing else to do? Did he wish to confound us by his superior learning? Or did he wish to correct the errors of education at the age of twenty or thirty years? If the first motive prompted him to address you, he is excusable, and certainly was better employed, than he would have been at the gaming table, or the drinking club. If the second, he certainly effected his purpose in a most masterly style, for my poor head, for one, was put into such a reel by his circumlocution, that, by the time I found out the subject of his essay, I was obliged to throw down the paper, and could not venture to take it up again, until I had entirely forgotten

the long sentences of the exordium. If the third, most laudable of any, influenced him, I fear that he has undertaken an Herculean task, and one that his delicate mind may sink under.

Do not reject a good system of things, until you find one that is better, says one of the philosophers whom I have studied. To your correspondent, therefore, all American mothers look for some better method of education, than has hitherto been adopted in this country. We will give his system a fair trial, reserving the right of rejecting his plan, should it prove fallacious. Can mothers promise more? But, perhaps, this may be construed into a concession that our present system is as defective as the *flowery* Florian represents. I can, from experience, controvert his assertion.

The schools for female education in this city are certainly better than any on the continent, and by no means deficient in regularity and method. Young ladies are taught, at these public seminaries, all useful knowledge, and music and dancing are only considered as secondary accomplishments by their wise preceptors. Not so, however, by that world, in which they afterwards mingle. Tell me, Mr. Saunter, do you imagine, from your knowledge of the young men in this city, that ladies are valued according to their mental acquirements? I can assure you that they are not, and I am very confident that they never will be, while men indulge themselves in expressions of contempt for one because she has a *bare elbow*, for another because she cannot *sing well*; for a third, because she *dances awkwardly*; for a fourth, because she never made a *good pun*, nor *smart repartee*; for another, because she talks too *loudly*, for others, because they are silent occasionally, and for many because they have never had a chance of being married. This, Mr. Saunter, is the groundwork of our levity, and this is what had led Florian to imagine, that French, music and dancing, are the only things which we learn. And why? Because he, like the rest of mankind, in our city, make them the *summum bonum* of a woman's merits.

Permit me, sir, through you, to ask your correspondent, whether he would not titter, among his companions, at her expense, if a woman made a Latin quotation, or spoke with enthusiasm of classical learning? Would he not think she was out of her proper sphere, and call her pedantic, if, when a sagacious beau, at a tea-party, ask her if she loved fish, she should mention a learned treatise she had just been reading, 'On the influence of the moon on tides'? Would a woman not be shunned as a 'curst bore,' by modern beaux, that should presume to parse their language by the rules of grammar? Would she not be deemed a wretched hypocrite, who would boldly assert, that she was fond of going to church, and had a high relish for reading the Bible?

If the men will reflect on these truths, they will not be surprised that we are diffident of our learning, and unwilling to display it before

the gaudy butterflies of our time, who are so dazzled with their own *splendor* as to be incapable of seeing or relishing our modest lustre. These women, however, whose merit you and your correspondents are prone to depreciate, have more intrinsic worth than you are acquainted with. And, although at the tribunal of our own countrymen we stand impeached, yet foreigners, from all parts of the earth seek us, and proclaim that American women are the most amiable, correct, and domestic, that can be found. I hope, Mr. Saunter, that our young men will profit by these hints, and consider, that if any deserve reproach for our frivolity, it is neither our parents, preceptors, nor ourselves, but those alone who flutter around us with flattery on their tongues, and deceitfulness in their hearts. Should Florian be so fortunate as to marry, he will discover that learning is not the only requisite in the character of a wife. It can better be spared than various other charms in a woman, which are more happily calculated to 'assuage the bitterness of adverse fortune, and prolong our empire' when beauty shall have vanished. It is not necessary in order to be dutiful or affectionate wives, that we should have studied Demosthenes' Eloquence, or Caesar's Commentaries, or that we should know that Ariosto was an Italian, and Madame de Sevigne could read and relish his beauties.

I know that Tacitus was born of an honourable family, in the first Christian century, in the reign of Nero. That he was made consul in the reign of Nerva; that he wrote annals of Tiberius, Caius, Claudius and Nero, and that of thirty books which he wrote, including twenty-seven years of Roman history, we have only sixteen of his annals, and five of his history, remaining. Now do you think this knowledge makes me a better wife than I should have been without it, or do you think my husband would agree that it 'could assuage the bitterness of adverse fortune'?

No, Mr. Saunter, the acquirements of the head need no reform, but the qualities of the heart must be improved; and I advise your correspondent to begin the work immediately. Tell him to write to us about good nature, charity, patience, resignation, and all the other Christian virtues: for these, he assured, will ensure to us and our associates more bright and tranquil happiness, than all the learning of the heathen philosophers, from the first to the present age. But I am expatiating perhaps too far. I beg you will pardon this length of address, and, perhaps, you may hear from me again.

M. G.

The apology, in the concluding sentence of this well reasoned and spirited letter, is wholly superfluous. Our correspondent has the art of being *prolix without tediousness*, and *general without confusion*; and while she continues thus powerfully to defend her sex, and thus brilliantly to adorn her mind, she will always be sure of the notice, not merely of S. Saunter, but of men of a superior cast to any of the Lounger family.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF
THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued.]

"Impress it then well upon your minds, Athenians, that while they amuse you here with vain words, in reality all they desire is, that you remain idle at home, and disarmed abroad; that Philip, in the meantime, may accomplish, at his ease, all that is convenient to him. Judge of this by what happens at this time. He has occupied, for a long time, Thrace and Thessaly with numerous troops; if before the season of the Etesian winds, he besieges Byzantium, do you believe that the Byzantines persist in their prejudices against you to such a degree as not to feel the want of your assistance? Ah! if you fail them, they will invite into their walls auxiliaries, whoever they may be, even such as they will distrust more than you, rather than remain at the mercy of Philip, at least if he does not seize upon their city before any one can suspect it; and if we have not troops upon the spot, or if, when we wish to send them, the winds should resist us, there is no doubt to be made the Byzantines are undone.

"But these are a people misled by an evil genius, and their conduct towards us has been insensible—Aye, but these insensible people we must save, and save them for ourselves.

"Are we sure that Philip will not march into the Chersonesus? Has he not said in his letter, that he intended to take vengeance on that people? And is not this another reason for leaving an army, which we already have there, well formed, which is able to defend the country, and interrupt the enemy? If we lose this army, and Philip enters the Chersonesus, what shall we do then? We will impeach Diopithes. This will advance the cause surprisingly! We will send succours. But what if the sea is impassable? But Philip will not attack the Chersonesus. Who told you so? Who will be responsible for him?"

Behold here a model of precision, in hypothetic dialogue, one of the most pungent forms that can be given to discussion. But we must take a great care against a very dangerous inconvenience, into which those are apt to fall, who employ this instrument without knowing the principle and the effect of it. They feign to themselves feeble or silly objections, which are by no means such as have been or can be opposed to them; and, in such cases, this little artifice becomes puerile, and falls back upon them. When we make our adversaries speak, it is necessary to answer to their thoughts, and not to our own; to be very sure of what they can say, and very sure of our reply. In this place Demosthenes puts nothing into their mouths but what they had said, or what they were obliged to say; to avoid inconsistency. Three times he makes them speak, and three times he puts them down, with a single word. He goes on.

"Consider then, Athenians, at what time, and in what season of the year, they advise you to withdraw your troops from the Hellespont, and expose it, without defence, to the enterprises of Philip—What am I saying? Attend to another consideration, of quite a different importance. If on his return from the higher Thrace, he leaves on one side of him the Chersonesus and Byzantium, and attacks Chalcis and Megara, as in the last place the city of Oræa, had you rather be obliged to meet him upon your frontiers, than to find him employment at a distance?"

The orator, well established in the facts, which had explained, and in the consequences to be

drawn from them, all which, thanks to the power of his logic, had been but an affair of a few moments, is not afraid to hazard an advice, which he knows very well is not to the taste of the greatest part of the Athenians; but he had reserved, for the support of it, the most powerful means, those drawn from the moral affections of a people whom he had well studied. He knew them sensible to disgrace, jealous of their reputation and of their knowledge, very prone to suffer themselves to be deceived by their negligence, but also very irascible against those whom they saw convicted of deceiving them. These are so many machines which the orator proceeds to employ to set in motion this indolent and inattentive multitude. He has made his evidence shine like lightning; he now proceeds to thunder with the truth: and you will see how a citizen speaks to a people. They had never an idea in Athens, nor in any other part of the world, of giving this title, the *people*, to a gang of robbers, a mob of highwaymen. These it is necessary to flatter. And it is natural that their abettors and accomplices should flatter them. These must be called, a people *essentially good*. This was the burden of the song of our tyrants. But Demosthenes knew, and so did the Athenians, that if men were essentially good, they would not have occasion for laws. He spoke to a real people, very susceptible of errors, of weakness, of prejudice; but who had a country, a religion, a morality, and social manners; and to whom, consequently, one might with impunity shew the truth, the naked truth, the severe and poignant truth, provided they were convinced of the sincerity and good intentions of the orator. Those who are not familiar with the ancients, and who know nothing but that base adulation, incessantly lavished, among us, upon the vilest rabble, that abject popularism, so improperly called popularity, will not be able to conceive the bold and vehement veracity of Demosthenes, those bitter and violent reproaches with which he salutes his fellow-citizens, to awaken and enlighten them; and they will be still more surprised at the reception of this discourse, and at the success which it obtained.

"After these facts and reflections, my opinion is, that so far from disbanding the army, which Diopithes struggles to maintain for the service of the republic, it is necessary, on the contrary, to furnish it with fresh troops, with money, and munitions. In fact, if it were demanded of Philip, which he would prefer, that the forces of Diopithes (of what quality soever they may be, I will dispute with no man concerning their character) should be authorised, honoured, reinforced by the people of Athens, or dispersed and destroyed by the malevolence of your orators, who can doubt that this last party would not be that which he would prefer. Thus the thing that our enemy would wish for the most, is precisely that which you wish to do. And will you again inquire, why our affairs go so ill? I will proceed, Athenians, to tell you, without equivocation. I will spread before your eyes the draft of your situation and your conduct. In two words, we will neither fight nor pay. We wish to draw to ourselves the public monies, we refuse to Diopithes those which were legally appropriated to him, and we cavil with him concerning those which he procures, and the use he makes of them. It is thus that we conduct ourselves in all things; it is thus that we persist in our inattention to our own affairs. We applaud, to be sure, as much as you will, those who raise their voices for the honour of the country; but in fact we act as if we were in concert with her enemies. You inquire of those who ascend this tribunal, what is to be done? And I will interrogate you in my turn, and ask of you what I shall

say to you? For, I repeat it, if you will not serve the state neither with your persons nor your treasures; if you will neither transmit to Diopithes the funds which are due to him, nor permit him to provide himself elsewhere; in one word, if you will not transact your own business, Athenians, I have no counsels to give you. To what purpose, indeed, can any counsels serve when you permit the licence of calumny to proceed such lengths, as to pursue Diopithes not only for what he has done, but for what he will do? All this, Athenians, you hear with great patience! But you will say, tell us what will happen. Oh! that I can easily do, and that with all liberty; it is not, indeed, in me to speak otherwise.

[To be Continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

[Few of the fugitive papers of literature can be more interesting than the life of Soame Jenyns, Esq. one of the politest writers of his time; a gallant defender of the citadel of Christianity; a strenuous supporter of limited monarchy; a most able and ingenious expositor of the less luminous passages in the sacred writings; a poet of great sprightliness and fancy, and a prose writer, whose elegantly easy style is pure, unalloyed English, from the mint of Addison. He is, in every sense of the word, a gentleman-like author. Of Shaftesbury it has been justly remarked, that he never could express any thing without the formality, stiffness, and pedantry of his profession. When he laughed it was like an author, and not like a man. On the contrary, in every page of Jenyns, you have occasion to admire his courtly accomplishments, and the urbanity of his style. He is always in his best array, and that is brocade. To every one, studious of the elegant and the dignified in composition, he may be indicated as the glass of fashion, and the mould of form. Above all, he is to be strenuously recommended for the admirable correctness of all his opinions respecting the government of a church, and the government of a state. Whatever may be the opinion of his biographer, who, it is believed, was a presbyterian, and who has done great injustice to the religious, moral, and political character of Mr. Jenyns, it is certain that few writers display more truth and rectitude of sentiment. His contempt for the populace, in which he has the honour to resemble Horace and Burke, his aversion to fanatics, his zeal for all the dignity, glory, and magnificence of government, his hatred of democracy, his scepticism towards the nauseous cant of civil liberty, and his abhorrence for the iniquitous delusions of spurious patriotism, are worthy of the highest praise. His reason and his wit are staunch to the standard of loyalty, and we listen with delight to the lofty and cavalier tone in which he speaks of the ignorance, absurdity, and mischievousness of those presumptuous and vulgar disturbers of the common comfort, who strive to shake the Corinthian column of society.]

Soame Jenyns was born in Great Ormond Street, London, in the beginning of the year 1704. He was the only son of Sir Roger Jenyns, Knt. of Bottisham-Hall, in Cambridgeshire, descended from the ancient and respectable family of the Jenyns of Churchill, in Somersetshire. He was knighted by king William, January 9, 1693-4. His mother was one of the daughters of Sir Peter Soame, Bart. of Hayden, in the county Essex; a woman of great beauty, and of very amiable manners, and elegant accomplishments.

He received a domestic education, at first under the Rev. Mr. Hill, and afterwards under the Rev. Stephen White.

At the age of seventeen, he was sent to the University of Cambridge, and entered a Fellow Commoner of St. John's College, July 2, 1722, under Dr. Edmonson, at that time one of the principal tutors of the college.

He resided there three years, pursuing his studies with great industry; but left the univer-

sity, as was formerly the usual practice with gentlemen of fortune, without having taken any degree.

From the time he left Cambridge, his residence in winter was in London, and in the summer in the country, in his father's family, as long as he lived.

He early displayed his poetical talents. In 1728, he published *The Art of Dancing*, a poem in two cantos, inscribed to Lady Fanny Fielding; 1729, he wrote the verses *In the Earl of Oxford's Library*; in 1730, verses *To the Earl of Chesterfield*, on his being installed Knight of the Garter; and in 1733, *An Epistle to Lord Lovelace*. This was followed by the *Modern Fine Gentleman*, 1746; *The Squire and Parson*, An Eclogue; *The First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace Imitated to Lord Hardwicke*; *To the Hon. Miss Yorke*, on her Marriage to Lord Anson, 1748; *The Modern Fine Lady*, 1750; and several others, which he collected into a volume in 1752.

Soon after his father's death, at the general election, in 1741, he was chosen one of the representatives for the county of Cambridge, and gave his support to Walpole. He represented it again in the parliament of 1747. In that of 1754 he was member for Dunwich, in Suffolk; and in 1761, took his seat for the town of Cambridge, which place he continued to represent so long as he remained in Parliament.

When Moore began '*The World*,' in 1753, he gave his assistance, among others, and contributed Nos. 125, 153, 157, 163, and 178.

In 1755, he was appointed one of the Lords of Trade and Plantations, a place which he held during every change of administration, until it was abolished in 1780, when he retired from the business of parliament. He was, in general, an adherent of the minister for the time being, and was an useful, active, and diligent member of the House of Commons, though he shared, as he admitted in one of his poems, no gift of tongue.

In 1757, he published his *Free Inquiry into the Origin of Evil*, in Six Letters, 8vo. This work excited much attention, and produced several answers; to which he replied, in an additional Preface to the second edition. He is of opinion, that to produce good exclusive of evil, is one of those impossibilities which even Infinite Power cannot accomplish, and that all evils owe their existence solely to the necessity of their own nature; by which he means, that they could not possibly have been prevented without the loss of some superior good. Many evils, he thinks, will unavoidably insinuate themselves, by the natural relations and circumstances of things, into the most perfect system of created beings, even in opposition to the will of an Almighty Creator; by reason that they cannot be excluded without working contradictions, which not being proper subjects of power, it is no diminution of Omnipotence, to affirm that it cannot effect them. Such is the groundwork of his Inquiry, &c. which was reviewed with great severity by Dr. Johnson, in the '*Literary Magazine*' for 1757. He took a revenge unworthy of a man of letters, many years after, in a severe Epitaph on Dr. Johnson.

On the publication of Mr. Hawkins Browne's Latin poem, on the '*Immortality of the soul*,' in 1752, Jenyns made a translation of it into English, which was published in Dodsley's '*Collection of Poems*,' 1758.

In 1756 he published a pamphlet, intitled *Short but serious Reasons for a national Militia*, 8vo; and to this succeeded several other performances, both in prose and verse, either in defence of Government, or levelled at some persons in opposition to the measures of administration.

In 1761, he published his *Miscellaneous Poems*, in 2 vols, 8vo, one which contained some political essays.

In 1767, he published a pamphlet, intitled *Thoughts on the Cause and Consequence of the High Price of Provisions*, 8vo. This high price he attributes principally to the increase of our national debt, and the increase of our riches, that is, to the poverty of the public, and the wealth of private individuals. This pamphlet is replete with very ingenious observations.

In 1776 he published his celebrated work, intitled *A View of the Internal Evidence of the christian Religion*, 12mo. This publication was very generally read, and commended in terms of the highest praise, by some, whilst it was spoken of in the slightest manner by others. Though he professes and appears to have written it with a laudable design, yet it has provoked censure from the divine and the moralist, and profane sarcasm from the philosopher and sceptic. He is accused of injuring the cause he professed to defend, by diligently relating, and elaborately displaying the strongest objections which have been raised again the Christian religion, while his mode of refuting them is cold, careless, and unsatisfactory. He seems to have defended Christianity upon principles that lead, as persons may be differently disposed, to scepticism, or to enthusiasm.

His plan is comprehended under the following proposition: 1st, That there is now extant, a book intitled the New Testament. 2dly, That from this book may be extracted, a system of religion entirely new, both with regard to the object, and the doctrines, not only infinitely superior to, but unlike every thing which had ever entered into the mind of man. 3dly, That from this book may likewise be collected a system of ethics, in which every moral precept founded on reason is carried to a higher degree of purity and perfection, than in any other of the wisest philosophers of preceding ages; every moral precept founded on false principles is totally omitted, and many new precepts added; peculiarly corresponding with the new object of this religion. Lastly, that such a system of religion and morality could not have been the work of any man, or set of men, much less of those obscure, ignorant, and illiterate persons, who actually did discover and publish it to the world; and that, therefore, it must undoubtedly have been effected by the interposition of Divine Power, that is, that it must derive its origin from God. Under the third proposition, he reckoned valour, patriotism, and friendship, among fictitious virtue, founded on false principles; and he apprehends that however they have been celebrated and admired, they are, in fact, no virtues at all.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1796.

[Continued.]

Here are no churches, palaces, pictures or cabinets, to arrest or amuse the attention of a stranger. The *Beotian Church*, of St. Lawrence, has little to exhibit, besides a massy ballustrade of brass, and a few heavy marble pillars, which separates the altar from the nave. From the top of the lofty, but uncouth and clumsy tower, if the traveller is willing to hazard his limbs up a dismal and mean staircase, his curiosity will be gratified, by a distant view of several towns, and much agreeable scenery lying within his very extensive horizon.

The Exchange is a neat building, of free stone, well situated. Its cloisters or piazzas are

crowded by one o'clock, and precisely at half past two, a bell rings the merchants off, and whoever stays longer, must pay his guilders—a trait this of Batavian method and punctuality, suitable enough for a country of traders, where economy and thrift are the leading ideas, and considered as even more than minor virtues.

In the principal market place is a statue of Erasmus. He is dressed in a collegiate habit, and makes a very sombre appearance. I could find nothing in the two Latin inscriptions on the different faces of the pedestal, that had enough of point to be worth copying. Sterile sentiments are best clothed in a dead language.

They have a very pretty theatre, situated in the westerly suburbs. The house, last evening, in which a company of French actors played a French comedy, was thinly attended, and the performance was contemptible. In one of the boxes, sat two or three elegant and attractive girls. The Dutch ladies, in general, have not much to boast of what is of so much importance to the sex in other countries, face and figure. It is said, however, that they make very good wives and mothers, and divorces are but rarely known. Polished people, in most countries, dress with fancy, if not taste; and some such there are in Holland: but a flat plain cap, clinging to the temples, is the characteristic head dress of the majority of the industrious and decent females of this modest and methodical republic.*

19th November. Employed our morning in examining some of the extraordinary mills that ply their lofty sails in the neighbourhood. We mounted to the top of a grist mill, that was 106 feet high, the arms of which, were 90 feet, and within pistol shot, were two or three others, from 70 to 100 feet in height. These noble machines are built of brick, and a few of stone. They grind from 12 to 20,000 sacks of wheat annually. But no one can have his corn admitted, until he produce to the miller, a permit, certifying that he has paid the tax upon it. The sacks are all of the same size, and contain about 3 bushels, on which the enormous imposition of 5 guilders, or two dollars, is laid. Few countries tax bread corn, and none so heavily. We next viewed a saw mill. They were then at work for the admiralty, and only 12 saws going. But the owner assured us, he could work sixty at once. The mode of fixing and unshipping the saws, is simple. The same axle gives the motion to the one and to the sixty. The water mills, or those which pump the water from the meadows into the canals, are much inferior, both in bulk and materials.

20th. A very fine morning gave us an opportunity, in the *Treuchshuyt*, in which we had taken our passage for the Hague, of viewing the gardens, and pleasant houses, which occasionally present themselves on the sides of this canal. For half a mile on each side without the Delft Gate, where we got into our boat, there is a compact range of very neat houses—a few, elegant. To a lover of natural beauties, nothing can be more disgusting, than Dutch gardening. It seems to be a kind of vegetable distortion. Clipped hedges, and the limbs of the trees tortured into formal shapes, are indicative of the Batavian taste for stiffness and artificial beauties. Busts, and statues, without a fig leaf to shelter a charm

* The female multitude exhibit a singular fondness for looking big, or rather round, especially about the hips. They therefore employ various modes of cloathing, to produce this false protuberance. The English and American ladies, not many years ago, shewed a similar taste. The latter now not content with discarding this preposterous retundity, have also dismissed the waste, as being too natural, not to be liable to the imputation of vulgarity.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GEORGE STEEVENS, ESQUIRE.

are continually peeping through the groves, or are seen in the attitude of diving into the fish pond.

We were shewn, at Delft, a plain old house, once the palace of the founder of the republic, the first *William*, prince of Orange. This great man was shot in this house in 1584, by an assassin, hired for the villainy, by Philip the second. In the great church, is a most noble monument, dedicated to his memory. This magnificent tomb, is worthy the illustrious hero, whose immortal memory it is intended to consecrate.

Delft is a large town, but derives most of its advantages from the situation of it, being nearly midway between Rotterdam and the Hague, having but little trade of its own.—The Dutch India Company having imported such immense quantities of china, as to bring that ware within the purchase of almost all, the manufactory of an inferior kind of procelain, by which this town was formerly celebrated and enriched, is now in a very declining state. Canals, trees, neat stone bridges, quiet, cleanliness, and good order, designate this place, as not inferior to its neighbours in such particulars.

You travel here by hours, not by miles, and therefore, when you inquire how far off such a town is, they reply, that it is one, two or three hours, instead of three or nine miles. The barges move with so much punctuality and exactitude, and the whole country is so intersected by canals, that this mode of estimating distances, is precise enough, and the stranger soon gets accustomed to the language: We here took another boat, and arrived at the *Hague* at three o'clock.

This very beautiful place, deserves the character which Lord Chesterfield has given it; "That of being the handsomest village in Europe." It is called a village, because it is without walls. It contains forty thousand inhabitants. But if magnificent houses, squares, public walks, broad streets and noble canals, the seat or session of the government, a large garrison, and the residence of the whole diplomatic corps, are any thing in creating a city, this ought to be considered as the first in the Seven Provinces. The Hague is distant about three miles from the German Ocean, and there is a very fine walk through a strait and striking avenue of lofty elms, to the village of Scheveling, which is on the beach at the end of this vista, composed altogether of fishermen. At this little town, you have a boundless view of the North Sea. Nearly on the opposite side of the Hague, is an agreeable outlet, of a mile, extending to the *Maison de Bois*, a pleasant house of the late Stadtholder. But the pictures, and a great part of that Prince's excellent cabinet of natural history, are now to be found only at Paris.

A convention of the Seven United Provinces, are now in session here, for the purpose of framing a new constitution. The princes having fled, and the old complicated mongrel system being subverted, by the French having overrun the country, it is certainly a favourable time for them, by a consolidation of the different Provinces into one simple and general governmental mass, to erect such a national union of energy and force, as properly administered, may eventually relieve them from that debasement, into which they have certainly fallen. [But more of this hereafter.]

In the course of some political discussion, a Dutch patriot, a little soured with public circumstances, observed that Holland, instead of being the fatted Ox, as France used to call it, ought now to be considered only as the half starved herring, which had slid down the throat of the Leviathan, to escape being devoured.

[Of an editor so conspicuous as to attract the attention of Dr. Johnson, a slight sketch will not be deemed uninteresting, by all who remember that Mr. STEEVENS has been honorably associated with the author of the Rambler, in the office of regulating the text of SHAKESPEARE. Until the year 1765, the plays of this matchless poet, were soiled with age, and blemished by the ignorance of one set of editors, and the rash dexterity of another. But they were gems still, and it was reserved for the joint labours of a JOHNSON and STEEVENS, to exhibit them in the fairest light.]

George Steevens was born at Poplar, in the county of Middlesex, in the year 1736. His father, a man of great respectability, was engaged in a business connected with the East India Company, by which he acquired a handsome fortune. Fortunately for his son, and for the public, the clergyman of the place, was Dr. Gloucester Ridley, a man of great literary accomplishments, who is styled, by Dr. Lowth, *poeta natys*. With this gentleman, an intimacy took place, that united the two families closely together, and, probably, gave the younger branches of each, that taste for literature, which both afterwards ardently cultivated. The first part of Mr. Steevens's education he received under Mr. Woddeson, at Kingston, upon Thames, where he had, for his schoolfellows, George Keate, the poet, and Edward Gibbon, the historian. From this seminary, he removed in 1753, to King's College, Cambridge, and entered there under the tuition of the reverend Dr. Barford. After staying a few years at the university, he left it, without taking a degree, and accepted a commission in the Essex militia, in which service, he continued a few years longer. In 1763, he lost his father, from whom he inherited an ample property, which if he did not lessen, he certainly did not increase. From this period, he seems to have determined on the course of his future life, and devoted himself to literary pursuits; which he followed with unabated vigour, but without any lucrative views, as he never required, or accepted the slightest pecuniary recompense for his labours. His first residence was in the Temple, afterwards at Hampton, and lastly at Hampstead, where he continued near thirty years. In this retreat, his life passed in one unbroken tenor, with scarce any variation, except an occasional visit to Cambridge, walking to London in the morning, six days out of seven, for the sake of health and conversation, and returning home in the afternoon of the same day. By temperance and exercise, he continued healthy and active, until the last two years of his life, and TO THE CONCLUSION OF IT, DID NOT RELAX HIS ATTENTION TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SHAKESPEARE, WHICH WAS THE FIRST OBJECT OF HIS REGARD. He died the twenty-second of January, 1800, and was buried in Poplar Chapel. Hayley says of him that

His talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
Could fascinate alike the grave or gay.

The admirable author of "The Pursuits of Literature, a work alike memorable for its utility of satire, its copiousness of learning, and its brightness of wit, often takes occasion to commend the subject of this memoir with highly delicate and discriminating praise. In a strain of noble enthusiasm, and elegant compliment, he thus alludes to his early application to the collation of SHAKESPEARE.

I'll breathe at large etherial air,
Far from the bar, the senate and the court,

And in *Avonian* fields with STEEVENS sport
Whom late from Hampstead, journeying to his book,
Aurora oft for Cephalus mistook,
What time he brush'd her dew with hasty pace,
To meet the Printer's devil face to face:
With dogs black letter'd in the *Stratford* chace,
Mouth match'd, like bells, yet of confused race.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

Excursion to the Glaciers of Grindenwald.

[Continued.]

WE sent back our horses as soon as we arrived at the top of the Great Scheidegg, and set out on foot to descend the mountain. The walk was none of the pleasantest; for we were knee-deep in snow the greater part of the way, and frequently fell into hollows up to our waists, when we could not trace the right path. Towards the bottom of the mountain, we passed through a very gloomy forest of pines and larches, which seemed a fit place for deeds of horror. As we descended lower, we fell in with a romantic little stream, called the Rheigenbach which bustled along by us with some fury, and formed several pretty cascades among the fragments of rock, that had fallen from the heights, and impeded its course. From a high mountain on our left, we beheld a very beautiful water fall, produced by a small stream, which had wandered to the edge of a tremendous precipice, and from the deep gloom of a pine forest, which skirted it, and precipitated itself in a white sheet, but meeting with a projecting rock about half way in its fall, it broke into a cloud of spray which resembled the white dust of the avalanche. But what pleased us most, and detained us half an hour, to admire it, was a rainbow that appeared on the superior part, which as the sun rose, majestically descended with a variety of colours, that were always changing. We were fortunate in arriving, at the only moment of the day, when such a pleasing sight could be witnessed. From thence, we descended, by a path, among the rocks, absolutely resembling a stair case, till we came to a verdant promontory, where travellers usually stop awhile, to admire the beautiful country of Hasli, which this eminence commands. We were now pugged with the only cloud we had met with, (for the sky had been perfectly serene all the day) which settling round the bosoms of the opposite mountains, prevented us from seeing any thing but their rugged summits, and concealed many of the beauties below it.

We quitted our guide and our bundles, to descend along the broken margin of the Rheigenbach, which forms, at this place, some noble cascades. We crossed the abyss, through which this torrent roared, by a stone bridge, of a single arch, far below which, we saw the foaming of the waters. This bridge was shaded, very prettily, by some old beeches, and was covered with goats. We passed among them, with some little apprehension, as there being no walls, on either side, a push from one of them, would, infallibly, have proved fatal, by overturning us into the gulphs below.

We then pursued the torrent, in all its windings, and into its most secret recesses, often with some personal danger, as we were obliged to descend precipices, and clamber over rocks, with frequently little more to depend upon than the overhanging bough of a tree, or the tufts of grass which grew in the crevices. In this manner, we approached, and beheld scenes, that must forever remain invisible to those who will not expose themselves to the same peril, or take

the same pains, and we were certainly compensated for all we underwent, by the numerous cascades and boiling cauldrons, we found almost shaded from the light of day, by the thick branching of the mountain shrubbery. Often did we meet with grottos, hollowed out by the beating of the waters, which would tempt a Naiad to take up her abode in them; and rocks, which would defy the skill of an artist to imitate, or a poet to describe. As we continued our course, we encountered a precipice, which was much beyond our power to descend, and compelled us to make a circuitous journey to the green turf we saw below us, which, nevertheless, was not attained without many tumbles, rollings and slippings. From this verdant platform, which seemed formed by nature for the purpose, we beheld the grand fall of Rheigenbach, down an amazing steep, which was white with the foam of the cataract. The spray, which rose in clouds, sprinkled all the neighbouring rocks, and incessantly formed long white vapours, which crept up the sides of the mountain.

We were not so soon satisfied with admiring this beautiful cascade, which is one of the finest in Switzerland, and for which we were indebted to the Pastor Wytenback of Berne, who advised us to cross the Scheidegg, and put into our hands a little printed sketch of the journey, which he had drawn up for the use of travellers. We soon after arrived at the village of Meysingen, which we entered, after crossing the Aar, by a covered wooden bridge.

Meysingen is like all the villages in the valleys, being composed of neat wooden cottages, by roofs, which make an obtuse angle, and project from six to ten feet beyond the walls, serving as a kind of piazza. The gable end is generally made the front, and is often covered with German inscriptions. Instead of a window, they have a chain of windows, with small circular panes of glass, set in lead.

This valley abounds in cascades, which are seen streaming down the mountains in every direction. Many of the hills present the ruin and devastation occasioned by the temporary torrents, formed in the spring, by the melting of the snows, which descending with great violence, tear up in their course, large trees and huge fragments of rock.

As our walk of four leagues from the top of the Scheidegg, with our severe exercise, in descending along the edge of the Rheigenbach, had furnished us with good appetites, we took some small refreshment at Meysingen, and again set out on foot for Brienz, where we soon arrived, after a walk of three leagues, along the flat banks of the Aar. This was a day's journey of twenty miles at least, besides our ride to the top of the Great Scheidegg, which was at least six leagues more.

It is a curious fact, that a pedestrian can travel farther, and with less fatigue, in a mountainous country, than in a level one. I can vouch for this from experience, and I believe it is produced by the continual change in the position of the muscles, which, by this means, relieve each other, whereas in a plain, the same muscles are constantly in tension, and of course, are sooner fatigued. Besides, the keenness of a mountain air, and the grand objects which constantly engage the attention, in such countries as Switzerland, exhilarate the spirits, and enable a traveller to undergo fatigues, which would bear him down in less interesting countries.

The little village or town of Brienz, is placed at the head of the lake of the same name, at the place where the Aar enters it. We found nothing there worth observation; and at day break, the following morning, embarked on the lake, in a

little shell of a boat, rowed by one man and two women. This you will think somewhat curious: however, they performed very well, and were so merry, that I scarcely remember ever to have been so much entertained. We breakfasted, during the voyage, on some honey, cheese, bread, wine and *cherry spirit*, which we had brought with us, very heartily. This spirit, (called in Europe Kirchewasser) is the famous drink of Switzerland, and I recollect seeing it used at Paris, and in Holland, as a *liqueur*. We shared our provisions with our rowers, whom we relieved, by turns, and finding a spare oar on board, I made use of it, so well, for two leagues and an half, as drew upon me the *applauses* of my female companions.

The lake of Brienz, is about three leagues long, and bounded, on all sides, by high land. Unluckily for us, the morning was very misty, and the heavy clouds rose no higher than midway; the mountains, which in consequence, appeared all of the same elevation. This often produced strange appearances; particularly when a water fall had its head above the line, when it appeared as if descending from the clouds.

There are some pretty views of castles, towns, and villages, all along this lake, but we saw them to a disadvantage. In a fine day, the prospects must be delightful, particularly towards Grindewald, whose glaciers and pointed mountains, would be distinguished above every thing else.

We landed at Interlachen, from whence we had departed, and walked to the *Maison Neufve*, where a boat, we had previously engaged, waited for us: a few hours rowing, on the lake of Thun, brought us to the inn of our loquacious landlord, where we found a carriage ready, that brought us last night to Berne, much to his regret, as he promised himself another fleecing of his good friends the American travellers.

We have been engaged to day in visiting our friends, and seeing public institutions. The library is fitted up, I think, with too much elegance. The collection of books amounts to 30,000 volumes: many of them are the donations of English travellers and foreign public officers, who have made Berne their residence for any time.

The library also contains some large bass reliefs, (in the manner of general Pflüger's, at Lucerne) of the country, which are valuable and useful to the Canton. There are also several Roman antiquities, which have been dug up in the neighbourhood.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. THE LAY PREACHER.

"Here am I, FOR THOU DID'ST CALL ME."

With a voice, O public, so finely modulated, so gratefully soothing to the ear of an ambitious author, that he hearkens to the summons, and is actually indicting a sermon, apologetical for absence from his lay-stall, and for his negligence of the flock.

But who is there among the sons of men, of such self-denying humour, that will not, sometimes, flee from confinement to breathe a little fresh air, and ramble, yea *run*, a moment, from the drudgery of methodized life?

The clergyman, fatigued with Flavel, and panting under the annual load of heavy sermons, asks from the parish a respite; and, as he cheerily urges his pacer, plodding and slow, like his owner, sings, instead of David's psalms, a hymn to the "Goddess of leisure."

The lawyer choked with the dust of courts, and deafened by the gibberish of the laws, caunters from the circuit; and, placid at his desk, suffers not a plea in bar to obstruct the current of his yawning humour.

The doctor too and merchant in, gaping hours, scorn the recipe and the invoice, and idly dream of subjects more pleasant than subjects consumption, or subjects commercial.

If, therefore, the dignitaries of the church, the Dons in the state, and "the great oneyers" of the mart thus frolick during the holidays of indolence, many circumstances may, at any stage of his course, command a Lay Preacher to rest from his labour. Like a bishop, HORSLEY, or PORTEUS, he is not invested with holy lawn to inspire awe in the vulgar, nor, like those illustrious prelates, is he brilliant and learned to excite the admiration of the wise. When he reflects on the obscurity of his station, and the simplicity of his lessons, he perceives without wonder, the paucity of his disciples. Moreover, within that narrow circle, which may be justly denominated my listening parishoners; *Who hath believed our report?* Neither by smiles nor by frowns, neither by grave, precepts, nor merry allusion, has the Lay Preacher driven the rake from his mistress, or the reveller from his wine. Men persevere in tracing the path, which Passion has chosen, or Habit has worn smooth, and the monitory sermon if read, is soon forgotten.

To those, who from the intimacy, or partiality of friendship, are anxious that my weekly advice should still be given, and to the public, who have condescended once or twice to ask for me, I will narrate the private motives, which persuade, or compel me occasionally to be silent.

In the first place, I honestly declare, with wonted frankness, that many evil spirits often have dominion over my mind, and that Indolence, Sloth, and Ill-humour, are too frequently suffered to lock up my quills, and overset my inkhorn.

Like a venerable predecessor, I am sometimes the victim of "weariness and painfulness, and watchings," all which are unfriendly to preaching; nor do I believe the archbishop of Canterbury himself, could indite a Pastoral Letter, or make a Visitation Charge successfully, under such unfavourable circumstances.

He, who resolves to speculate, flies, in conformity to the suggestion of HORACE, to the grove; and, in a lonely situation, converses with few, besides his books and himself. But if an author keep no other company, he will not be long qualified to give interest and novelty to his researches. Every line will savour of the lamp, and every page will be mouldy with the damp air of a monkish cell. Hence, to write what the world will cheerfully read, it is absolutely necessary for a Man of Letters to obey the advice of the poet Green, and make

"Trips through the Town, life to amuse,
"To purchase books, and hear the news
"To see old friends, brush off the clown,
"And quicken taste."

Unless he occasionally wander through a great city, and forsake his closet, for a saunter in "Vanity Fair," how could a Lay Preacher correctly describe, or justly censure fashionable follies and the blameful luxury of a Capital? To ridicule, with point and effect, the fantastic foppery of dress, one must actually look across the street, or through the coffee house, and mark the peacock beau "expanding his gayest plumage." To laugh judiciously, at gowns without a waist, or petticoats either transparent or scanty,

* The *Facuna* of the ancients.

* SHAKESPEARE.

a satiric writer must often gaze at the daughters of fashion, and go, one morning, with giggling girls, to that great band box of millinery, the shop of Miss *Chrystal*. How could a recluse author know his *right shoe* from his *left*, unless he had frequent conferences with *Bedford*, that modish disciple of St. Crispin, and how, without the lessons of a *Tiffin* or a *Freeman*, could he describe a *Teoman* crown, or the vast circumference of a *Chapeau bras*?

Now, it scarcely from these premises, need be inferred, that to gather materials for composition, is the work of one day, and to put them into form, is reserved to the next. It is unreasonable to expect that an essayist should be seen with a pen constantly in his hand. His effusions would become wretchedly trite, if he were not permitted to go abroad, searching for some new object, or some new face, to serve as fresh topics for speculation. While I am mingling in the crowd of High-street, lounging in booksellers' shops, listening to the song of glee, laughing with the jocund friend, arguing with politicians, against democracy, or chatting with sensible women, round a supper table, I am, in fact, composing Lay Preachers. The process, though invisible, still continues. I enter hints in my note book, though perhaps I may not expand them in the Port Folio; and keep, for future use, the fruit of my observations, as my tender and prudent mother used to store for me, autumnal apples, to bless my infant palate, in the distant spring time.

But, though for a season, the Lay Preacher's desk has been shut, yet his books have been open, and his thoughts awake. Having seen some novel objects, and read many curious tomes in the course of his vacation, perhaps he is qualified to resume his labours, with some degree of spirit. Through many a pensive eve, he meditates the substantial good of society; and peruses many a heavy book, with a view, by studious chemistry, to extract some essence, to relieve the spirits of his readers. At any rate, as this mode of writing is approved, by those, whom it is his ardent wish to please, he is determined to lay aside every weight of interest, which might bias him to more gainful occupations; to lay aside that sin of indolence, which doth so easily beset an invalid, and an author, and to run with patience the race that is set before him. He looks for recompense, not to the favour of the populace, but to the kindness of the Few; and while he expresses honest thoughts in simple diction, and "strives for the mastery" over Folly and Vice, he is confident of the courteous salutations of his brethren, especially such as be of *Cesar's* household.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The author of the Pursuits of Literature, whose judgment and taste are sufficient to stamp value on any whom he chooses to commend, thus honourably distinguishes the last editor of Shakspeare—"IAAC REED, Esq. editor of Dodsley's Old Plays, lately republished, is a gentleman of learning, information, and ingenuity, and greatly respected. I mention him with very particular pleasure." In his poem he very playfully alludes to this industrious and useful editor.

"The grave laborious Reed,
Friend to most traders in researches quaint,
Jayman or priest, the sinner or the saint;
Farmer he loves, and Steevens will receive,
Though not *Mic Masterre* Ireland by your leave.

Among the numerous poetical praises of the muse of SHAKSPEARE, the following not generally known, is among the first both for the pro-

priety of the sentiment, and the dignity and vigour of the expression.

Give me the *soul* that breathes in Shakspeare's page,
Strength from within, the unresisted rage,
The thought that stretch'd beyond creation's bound,
And in the flaming walls no barrier found,
The PEN RE DIPT IN MIND; I'll hush to rest
The little tumults of a critic's breast.
Eternal verdure bloom in Shakspeare's grove,
Where led by light from heaven, he oft would rove
In solitude and social silence blest;
And in the musings of his mighty breast,
All as he scan'd the volume of the past,
O'er Greece and Rome one wishful glance would cast;
"Mourn not," pleas'd Nature cried, "their sounds
unknown,
My universal language is your own."

Goldsmith, in his natural history, pleasantly remarks; because the female bat has two nipples on the breast, and those prominent, as in the human kind, Linnæus has absurdly given this contemptible animal the title of a *Primas*, and ranked it with man. Such arbitrary associations, produce ridicule, rather than instruction, and render even method contemptible.

In the city of London, every morning supplies the inquisitive with eight papers; every evening, with three, besides others, on various days of the week; and on Sunday morning, on the tables of every coffee house of note, are to be found, all the daily papers. The Chapter coffee house, in Paternoster Row, near St. Paul's, has a very agreeable and useful institution, especially to strangers. All the best periodical works, reviews, magazines, annual registers, &c. lie on the tables, for the general use of the coffee room, together with the popular temporary publications; and a large library is open to every one, who frequents the house, at the yearly subscription of one shilling. All the country newspapers are also regularly filed at this house. Another coffee house deserves to be noticed, for its singular, and complete utility, as to newspapers; this is Peale's, in Fleet street, where is to be found, every newspaper published in the various towns and counties of England, Ireland and Scotland. Persons, who do not chuse to take refreshment, pay three-pence, at Peale's, for reading. There are several coffee houses near the Royal Exchange, in which are to be found, the *American*, German, and French papers. At the west end of the town, are booksellers' shops, particularly *Debrett's*, *Stockdale's* and *Ginger's*, Picadilly; *Ridgway's*, York-street. St. James's Square; the *Hookham's* in Old and New Bond-street; *Earle's*, Albemarle-street, and *Lloyd's*, Harley-street, furnished with all the newspapers, and much frequented, about the middle of the day, by fashionable people, and used as lounging places for political and literary conversation.

In the ensuing lines, the poetical reader will recognize a very tolerable parody of part of Satan's address to the Sun, and of Cato's Soliloquy.

Oh, ye, that now with strength superior crown'd
Look from the nail supporting, like the best
Of all the cupboard; at whose sight my shoes
Hide their diminish'd head! to you I call,
But with no fawning voice, and add your name
O boots! to tell you, how I'll use your strength
That brings to my remembrance what support
Ye were; what firm defence against each stone
Projecting craggy, or more dread annoy,
Minute of gravel; or the hateful herb
Of venom multifold, and thorns and furze,
Till time and worse occasion wore ye down.
Well tried, well worn, ye were; and many a mile
Adventurous, on adventure doughty frought
Ye bore my feet fatigued; till time and toil
Mordacious brought ye low; nor did not then
This careful eye perceive nor hand attempt

To stay the coming ill, if ought could stay
The approach of aged ill. Full many a nail
Obdurate with ferran head and point
Of sharpest texture, has for many a day,
Driven by this hand, withstood the grinding rage
Of rocks and roads; though now with glossy sole
Ye shine resplendent, and the cobbler's hand
With scientific skill has stopped each leak,
Where erst the chilly waters found a way,
Not to the foot alluring; yet again
If fail not *understanding*, ye shall prove
Each various peril; or in stirrup plac'd
Equestrian, or more humble walk at noon
When wealthy wights shall mount the pampered
steed

And give the guiding rein; for not to me,
For not to me, in stall well spread and straw'd
Stands the apt courser: No, my boots,—these feet,
These *Decemdigitipedum* must still
On many a furze-fill'd heath and ragged rock
Annoyant, bear me far with your support.

Through what variety of untried walks,
Through what new scenes and countries must we
pass,

The wide the unbounded prospect lies before us,
But vapours, fogs, and tempests rest upon it,
Here will I pause—if there's a walk in store—
And that there is all nature cries aloud
In all her charms—it somewhere sure must lead us,
And that, whereto it leads us shall be pleasant;
But when, or where, or why, or how it shall be
I'm weary of conjecture—This must end them.

Sonnet, written on passing by moonlight
through a village, while the ground was covered
with snow.

While thus I wander cheerless and unblest,
And find in change of place but change of pain;
In tranquil sleep the village labourers rest,
And taste that quiet I pursue in vain!
Hush'd is the hamlet now, and faintly gleam
The dying embers, from the casement low
Of the thatch'd cottage; while the moon's wan beam
Lends a new lustre to the dazzling snow.
On the cold waste, amid the freezing night,
Scarce heeding whither desolate I stray;
For me, pale eye of evening, thy soft light
Leads to no happy home; my weary way
Ends but in sad vicissitude of care,
I only fly from doubt to meet despair.

Sonnet, written in an Alcove, where Thomson composed his Seasons.

Aerial spirits, who forsook yon sky,
To whisper charmed sounds in Thomson's ear,
Or, shaded from the ken of grosser eye,
Dit to the bard in holy trance appear.
Still grace the sacred grove which once was dear,
On every leaf enweave a druid spell,
And say to the profane, should such come near,
Here did the woodland pilgrim form his cell;
The priest of nature here his temple plac'd
And rais'd the incense of his song on high;
With sylvan honours was his altar grac'd,
His harp was tun'd to heavenly psalmistry:
Here did he pour to Nature's God the strain—
And, should you scorn the worship, shun the fane.

The following whimsical thought occurs in a volume of fanciful poems.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis:
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagirite.
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull.
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor inward woman from without—
(Though ma'am you smile, as if in doubt),
I think, twere well, if nature could,
And nature could, if nature would,
Some pretty short description write
On tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throats,
Like labels upon physic bottles.

The following impassioned lines, were written in 1776, by an Anglo American, anxious for the safety of two countries, who ought ever to be linked in bonds indissoluble.

HORACE. Book V. Ode VII: Imitated.

Say, Britons, what wild frenzy draws
Your dreaded swords in impious war:
Sprung from one parent, what dire cause
Prompts your misjudging breasts the horrid fight to dare?

Has not enough of British blood
Been spilt on Canada's wild plain?
Have you not there, as brothers, stood,
To check the haughty foe's presumptuous reign?
No more your swords from faithless Gaul,
Reap glorious harvests of renown;
No more on Spain your thunders fall,
But Britons lie, by Britons hands overthrown:
France triumphs in the fatal tale;
And Spain exulting, views with joy,
Mad faction's hellborn arts prevail,
That every wholesome law, once friendship's bands,
destroy.

Tigers than you are gentler far;
On other beasts they only prey:
But you with brothers wage the war,
And rend with impious hand, the tender ties away.
O Britons! Brethren! calm your rage,
Nor with mad hands, in scenes of blood
Like senseless savages, engage:
But know yourselves, and know each country's good.
Let peace her olive branch extend,
And chase wild discord from the plain,
Bid sons to gentle parents bend,
And once again unite, and great in freedom reign.

The following sweet lines to Content, will remind the poetical reader of CUNNINGHAM's beautiful ballad.

O'er the wild heath, at early dawn,
I trace thy foot-steps, gentle power!
At noon, retiring from the lawn,
I seek thee in the shadowy bower.

When chilling blasts and nightly dews
Warn me to quit the drooping grove,
I woo thee to inspire the muse,
Or bless the hours of social love.

And while our offspring void of guile,
Around in sportive frolics join;
I watch'd the fond maternal smile
Of her whose every joy is mine.

Ah! sweet Contentment; heavenly maid,
Wilt thou not hear thy votary's prayer,
Nor the gay sports, nor silent shade,
Nor soft domestic pleasures share?

Vain were the hope: true love disdains
The joys that reach itself alone:
It saddens at another's pains,
It glows with rapture not its own.

As the pale orb of Cynthia throws
Its borrow'd lustre o'er the night,
My soul no native transport knows,
It shines but with reflected light.

Come then, dear Goddess, fix thy reign
In my lov'd Celia's gentle breast;
Chase anxious care, quell murmuring pain,
And, blessing her, preserve me blest.

On a dull Divine who preached up "Patience."

The use of "patience" Somnolus explains,
In tedious, torpid, sleep seducing strains;
And sure his hearers edified must be
Who learn the practice with the theory.

A QUERY.

Ben says the rudest grossest things,
Then swears he never thought to tease you:
But, Ben, was Ralph to kick your shins,
Would you believe he meant to please you?

It is one of the peculiar privileges of the poet to exalt the low, and to dignify the little. Without the magic aid of fancy and of verse, one would suppose that an insect, so apparently contemptible as a grasshopper, never could glitter splendidly, when exhibited by the virtuosi of literature. But a grasshopper has had its poet. Anacreon has advanced this humble inhabitant of the meadows to a station, so lofty, that we are astonished, and so happy, that we almost envy the ephemeron. Such is the creative, such the plastic power of GENIUS, the immortal mind, that of the meanest materials it can frame the most admirable structure.

ODE TO THE CICADA.

O thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect that delights to rest
Upon the wild woods leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee!
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain.
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes, and the reverer;
The muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own.
'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
Tis he, who tunes thy minstrelsy.
Unworn by ages dim decline
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine,
Melodious insect! child of earth!
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So bless'd an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seemst—a little deity.

In an epigram of Antipater from the first book of the Anthologia, the grasshopper is preferred to the swan.

In dew that drops from morning's wings,
The gay Cicada sipping floats;
And, drunk with dew, his matin sings
Sweeter than any cygnet's notes.

Epigram on a Fellow of Trinity College, who was celebrated for having a very large nose, and for writing bad verses.

Our Charles, not a poet,
Why how can you say so?
For if he's no Ovid,
I'm sure he's a Naso.

JOHANNIS SECUNDUS BASIUM III.

Desideratum irriatum, vel os fugitivum.

Da mihi suaviolum, dicebam, blanda puella,
Libasti labris mox mea labra tuis.
Inde, velut presso qui territus angue resultat,
Ora repente meo vellis ab ore procul.
Non hoc suaviolum est dare, lux mea, sed dare.
tantum
Est desiderium flebile suavioli.

TRANSLATION.

One honey'd kiss, sweet wench, I cried,
And quick as thought, thy lips complied;
But swift, as there some serpent lay,
Those swelling lips, thou took'st away;
Ah, call not this a kiss—'twas none,
And only makes me long for one.

MORAL ARITHMETIC.

Flam to my face is often kind,
He overrates my worth and talents;
But then he never fails, I find,
When we're apart, to strike the balance.

Every reader of history and Hume, must remember the gallant exploits of the Marquis of Montrose, who, mindful of his duty to his country, and CHARLES I. employed his *courage and care* against that accursed herd, who *fanatic* alike in politics and religion, madly strove to ruin England, by the infamous experiment of *Conventicles* and a *Commonwealth*. Indignant at the last atrocity of these barbarians, this accomplished Cavalier, and Mirror of bravery, composed the following noble lines:

Upon the Death of Charles I. Written *with the point of his sword*, by James Graham, Marquis of Montrose.

Great, good and just! could I but sate
My grief by thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain,
As it should deluge once again.
But since thy loud tongu'd blood demands supplies
More from Briareus *hands*, than Argus eyes,
I'll sing thee obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy Epitaph in blood and wounds.

EPIGRAM

On the death of a Dr. Evans, who, like the "egregious Moore," satirized by Arbuthnot and Pope, was famous for the destruction of worms.

Evans, of worm destroying note,
With little folks, who need 'em,
Has all his life been *poisoning* worms,
And now 's consign'd to feed 'em.

Thus 'twixt our doctor and his foes,
Accounts are pretty trim;
For many years he liv'd by *those*,
And now they live on *him*.

AN APPEAL, QUID PRO QUO.

When last we met, I heard from Will,
That all his friends had us'd him ill;
Now by his friends both great and lesser,
I'm told that Will was the aggressor—
How in this case, must judgment run,
For many plaintiffs, or for one?

To a very discreet Lady, with a present of a steel vice.

Chloe so exquisite a maid is,
In word and deed so wondrous nice,
To be on par with other ladies
She surely wants a *little vice*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We always wish to hail courteously, infant genius, but "an *embryo* Bard" we are apprehensive will never arrive at maturity.

"C's" attempt is crude and superficial; though we imagine he might succeed upon less abstruse subjects.

The hints of "B." will not be forgotten.

Many of our readers would be made completely *miserable*, if they should be doomed for a moment to listen to the "Verses of a *happy man*."

"Tell Truth," for ought we know, may state a matter of fact, but a Franklin, or some other sage, has said the truth is not to be spoken at all times.

"Nobody" is not guilty of a *misnomer*.

"The Reverie" is too personal and acrimonious. It does not display the profound knowledge of the human heart, and that dignity of satire which are so conspicuous in the ingenious work of the same name from the author of "The Adventures of a Guinea."

The profound disquisition on the eloquence, of Demosthenes, we hope will persuade the young men in our classical seminaries, not to satisfy themselves with the English versions merely, but to repair to the Greek fountain. *Juvat integros accedere fontes.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The season of sleighing is past, and the belles and beaux of your city must endure the rumbling of wheels for nine long months to come. Perhaps, however, they may still have some relish for a rhyme or two upon their favourite amusement, and the following, though written in a different part of the country, will serve pretty well, (as the almanac makers say) for the meridian of Philadelphia.

TANDEM.

A SLEIGHING SONG.

When calm is the night, and the stars shine bright,
The sleigh glides smooth and cheerily;
And mirth and jest abound,
While all is still around,
Save the horses' trampling sound,
And the horse-bells tinkling merrily.

But when the drifting snow in the traveller's face
shall blow,
And hail is driving drearily,
And the wind is shrill and loud,
Then no sleigh shall stir abroad,
Nor along the beaten road
Shall the horse-bells tinkle merrily.

But to-night the skies are clear, and we have
not to fear
That the time should linger wearily;
For good humour has a charm
Even winter to disarm,
And our cloaks shall wrap us warm,
And the bells shall tinkle merrily.

And whom do I spy, with the sparkling eye,
And lips that pout so *cherrily;
Round her neck the tippet tied,
Ready in the sleigh to glide!—
Oh! with her I love to ride,
When the horse-bells tinkle merrily!

SELECTED POETRY.

Miss Seward has addressed the following to the poet Hayley.

Horace, Book IV. Ode 7. Imitated.

The snows dissolve, the rains no more pollute,
Green are the sloping fields, and uplands wide,
And green the trees luxuriant tresses shoot,
And, in their daisied banks, the shrinking rivers
glide.

Beauty and Love the blissful change have hail'd,
While, in smooth mazes o'er the painted mead
Aglaja ventures, with her limbs unveil'd,
Light through the dance each sister Grace to
lead.

But, O! reflect, that sport and beauty wing
The unpausing hour—if winter, cold and pale,
Flies from the soft and violet mantled spring
Summer, with sultry breath, absorbs the vernal
gale.

Reflect that summer glories pass away
When mellow autumn shakes her golden sheaves;
While she, as winter reassumes his sway,
Speeds with disorder'd vest thro' rustling leaves.

* Shall this word be admitted into the English language? Those who are of opinion that it ought to be so, will say 'aye.' All the ladies vote in the affirmative; therefore, Mr. President Oldschool, do not put your negative upon it.

But a short space the moon illumines the skies;
Yet she repairs her wanings and again
Silvers the vault of night; but no supplies,
To feed their wasting fires, the lamps of life
obtain.

[An interesting quality in the writings of Horace arises from his intimate knowledge of human life. There are, perhaps, even in his lyric poetry, more striking sentiments on the subject of morality, more aphorisms, that are remembered and quoted, than any poet, excepting Shakespeare, can produce. Even the fashionable philosophy of his age, which, as usually applied, subverted every generous principle, seems not to have warped his mind from the true interests of society; on every serious occasion it gives place to its severer rival, stoicism, or unites with it in promoting the real welfare of mankind. The following ode, in which the poet complains of the perfidy of Neæra, his mistress, is full of passion, and, from its simplicity, appears to come from the heart.]

'Twas night: serenely on her azure throne,
'Mid lesser stars bright Luna shone,
When thou, regardless of the powers above,
Did'st swear the oath prescrib'd by Love;
And, closely twin'd, as ivy clasps the oak
In fond embrace, the gods invoke,
That 'long as wolves infest the herds, or rise
Orion's storms in wintry skies,
Or wave Apollo's ringlets in the gale,
Or wave Apollo's ringlets in the gale,
Ne'er should our mutual passion fail.'
But soon, Neæra, grief shall rend thy heart
If once I act the manly part,
Nor bear that rivals should enjoy thy charms,
But seek some kinder damsel's arms.
And know, should once a fixt resentment seize,
No more thy hated form shall please;
But thou, who e'er with vain triumphant boast,
Enjoyest the fickle maid I lost,
Though ample herds, rich harvests swell thy
pride,
Pactolus pour his golden tide,
The secrets of the twice-born sage* be thine,
Thy form more bright than Nireus shine,
Soon shall her alter'd love call forth thy tear,
'Twill then be mine to scoff and jeer.

[A song, tender and delicate, like the following, one would hardly expect to glean from the grotesque works of Charles Cotton, who, like a Flemish painter, delights in the low and the burlesque. But if he has travestied Virgil, or jested with Scarron, he appears, on this occasion, to be serious in his address to some beauty of his time, whose sorrow might be mitigated by such refined compliment.]

LAURA WEeping.

Chaste, lovely Laura, 'gan disclose
Drooping with sorrow from her bed;
As with ungentle showers the rose,
O'ercharg'd with wet, declines her head.

With a dejected look and pale,
Neglectingly she 'gan appear;
When, meeting with her tell-tale glass,
She saw the face of sorrow there.

Sweet Sorrow, drest in such a look,
As Love would trick to catch Desire,
A shaded leaf in beauty's book,
Character'd with clandestine fire.

Then a full shower of pearly dew
Upon her snowy breast 'gan fall,
As in due homage to bestrew
Or mourn her beauty's funeral.

* Pythagoras.

Spare, Laura, spare those beauty's twins,
Do not our world of beauty drown,
Thy tears are balm for others' sins,
Thou know'st not any of thine own.

SONNET.

Pensive alone I walk the desert wilds,
Pacing the earth with slow and sluggish step,
Avoiding watchfully all human haunts;
Intently vigilant with speed to shun
The saucy stare, and preying eyes of man.
For, long of gay and cheerful thought bereft,
My form betrays the inward fire that fades me;
And Fancy whispers that the hills and plains,
Rivers and forests, know, tho' deep conceal'd,
The vapid tenor of my weary life;
Yet no retreat so rugged or so wild
In all my devious wanderings do I find
Where Love does not incessantly approach
Conversing still with me, and I with him.

[In Ellis's Specimens of Early English Poetry, we find the following curious acrostic upon Queen Elizabeth. In the Port Folio we should scarcely insert an acrostic, were it not the production of a genuine poet.]

By Sir John Davis.

Early cheerful mountain lark,
Light's gentle usher, morning's clerk,*
In merry notes delighting;
Stint awhile thy song, and hark
And learn my new inditing.

Bear up this hymn to heaven it bear,
E'en up to heaven, and sing it there,
To heaven each morning bear it;
Have it set to some sweet sphere,
And let the angels hear it.

Renown'd Astrea, that great name,
Exceeding great in worth and fame,
Great worth hath so renown'd it,
It is Astraea's name I praise;
Now then, sweet lark, do thou it raise,
And in high heaven resound it.

Lines to the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen, who had erected a seat with inscriptions to the memory of the poet Thomson, the ancient possessor of her house at Hampstead.

To trace great nature's universal sway
With Beauty's charms to blend the moral lay,
Vain were the toil, unless, supremely grac'd,
Enraptur'd Fancy find congenial taste.
Thus, when inspir'd by Thomson's magic power,
Your gen'rous zeal adorns his once lov'd bower,
The votive tablet, and the sculptur'd stone,
Record his Genius and display your own.

EPIGRAM ON A MISER.

They call thee rich, I deem thee poor,
Since, if thou dar'st not use thy store,
But sav'st it only for thy heirs,
The treasure is not thine, but theirs.

* Shakespeare says, in his song in *Love's Labour's Lost*, 'And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks.' E.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 15.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

POLITE LITERATURE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF
THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY
IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued.]

"Be assured of this in the first place, (and for this I pledge my head), that all your commanders of vessels, of whatever kind they may be, do not otherwise than Diopithes, and draw money from our allies, the inhabitants of Chios, of Erythrea, in fine of all the Greeks of Ionia and the islands, some more, others less, according to the number of vessels they command. And why do the people furnish those contributions? Do you believe it is gratuitously? No, they are not so unwise. It is that your admirals may protect their commerce, and their possessions: they purchase, at this price, the safety of their ships and their territory; they place themselves under protection from maritime piracies, and the violence of soldiers, although they assure you, with very good reason, that all which they do is only from zeal and attachment for you: could they decently give any other reason for these interested largesses? And do you doubt whether Diopithes conducts like the others? Yes, the people will give him money; for if he has none, and you will not send him any, where would you have him take it to pay his soldiers? From whence should money come to him? From the skies? He lives, and he will live, upon what he can seize, and upon what he can procure, by any means, whether gift or loans. But what is the conduct of those, who, at this day, accuse him before you? They warn all the world to give nothing to a general, whom you are about to prosecute as a criminal both for what is past and what is to come? This is the tendency of all the discourses I hear. *He will take cities: he exposes and betrays the Greeks.* For you see that these talkers take a great interest in the Greeks of Asia, and are very zealous to defend others, although they think not at all of saving their own country. They talk of sending another general, and against Diopithes! Great Gods, where are we? If he has committed crimes which the laws punish, if he is guilty, let the laws punish him: nothing is wanting for this but your decree, not an army. This would be the height of folly. It is against our enemies, upon whom our laws can have no effect, that we ought to send fleets, armies and money; it is against them that these preparations are necessary. But against one of our citizens an accusation is a judgment. This is enough. This is the part of a wise people, and who speak to you otherwise, would destroy you.

"It is melancholy, I confess, that there are such counsellors among you; but it is more melancholy still, that one of them has only to present himself at this tribunal to denounce to you a Diopithes, a Chares, or an Aristophon, as

the author of our calamities, and you receive him, you applaud him, as if he had said marvellous things. But if a faithful citizen comes and says to you, don't believe it, Athenians, it is neither Diopithes, nor Chares, nor Aristophon, who do you this evil, it is Philip! Do you hear him? Without his ambition, Athens would be at peace. You do not, you cannot contradict him: but nevertheless you hear him with pain, and it would seem as if you considered him as acting the part of your enemy. I know very well the cause of this; but, by the immortal gods, do not take it ill if we speak to you boldly, when the question concerns your safety.

"Many of your orators and of your ministers have, for a long time, accustomed you not to dread but in your deliberations, and not at all in your measures of execution; hard hearted and passionate in your assemblies, feeble and soft when it is necessary to act. If they represent to you, as culpable of our misfortunes, one of your fellow citizens, who, you know, is in your power to seize at your pleasure, you desire nothing better: you are quite ready. But when we denounce to you the only enemy over whom you have no power, but by arms, then you hesitate, you know not what part to take, and you suffer yourselves, with great impatience, to be convinced of the truth, which displeases you. It ought to be quite otherwise, Athenians: your magistrates ought to have taught you to be soft and moderate towards your fellow citizens, and terrible against your enemies. But such is the fatal ascendant which your artful flatterers have assumed over you, that you can no longer hear any thing but what flatters your ears, and this has brought you to that extremity, that you have nothing now to deliberate upon but your proper safety.

"In the name of the gods, Athenians, I adjure you all—if the Greeks, at this day, should demand of you a reason for all the opportunities you have lost by your indolence, if they should say to you 'people of Athens, you send us deputies after deputies to convince us that Philip strikes at the liberty of all the Greeks; that he is the common enemy, over whom it is necessary to watch continually, and a hundred other similar discourses. We know all this as well as you; but oh! the most slothful of all men! (it is the Greeks who thus speak to you) when Philip, far absent from his country for ten months, interrupted by the war, by the winter, by sickness, had no means left him of returning to his own country, have you laid hold of this opportunity to deliver the Eubeans? You have not even thought of recovering that which was your own. He, on the contrary, while you were in your own houses, very peaceable and very sound, (if at least we may call sound, those who show so much weakness) he has established, in the island of Euboea, two tyrants under his orders, one at Sciathos, the other at Orea, in the face of Attica, and in such a manner, so to speak, as to have one foot upon your own city. And, to say nothing of other affairs, have you taken any one step to obstruct them? No, as if you had been

in concert with him, you have abandoned to him your rights. It is clear then, that if Philip had died ten times for once, you would not have exerted yourselves any more than you have done. Let alone, then, your embassies and your accusations; leave us in peace, since you yourselves love so well to remain so.' Very well! Athenians, do you know of any answer to give to these reproaches? For my own part, I know of none."

You may well imagine, that, after this open reprimand, the orator is too able not to pour some balm into the wounds, he has made, upon their self-love. After having overborne them with reproaches, he presently raises them up again; not by gross flatteries, but by honest praises for all that was noble and generous in the national character, when the Athenians supported it; for all that had been glorious in their political existence, among the Greeks, who had been in the habit of regarding Athens as the rampart of their liberty; finally, for that hatred which Philip bore for the Athenians, and which was for them a title of honour. This second morsel of his discourse is yet superior to the first.

"I know that you have among you men, who imagine they have answered your orator, when they have said to him, *what shall we do?* I might answer with a single word, and with equal truth and justice: we ought to do every thing which we do not. But I fear not to enter into all the details; I will explain myself fully, and I wish that these men, who are so prompt to ask me questions, would be as ready to execute, when I shall have answered them.

"Begin by establishing this as an acknowledged principle, as an incontestible fact, that Philip has violated his treaties, that he has declared war, and cease to quarrel with one another upon this so vainly and perniciously. Believe that he is the mortal enemy of Athens and of its inhabitants, even of those, who flatter themselves that they are in favour with him. If they doubt of what I say, let them attend to the fate of the two Olynthians, who passed for his best friends, Eutocrates and Leosthenes, who, after having sold him their country, came to so deplorable an end. But that which Philip hates the most is the liberty of Athens; it is our democracy. He has nothing so much at heart as to dissolve it. And he is in the right. He knows, that, even after he shall have enslaved all other people, he can never enjoy his usurpations in peace, as long as you are free; that if any of those accidents, to which humanity is subject, should happen to him, into your arms would all these people throw themselves, who are now attached to him only by constraint; and it is true, Athenians, and it is a justice which ought to be done you, to say, that you do not strive to raise yourselves upon the ruins of the unfortunate; but that you make your power and grandeur consist in preventing any one from becoming the tyrant of Greece, or in overthrowing any one who might become such. You are always ready to combat those, who would reign, and to support all who will not be slaves. Philip, therefore, fears that the liberty

of Athens will obstruct his enterprises; it seems to him that she constantly threatens him; and he is too active and too enlightened to bear it with patience. He is, therefore, our irreconcilable adversary; and it is of this, above all things, that you ought to be well convinced, in order to determine you what part to act.

"In the next place it is necessary that you know, with the same certainty, that in all which he does, at this day, his principal design is to attack this city, and consequently that all those who are able to annoy Philip, labour in effect to serve you. Who, among you, can be simple enough to imagine that this prince, capable of grasping at such paltry villages of Thrace, as Mastyra, Drongia, and Cabyra; capable, for the sake of seizing them, of braving the winter, the fatigues and dangers he undergoes; that this man will not cast an envious eye upon our ports, our magazines, our vessels, our mines of silver, our treasures of every kind, that he will leave us the peaceable possession of these things, while he is combating the rigours of winter, to dig up the rye and millet buried in the mountains of Thrace? No, Athenians, no! You cannot believe it.

"Now, then, what does wisdom prescribe in such circumstances, and what is your duty? To shake off, at last, that fatal lethargy, which has destroyed every thing; to ordain public contributions, and demand them of our allies. To take, finally, all the measures necessary to preserve the army we have, since Philip has always one on foot to attack and subdue the Greeks, it is necessary also for us to have one always ready to defend and protect them. So long as you do nothing more than to send, upon an occasion, a few troops, raised in a hurry, I repeat to you, you will advance nothing. You must have troops regularly maintained, intendants of your army, funds appropriated to the pay of the soldiers, a plan of military administration, concerted with all possible care. It is thus that you will be in a condition to demand of your generals an account of their conduct, and of your ministers an account of their administration. If you lay to heart this system of conduct, you will be able to confine Philip within just bounds, and to enjoy a real peace; in this case, peace will be a real blessing; and I acknowledge, that, in itself, peace is a real good; or if Philip remains obstinate in pushing the war, you will be, at least, a match for him.

"It will be said that these resolutions require great expense and great efforts. Yes, I acknowledge it. But consider what dangers await you, if you take not this course, and you will perceive that it is better for you to take these precautions in season, than to wait until you shall be forced into them. Indeed, if a divine oracle had assured you, which no mortal assuredly is able to do, that even in remaining in your inaction, you would not be attacked by Philip; what a disgrace would it be for you, (I call all the gods to witness!) how would you tarnish the glory of your ancestors, and the splendor of this state; if, for the sake of your own repose, you should abandon the Greeks to servitude! Let some other man give you these unworthy councils; let him appear, if there is any one capable of it. Listen to him, if you can bear to hear him. For myself, I had rather die a thousand times, than that such advice should proceed from my mouth."

This kind of provocation, this imposing defiance, is one of those movements whose effect is certain, when an orator has established his irrefragable proofs, his object is to hinder all from attempting to interrupt him, and make him lose the precious and decisive moment, by one of those oblique and disguised resistances, the last resource of those, who no longer dare to

contend in front. They have then recourse to partial restrictions, to incidental motions, pretexts for attempting to speak, but which tend only to bring again into discussion, that which they no longer dare to combat, and which seemed to be agreed. It is thus that they sometimes cool the ardour of the general impression, prolong a deliberation which seemed to be terminated, until the minds of men recover from that commotion, produced by the power of truth, and until all the little passions, silenced and disconcerted for a moment, have time to revive. This is what has been so often done among us by motions of order and for amendment, and what an able orator ought to prevent, either by reserving his greatest forces for a reply, or, (which is better, and more certain), by founding the refutation in the proofs like Demosthenes, in such a manner as to overturn, beforehand, all possible objections, to render all contrary advice, ridiculous or odious, to make all men blush either to propose them or to hear them. See here how Demosthenes, in two periods, knew how to shut at once the mouths of the orators, and the ears of the Athenians. He proceeds to multiply his movements in proportion as he perceives the effect of them: he aggrandises and elevates himself in the view of his antagonist, to such a degree as to be able to demand against them capital punishments, and to mark them out as enemies to the state. Accordingly he remained master of the field of battle, like that wrestler, painted by Virgil, who, throwing an enormous girdle into the middle of the arena, and exposing naked his broad shoulders, and his muscular limbs, inspired terror into the boldest wrestlers, and took away all ambition to contend with him.

"But if my sentiments are yours; if you see, as I do, that the longer you connive at the progress of Philip, the more you fortify an enemy, with whom, sooner or later, you must fight, what can induce you to hesitate? What do you expect? Why these delays? these procrastinations? When will you begin to act? When necessity shall compel you? And what will you call necessity? Is there any greater, good gods! for freemen, than the fear of dishonour? Is it this that you wait for? It already besieges you, it presses upon you, and has done so a long time. There is one other necessity, it is true, for slaves....Protecting gods, ward it off from Athenians....Constraint, violence, the view of chastisement. Athenians, I should blush to enlarge on this subject before you.

"It would be too tedious to develop all the artifices which are employed before you and among you. But there is one which deserves to be exposed. Whenever there is any question concerning Philip in this tribunal, there never fail to appear persons who rise up, and cry out 'what a treasure is peace! what a scourge is war! What is the tendency of all these alarms but to ruin our finances!' It is by such discourses that they lure you in your security, and insure to Philip the means of accomplishing his project. It is thus that each one has what he wishes. You remain in your delightful indolence; (and heaven grant that one day it does not cost you dear!) your enemy aggrandises himself, and your flatterers acquire your good will and his money. For myself, it is not you whom I wish to persuade to peace. This care may be safely reposed upon yourselves. It is Philip whom I would gladly persuade to it, because it is he alone who breathes nothing but war. With regard to our finances, have a care of that which will be most ruinous. It is not that which you shall have expended for your safety, but that which you will have lost and suffered, if you will expend nothing. It becomes you, no doubt, to prevent the dissipa-

tion of your treasures, but it should be by good order and vigilance, and not by savings wrung from the public safety. That which afflicts me most of all is to see that those same people, who clamour incessantly about the pillage of our finances, which is always in your power to restrain and to punish, are very well contented that Philip should pillage, at his pleasure, you and all Greece. How is it that while the Macedonian renews continually his invasions, while on all sides he takes cities, we never hear these persons condemn his injustice, nor remonstrate against his aggressions; and, on the contrary, as soon as we advise you to oppose his progress, and watch over your liberty, that immediately all of them at once cry out *it is a provocation to war*. It is not difficult to unriddle all this: they mean if the war we propose should bring inconveniences (and what war does not?) to turn your resentment, not against Philip, but against those who have given you good councils; they mean, at the sametime, to be able to accuse innocence, and secure impunity to their own crimes. Behold the true motive of these eternal protestations against war. For, again, who can doubt that, before any one had thought of proposing it to you, Philip had actually made it. He who had invaded your territories, and furnished against you his succours to the rebels of Cardia! But, after all, if we assume a countenance as if we did not perceive his manœuvres, he will not come to advertise us of them, and give us proofs of them. This would be folly on his part....What do I say? If he should come even upon your territory, he would still maintain that he did not make war. Is not this what he said to the inhabitants of Orea, even when he was upon their lands? to those of Pheres, at the moment when he laid siege to them? to those of Olynthus, at the time when he was on his march against them? He will do the same with us; and if we should wish to repel him, his honest friends will repeat to you, that we are the aggressors. Very well, then, let us bow our necks to the yoke: it is the fate of all who will not defend themselves.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[In Holcroft's new and interesting 'Travels from Hamburg through Westphalia, Holland and the Netherlands to Paris,' a very magnificent work, just received from London, we find an entire chapter dedicated to a generous memorial of the talents and hospitality of the late WILLIAM VANS MURRAY, Esq. ambassador at the Hague.]

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Murray, the American minister, at the Hague; and he, in consequence of what he had heard and read of me, invited me to dinner. His manner was open and well bred; and I willingly accepted the proposal. In a foreign country to meet with a well informed man, who speaks your language, and has been bred under laws and customs that have a great affinity with your own, is a peculiar enjoyment. It is the green mould of Cheshire cheese, which is always poignant to the taste, when at home; but abroad it is a luxury which money can seldom procure.

Mr. Murray, with amiable frankness, told me he knew some of our opinions differed; but that liberal men, acquainted with the world, never made difference of opinion a cause of quarrel. Let them but think and discuss with good humour, and it is the cause of mutual benefit.

All his remarks were of a public nature, and many of them were founded in truth. The American character, he said, was formed on the English; and the Americans, consequently, had in them a mixture of democracy. This mixture perhaps was greater from the daring spirit of

many of its original colonists: men who had offended the laws of England, and had been sent into the woods and wilds of America to effect their reform. Here necessity rendered them industrious and orderly; and their audacious habits fitted them to repel the assaults of the native Indians. The progress of the American revolution might be traced: it was prepared, gradual, and for that reason, took a permanent form. In France, the revolution was sudden, the shock violent and the change extreme. The French character, he added, was criminal; but denied that it was vicious. I did not understand the distinction; and he explained it to consist in their impetuosity, and their sudden impulse to act without due reflection. If I rightly recollect, Locke tells us there is no other vice. I perfectly agreed with him that the French had great qualities: that one moment they were magnanimous, at another cruel, and that both were in the extreme.

I know not where he had read it, but speaking of the abolishment of feudal rights, he mentioned one, which finely characterises their capricious tyranny. During the lying in of the lady of the manor, the vassals were obliged to silence all the frogs: if the latter croaked the former were fined or punished.

He maintained it would require a century and a half to render the French as free as the Americans are at present. I hope the calculation was false; but I have fears of which I shall speak in their place. We enjoyed our social hour unclouded by pride, mistrust, or affectation. I know not what we ate, but I know the dinner was excellent: for, exclusive of the meats, which hospitality takes a pleasure to provide, there was "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul." Mrs. Murray honoured us with her company; and the sweetness of her manners gave charms to her understanding. Of this, judging from so short a visit, I can give no decided opinion; but it appeared to be well and perhaps highly cultivated. They have now left the busy world: the forms and seemings and smiles which diplomacy imposes. May they enjoy not only the peace of retirement, but that variety which gives a charm to life: of which tumultuous cities are scarcely more prolific, than the country retreat if well studied and well understood.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

With the most cheerful alacrity, we resume the life of Mr. JENYNS, an author who will always be perused by every polite scholar with the same pleasure and profit, which are experienced in studying the pages of ADDISON and GOLDSMITH. It should be remembered that in the opinion of the most judicious of the biographers, Mr. Jenyns is entitled to a place among the purest and correctest writers of the English language. He always puts proper words in proper places, and exhibits a most harmonious variety of modulation. He is never muddy in recital, nor impertinent in remark. His logic is strict and his wit is sparkling. But, in the editor's judgment, the chief glory of this dignified author is his political sagacity. His perfect knowledge of that *many-headed beast*, the people, has enabled him most successfully to deride all the varieties of republican imposture. With the spirit of a BURKE and WINDHAM, he disdained to court the populace with whig grimace, cant and hypocrisy, but powerfully supports a coercive government with his pen from the same generous and just motives, which urged a viscount FALKLAND and a marquis of Montrose to defend it by the sword.

At the close of his work, he makes the following explicit declaration of his belief in the doctrine of the christian religion. 'Should it ever have the honour to be admitted into such good company, they will, immediately, I know, deter-

mine that it must be the work of some enthusiast, or methodist, some beggar, or some madman. I shall, therefore, beg leave to assure them, that the author is very far removed from all these characters: that he once, perhaps, believed as little as themselves; but having some leisure, and more curiosity, he employed them both in resolving a question, which seemed to him of some importance—Whether Christianity was really an imposture founded on an absurd, incredible, and obsolete fable, as many suppose it? or whether it is what it pretends to be, a revelation communicated to mankind by the interposition of some supernatural power? On a candid inquiry, he found that the first was an absolute impossibility, and that its pretensions to the latter were founded on the most solid grounds. In the further pursuits of his examination, he perceived at every step new lights arising and some of the brightest, from parts of it the most obscure, but productive of the clearest proofs, because equally beyond the power of human artifice to invent, and human reason to discover. These arguments which have convinced him of the divine origin of this religion he has put together in as clear and concise a manner as he was able, thinking they might have the same effect upon others, and being of opinion that if there were a few more true christians in the world, it would be beneficial to themselves, and by no means detrimental to the public."

Many answers to this work appeared, but only two of them merit notice: "A Series of Letters addressed to Soame Jenyns, &c." by Dr. MacLaine, the learned translator of Mosheim's "Church History;" and "A Full Answer to a Late View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, &c." by the Rev. Henry Taylor, the editor of Ben. Mordecai's Letters to Elisha Levi. "I have the interest of Christianity," says Dr. MacLaine, "too much at heart, not to protest solemnly against your method of defending it. Your View of its internal evidence is certainly exceptionable in many respects. In general your reasoning is neither close nor accurate; your illustrations run wide of the principles they are designed to explain and enforce. One would be tempted sometimes to think that you yourself lost sight of those principles in the midst of the desultory detail of arguments and observations which you bring to support them; and while we admire several fine touches of genius, wit and eloquence, that strike us in the midst of this splendid confusion, we lament the want of that luminous order, and philosophical precision, that are indispensably required in a work of this kind. You look like a man who has been suddenly transported into a new scene of things, where a multitude of objects strike him at once, and who begins to describe them before he had time to consider their arrangement and their connections. Or, to use another figure that comes nearer to your particular case, you look like a zealous and spirited volunteer, who has embarked in a vessel surrounded with enemies, and assailed by tempestuous weather, and begins to defend and work the ship, without that experience in the art of navigation, or the science of defence, that is necessary to ensure success and victory."

In 1782, he published eight Disquisitions on several Subjects, 8vo. In this work, among other ingenious fancies, he communicates his ideas of the pre-existent state of man as a state of punishment, which he attempts to confirm, by a fanciful construction of those passages of scripture, which are commonly adduced in support of the doctrine of original sin. But if the condition of man be indeed so forlorn and wretched, as he represents, it must be likewise entirely hopeless; for if all be wrong at present, it is impossible we should have any proof that things

ever have been, or ever will be right. The doctrines which he inculcates in his disquisition on Government, in opposition to the established principles of civil liberty, are in the opinion of Doctor Anderson, inconsistent with the great rights and interests of mankind. In his disquisition on Rational Christianity, he dogmatically condemns the doctrines and spirit of those friends to Christianity, who believe it on rational grounds, and explain it in a manner consistent with common sense; and paradoxically asserts that the doctrines of Christianity are "so adverse to all the principles of human reason, that if brought before her tribunal, it must be inevitably condemned." It will generally, however, be thought by those who are sincere believers in Christianity, that that explanation of the Scriptures which makes them agree with our natural ideas of religion and morals, is as likely to be the true one, as that which ascribes to them doctrines contrary to the principles of reason. His opposition to all the established principles of civil liberty, in his seventh disquisition, was combated in a very sensible and spirited pamphlet, intitled "An Answer to the Disquisition on Government and Civil Liberty, &c." It was likewise ridiculed, with great humour, in the Dean and the "Squire," a political eclogue, humbly dedicated to Soame Jenyns, Esq. by the "Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers."

This was the last performance which he gave to the world; but he continued from time to time to write verses. Among the last of his occasional compositions, were the burlesque Ode to Lord Carlisle, the Epitaph on Dr. Johnson, the short poem on his Majesty's escape from the attack of a lunatic, and the compliment to Lady Salisbury, 1787.

He died at his house in Tilney-Street, of a fever, after a few days illness, December 18, 1787, in the 83d year of his age, leaving no issue. He was buried in the church of Bottisham. In the registry of burials in the parish of Bottisham for 1787, the following entry was made by the Rev. William Lort Mansell, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who was then sequestrator of that vicarage.

SOAME JENYNS, in the 83d year of his age.

What his literary character was,
The world hath already judged for itself;
But it remains for his parish Minister
to do his duty,

By declaring,
That while he registers the burial of
SOAME JENYNS,

He regrets the loss of one of the most
amiable of men,

And one of the truest Christians.

To the parish of Bottisham he is an
irreparable loss.

He was buried in this church, December 27,
near midnight,

By William Lort Mansell, sequestrator;
Who thus transgresses the common forms
of a Register,

Merely because he thinks it to be
The most solemn and lasting method
of recording to posterity,
That the finest understanding
Has been united
To the best heart.

He was twice married, first to Mary, the only daughter of Colonel Soame, of Dereham, in Norfolk, a lady of great fortune, to whom his father was guardian. In this union, as is too frequently the case, his inclinations were less consulted than the advantages that were supposed to be the certain appendages to an alliance

with great wealth. The consequence may be imagined. A separation ensued, which his lady did not long survive. He afterwards married Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry Grey, Esq. of Hackney in the county of Middlesex, who survived him.

Three editions of his works were printed during his life. The first was printed in a small 8vo, 1752, the second in two small volumes 8vo, 1761, and the last was printed in one large volume 8vo, 1770. His name was not put to either of these editions; but the title pages of the first and last contain an urn filled with flowers round which a wreath is entwined, charged with the motto to his arms, *Ignavis nunquam*. In 1790, his works were collected in 4 vols. 8vo, including several pieces never before published, by Charles Nelson Cole, Esq. with "Short Sketches of his Life," which have been chiefly followed in the present account. The first volume contains his Miscellaneous Poems. The second, the translation of Browne, *De Animi Immortalitate*; five numbers of the "World;" Short but Serious Reasons for a National Militia; Thoughts on the Causes and Consequences of the present high price of provisions; The objections to the taxation of our American colonies by the Legislature; Reflections on several subjects; Thoughts on a Parliamentary Reform; A scheme for the Coalition of Parties; Thoughts on the National Debt, never before published. The third, "A Free Inquiry into the nature and origin of evil, in six letters; On Evil in general, On Evils of imperfection, On Natural Evils, On Moral Evils, On Political Evils; and seven disquisitions, On the chain of Universal Being, On cruelty to inferior animals, On the Pre-existent State, On the nature of Time, On the analogy between things Material and Intellectual, On Rational Christianity, On Government and Civil Liberty, The fourth, View of the Internal evidence of the Christian Religion, and short and cursory observations on several passages in the New Testament, never before published.

His poems were inserted in the edition of "The English Poets," 1790, and have been reprinted with the following additional pieces from Mr. Cole's edition, 1790, written in the Earl of Oxford's Library at Wimple; to a Noddy in Pancharilla's breast, from Bonfarius, given to a lady with a watch; Belphegor, a Fable from Machiavel; a dialogue between the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, and Madam Popularity; a Simile; a passage in Ossian versified; on seeing the Earl of Chesterfield at a ball; the American Coachman; Burlesque Ode, written at the Countess of Salisbury's assembly; Epitaph on Dr. Johnson; on a late execrable attempt on his Majesty's life.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard! When wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?"

Not until you have had another nap, you reply. Not until there has been a little more folding of the hands.

Various philosophers and naturalists, have attempted to define man. I never was satisfied with their labours. It is absurd to pronounce him a two legged unfeathered animal, when it is obvious, he is a sleepy one. In this world, there is business enough for every individual. A sparkling sky over his head, to admire, a fertile soil under his feet, to till, and innumerable objects useful or pleasant to pursue. But, such, in general, is the provoking indolence of our species, that the lives of many, if impartially journalized, might be truly said to have consisted of a series of slumbers. Some men are infested by *day dreams*, as well as by visions of the

night. They travel a certain insipid round, like the blind horse of the mill, and, as my Lord BOLINGBROKE observes, perhaps beget others to do the like after them. They may, sometimes, open their eyes a little, but they are soon dimmed, by some lazy fog. They may sometimes stretch a limb, but its effort is soon palsied by procrastination. Yawning, amid tobacco fumes, they seem to have no hopes except that their bed will soon be made, and no fears, except that their slumbers shall be broken, by business clamouring at the door.

How affectionate is the reproachful question of Solomon, in the text? The Jewish prince, whom we know to be an active one, from the temple which he erected, and from the books which he composed, saw, when he cast his eyes around his city, half his subjects asleep. Though in many a wise proverb, he had warned them against the baneful effects of indolence, they were deaf to his charming voice, and blind to his noble example. The men servants and the maid servants, whom he hired, nodded over their domestic duties, in the royal kitchen, and when in the vineyards he had planted, he looked for grapes, lo! they brought forth wild grapes, for the vintager was drowsy.

At the present time, few Solomons exist, to preach against pillows, and never was there more occasion for a sermon. Our country being at peace, not a drum is heard, to rouse the slothful. But though we are exempted from the tumult and vicissitudes of war, we should remember there are many posts of duty, if not of danger, and at these we should vigilantly stand. If we will stretch the hand of exertion, means abound to acquire competent wealth and honest fame, and when such ends are in view, how shameful to wilfully close our eyes. He, who surveys the paths of active life, will find them so numerous and lengthened, that he will feel the necessity of early rising, and late taking rest, to accomplish so much travel. He who pants for the shade of speculation, will find that literature cannot flourish in the towers of indolence, and amid monkish gloom. Much midnight oil must be consumed, and innumerable pages examined, by him, whose object is to be really wise. Few hours has that man to sleep, and not one to loiter, who has many coffers of wealth to fill, or many cells in his memory, to store.

Among the various men, whom I see in the course of my pilgrimage through this world, I cannot frequently find those who are broad awake. Sleth, a powerful magician, mutters a witching spell, and deluded mortals tamely suffer this drowsy being to bind a fillet over their eyes. All their activity is employed, in turning themselves, like the door on its rusty hinge, and all the noise they make in this world, is a snore. When I see one, designed by nature, for noble purposes, indolently declining the privilege, and heedless, like Esau, bartering the birthright, for what is of less worth than his red pottage of lentiles, for liberty to sit still, and lie quietly, I think I see not a man, but an oyster. The drone in society, like that fish, on our shores, might as well be sunken in the mud, and inclosed in a shell, as stretched on a couch, or seated in the chimney corner.

The season is now approaching fast, when some of the most plausible excuses, for a little more sleep, must fail. Enervated by indulgence, the slothful are remarkably impatient of cold, and they deem it never more intense, than in the morning. But all the austerer months have now rolled away, and the sluggard, if he will abandon his couch, at the dawn, may now expatiate, in the open fields, without being benumbed. He may be assured, that sleep is a very stupid employment, and differs very little from death,

except in duration. He may receive it implicitly, upon the faith both of the physician and the preacher, that morning is friendly to health and the heart; and if the idler, manacled by the chains of habit, at first, can do no more, he will do wisely, and well, to inhale pure air, to watch the rising sun, and mark the magnificence of nature. Let him, at *day spring*, wander over the range of the mountains, and search for every green thing. Let him cheer his senses, and excite his imagination, with the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys. Let him open his eyes, and survey the clear firmament, and beauty of Heaven. He will soon rejoice to escape from the thralldom of Sluggishness, and discover the intimate connexion between active Employment and true Felicity.

The morning is given to man, not for drowsy repose, but for energetic exertion, and laborious research. We are exhorted to be *up and doing*. Innumerable are the subjects, which claim our early care. To know how the world was made, and the operation of the elements; the beginning, ending and *midst of the times*; the alterations of the turning of the sun, and the change of seasons; the circuits of years, and the positions of stars; the diversities of plants, and the virtues of roots; the violence of winds, and reasonings of men. Above all, let it be remembered, that "Whoso seeketh Wisdom early, shall have no great travail, for he shall find her sitting at his doors."

Dr. JOHNSON, with all that strength of style, and liveliness of illustration, for which he was so eminently distinguished, has described an idler, as one who professes idleness in its full dignity; who calls himself an idler, as Busiris in the play, calls himself the proud; who boasts that he does nothing, and thanks his stars, that he has nothing to do; who sleeps every night, till he can sleep no longer; and rises, only that Exercise may enable him to sleep again.

To avoid meriting a character so disgraceful; to be happy at home, useful abroad, and to acquire all the glories of honest fame, we cannot too often meditate on the omnipotence of Industry. Let the 'torpid monk' vegetate like the creeping ivy, in his dank cell, but youth, ambitious and aspiring, must, like a good soldier, be always on the alert.

Is not the field, with lively culture green,
A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
Do not the skies with active ether clean,
And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
The foul November fogs, and slumb'rous mass,
With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
Does not the mountain stream, as clear as glass,
Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
The same in all holds true, but CHIEF IN HUMAN RACE.

It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtain'd the brightest palm of art,
That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart.
In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart,
For sluggards brow the laurel never grows,
Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state to day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
No arts had made us opulent or gay;
With brother brutes the human race had graz'd,
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honoured been,
none prais'd.

Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglorious rest
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:

The wits of modern times had told their beads
And monkish legends been their only strains;
Our MILTON'S *Eden* had lain wrapt in weeds,
And SHAKESPEARE stroll'd and laugh'd with *Warwick swains*.

Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,
And perish'd all the sons of *ancient fame*;
Those STARRY LIGHTS OF VIRTUE, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their VIVID FLAME,
Had all been lost with such as had no name.
Who then had scorn'd his ease for others good?
Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

Another irrefragable reason for early exercise of the body, and habitual employment of the mind is the inevitable fate of Disgust and Disease, which pursues the wretched victims of Sloth and Lassitude. The poet THOMSON, who was himself sometimes a sufferer from the enervating effects of Indolence, has, in very noble and impassioned lines, contrasted the gloom of melancholy sickness with the *purple light* of the sane mind in the robust body.

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given?
Health is the *vital principle of bliss*,
And exercise of Health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
While he, whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
Has *light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day*.

Oh! who can speak the vigorous joys of health!
Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind:
The morning rises gay with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.

Lastly, let it be remembered that Indigence and Contempt are the usual companions of the slothful. The vivid apostrophe of SOLOMON to the sluggard is a tremendous warning to every dilaatory loiterer. Thy poverty shall come, *as one that travaileth*, and thy Want *as an armed man*. If this be powerless to rouse from the stupor of laziness, from the apoplexy of the soul, the patient is in the last stage of morbid indolence; and can be summoned from the *deep sleep* into which he has fallen, neither by the drums of glory, nor the trumpets of Fame.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1796.

[Continued.]

The convention, which is composed of members, all chosen by the people, act in the double capacity of the states general, or legislative council, and as delegates, specially empowered to frame a new system of government. When the latter business is completed, the form of government is to be submitted to the ratification of the citizens, and if approved by them, this heterogenous assembly is to be dissolved, and a legislature to be called, under the new constitution. Numerous as are, and always have been, their taxes, their national debt amounts to six hundred millions of florins, or fifty millions of pounds sterling. This debt creates a preliminary and mountainous difficulty in the formation of the new government; the different provinces being very unequally burthened, in this respect, *Groningen, Overijssel and Gelderland*, owing but little, while the maritime Provinces of Holland and Zealand are very deeply involved.

We passed from the Hague to *Leyden*, a distance of ten miles, by a pleasant canal, which presents, on both its sides, a great number of summer boxes and gardens. This is the third

town in point of size in Holland. It has several very good streets, especially a spacious one that runs through it, extending from the Hague to the Utrecht Gate. About midway, stands the Stadthouse, which is a very large, and considering its age, a handsome building. The town is surrounded by broad ramparts, and concomitant wet ditches. Trees are planted on these ramparts, whence, in different directions, there arises to a foreigner, a charming view of canals and meadows. To the native, it must have too much of sameness; and I confess, that this sort of scenery begins to tire, from its monotony. We were told that there were some pictures of the Dutch school, that were worth viewing; but the arrangement of our time admitted only of our seeing the university, which consists of two brick buildings, mean, both in size and architecture. They contain lecture rooms and a library; the students and pupils, as well as the different professors, having their lodgings in different houses of the town. The wall of the mathematical school room, was crowded with models of redoubts and fortifications. The lecture room of the professors of anatomy, and of the *materia medica*, had a very numerous collection of skeletons, of all ages and sizes, both of the human kind, as well as of animals; and many anatomical preparations. You see also an excellent and critical preservation, the human fetus, in every stage of its progress, from the impregnated germ, to the moment of parturition; with a variety of other similar *pleasant* objects, which enable the faculty to convert into a lucrative and *sapient* business, the most disagreeable, although perhaps the most necessary profession, established in all civilized countries.

The library is opened only once a week, and besides some black folios of civil law, the fathers, as they are called, and some huge biblical commentaries, has not much to exhibit. *Scaliger, Boerhaave*, and several other imposing names, were once professors here. This university is the most ancient of the five which are established in those provinces. It has always been the most celebrated; but like those of other countries, is now upon the wane. Had the season of the year been more favourable, I would not have omitted a walk through the Botanic Garden; the exotics of which, have been greatly multiplied, by the attention and assistance of the Dutch East India Company.

This town had very considerable manufactories of cloths and different stuffs; but since the invasion of it, by France, its war with England, the difficulties of a revolutionary state, and the discordant views of two violent parties, added to a total suspension of commerce, they are reduced, in common with others of the country, to a very narrow compass.

22nd. November, Again we had recourse to a Trechtschuyt, which landed us in the evening at *Haerlem*, a place celebrated in the revolutionary and military history of Holland, for having stood a siege of ten months, in 1673, against an army of Spanish veteran troops, headed by the Duke of Alva. The fortifications then, must have been very different from what they now appear, or the knowledge of military tactics much inferior to those of the present day; a single wall of brick, with a deep and broad fosse, filled with water, being the amount of its defensive works.

In the morning, we took a walk of a mile, to view the magnificent house of Mr. Hope, the great European banker, lately of Amsterdam, who, thinking England a safer place for property than his own disorganized country, has withdrawn, with his family, to London. It is situated near a wood, which, with that of the Prince of Orange, at the Hague, are, I believe, the only two in Holland. The front of this palace, is superior to

any thing in this province. The noble suit of apartments, which include, a music room, saloon and a gallery, for pictures, may vie with any thing at Versailles. The superb finishing, throughout the whole, with its marble columns, pilasters and staircases, justify the expense of one million of florins, or ninety thousand pounds sterling, which this Chateau is said to have cost. The grounds are laid out in the English style of gardening, and there is a charming hermitage, as well as many marble statues, and other ornaments, to complete the beauties of this retirement. When viewed from the rear, there appears a defect, in its having but one wing. A most valuable collection of pictures, by the first artists, took their flight with the proprietor.

Hitherto no confiscations on the part of the Dutch government, have been decreed against their emigrants. Whether this arises from a dignified rectitude in the present existing powers, or is produced by the apprehension of the result of the present war, it may be difficult to ascertain. But let the motive be what it will, it certainly operates in preventing much individual mischief. From the proximity of this large town to the German Ocean, consequences of incalculable value would result from cutting a canal, which, in a north-westerly direction, of four miles only, would unite it with that sea. But the predominating influence of Amsterdam, has hitherto frustrated this wise and reasonable measure.

A very clear atmosphere enabled us to take a full view of the city, from the steeple of the great church, which stands in a large square, where the markets are held. This church is remarkable only for containing the noblest organ in Europe. Some of the pipes are of a prodigious size. It was Tuesday, and we had an opportunity of hearing its tones. The organist has a salary for playing every Tuesday and Friday, from twelve to one o'clock, for the gratification of all the inhabitants who think proper to attend. There were fifty or sixty burghers, and a few young women, who continued walking during the hour. The sounds had more of thunder than of sweetness. Some of the keys produced a wonderful imitation of the human voice. The pipes are silvered, and the top of the different cluster of pipes, surmounted with statues and other ornaments. This truly musical monument, including the superb marble columns that support it, is seventy feet high.

The manufactories here, were principally of thread and tapes. They also made some silk and velvet goods. But it was their bleacheries that furnished the most employment. The fine linens from Ireland, as well as cambric, from Flanders, were sent here, for the benefit of the waters of the Meer, the slimy qualities of which, were well adapted for whitening. They boast of their alderman Costar, who they say, was the inventor of printing, in 1440.—His first attempt was with wooden types: and they add, that John Faust was a servant of the ingenious Burgher, and while his pious master was at church, stole his imperfect materials, and at Mentz, claimed to himself the merit of the discovery. There is a range of houses, along a broad canal here, which may be called splendid; but no other instances of show, or taste, appear in any thing. The households of the Dutch, are little isolated communities, in which solitude and sordidness are constant inmates.

The distance to Amsterdam, being only ten miles, and the road paved, we took carriage. The canal which lies along this road, had but a single angle in it, excepting that about midway. The land which lies between the lake of Haerlem and a branch of the Zuyderzee, is so narrow, that the

canal cannot be carried through it, and here the passengers quit the boat, and walk through a small village, to enter another, where the canal again commences. This lake, or as the map makers call it, *Merd' Haerlem*, is a large collection of fresh water, about fourteen miles by eight or nine. It is seen, for the greatest part of the way, on the right, and on the left, what is called the *I' river*, but is in fact, only an arm of the sea. The lake is the highest water, and, at the place of union, or more properly, spot of separation, called the *half Wegen Sluice*, the dyke, or bank, is nearly fifty feet in thickness. This passage, well guarded, might be made an important defensive outwork to Amsterdam.

30th November. *Amsterdam*, according to a census lately taken, contains two hundred and nineteen thousand inhabitants, of which forty-four thousand are Jews. It is built in a crescent form, surrounded by a wall of earth and brick. That part of the ditch, which I saw, was deep and broad, and is continued round the ramparts, which are also strengthened, by bastions, at equal distances, on each of which, there is a windmill. It has also eight handsome gates, of free stone. The little river *Amstel*, runs through it, which supplies the different canals with water; but, in this respect, *Rotterdam* has greatly the advantage, because the canals of the latter, being fed by the *Maase*, can never want fresh water; but in summer, the defective stream of the *Amstel*, does not afford a sufficient circulation, and, of course, the canals become putrid, from stagnation. The streets, which have canals in them, are wide, and made pleasant, by the trees on the sides of the canals. The other streets are narrow, and, for *Holland*, dirty. They are kept always wet, in consequence of a small cask of water, with holes in it, which is placed in the front of every sledge, (for they have no carts or trucks) in order to keep the stones wet, that the loaded sledge may move easily over the pavement. This is intended to prevent great burthens being carried, which would injure the pavement, if not endanger the street; for the whole city stands on a foundation, which the cautious *Hollander* sometimes thinks is a little suspicious. Here are upwards of six hundred bridges, many of them of stone. Expensive as they must have been, from the population and trade, in peaceable and prosperous periods, they were indispensable. As they have little of the magnificent or ornamental to exhibit, you are always, (on inquiring what is to be found worth seeing) directed to the stadthouse, as a wonderful work, that supports *Atlas*, with the world on his back. And when you arrive there, you are informed that this town edifice, is two hundred and eighty-two feet long, two hundred and thirty-two broad, and one hundred and sixteen high, and that it is erected on thirteen thousand six hundred and fifty-nine timber trees, drove into the marsh. Your attendant sells you a little pamphlet, which contains a particular description of the whole house. The different apartments, are mostly finished in marble. All the public rooms have paintings: one of a Dutch entertainment, by *Vandyke*, will imprison attention; and there is, over the door, in one room, a most admirable description of some children, so ingeniously painted, that within a few feet distance from them, you mistake them for figures in baso relievo. Within the walls, are different prisons. The judicial courts are all holden here. The burgo-masters have also their rooms. The public offices are also kept here; and the celebrated bank of *Amsterdam*, (the supposed riches of which, for so many years, afforded a fanciful feast to credulity) have their vaults. When the French army took possession of the city, they made some discoveries, that led them to prefer

a certain sum, in contribution, from all the provinces, to having recourse to these vaults. Nobody now thinks the bags there, are either so numerous, or so weighty, as Dutch craft, and a peculiar management of this singular institution, once duped Europe into a belief of.

They have a few hackney coaches, but more of a close kind of chairs, fixed on a sledge, to which a horse is tackled, who slowly drags the passenger along, while the driver walks by the side of the machine, holding the reins. Dutch phlegm alone, could have suggested so snail like a movement. Heaven pity the man of an irritable fibre, who stands in need of dispatch in any thing in this country.

In a town, wholly confined to traffic, a foreigner ought not to expect meeting many of those objects, which present themselves in the capitals of other countries. The mercantile traveller, will very naturally be led to the Exchange, and to the quays. The first, he will find a plain, convenient brick building, crowded into a narrow street, in the neighbourhood of the stadthouse; and if he has visited the port first, will be surprised at the vast number of merchants and traders, who fill the former. From the quays, he will see tiers of ships, with their topmasts down, now only exhibiting the melancholy evidence of what their commerce was. At present, foreigners alone are the navigators of what remains of it; and amongst them, our enterprising countrymen appear to have a full share.

The person who would contemplate man in his most humiliated state, should go to the spin house, wherein are confined seven hundred women and girls, and two hundred men and boys, who earn a wholesome, but coarse diet and covering, by spinning and weaving the roughest kind of wrapping. And if he would see human nature still more debased, let him go to the rasp house, and view half naked convicts chained to a block, filing logwood.

The two large synagogues of the German and Portuguese Jews, are worth visiting, if it is only to observe one, among the various absurd modes, mankind have hit upon, for worshipping the supreme Being. What must have been the state of society, when shouting and howling were acts of devotion, and men compelled to believe, that so the deity had ordered! *Moses* and *Aaron* might be very shrewd Hebrew politicians, but surely, very unfit legislators for a civilized people.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

When a person, for a splendid servitude, foregoes an humble independency, it may be called an advancement, if you please, but it appears to me, an advancement from the pit to the gallery.

A glass or two of wine extraordinary, only raises a valetudinarian to that warmth of social affection, which had naturally been his lot in a better state of health.

The worst inconvenience of a small fortune, is that it will not admit of inadvertency. Inadvertency, however, ought to be placed at the head of most mens' yearly accounts, and a sum as regularly allowed to it as any other article.

A proper assurance and competent fortune are essential to liberty.

Taste is pursued at less expense than fashion.

The excellent epigram of *DRYDEN*, upon *MILTON*, has been deservedly admired; it is not, perhaps, generally known, that he was indebted, both for the thought and sentiment, to a Latin epigram, on *Garnier*, the French tragic poet.

In *Roberti Garnerii opuscula tragica*.

Trestragicos habuisse vetus se *Græcia* jactat:
Unum pro tribus his *Gallia* nuper habet,
Æschylon antiqua qui majestate superbus,
Grande cothurnato carmen ab ore sonat.
Quem *Sophocles* sequitur perfectior arte priorem,
Nec minus antiquus, nec nimis ille novus.
Tertius, *Euripides*, Actæ, fama, theatri,
In cujus labris *Attica* sedet apes.
Ad nunc vincit eos, qui tres *Garnerius* unus
Ferna fere tragicis præmia digna tribus.

JOH. AURATUS.

SONNET

On leaving a mineral spring.

Ye scenes, long courted for salubrious powers,
Where nature with her shelter'd meads hath blest
The breezy upland, purpled o'er with flowers,
And latent stream with mineral dew besprent.
In future seasons, may your charms be lent,
While leisure leads along my roscate hours
Thro' the smooth vale, or up the steep ascent,
When spring looks gay, or autumn wildly fours;
For sweet, tho' swift, alas! the moments fled,
As near yon cot, I hymn'd my matin lay,
And hallow'd are the paths peace deigns to tread,
And dear is every vestige of the way.
And blest each scene which frames the mind to
share,
"Divine oblivion of low thoughted care."

The "Pupil of Pleasure," a severe, but just illustration of the principles of *Chesterfield*, and of their fatal tendency on the happiness of the individual, as well as society, is penned with exquisite humour and pathos. The ingenious *Hugh Kelly* observed, that it was "a happy conception, and safe delivery." Not long after, appeared "*Shenstone Green*," written for the purpose of shewing the fallacy of the benevolent, but chimerical idea, which the amiable lord of the *Leasowes* had promulgated, of building a village, filling it with inhabitants, and settling them in such a way, as to be productive of felicity to themselves, and of advantage to the community to which they belonged. This fairy dream, this Utopian scheme, is, at once, most happily ridiculed and exposed. And the reader is equally delighted with the characters introduced, and instructed, by the knowledge of nature, which their development displays.

After the lapse of several years, appeared *Mr. Pratt's* capital novel, "*Family Secrets*," in which pleasantry and pathos, humour and gravity, are alternately employed, to enforce some great and important truth, to paint virtue in her brightest attire, and to deter from vice, by the misery attendant on her footsteps. The character of *Partington*, and *John Fitzorton*, are not only excellent, but perfectly new to the public; and the traits of *Caroline* and *Olivia*, represent two women, which are models for the formation of the human mind and manners, that are almost contrasts to each other, yet equally delightful, and by no means out of the reach of imitation.

The spirits, when exhausted, have scarcely the force to be impatient; but they must be diligently watched, that they do not become pettish.

A recent traveller through the Netherlands, introduces the following anecdote.

I had endeavoured to fall into conversation with two of the passengers, who left the vessel; a youth and an elderly man, but the latter returned me a dry answer; and I am easily repulsed. There was something of contempt in his looks. I wondered what it meant, and I soon

discovered. I took off my spectacles, to read, and he exclaimed to the youth, with great self-satisfaction, and glancing at me, *hast ich nicht gesart?* Did not I say so? The good soul, no doubt, thought it contemptible foppery, and affectation, to wear spectacles. Is there a man, who does not, or cannot recollect, how angry he has often been, that he could not make all the world as wise as himself? There is blindness, that cannot read with spectacles; there is blindness, that cannot read without spectacles; and there is blindness, that can neither read with nor without.

The Welsh poetical triads are a species of composition probably wholly unknown to most of our readers. The following, in the opinion of the translator, contains many valuable observations, expressed with singular brevity.

The three foundations of genius are the gift of God, human exertion, and the events of life.

The three first requisites of genius: an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares follow it.

The three things indispensable to genius: understanding, meditation, and perseverance.

The three things that enoble genius: vigour, discretion, and knowledge.

The three tokens of genius: extraordinary understanding, extraordinary conduct, and extraordinary exertions.

The three things that improve genius: proper exertion, frequent exertion, and successful exertion.

The three things that support genius: prosperity, social acquaintance, and applause.

The three qualifications of poetry: endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and felicity of thought.

The three pillars of learning: seeing much, suffering much, and writing much.

The *Botany Bay Gazette*, of which some numbers have been received in England, contains the following very characteristic *bon mot*. An edition of Bailey's Dictionary being put up at auction, the vendue master observed that it was a *New Bailey*. I am glad of that, with all my heart, replied a bidder, for most of us have had enough of the *old one*.

The author of the following elegant levities was RICHARD LOVELACE, Esq.* one of the most gay, gallant and accomplished cavaliers in the court of Charles I. Mr. Herdly, with equal taste and propriety, styles him elegant, brave, and unfortunate; the pride of the softer sex and the envy of his own. The affecting particulars of his active life are preserved by Anthony Wood. Many of his verses were written, during confinement in the Gatehouse, Westminster, to which he was committed for carrying a petition from the county of Kent to the house of commons, for the laudable purpose of restoring the king to his rights and settling the government. His pieces, which are light and easy, had been models in their way, were their simplicity equal to their

* Agreeably to the testimony of the honest and indefatigable Anthony Wood, he was the son of Sir W. Lovelace of Woolwich, Kent, was admitted gentleman commoner of Gloucester Hall, Oxon, in 1634, and as a proof at once of his own early genius and scholarship, and his sovereign's partiality he was, after a residence of only two years at the University, created a master of arts, on the king's coming to Oxford. It is painful to add that, as it is pathetically expressed by Dr. Percy, the bishop of Dromore, "this elegant writer, after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity and want."

spirit. They were the offspring of gallantry and amusement, and, as such, are not to be reduced to the test of serious criticism.—Winstanley has compared him to Sir PHILIP SYDNEY.

SONG.

Why dost thou say I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be?
Lady, it is already morn
It was last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.
Yet have I lov'd thee well and long;
A tedious twelve hours' space!
I should all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Did I still doat upon that face.

SONG.

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Ah! braid no more that shining hair;
As my curious hand or eye
Hovering round thee let it fly.
Let it fly as unconfin'd
As its calm ravisher the wind;
Who hath left his darling east
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
Every tress, must be confest,
But neatly tangled at the best;
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently unravelled.
Do not then bind up that light
In ribbands, and o'ercloud in night,
But, like the sun in his early ray,
Shake your head and scatter day.

A London newspaper has the following marvellous paragraph.—"Friday morning last, a dog was seen running through the streets of Harrow, with three rats sticking to his throat, the dog, at the same time, howling in dreadful agony. A man instantly seized a gun, killed two of the rats, wounded a sheep, killed a bat, broke four windows, wounded a cow; and the dog escaped with the other rat."

A very thin audience once attending the tragedy of Richard III. the crook barked tyrant had not sufficient philosophy to endure this neglect of his powers; for, losing all patience in the tent scene, he exclaimed, with peculiar emphasis, "I'll forth and walk awhile, and very composedly went home to supper."

A very singular circumstance has lately excited the attention of the neighbourhood of Leeds, in England. A pregnant female, of the name of Applegarth, has actually made an affidavit, before the mayor of that town, at the instance of the parish officers, to the following effect: That she had been employed at St. Cloud, in France, in the palace of the First Consul, as an upper house maid, but was obliged to leave her situation in an early stage of pregnancy, on the breaking out of the war, and that *Buonaparte is the father of the child*.

SONNET.

'Twere well, methinks, in an indignant mood,
When the heart droops, unfriended, when mankind,
With their cold smiles, have dup'd thy honest mind,
On the sweet heath to stray, while dimly brood
The gather'd grey mists on the distant hill:
Drear should the prospect be, dreary and wide,
No second living one be there espied,
None, save thyself, then would thy soul be still,
Curbing its sorrows with a proud despair,
Then would'st thou tread thy path with firmer pace,
Nor let one scowl on thy resolved face,
Blab to the elements thy puny care
But, sooth'd to think that solitude can bless,
Muse on the world with LOFTY QUIETNESS.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Several communications for the Lounger have been received; some in the careless character

of Italian penmanship, and others with a Roman and bolder feature. All these shall have a very candid consideration. No impatient author must be surprised or vexed, whenever insertion of his compositions is delayed; even if the postponement be long, for we have many departments to fill, and numerous communications to regard. The claims of various correspondents are often clashing, and it is delicate and difficult for the most impartial judge to adjust them at once with correctness and dispatch.

We very earnestly hope that the learned, witty, and entertaining author of "*CLIMENOLE*" will write in this paper, with habitual regularity. Both his principles and his style are perfectly to the taste of the editor, and we have the pleasure to add that the sarcastic and ingenious essays with the above title are very eagerly perused, by all to whose praise an ambitious author would aspire.

During some weeks, in which the editor has been engaged in researches, respecting the text of SHAKESPEARE, he has had frequent occasion to acknowledge the kindness of many literary gentlemen, who have directed his attention to many books, auxiliary to his labours. But notwithstanding his own inquisitiveness and the aid of others, he still has not had the good fortune to find the following, for the whole or any one of which he will be particularly obliged.

Remarks on Shakspeare's *Tempest*; containing an investigation of Mr. Malone's attempt to ascertain the date of that play, and various notes and illustrations of abstruse readings and passages, by Charles Dirill, Esq. i. e. Richard Sill, 8vo. 1797.

An essay on the dramatic character of Sir John Falstaff, by Mr. Maurice Morgan, 8vo. 1777.

Remarks critical and illustrative on the text and notes of the last edition of Shakspeare, i. e. Mr. Stevens's edition in 1778, by Mr. Ritson, 8vo. 1783.

Remarks on some of the characters of Shakspeare, by the author of observations on modern gardening, Mr. Whateley, 8vo. 1785.

Macbeth reconsidered; an essay, intended as an answer to part of the remarks on some of the characters of Shakspeare, by J. P. Kemble, 8vo. 1786.

The beauties of Shakspeare, selected from his Works. To which are added the principal scenes in the same author, 12mo. 1784. Printed for Kearsley.

A fragment on Shakspeare, extracted from advice to a young Poet, by the Rev. Martin Sherlock, translated from the French, 8vo. 1786.

A concordance to Shakspeare; suited to all the editions, in which the distinguished and parallel passages in the plays of that justly admired Writer are methodically arranged. To which are added three hundred notes and illustrations entirely new.

"Lines to Spring," have often appeared in the papers.

"Nauticus" does not understand a rope in the ship.

"Plain Truth," is downright dunstable.

"Sylvia," has not the sprightliness of her namesake, in Farquhar's Recruiting Officer. This young lady would be much more usefully employed in mending her stockings, than in making verses.

"A Phantom is rightly named: and, on this occasion, we cannot, like Hamlet, "take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds."

The letter box of the Port Folio is often supplied with the fairest oblations of genius, but we are sorry to add, that it is often crowded with a vile mass of tuneless rhymes, and juvenile trash.

"Some strain, in rhyme, the muses on their racks,
Scream, like the winding of ten thousand jacks."

SELECTED POETRY.

[In the creed of ancient superstition, Robin Goodfellow was a kind of merry sprite, whose character and achievements are recorded in this ballad, and in those well known lines of Milton's *L'Allegro*.

Tells how the drudging goblin sweet
To earn his dream bowl duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop full out of door he flings
Ere the first cock his matin sings.

The reader will observe, that our simple ancestors had reduced all these whimsies to a kind of system, as regular, and perhaps more consistent, than many parts of classic mythology; a proof of the extensive influence, and vast antiquity of these superstitions. Mankind, and especially the common people, could not every where have been so unanimously agreed concerning these arbitrary notions, if they had not prevailed among them for many ages. The existence of fairies and goblins is alluded to by the most ancient British bards, who mention them under various names, one of the most common of which signifies 'the spirits of the mountains.'

This Song, attributed to Ben Jonson, though not found among his works, is given from an ancient black letter copy in the British Museum. It seems to have been originally intended for some masque.]

From Oberon in fairy land
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night sports here,
What revel rout
Is kept about
In every corner, where I go
I will o'ersee
And merry be,
And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon
And, in a minute's space descry
Each thing that's done below the moon,
There's not a bag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblins, where I go,
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And call them on with me to roam
Through woods, through lakes,
Through bogs, through brakes;
Or else, unseen, with them I go,
All in the nick
To play some trick,
And frolic it with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man;
Sometimes an ox, sometimes an hound;
And to a horse I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whirry laughing ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine;

Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes, and drink their wine;
And, to make sport,
I grunt and snort,
And out the candles I do blow;
The maids I kiss,
They shriek—who's this?
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!

Yet, now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And, while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull,
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow,
If any wake, and would me take,
I wend me laughing ho, ho, ho!

When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed clothes from the bed pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
Twixt sleep and wake
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw;
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh with ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require,
And for the use demand we nought;
Our own is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad among them then I go,
And night by night
I them affright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do
But study how to cog and lie;
To make debate and mischief too
'Twixt one another secretly;
I mark their gloze,
And it disclose
To them, whom they have wronged so,
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loop holes, where the vermin creep,
Who, from their folds and houses get
Their ducks and geese and lambs asleep:
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so.
But when they there,
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills in meadows green,
We nightly dance our hey day guise,
And to our fairy king and queen
We chant our moonlight harmonies,
When Larks 'gin sing
Away we fling,
And babes new born steal as we go,
An elf in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revell'd to and fro;
And, for my pranks, men call me by
The name of Robin Goodfellow.

Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags, once goblins, do me know;
And beldames old
My feats have told,
So vale, vale, ho, ho, ho!

[All the learned, says the translator, have vied with each other in celebrating this ode. It is one of the two, to which Scaliger gave what he deemed the highest praise, namely, 'that he would rather be author of them, than king of Arragon.' The spirit of its turns, the elegance of its language, and the harmony of its numbers, have, perhaps, never been excelled by Horace himself.

The translation of this ode, by Atterbury, is well known, and has been highly applauded. It is inserted in Duncombe's and in Francis's Horace, and is also to be found in the collection of poems, published by Nichols, at the beginning of the fifth volume.]

The man, whom from his natal day,
Thy smiles, celestial Muse, inspir'd,
Shall ne'er a champion's fame display
For glorious Isthmian toils admir'd.

Shall ne'er the Grecian chariot guide,
Which swift victorious coursers bear,
Nor quell the threatening tyrant's pride,
Bright triumphs lead, and laurels wear.

But the soft-flowing limpid stream,
That winds o'er Tibur's fertile plains,
The clustering grove shall grace his theme,
And wake his fam'd Eolian strains.

Rome, mighty Rome, enrols my name
In her lov'd poets' gentle choir;
And envy now assails my fame
With weaker fangs, with powerless ire.

Oh, blest pierian maid, whose hand
The golden lyre's soft note obeys,
Even the mute fish, at thy command,
Would match the cygnets dying lays.

'Tis thine that, by the passing throng,
As Rome's first lyric bard I'm shewn;
And that I breathe, and please by song,
If yet I please, is thine alone.

A MAN OF PUNCTUALITY.

Hal sent me word he'd dine with me,
Precisely at the hour of three;
But, meeting with some tavern goer,
Agreed to join his mess at four.
With which d'ye think he kept his word?
'Perhaps with both,' no, friend, a third
Happen'd to cross him on his way,
And Hal with *him* has past the day.

* This pleasing image of the Muse, smiling on the birth of a poet, well expresses the sentiment, that a happy genius is necessary to form that character. [Note, by the translator.

† The notion of swans singing, as they feel the approach of death, is universally allowed to be a fable. But fables are sufficient authority for a poet. [Ibid.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 16.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 21 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO. THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 88.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

THE present season naturally disposes us to connect with it that period of life, upon the just improvement of which is to depend the fruitfulness or sterility of the portion that will follow. Spring is the season of promise and of expectation, and youth is the period of enterprise and of hope. The heart, in the morning of life, dilated with noble and generous expansion, is filled with anticipations of every enjoyment, and prepared for the reception of every delight. In the estimates, which, at this season, are made of future life, difficulties are not to embarrass, or accidents to frustrate. The obstacles between pains and their success are overlooked, experience has not taught disappointment, or long tried efforts at distinction wearied the constancy of diligence, or lessened the eagerness of ambition. Fancy, active in its projections, and plausible in its means, heats to enthusiasm the mind of the youthful candidate for renown. Every pen is to acknowledge the merit of his established excellence, and from every voice he is to hear the grateful music of applause. The claims of undoubted genius are to silence competition, and the laurel of victory to decorate his brow. Fame, with all its allurements, in close perspective, flushes his soul with joy, and imagination, passing through different scenes of human elevation, riots in the luxury of its own creation.

How often such expectations are fallacious, we want not to be informed by the living mortals, who are monuments of it, or by any of the thousands on whose obscurity the grave has heaped its mould. We know how small is the number of those on whom decided superiority is conferred, how many are the causes, by which fruition may be interrupted, and hope cut off. But ungracious is that philosophy which inculcates despondence, and holds out examples to depress; which would restrain youthful enterprise, by telling that its expectations are deceptive, and its attempts vain. Rather let every encouragement be given to ardour so commendable. Let it not be checked by the suggestions of the indolent and insignificant, or abated by the counsels of the unsuccessful or the timid. When eminence is reached this spirit is ever found to have been its prelude. It is the grand incitement to emulation, the nurse of noble sentiment. The philosopher, who attracts notice by the ingenuity of his speculations, or the usefulness of his discoveries, has often relieved the painfulness of thought, by mixing anticipations of celebrity with

his early meditations. The orator of established reputation has viewed from a distance the envied height on which it stands. Often, in the chambers of his alma mater, and while submitting to the discipline of preparation, has his heart been swelled by fancied plaudits, and his ear caught the sound of bursting acclamations. The commander of legions has vanquished the foe in other places than the field. The surrender of fortresses, the humbled submission of haughty adversaries, and the full display of the triumphant standard, have marked the early reveries of his ambitious soul.

These are the feelings which form the innocent and profitable recreations of the juvenile mind. Innocent, for they save it from wanderings that may be dangerous; profitable, for they strengthen the resolutions of diligence, and support the labour of exertion. A celebrated heathen, upon being rallied on his belief in the immortality of the soul, and told it was but an idle dream, replied, that, if it were so, he wished not to be awakened from a delusion so pleasing. To arguments that would discourage ardour, let such be the answer of the enterprising youth. If he be told his expectations are illusory, let him reply, he will continue a mistake that exalts the dignity of his nature, keeps his attention from whatever is degrading, and fixes it upon objects animating and elevated. Labour is so wearisome, that the force of incentives, exerting on the mind an active and uniform influence, can alone impart to it vigour, and endue it with perseverance. The desire of distinction, whatever shape it may assume, whether it is to arise from political advancement, or military renown, from extensive opulence, or literary pre-eminence, forms such an incentive, and the moment of its forgetfulness marks the relapse into inactivity and self-indulgence.

The desire of fame has ever characterised the youth of celebrated and illustrious personages. He, who feels not such a desire, will keep his course of calm and unenvied obscurity. The greatest orator and the greatest statesman Rome ever produced, CICERO, whose name reminds us of all that is exalted in genius, and splendid in reputation, had his soul always filled with this animating passion. Pleading for the poet Arctas, and celebrating his fame in letters, 'I have been convinced,' he says, 'from my youth by much instruction, and much study, that nothing is greatly desirable in life but glory, and that, in the pursuit of this, all bodily sufferings, and the perils of death and exile, are to be slighted and despised.' Most men of illustrious fame might be equally full with the Roman orator in acknowledgments of their sensibility to glory. Themistocles, upon being asked what music, or whose voice was most agreeable to him, answered 'that man's, who could best celebrate his virtues.' The Macedonian conqueror made the *Iliad* the constant companion of his marches. By having ever present to his mind the exploits of heroes and the lustre of conquest, he kept in full blaze the fire of his own ambition. Arrived at the tomb of Achilles 'Happy youth,'

he cried, 'you could find a Homer to immortalize my fame.' The sons of indolence may affect the consolation that early ambition is a troublesome and sometimes corrosive inmate of the breast, that it gives to the mind feelings unfriendly to its tranquillity, and produces infelicity by the mortifications to which it exposes; that it robs the pillow of its slumber, and casts a paleness on the cheek. Whatever foundation there may be for this, it is not to be listened to as a motive to dissuade. What pursuit, however inglorious, is free from its solicitudes, and who, but the listless disciple of torpor, will be repulsed, because his course is not always pleasant, or his path always smooth. The solicitudes of ambition are allowed, but they are less to be dreaded than the mischiefs of inactivity, or the repinings of insignificance.

Let the youth, in the spring of life, press on with alacrity in the career he has chosen. He has all the motives of future eminence to kindle up his enterprise, and animate his zeal. Every analogy of nature will remind him of his obligations, and encourage him in his attempts. See how the fruits of the earth, from small beginnings spread into full luxuriance: Like the husbandman, let him sow while the season is auspicious, and the soil kind. The prospect of harvest will mitigate his toil, and be as refreshing dews to his exertion. With a model of successful diligence, 'let him not be prevented by indolence, seduced by pleasure, or diverted by sleep' from the objects his ambition would attain. Let him nourish emulation by the frequent presence of great and distinguished examples. Let the volume of PLUTARCH be often open before him, and let him constantly recollect, that, if he gain not the heights of uncontested superiority, laudable endeavours seldom go without some reward.

MARCELLUS.

POLITE LITERATURE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF
THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued.]

"Consider once more, Athenians, that you run greater hazards than any other people of Greece. Philip meditates not only to conquer you, but to destroy you. For he knows very well that you are not made to be subjects. If you would be such, you could not; you are too much accustomed to command. He knows that at the first opportunity you would give him more trouble, than all the rest of Greece together."

How very few words were necessary for Demosthenes to awaken, in the Athenians, the sentiment of their power and grandeur! With what an air of simplicity he speaks of it, as of a thing agreed, and of which no man doubted! This, for a vulgar orator, would have been a fine subject for amplification: could there be any more agreeable to treat before such hearers? But

what amplification could have equalled those words, so simple and so great. Philip knows you are not made to serve; that even if you would, you could not: you are too much in the habit of commanding. It is one of the characteristics of Demosthenes to attain by turns of thought, which appear common, with a sort of noble and measured familiarity, more than others by magnificent expressions.

"Make war upon him, then, from this day, if you would avoid a total ruin. Detest the traitors who serve him, and consign them to punishment. We can never get the better of foreign enemies, if we do not first punish our enemies within, who conspire with them. Without this you will be wrecked against the rock of treason, and become the prey of the conqueror.

"And what is the reason, do you think, why Philip dares thus outrageously to insult you? Why, at the time when he employs against others, at least the arts of seduction, and even those of real services, should he dare to employ against you, alone, his menaces? Consider all that he has done in favour of the Thessalians to allure them into servitude. By how many artifices did he impose on the unfortunate Olynthians, by giving them at first Potidea, and several other places; all that he does, at this day, to gain the Thebans, whom he has delivered from a dangerous war, and whom he has rendered powerful in Phocæa. We know, it is true, what price has been paid, by the former, in the sequel, for what they have received, and the price that the latter must pay. But for you, without speaking of what you have already lost in the war, how many times, even during the negotiations of the peace, has he deceived, insulted, and plundered you? The places of Phocæa, those of Thrace, of Doriscus, of Pylæ, of Serrio, even the person of Cersobleptes, what has he not taken from you? Whence proceeds this conduct, so different towards you, and towards the other Greeks? It is because we are the only people among whom our enemies have declared protectors with impunity; the only people among whom they can say every thing in favour of Philip, when they have received his money, while he is seizing on the treasures of the republic. It would not have been safe for any one to declare himself the partizan of Philip, among the Olynthians, if he had not seduced them by giving them Potidea. It would not have been safe for any one to declare himself the partizan of Philip among the Thessalians, if he had not assisted them in banishing their tyrants, and had not restored to them Pylæ. It would not have been safe for any one to declare himself the partizan of Philip, among the Thebans, before he had subjugated Boeotia, by destroying the Phocæans. But, among us—but in Athens, when he has appropriated to himself Amphipolis and the country of the Cardians, when he is prepared to invade Byzantium, when he has fortified Eubœa in such a manner as to enchain Attica, any one may, with all safety, raise a voice in his favour; and, from poor and obscure as they were, his friends are become rich and powerful: and we, on the contrary, we have fallen from splendor to humiliation, and from opulence to poverty. For, in my estimation, the true riches of a republic are in the number of her allies, in their attachment, in their fidelity, and these are what we have lost. And while with so much carelessness, you suffer so many advantages to be ravished from you, Philip has become great, fortunate, redoubtable, both to Greeks and Barbarians; Athens is forsaken, and in contempt; rich only in what we display in our markets, poor in every thing that constitutes the glory and the power of a free people."

Despreaux has been called 'the poet of good sense;' we may give to Demosthenes the appellation of '*the orator of reason*.' And we have so much need of such a one! Among us they have perverted the understanding, in order to stifle conscience. They have counterfeited at pleasure the human mind; and what do we do here but labour to restore it? Without reason there is no justice, and without justice no liberty. We have acquired, at a great price, the right of expressing zeal for the truth: error and ignorance have done us so much harm!

Let us annihilate the tyranny of words, to re-establish the reign of things. You have seen the proof, that the word *liberty* may be written on all our doors, when oppression is on all our heads. And who was then the freeman, even in irons, even on the scaffold? He alone who had known how to preserve the independence of his principles. It is then, by reason and by justice, that man can be essentially free. There is this grandeur in man, that he is, by his thoughts, superior to every power that is not conformable to reason; and this alone would prove, that all true grandeur comes from God, to whom we are indebted for thought and reason. It is by this that the just man is able to condemn power, even when it oppresses him; it cannot oppress him but for a moment; he condemns it forever. He can brand it with a word, confound it by a look, humble it even by his silence, which tyranny cannot do, with all its satellites, and all its hangmen.

Honour then to reason and to order, which is its work! Honour to the one, and to the other, and so much the rather, because their names alone have been a long time among us, at first an object of insult, and then a title of proscription. Restore them to their places, and that is sufficient to avenge them. From that hour those of their enemies are marked; and indelible will be the stain.

Let us learn, from the example of Demosthenes, never to be afraid of speaking salutary truth to our fellow-citizens. We never obtain, by demagogical flattery, any thing better than a transitory influence, and a long ignominy. The advantages of demagogues are brittle and precarious, and subject to terrible vicissitudes. This truth, to be felt, has not even occasion for those examples without number, which have passed before your eyes. These, however, ought never to be forgotten. Repeat this lesson to yourselves, without ceasing, that he who deceives the people, understands his own interests no better than those of the public, and dishonours only to destroy himself. I know of no character so abject and so odious as a flatterer of the people: he is an hundred times more so, than a flatterer of kings. For a throne naturally allures flattery, and discountenances truth. The people on the contrary, permit themselves to be deceived, it is true, but they do not demand to be deceived; they have no need of it, and they feel the want of information. They love and receive the truth, when we dare to speak it: and when they reject it, it is for want of light more than from pride or corruption. When they conceive it, they applaud it so much the more, as we exercise towards them a right which is that of all. It is this which renders the truth so hateful and so terrible in the sight of those, who have so much interest in preventing it from ever coming to the knowledge of the people, because they have so much in blinding them. And this policy, common to tyrants, must necessarily have been that of ours, who were destitute of talents as well as courage. It has consisted wholly in giving all power to do mischief to that class of men, who are everywhere the dregs of nations, to those who have nothing, who know

nothing, and who do nothing; to that assemblage of nakedness, idleness, and ignorance, composed of all that is worst in the human species: we may judge of them by what they have once done, when once they reigned. But observe, at the same time, that this policy, which imposed for a moment on those who are always dazzled by success, was not less silly than atrocious. Tyrants, who have possessed genius, have never employed instruments, of whom they could not always be the masters; the tyranny, which uses only instruments to whom it is itself a slave, is stupid; for it is always their victim. And what can be more delirious than to invade every thing, without being able to keep any thing, and to erect scaffolds to finish by ascending them? But this belongs to our history, and I return to that of eloquence, and the triumphs of Demosthenes.

[To be Continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

[Concluded.]

His character seems to have been amiable and respectable. His life had been very active and diversified. He had studied much, he had seen more. He conversed as well as he wrote. His thoughts were sprightly, his expressions neat. His person was diminutive, and of a slight make; and he had a small wen, or protuberance, on his neck. In his youth, he had been so fond of dress as to be distinguished as one of the beaux of his time; but in the latter part of his life, his appearance was rather mean, being generally habited in a Bath beaversurtout, with blue worsted boot-stockings. His religious routine is said to have been singular. From early impression, or strong conviction, he was originally a zealous believer of revelation, and suspected of a tendency to certain fanatical opinions. Gradually losing ground in faith, he wandered into paths obscured by doubt, and became a professed deist; till, by a retrograde progress, he measured back his steps to the comforts of rational christianity. On his death-bed, it is said, he reviewed his life, and with a visible gleam of joy, he gloried in the belief, that his Views of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion had been useful. It was received, perhaps, where greater works would not make their way, and so might have aided the ardour of virtue, and the confidence of truth. He spoke of his death as one prepared to die. He did not shrink from it as an evil, nor as a punishment, but met it with decent firmness, as his original destiny, the kind release from what was worse, the kinder summons to all that is better. As a lay vindicator of divine revelation, he ranks with Milton, Locke, Addison and Newton.

As an author, he has attained no small degree of reputation, by powers which have had every aid that useful and polite learning could give. He possesses a judgment critically exact, an elegant taste, and a rich vein of wit and humour. He is intitled to great praise for many excellencies of style. Mr. Burke has truly said that he was one of those who wrote the purest English, that is, the most simple and aboriginal language, the least qualified with foreign impregnation. To the character of an elegant, he joins that of a sensible and agreeable writer. He has the rare merit of treating, in a pleasing manner, that abstracted metaphysic subject, the origin or necessity of evil, which has perplexed human reason in every age. He has written like a man of taste and acuteness, in the habit of deep thinking. A species of reading often injurious, and generally unentertaining, he has rendered at once interesting and argumentative. But genius, like every power in human nature, is capable of an

absurd and pernicious, as well as of a judicious and beneficial application. While it is employed in investigating useful truths, and enlarging the boundaries of real knowledge, it is rendering such important services to mankind, as to merit the highest applause. Of this perversion of genius, his political tracts and philosophical disquisitions afford a striking example. Not contented with that portion of reputation for originality, which is to be acquired in the plain path of truth and common sense, he finds it necessary to employ the subtleties of sophistry in support of opinions which party-attachments led him to adopt, and to exercise his superior abilities in erecting fanciful and paradoxical systems, or in defending some dangerous tenets. His *View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion* contains many just and important observations; but his method of reasoning is liable to considerable objections. It has not occurred to the advocates of the Christian religion, that doctrines, allowed to be contradictory to reason, are not on this account the less credible, nor have they ever conceived that the virtues of friendship, fortitude and patriotism, do not form a part of the morality of the gospel; much less have they urged the want of these virtues as a peculiar recommendation of its excellence. They are conspicuously illustrated in the character of its author; and it would be easy to produce striking instances, in which his courage and friendship, and concern for the welfare of his country, were actually displayed. The advocates of Christianity, in answer to Shaftesbury and others, have sufficiently vindicated it in this respect. They are unquestionably virtues of considerable importance; and so far as they do not interfere with the general principles of benevolence, which Christianity inculcates, they constitute a part of Christian morality.

As a poet, he is rather characterised by elegance and correctness, than by invention or enthusiasm. He writes with terseness and neatness, seldom with much vigour or animation. He is a pleasing and elegant, but not a very animated or first-rate writer. His expression is concise, his wit lively, his satire poignant, his humour delicate, and his versification easy, flowing, and agreeable. His *Art of Dancing*, *Modern Fine Gentleman*, *Modern Fine Lady*, *First Epistle of Horace*, *Burlesque Ode*, &c. are elegant and beautiful compositions. In every one of them there are just conception, lively imagination, correct expression, and clear connection. His version of Browne's '*De Immortalitate Animi*,' is a correct and classical performance, which may challenge a comparison with the subsequent versions of Mr. Cranwell and Mr. Lettice. His shorter pieces, in general, may be read with pleasure. We find here and there some indecencies of expression, which we sincerely wish he had avoided. The Epitaph on Dr. Johnson was not dictated by the same spirit of candor and friendship which bedewed the grave of Jenyns, and strewed it with flowers.

His moral and literary character has been delineated by Mr. Cole, in his '*Sketches*,' with the zeal of friendship, and the fondness of affectionate remembrance; but he rates his merits too high. His remarks on his style are exceeding just.

"He was a man of great mildness, gentleness and sweetness of temper, which he manifested to all with whom he had concerns, either in the business of life or its social intercourse. His earnest desire was, as far as it was possible, never to offend any person; and he made such allowances, even for those, who, in their dispositions, differed from him, that he was rarely offended with others; of which, in a long life, he gave many noble instances. He was strict in the performance of religious duties in public, and a constant practiser of them in private; ever pro-

fessing the greatest veneration for the church of England and its government, as by law established; holding her liturgy as the purest and most perfect form of public worship in any established church in Christendom: but he thought that alterations and amendments might be made in it, which would render it more perfect than it is in its present state, and which he earnestly desired to have seen accomplished by those who were properly authorised.

"In private life, he was most amiable and engaging; for he was possessed of a well-informed mind, accompanied by an uncommon vein of the most lively, spirited, and genuine wit, which always flowed very copiously amongst those with whom he conversed, but which was tempered with such a kindness of nature, that it never was the cause of uneasiness to any of those with whom he lived; this made his acquaintance much sought after, and courted by all those who had a taste for brilliant conversation, being well assured that they would be delighted with it where he was; and that, though they did not possess the same talent, they never would be censured by him because they wanted it.

"This so gentle an exertion of so rare a quality, he not only strictly observed himself, but was always much hurt if he observed the want of it in others; and considered every sally of wit, however bright it might be, which tended to the mortification of those who heard it, as one of its greatest abuses, since he looked upon all pre-eminent gifts of the mind, bestowed by nature, as much for the happiness of others, as of those who possess them.

"No person ever felt more for the miseries of others than he did; no person saw, or more strictly practised, the necessity imposed on those who form the superior ranks of life, whose duty it is to reconcile the lower classes to their present condition, by contributing the utmost to make them happy; and, thereby, to cause them to feel as little of that difference as is possible; for he was most kind and courteous to all his inferiors, not only in his expressions and in his behaviour, but in assisting them in all their wants and distresses, as far as he could; ever considering his poor neighbours, in the country, as parts of his family, and, as such, intitled to his care and protection.

"He spent his summers at his house in the country, residing there with hospitality to his tenants and neighbours, and never suffered any places at that season calculated for public diversions to allure him; for he said he could, at that time, do more good in his own parish, than in any other situation.

"He frequently lamented the prevailing fashion of the later times of his life, which carried gentlemen with their families from London, when it is deserted by all whose absence can be dispensed with, to places far distant from their houses and ancient seats in the country; opened chiefly for the reception of those, who wish to continue the scenes of dissipation they have left: whence it is that the money which should revert to the districts from which it was received, is turned into a different channel; tenants are deprived of the advantages they are in some degree intitled to, from its expenditure amongst them; hospitality done away, and the stream of charity, that would otherwise have gladdened the hearts of their poor neighbours, is stopped; their inferiors deprived of their example, encouragement, and protection, in the practice of religion and virtue, and thereby the manners of the country altered for the worse, which necessarily occasions great mischiefs to the public.

"When he was in the country, he constantly acted as a magistrate in his own district, and

attended all those meetings, which were holden for the purposes of public justice.

"From the general opinion that was entertained of his inflexible integrity, and superior understanding, he was much resorted to in that character at home.

"Unknown to Sir Robert Walpole, and unconnected with him by acquaintance or private regard, he supported him to the utmost of his power, till he retired from his high station. He seldom or ever spoke, whilst sitting in Parliament.

"From having long had a seat at the Board of Trade, and constantly attending his duty there, he gained an understanding of the great outlines of the commercial interests of his country.

"As an author, so long as a true taste of fine writing shall exist, he will have a distinguished place amongst those who have excelled. Whatever he hath published, whether he played with his muse, or appeared in the plain livery of prose, was sought for with avidity, and read with pleasure, by those who at the time were esteemed the best judges of composition. A minute criticism on their several excellencies is unnecessary, as the public sanction hath stamped their merit. Suffice it to say, that his poems are on the most pleasing subjects, and are executed with a warm animation of fancy, sterling wit, and, at the same time, great correctness.

"He wonderfully excelled in burlesque imitations of the ancient poets, by applying their thoughts to modern times and circumstances; which might be well expected, after his short but excellent strictures on this manner of writing, prefixed to his imitations of the first epistle of the second book of Horace's *Epistles*, inscribed to the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke.

"How far he followed the rules there laid down, must be determined by those who shall read and compare the original with the translation, in which it may found, that, in this kind of imitation, he hath gone through a poem of three hundred lines, without ever losing sight of the original, by introducing new thoughts of his own.

"As a writer of prose, whoever will examine his style, will find that he is intitled to a place amongst the purest and correctest writers of the English language. He always puts proper words in proper places, and hath, at the same time, a variety in different members of his periods, which would otherwise tire and disgust the reader with their sameness: a failure which may be found in some of the works of those to whom the public have ascribed a superior degree of merit. But this variety occasions no difficulty or embarrassment in the sense intended to be conveyed, which always at first sight appears clear, and is easy to be comprehended, so that the reader is never stopped in his progress to study what is meant.

"This is his characteristic as a writer, on whatever subject he engaged, whether it were serious or called for his wit, whether political, moral, religious, or metaphysical, his matter is always most pertinent to the subject which he handles; he reasons with closeness and precision, and always by a regular chain of argument arrives at the conclusions which he professes is his design to establish. And whoever will attend to the exertions of his mind, manifesting at some times the truest humour and the most lively wit, at other times the most regular chain of argument, with the nicest discrimination and marked differences of abstract ideas, cannot but allow, that as wit consists in quickly assembling ideas, and putting those together with readiness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance; and judgment, on the contrary, is carefully separating ideas from one another, and examining them apart; I say that he cannot but allow that our author was one of those very

few who have appeared in the world possessed of these two almost discordant talents of the understanding."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1796.

[Continued.]

The Dutch are not deficient in hospitals, and other public charities, yet there is a multitude of beggars in the streets of their cities; and in Amsterdam, more than in the other towns of Holland, and they are the most importunate of all the tribe of mendicants. This is, in a great measure, owing to the vast number of Jew families that compose nearly a quarter of the city. This unfortunate and persecuted nation are not permitted, here, to learn any regular trade or profession, lest they should become too influential. Thus the cruel bigotry of the Christians on one side, and the pertinacious adherence of the Jew, to a monstrous and ridiculous system of idle and imposing ceremonies on the other, have for ages, kept millions from participating the equal privileges of social institutions. What wild havoc in the confined circle of human happiness have religious lawgivers uniformly committed! One indeed is contented with punishment extended only to the fourth generation, while another, refining on cruelty, makes the soul immortal in order to make it more exquisitely miserable!

2nd. Dec. The season has now got so in advance, that it leaves me to regret that I did not take a summer tour through Holland and Flanders in my way to Paris. A traveller who is desirous of seeing large towns, the inhabitants of which are honest, frank, industrious and mildly superstitious; or a fertile and charming country every acre of which is carefully cultivated, and superabounding with produce, will find them all in Flanders. And he who wishes to observe commercial cupidity, and avaricious bustle, will not be disappointed in the seaports of Holland; but he will also meet with canals, gardens, villages, and mills, almost as numerous as the trees which shade the streets and adorn the waters of this singular amphibious country; and a number of the neatest towns in Europe.

The only literary institution of any note in this capital, originated about twenty years ago, and is called the *Felix Meritis*. It is composed of four hundred subscribers, who have a large handsome edifice in which their meetings are holden. The society is divided into five different departments, viz. One for commerce, in which is included navigation, agriculture, manufactures and traffic. The second embraces physics, another drawings and designs; the fourth music; and the fifth general literature. The meetings hold out an occasional agreeable intercourse to its supporters. Professor Van Swinden, a physician of learning and labour, one of its principal founders, confessed to me that there had not arisen from it that public benefit which he had at first flattered himself: and it is rather to be considered as a place of refined amusement, than an establishment of solid learning; rather as a gratification to the vanity or taste of individuals, than promotive of any general utility or national improvement. The music room is a lofty saloon thirty-six feet high, by seventy-two and fifty-four in dimensions. I was last evening at a subscription concert, which is conducted wholly by amateurs of the science. The room was filled with genteel people, and the young gentlemen who were the performers, received some merited applause.

The Dutch are fond of chimes, your ears are therefore perpetually saluted by the tinklings of the bells in the different steeples, and your lodg-

ings disturbed with the *melodious warblings* of hand organs, which abound in every street. Whatever the multitude might think, was I one of their Burgo Masters, I certainly should consider it a duty to arrest these itinerant murderers "of the music of sweet sounds," as public nuisances.

There does not appear to be a very cordial confidence placed in the Convention which is sitting at the Hague. That assembly which ought to have been a selection of their choicest spirits, and most enlightened citizens, is a compound of harsh, inveterate patriots, and raw discordant statesmen, who are better at resentment and demolition than at the discovery and union of those nice, but just and firm principles of the social compact, which, while they secure the rights of the citizen, provide vigour and resource to the administration of the state. A long period, therefore, in all probability must elapse, before these divided and disastrous provinces obtain any stable political consequence. Most agree in lamenting their disorganized government; and all in reprobating the conduct of the English for involving them in their war against the French republic; nor are their gallic allies beloved for compelling them to combat the British Lion. Thus alternately degraded, plundered and despised by each of these gigantic powers; destitute of union, commerce, spirit and character, should they continue to exist at all as a distinct government, it must be by the sufferance and assent of Great Britain and France, neither of which will acquiesce in their becoming a dependent department to the other.

Here, as at the Hague, we had an opportunity of seeing a specimen of the Batavian guards. Their uniform is blue and red: the men are all young, and their laurels are yet to be gathered. The French hussars, who are to be found in every town of importance from Paris to Amsterdam, make a different appearance. Alert and animated, they shew that they feel the triumphs of their country, and rejoice in the garb of its heroes. By the treaty of offensive and defensive alliance which these provinces entered into with the republic of France, they stipulated to pay to the government, one hundred millions of Florins (equal to four millions of Dollars) and to clothe, feed, and pay twenty-five thousand French soldiers, who were to be employed in their service. When the rash and rapid march of the army, last summer, under Jourdan, from the Rhine to the Danube, terminated as the able, experienced, and brave Pichegru, foretold it certainly would, in defeat and disgrace, Bournonville was ordered on with these French battalions in Dutch pay, to check the career of the archduke Charles, and they have ever since been occupied in fighting the battles of France; but thereby, say the Dutch, our frontiers are protected from the insults and ravages of the imperial armies. The seven united provinces have discharged about one half of the enormous contributions they were assessed by their conquerors; and their new friends will no doubt find the method of soon getting the remainder.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Neufchatel, Oct. 26, 1800.

My Dear Sir,

We left Berne early on the 23d, and passing through a country which offered nothing remarkable, arrived at Soleure, the capital of the canton of the same name, where we dined at a *table d'hôte* with a number of very ill-bred French officers—There is nothing worth seeing at Soleure but the church of St. Urso, which has some claim to attention from the elegance of its ar-

chitecture both internal and external. This canton you perhaps know is Roman Catholic.

A Mr. Wallier was so polite as to shew us his fine private cabinet of natural history, on our requesting to see it. He first asked whether we were French. On our enquiring the reason of this question, we found he had been a hostage in the hands of that nation, and was treated so harshly that he has ever since held them in utter abhorrence. We were much pleased with the curiosities shewn us, particularly a sea-egg, perfectly petrified, for which, Mr. Wallier said lord Spencer offered him a hundred louis!

Soleure lays at the foot of the mountains of Jura, which appear to be a mass of calcareous rock, but thinly covered with soil. This celebrated chain does not resemble the pointed cliffs and needles of the Alps, but is rather like the blue ridge in America, the line flowing and unbroken. Our road lay along the Jura all the way to Bienne, but we saw nothing remarkable. A little before we arrived, we were stopped by a custom-house officer, who demanded to search our baggage, as we were entering the *département of the Haut de Rhin*, which robs Switzerland of the little canton of Bienne; a few good words and the more powerful argument of half a crown, saved us a great deal of trouble just as it grew dark, and obtained us a certificate to enable us to pass out of the republic without examination.

We arrived at Bienne too late to see any thing of the town and lake; the former, however, has nothing to interest one *en passant*; we set out again early the next morning, and from a hill in the neighbourhood saw the whole lake and the adjoining country. We breakfasted at a dirty little tavern on the neck of land which separates this from the lake of Neufchatel, which we had a fine view of, all the way to this place, where we arrived to dinner. We had also a transient view of the small but pretty lake of Morat.

One principal object at Neufchatel was to see the two younger sons of my friend Mr. — which we had promised their father to do. They were under the care of Mr. B. a Swiss gentleman, whose family is well known in this country for its literary talents and patriotic publications. He has travelled all over Europe with foreign noblemen, and after finishing the education of the two elder sons accompanied them in their travels through France, Germany, Italy, Denmark, and Sweden. He has promised the father to make the same tour with the younger.

I was received with open arms by this worthy man, and the amiable young — who have compelled us to pass our time principally with them. Never was I pressed more to make a stay anywhere and indeed the inducements were great, but our desire to cross Mount Cenis before the season was too late, obliged us to decline all the parties and excursions planned for us. We, however, remained this day that we might accompany them to the isle de S. Pierre, in the lake of Bienne, celebrated for the residence of Rousseau, who shut himself out from the world on this island for near three years.

We rode, in a carriage, from Neufchatel to the borders of the lake of Bienne, on which we embarked in a small boat, and in forty minutes were landed on this little spot. Our first visit was to the chamber (in the only house on the island) which the eccentric Jean Jacques occupied, where we all of course made our own reflections. The walls and doors were covered with the names of those who had made a pilgrimage here, and even the ceiling was not spared. In a room that had once been occupied by Rousseau, one would expect to find something worthy of remembrance, but I am sorry to say, I saw nothing that did any credit to his admirers. A great deal of bad verse, and paltry common place

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Hate not laborious work, neither husbandry."

The dissolution of ice and snow being now fully accomplished by that potent chemist, the sun, the provident husbandman, refreshed by the rest of winter, and gladdened by the view of many a spot of vivid green sward, thinks it time to leave his afternoon pot of beer unfinished and prepare for the labours of spring. But, since many, attached to ease and the fire side, are unwilling to put their hands to the plough, and strive to put off the evil day of furrowing the fields, I will endeavour to convince every procrastinating labourer, that nothing is so laborious, as having nothing to do.

If a fretful farmer, who, in some rainy day, thinks no employment is so toilsome as that which he exercises, will cast his eyes upon the various idlers, sauntering along with pale cheeks and gouty limbs, *from Dan to Beersheba*, he will be convinced that moving in July, and haling wood in December, are less fatiguing than pleasure's race. When an inquisitive being asks why there is so much vice and misery in this world, I conceive no answer would be more pertinent, than because the vicious and the miserable have, at some period of their lives, been haters of laborious work and husbandry.

What is it but this aversion to labour, and a phantastic wish to be free from care, that urges so many to exchange health for whisky, and their money for a game of cards? Why are so many rheumatic limbs propped by crutches? Why does the attorney commence such frequent suits for the innkeeper; and why in a jail are the debtors' rooms crowded? If the hoe, the spade, and the field could speak, they would say "because men hearken to the whispers of fancy, or the persuasions of indolence, and forsake us, the best allies in life's warfare."

Unless the sower go forth to sow, he cannot expect sixty, or a hundred fold. Unless men sometimes love laborious work, and husbandry, they will not reckon much fine gold, nor be eagerly enquired after in the gate. The ages of miracles are past; and I know not whether man has a right to expect that providence will interpose particularly in his favour, and give him bread, if he will not be at the pains to *leaven* it.

That ancient adjudication, which sentenced Adam to eat bread in the sweat of his brow, has been harshly denominated a curse, by unthinking christians. But it is demonstrable that the necessity for labour is one of the highest blessings of life, and without this necessity, other blessings would lose half their value. In the initial stanza of one of his first compositions, a favourite author has uttered this eternal truth with equal grace and energy;

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate
That, like an emmet, thou most ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for reason great;
For, though, sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

The ancient poets, delighting in fiction, have amused themselves and credulous readers with a gorgeous description of the golden age. An age, which, according to poetical chronology, existed prior to the primal curse. In this blest period, as the fables of *Orion* feign, no coulters pierced the earth's surface, honey distilled from oaks, and wine gurgled spontaneously from springs. This is undoubtedly a vision of the

observations, filled the place of wit, elegance, and taste.

In this room is a trap door which leads to the one under it, to which this singular genius retired when he heard any visitors coming up the stairs to see him. When they entered the room below, he made his escape up through the trap-door. "Am I so strange an animal," he used to say, "that every body must come to gaze upon me through curiosity?"

After ordering dinner, (which you will allow we could not dispense with even in the habitation of Rousseau) we took a walk round the island, and admired the variety of beauties it contained, of hill and dale, forest and field, meadow and vineyard. It is an enchanting little spot, just suited to the romantic mind of the citizen of Geneva.

Mr. B—— pointed out to me the favourite walk of Rousseau, which was in an elevated alley of lofty trees, bordering a steep bank of the lake, and affording a fine view of the chain of Jura, with the little white villages, at its foot, reflected by the lake. At the end of the walk, is a grass platform, from whence we could admire the range of Alps from Grindenwald almost to Savoy. In a summer house, at the other end, the visitors, in the fine season, dance. We were unfortunately, about ten days too late for the *vendangis*, or vintage, when all the neighbouring inhabitants resort here on a Sunday, to the amount of several hundred, to dance. This island is also the Sunday excursion of the Bernois, and the inhabitants of the cities in its vicinity, during summer.

We were entertained, during dinner, by two itinerant musicians, whom we afterwards took from the island, in our barque. On our voyage home, we might have been compared to those heroes, who accompanied Jason, in search of the golden fleece, for, like them, we had music on our poop.

A little distance from St. Pierre, is a small island, of about a hundred yards in circumference, which, from its appearance, was no doubt joined to the former; it is little more than a huge bank of earth and stones, on which some zealot has planted a liberty tree. This island is remarkable for being one of the objects on which Rousseau exercised his eccentricity, for one day remarking on a visit to it (you will be pleased to observe it was the boundary of his excursions for three years) that no animal whatever lived there; he determined it should no longer be uninhabited, and accordingly bought a pair of rabbits, and placing them upon this new dominion, cried "I give you this territory, increase and multiply." His command was well obeyed for they increased to such a degree that the place got the name of the Isle of Rabbits, and they enjoyed their territory undisturbed till the revolution, whose fatal effects even reached this poor little place, which had been so long a *terra incognita*, and the rabbits were all destroyed.

The Isle de St. Pierre was not exempt from the evils of war, and I heard with sorrow the account of the fierce conflict which took place between the French and Bernois, when the former invaded it.

It was dark long before we reached Neufchâtel, so that we had nothing of the landscape to interest us; but the conversation of Mr. B. was so very pleasing and instructive, that we thought the way short. Among the number of anecdotes, which he related respecting the late revolution, and the invasion of the French, was the following, which I thought worth preserving, as it strongly marks the brave and firm character of the Swiss Cantons, who alone possess the valour of their ancestors, and who alone have made any resistance to the incursions of their enemy.

[To be Continued.]

night. But, if it had been realized, and men, like the austere governor in the gospel, could have reaped where they had not sown, and gathered where they had not sown, such a state of inaction would produce an extreme of weariness, more intolerable than the drudgery of the field. A profound observer* has remarked that if all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work; and if we mark the men of pleasure, whom the legacy, or the partiality of parents has enriched, we shall discover the truth of this observation. Who is so anxious, who loses so much rest, who so *worketh with his hands*, as the nocturnal gamster? What perils, what storms, what fatigue the drunkard encounters, navigating the raging ocean of wine.

To what injury, and to what infamy is the libertine exposed, who nightly haunts the recesses of debauchery, or who provokes the vengeance of the husband by tempting the loyalty of the wife. What toils, what watchings, what anxieties are endured by every sensualist, whether he roves through the Haram of Variety, or labours to sully the purity of virgin innocence: yet all these make delight a trade,

"And coy perdition every hour pursue."

For myself, I cannot help thinking, that cutting tender grass is more easy, than cutting unlucky cards; that the labourer with a corn basket on his shoulder is lesss burdened, than the tipler with the load of his stomach; and that the "flaxen headed plough-boy," tracing the straight and undeviating furrow, has a lighter task to fulfil, than he, who bewilders himself in the mazes of wantonness, who in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night, hurries after her, who is emphatically called "the strange woman," and † whose house is the way to Hell, going down to the chambers of Death.

Repair then with alacrity, happy husbandmen, to laborious work. Trust me, ye sleep sounder than he, who advises you, and who is destined to have no acres to till, but who, with throbbing temples, toils over the weekly sermon. As I wander through rural lanes, with a head perplexed with anxious thought, and with a heart lacerated by many an arrow of adversity, still I am always tranquilized, when I regard the operations of agriculture. I gaze with pleasure at your bursting barns, your well ordered cottages, and your fruitful fields. I see that, in consequence of your labour, you are healthful and happy. While you, jocund, drive your teams afield, and inhale the balsamic flavour of the earth, you consult your fortune by the one, and your preservation by the other. Continue to venerate the plough and to feed the ox, and you will turn up gold with the first, and draw to your dwellings fine gold with the second. Let others, as it has been eloquently said, dig for facitious wealth in the bowels of the earth, your brighter ore is derived from its upper stratum.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

Conceiving, from several happy circumstances, which have been lately brought about by the

* SHAKESPEARE; who in numerous passages of his matchless dialogues, faithful to truth and nature, has eloquently recommended habitual industry, and who was himself a signal and glorious example of ardent application, associated with the most creative genius.

† This picturesque phrase of king Solomon, expressed with all the energy and magnificence of oriental diction, is peculiarly memorable, because every apothegm of the Jewish Prince was the dictate of experience, as we abundantly learn both from his domestic history and public declarations.

wisdom of our rulers, that they may be somewhat perplexed in devising ways and means to satisfy the various demands of government, I have ventured to suggest an easy plan to draw forth the energies of the people: I mean a new mode of taxation; which, if adopted, I humbly conceive, would greatly assist our administration in its operations, without in the least endangering its popularity. But as my scheme is entirely novel, I beg your indulgence while I endeavour to explain it.

No man, I presume, will doubt, in this enlightened day, of the ability of every real patriot, to meddle with the affairs of government, I hope, therefore, I need say nothing of my motives.

It is well known, that the fifteen millions, of dollars which we paid for Louisiana, were entirely out of the calculation of our *cunning* financier, when he talked so prettily about repealing the internal taxes. How is this money to be paid? None of us, surely, can be ignorant of the disagreeable sensations which the name of *taxes* always excites in every real republican bosom; and we all know the extreme sensibility of republicanism, which when in power, would scorn to hurt the feelings of the meanest citizen. I have indeed heard it hinted, that the Louisianians are to be *sweated* for this same sum, and that the powers of the king of Spain are to be transferred to the P—t for this purpose. This base, absurd, and unfounded calumny, scarcely deserves a refutation. Who does not shrink at the very idea? I could here make use of federal calculations (and it would not be the first time that we have made use of them) to prove, that this splendid event in the annals of our country, would cost each individual but a few cents; and who, I proudly ask, would exchange the fine feelings of generosity for this paltry sum—particularly, as it is the only gratification we can expect to reap from the bargain?

Besides all these powerful arguments, Mr. Editor, to shew that we must *divine* some method of obtaining money, I have been further induced to offer this scheme, in order to find something for our legislators to do, for which, sir, *entre nous*, I am apt to think they will be greatly obliged to me.

Having said thus much, by way of introduction, I shall proceed with due haste, to the interesting object of this communication. I beg leave to observe that for reasons above specified, I have preferred the word *fine* to that odious, old-fashioned term *taxes*—and here I might take occasion to assert my claim to *genuine* republicanism, which always changes the *names* of things although the *form* and *substance* be retained.

I propose 1st, That a *fine* be imposed on all printers who shall be *guilty* of publishing the truth in their papers; for it is universally admitted that the federal papers are the only ones which ever publish the truth; and as, under such circumstances, the truth is a libel, this fine would have the merit of falling exclusively upon the enemies of the country, which would be another glorious epoch in "the annals of our country."—It would also hold out an additional inducement to the democratic editors in the United States, to adhere rigidly to their *ancient habits*.

2nd. I propose, that a fine be imposed on all persons concerned in a duel. This, I flatter myself, no man will object to—its intention being obvious. We are now in danger of losing two zealous democrats by this anti-republican practice; and, for aught I know, we might in the lapse of ages, lose one or two more in the same manner, which would certainly, at any time, be a great loss to the community: It is time, therefore, for the public good, to interpose legislative authority. I declare, at the same time, that

neither Mr. Randolph nor Mr. Alston have any knowledge of this proposition.

3rd. I propose, lastly, that a fine be laid on all persons who shall refuse to get drunk, in honour of Mr. Jefferson, on the 12th day of May next. I need say little in defence of this proposal; all real republicans will at once see its utility, as it will affect none of our imported patriots, or native democrats.

I shall say nothing, Mr. Editor, of the great importance of these discoveries, or the immense sums they would produce; but I shall end by requesting that you would not throw out the least hint or insinuation that they were communicated by

A FEDERALIST.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Every circumstance which relates to those persons whose writings we admire, awakens and interests our curiosity. The time and place of their birth, as it is remarked by an accurate scholar, their education and gradual attainments, the dates of their productions, and the reception they severally met with, their habits of life, their private friendships, and even their external form, are all points which how little soever they may have been adverted to by their contemporaries, strongly engage the attention of posterity. Not satisfied with receiving the aggregated wisdom of ages, as a free gift, we visit the mansions where our instructors are said to have resided, we contemplate with pleasure the trees under whose shade they once reposed, and wish to see and converse with those sages, whose labours have added strength to virtue, and efficacy to truth.

SHAKSPEARE, above all writers, since the days of Homer, has excited this curiosity in the highest degree; and perhaps no poet of any nation was ever more idolized. His biography, written by Rowe, has been read perhaps with more eagerness, than any life in Plutarch. The subsequent article presents no additional information, respecting the Bard of Avon, but concisely tells all that can be known of his domestic character.]

An account of the man who has obtained the admiration of his country, who, after a period of two centuries, is still mentioned with pride, and whose excellence has defied all imitation, unites the double interest of esteem and curiosity. In the life of our immortal SHAKSPEARE we feel this interest increased by the astonishment with which we view the commencement of his career: the eldest among the ten children of a dealer in wool, brought up to the business of his father, and engaged early in domestic cares, he appears to have taken a direction very opposite to the acquirement of that splendor which is attached to his name. He was born at Stratford, in Warwickshire, in the month of April 1564, and, after some slender literary attainments at a grammar school, he embraced his paternal avocation, married, and became a father before the twentieth year of his age. In that state his wonderful talents would have been buried had not a singular incident called them into action. A neighbouring park, belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy, had been frequently plundered, and Shakspeare had, with many others of his own age, committed the depredation. Sir Thomas followed up his repeated threats with a prosecution: Shakspeare revenged himself in a severe ballad, in which the knight was treated with the most satiric freedom; and then took refuge in London.

On his entrance into the capital, he appears to have been reduced to such extreme distress, that to hold the horses of those who frequented the theatre, and to depend on their liberality, were, for some time, all the employment, and all the subsistence he could procure. At length, admitted to some subordinate office within the playhouse, he obtained the notice of the players, and occasionally performed some under parts on the stage. He then perceived the tenor of his

genius, and aspired to supply his deficiencies as an actor by merits of a higher nature; as an author he began to display the powers of his mind. The force of nature and genius united, with attentive study, to suit the reigning taste of the superior, and the peculiar humour of the inferior orders of the public, ensured him success. Patronage soon followed admiration, and he is said to have been rapidly raised to fortune, as well as fame, by the generosity of the Earl of Southampton; to whom, in terms of the highest gratitude, he has dedicated his two most considerable poems, intitled *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*. But the favours he experienced were not confined to the courtiers: the queen herself conferred on him many marks of esteem, and not only continually honoured the performance of his dramas with her presence, but even condescended to point out objects to him; and the comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is said to have owed its origin to her desire of seeing that inimitable medley of wit and profligacy, Sir John Falstaff, in love. Thus, with little advantages from education, and with the obstacles of disgrace and penury to overcome, arose this Genius of Nature to the notice of his country and of his prince, and to the ceaseless admiration of futurity. If our astonishment at such an elevation can be increased, it must be by the modesty of his retirement from applause, satisfied with ease and a moderate competency. At his native town he purchased a handsome residence, where, withdrawn from all the business of the drama, he passed the residue of his life. He died on the twenty-third of April, 1616, at the commencement of his fifty-third year, and appointed his youngest daughter and her husband, whose name was Hall, his executors. He was buried at Stratford, where a monument was erected to him, and another was raised in Westminster Abbey, in 1740, at the public expense. The first edition of his plays, collected together, was published in 1623; but the principal edition, with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators, with a glossarial index by Mr. Reed, and with notes by Johnson and Steevens.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Among many curious, new and valuable books, lately imported by Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, and Messrs. Conrads, of this city, are "The Chances, or Nothing of the new School, by a disciple of the old School." This Novel is favourably reviewed in more than one literary journal.

Goodes "Life of Geddes," the celebrated roman catholic translator of the Bible, is an interesting and amusing volume of biography.

"Commentaries on Classical Learning," by the Rev. Mr. Urquhart, are entitled to great attention from every lover of the literature of the Greeks and Romans.

And Dr. Aikin's "Letters on English Poetry," addressed to a young lady, display the wonted graces of his pure and elegant style, together with a fund of useful criticism.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In his tour to the Hebrides, Boswell says, we next went to the great church of St. Giles, which has lost much of its *original magnificence* in the inside, by being divided into four places of *presbyterian* worship. 'Come,' said Dr. Johnson jocularly to principal Robertson, 'let me see what was *once a church*.'

No wonder that he was affected with a strong indignation while he beheld the ruins of religious

magnificence. I happened to ask where *John Knox* was buried. Dr. Johnson burst out 'I hope in the highway. I have been looking at his reformations.'

Politeness is of great consequence in society. It is fictitious benevolence. It supplies the place of it among those, who see each other only in public, or but little.

Pratt's "Liberal Opinions," is a novel of an original cast; and its success induced the author to lay aside his adopted name, and assume his real one. The adventures of *Benignus*, in which it is supposed Mr. Pratt shaded some particulars of his own life, and the character of *Draper*, are admirably drawn, and will bear a comparison with the most felicitous productions of Fielding, Smollet, or Richardson.

The felicity of a London life, to a man who can enjoy it with full intellectual relish is apt to make existence, in any narrower sphere, seem insipid or irksome.

Boswell, in his character of Johnson, declares that he was a sincere and zealous Christian of the high church of England, and monarchical principles, which he would not suffer to be questioned; steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of piety and virtue, both from a regard to the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay stern in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart; having a mind stored with a vast and various collection of knowledge, which he communicated, with peculiar perspicuity and force, in rich and choice expression.

There is not, says *ANDISON*, a more useful class of society, than *Merchants*. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, augment the wealth of a nation, and increase the comforts and conveniencies of life.

To censure trade,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume.
Trade to the good physician gives his balms;
Gives cheering cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives to the wealthy delicacies high;
Gives to the curious works of nature rare;
And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
Him, the all-wise creator, and declares
His presence, power, and goodness, unconfin'd,
'Tis trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument.

The judicious wish of *Shenstone* was to always have a heart superior, with economy suitable, to his fortune.

It is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet restrained by circumstances from making a proper use of it. One feels oneself somewhat in the situation of *admiral Howe*.

The following is a delightful feature in the mind of a liberal scholar:

One part of his character was no less amiable than uncommon; so totally free was he from envy, the vice of little souls, that he was always eager to encourage the appearance of literary merit wherever it could be found; and, if any person had cultivated a particular branch of learning more assiduously than himself, he took a real pleasure in receiving information, and what was still more rare at his age, in renouncing an-

cient prejudices, and retracting opinions, which he allowed to have been precipitately formed.

There is no word in the Latin language that signifies a female friend. "*Amica*" means a mistress; and, perhaps, there is no friendship betwixt the sexes wholly disunited from a degree of love.

Perhaps an acquaintance with men of genius is rather respectable than satisfactory. It is as unaccountable as it is certain, that fancy heightens sensibility, sensibility strengthens passion, and passion makes men humourists.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Eugenius*" has remained silent too long. During the vernal months, we hope to hear him warble, and we will not only gladly listen to, but print his songs.

From "*Beatrice*" we expect, occasionally, an essay in that easy style, which so agreeably expresses her good humoured opinions.

"*M.*" we hope, will keep her promise. She cannot tire our readers with the multitude, or offend them by the choice of her topics.

"*Asmodeo*," to our great joy, has again addressed us.

"*The Rural Wanderer*" will always find a congenial home in the Port Folio.

The "*Ode of the first book of Horace*," has some merit; but many of the lines are too prosaic.

The "*Epigram*" is defective in two essential particulars, wit and point.

The "*Description of a storm on the Atlantic*," is of so roaring and dashing a nature, that our brains became perfectly giddy, during the violence of the tempest.

It is with pleasure we recognize the hand of one of our female correspondents, though she has, on this occasion, suppressed her accustomed signature.

The Editor cannot find either in the public library or private collections of Philadelphia, the following tracts, which, he hopes, this advertisement may yet obtain for him, from some man of letters, willing to assist literary labour, not uselessly employed.

Imperfect Hints towards a new edition of *Shakspeare*, written chiefly in the year 1782, 4to. 1787.

The same, part the second and last, by *Samuel Felton*, 4to. 1788.

Cursory remarks upon the Arrangement of the Plays of *Shakspeare*, occasioned by reading *Mr. Malone's* essay on the chronological Order of those celebrated pieces, by the *Rev. J. Hurdis*, M. A. 8vo. 1792.

A familiar address to the curious in English poetry, more particularly to the readers of *Shakspeare*, by *Thersites Literarius*, 8vo. 1784.

Many juvenile authors, who are in haste to be enrolled among the *Literati*, before they have passed the noviciate of discipline, will do well to reflect upon the mighty difference between the *vis viva animi*, the irresistible impulse of genius and the mere love of scribbling. To P. then we must exclaim:

If you're willing to quit all pretence
To judgment, reason and to common sense;
If you are pleas'd your verses should be seen,
Mixt with enigmas on a medley skreen;
If this suffice you, and you think *this* fame,
Write on, and welcome, write, in folly's name.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE MOUNTAIN SHEPHERD.

A FRAGMENT.

Nor are thy stormy sorrows yet forgot;
Profanely yet dost thou arraign high heav'n,
Still dost thou murmur at thy adverse lot,
Ungrateful for the various blessings given?

Unthinking mortal! wilt thou never know
That human thought could ne'er the eternal scan,
The earth's a scene of variegated woe,
And perfect happiness is not for man.

A calm reliance on the mighty power,
Who sees it right that thou should'st suffer here,
Who deals thee grief, through life's short fleeting hour,
Will guide to realms unsullied with a tear.

On that rely—still dost thou droop and grieve,
Come, let us leave this solitary vale,
And, as we drink the cheering breeze of eve,
List to the mountain shepherd's mournful tale.

For not o'er vice alone doth misery spread
Her ruthless sway, or rend the guilty mind;
The breast of innocence full oft hath bled,
To every woe devoted and resign'd.

On yon rich mountain, whose aspiring top
Climbs to the clouds, *Palemon's* cottage stood;
Around his flocks the thymy herbage crop,
Or lave their fleeces in the winding flood.

At early morn he'd jocund carols sing,
Nor would he change with kings his happy lot,
While breathing sweets, and blushing as the spring,
His beauteous *Ellen* grac'd his humble cot.

Young *Lubin*, pride of all the village youth,
Enamour'd gaz'd on bashful *Ellen's* charms;
The Mountain Shepherd, conscious of his truth,
With blessings gave her to his faithful arms.

The rural toil, the rural sport was theirs;
Far from the senseless world's tumultuous noise;
Strangers to guile, their bosoms knew no cares,
And only throbb'd with love or friendship's joys.

And while with scented hay they spread the ground,
Or blithely drew the loaded team along;
Then would the dales and woodland meads around
Echo the Mountain Shepherd's artless song.

A smiling boy (lovely as poets feign
The god of Love) the parents wishes bless'd;
Who, while his grandsire bore him o'er the plain,
With infant fondness hung upon his breast.

Blue was his eye, and sparkled bright with health,
Four summers on his cheek their bloom had shed;
Dearer to *Lubin* than the wide world's wealth
Were the fair ringlets waving on his head.

One fav'rite lamb, bedeck'd with many a flow'r,
Was *Edwin's* fond companion in his play;
To adorn his neck, ah! luckless was the hour
That near the stream induc'd their steps to stray.

Of vivid buds, pluck'd from the neighbouring wood,
A glowing wreath his infant fingers twin'd;
From his soft hand it dropt into the flood,
And gaily sail'd before the fluttering wind.

Stay, garland, stay! the charming prattler cried;
But who the wretched *Ellen's* woes shall tell,
When, heedless bending o'er the rushy tide,
Into the rapid stream he headlong fell!

Loud shriek'd the mother, as convuls'd she stood,
By force withheld from plunging in the wave,
Lubin, distracted, leap'd into the flood
To snatch his treasure from a watry grave.

With dauntless breast he stem'd the flood awhile,
And bore his darling up above the tide,
But, by the current dash'd, and spent with toil,
Both, both together sunk, alas! and died!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES WRITTEN IN AFFLICTION.

In sportive youth's fair, cloudless day,
Bright Hope illum'd each rising hour;
All then was innocently gay,
And love diffus'd its softest power.

The seasons pass'd unmark'd by woes,
My heart had sweet content in store;
I careless pluck'd the blushing rose,
Regardless of the thorn it bore.

But death, who severs earthly ties,
Spread his dark mantle o'er the scene,
And sorrow's deep impressive sighs
Hath mark'd the hours that intervene.

Come, meek religion, to my aid,
Teach me to kiss thy chastening rod,
That, when the last great debt is paid,
My soul may rest in peace with God.

SELECTED POETRY.

[This is a jealous ode, addressed by Horace to his mistress Lydia. He expostulates with the inconstant fair on her preference of a rival, whom he describes as riotous and profligate. Perhaps the passion of jealousy was never more beautifully described. But his translator observes the taste of the lover could not be very delicate, if he sighed long after a mistress, whose intemperance he describes in such strong terms. We may presume this ode was written in Horace's younger days. Telephus, his rival, seems to have been a handsome and accomplished youth. Addison has finely translated the beginning of this ode. See his travels, p. 202, and the Spectator, No. 171.]

HOR. LIB. I, ODE 13.

Translated by BOSCAWEN.

Whene'er thy voice extols my rivals charms,
When every grace thy lavish praise bestows,
Thy roscat neck, soft taper arms,
With what fierce flame my bosom glows!

From their fix'd seat my tranquil spirits fly;
The wonted colour from my cheek retires,
Whilst tears, just stealing from the eye
Witness the slow consuming fire.

I rage, whene'er the beauties of thy breast
Rude broils and drunken revelry disgrace,
When the fierce spoiler has imprest
Rude kisses on thy tender face.

Ah! could'st thou hear my fondly warning strain!
Ne'er couldst thou hope a constant bliss to prove,
With him, who dar'd those lips profane,
* That breath the nectar'd sweets of love.

Happy, thrice happy they, whose blameless joys
Spring from the unbroken union of the heart,
No murmurings vex, no strife annoys,
But their last day alone shall part.

[The following lines from CHATERTON'S African Eclogue, called Heccar and Gaira, produced in 1770, when he was not seventeen years of age, have been given as an instance of the sublimity of that genius, which was capable of producing the poems under the feigned name of Rowley.]

GAIRA.

Rouse not Remembrance from her shadowy cell,
Nor of those bloody sons of mischief tell.
Cawna! O Cawna! deck'd in sable charms.
What distant region holds thee from my arms?
Cawna, the pride of Afric's sultry vales,
Soft as the cooling murmur of the gales,

* This line, though perfectly poetical, may serve to show how inadequately the most elegant version transuses the beauties of the Latin tongue into our own. We are often obliged to see nothing but the *wrong side of the tapestry*. The original is

"oscula, quæ Venus

Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuat."

† White Men, ———

Majestic as the many-colour'd snake,
Trailing his glories through the blossom'd brake;
Black as the glossy rocks where Eascul roars,
Foaming through sandy wastes to Jaghir's shores;
Swift as the arrow, hastening to the breast,
Was Cawna, the companion of my rest.

The sun sat low'ring in the western sky,
The swelling tempest spread around the eye;
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclin'd,
Catching the breathing whispers of the wind:
Swift from the wood a prowling tyger came;
Dreadful his voice, his eyes a glowing flame;
I bent the bow, the never-erring dart
Pierc'd his rough armour, but escap'd his heart;
He fled, though wounded, to a distant waste,
I urg'd the furious flight with fatal haste;
He fell, he dy'd—spent in the fiery toil.
I stripp'd his carcase of the furry spoil,
And as the varied spangles met my eye,
On this, I cried, shall my lov'd Cawna lie.
The dusky midnight hung the skies in grey;
Impell'd by love, I wing'd the airy way;
In the deep valley and the mossy plain,
I sought my Cawna, but I sought in vain;
The pallid shadows of the azure waves*
Had made my Cawna and my children slaves.
Reflection maddens, to recall the hour,
The Gods had given me to the Demon's power.
The dusk slow vanish'd from the hated lawn,
I gain'd a mountain glaring with the dawn.
There the full sails expanded to the wind,
Struck horror and distraction in my mind,
There Cawna, mingled with a worthless train,
In common slav'ry drags the hated chain.
Now judge, my Heccar, have I cause for rage?
Should aught the thunder of my arm assuage?
In ever-reeking blood this javlin dy'd
With vengeance shall be never satisfied;
I'll strew the beaches with the mighty dead,
And tinge the lily of their features red.

HECCAR.

When the loud shriekings of the hostile cry
Roughly salute my ear, enrag'd I'll fly;
Send the sharp arrow quivering thro' the heart,
Chill the hot vitals with the venom'd dart;
Nor heed the shining steel or noisy smoke,
Gaira and Vengeance shall inspire the stroke.

[Mr. MOORE, a recent poet, is much admired in England, for the singular sweetness of his versification, and for a certain glow in his descriptions, mildly ardent, like the setting suns of CLAUDE. We shall, occasionally, select from his works some of the most pleasing specimens of his genius as a Poet, and of his tenderness as a lover.]

TO JULIA.

In allusion to some illiberal criticisms.

Why let the stingless critic chide,
With all that fume of vacant pride,
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool.
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please the elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls by taste and nature taught,
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought,
If some fond feeling maid, like thee,
The warm eyed child of sympathy
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
She languishes in passion's dream.
"He was, indeed a tender soul—
"No critic law, no chill controul
"Should ever freeze, by timid art,
"The flowings of so fond a heart."
Yes, soul of nature, soul of love,
That, hovering, like a snow-wing'd dove,
Breath'd o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hail'd me passion's warmest child.
Grant me the tear from beauty's eye
From feeling's breast the votive sigh,

* "The idea of an African calling the Europeans 'the pallid shadows of the azure waves.' (say the Critics) is very happy. A similar thought had been well expressed a few lines earlier.

"The children of the wave, whose pallid race
Views the faint sun display a languid face."

Oh, let my song, my memory find
A shrine, within the tender mind,
And I will scorn the critic's chide
And I will scorn the fume of pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool.

[The following elegant extract is taken from the poems of Sir RICHARD FANSHAW, published with the translation of *Il Pastor Fido*, 1676.—The five first lines are part of another sonnet, and some of the thoughts resemble the Spanish and Italian *conceits*, but we cannot refrain from admiring the allusions to the sanguinary death of the rose, and to the massacre of the innocents by Herod.]

Thou blushing Rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
While from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.
Blown in the morning thou shalt fade e'er noon;
What boots a life, which in such haste forsakes thee?

Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.
If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know then the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.
Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,

If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn,
And many *Herods* lie in wait each hour
To murder thee, as soon as thou art born
Nay force thy bud to blow, their tyrant breath,
Anticipating life to hasten death.

VERSES TO A LADY

Who had consulted a fortune teller.

When fair Eliza seeks to know
Her future lot of bliss or woe,
By witches and their spells;
Vainly they mark her natal hour,
Unconscious of the mighty power
That in her beauty dwells.

What various hearts *enchanted* lie,
By the soft magic of her eye,
Where ambush'd love beguiles;
What hapless youths, by *charms* undone,
In vain lament they cannot shun
The *witchery* of her smiles.

Though destiny obey her breath,
The good and ill, though life and death
Depend on her alone;
Sole arbitress of others fate,
Lest dangers unforeseen await,
She trembles for her own.

Ah, then let gentle pity charm
That bosom, which, by nature warm,
Indifference now congeals.
Cheer the sad heart with doubts oppress'd,
And let thy sympathising breast,
Relieve the care it feels.

There is much point in the following Epigram.

As two divines, their ambling steeds bestriding,
In merry mood, o'er Boston neck were riding,
At length a simple struture met their sight,
From whence the felon takes his hempen flight,
When, sailor-like, he squares accounts with hope,
His all depending on a single rope—
"Ah! where, my friend," cries one, "where now
were you,
"Had yonder gallows been allow'd its due?"
"Where," quoth the other in sarcastic tone—
"Why, where but riding into town—ALONE?"

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 17.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 28 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

POLITE LITERATURE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF
THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY
IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued.]

Section 4....Examples of the greatest powers of the
art of oratory, in the two harangues for the Crown,
the one of Eschynes, the other of Demosthenes.

A FEW preliminary observations are indispensable in this place, to discover the importance of this trial, and the great character which Demosthenes so long sustained in Athens, where the profession of an orator was a kind of magistracy, and was, particularly for Demosthenes, so solid a power, that Philip, as historians inform us, said that of all the Greeks he dreaded none but Demosthenes.

After the loss of the battle of Cheronea, the Athenians, apprehensive of being besieged, ordered their walls to be repaired. It was Demosthenes who gave them this counsel, and to him they committed the execution of it. He advanced, from his own fortune, a large sum, which he made a present to the republic. Ctesiphon, his friend, proposed to honour him with a crown of gold, as a recompense for his generosity. The decree was passed, and it ordained that the proclamation of the coronation should be made at the Theatre, during the Feasts of Bacchus, when all the Greeks assembled at Athens, to be present at those spectacles. Eschynes had been a long time the rival and the enemy of Demosthenes. He possessed great talents, and a fine voice, which he had occasion to exercise, having commenced by being a comedian. But he had also a venal soul, and was, almost publicly, in the number of the mercenary orators, whom Philip pensioned in all the republics of Greece. Demosthenes alone, as honest as he was eloquent, had remained incorruptible, and the Athenians were not ignorant of it. Accordingly, it was not the first time that he had received the same honour, which was now decreed him by Ctesiphon. But here, envy believed it had found a favourable opportunity. The fatal battle of Cheronea had beaten down the power of Athens, and rendered Philip the arbiter of Greece. It was Demosthenes who had advised this war, the event of which had been so disastrous. Eschynes flattered himself he should be able to render him unpopular in this point of view, and tear from him the Crown that was offered him. He attacked the decree of Ctesiphon, as contrary to law. His accusation turns upon three points. 1. A law of Athens forbids the coronation of any citizen, charged with any branch of administration, before he should have rendered his accounts, and Demosthenes, charged with the reparation of the walls, and the administration of the spectacles, is still accountable. This is the first infraction.

2. Another law forbids that a decree of coronation, passed by the Senate, should not be proclaimed any where but in the Senate itself: and that of Ctesiphon, although rendered by the Senate, was to be, according to the tenor of it, proclaimed at the Theatre, second infraction. Finally, and this is the foundation of the cause, the decree purports that the Crown is awarded to Demosthenes for the services which he has rendered, and which he does not cease to render to the republic; and Demosthenes, on the contrary, has done nothing but harm to the republic. This last accusation was to draw after it the censure of the whole conduct of Demosthenes, since he had interfered in the affairs of the state; and this was the principal object of his enemy, who strove to ravish from him both the honours which had been granted him, and the glory of having deserved them. The quarrel commenced two years before the death of Philip: but the political troubles of Greece, the embarrassment of public affairs, and the danger of the conjuncture, retarded the pursuit of the controversy, which was not argued and determined till six years afterwards, when Alexander was already master of Asia.

One is tempted to deplore the melancholy talents which Eschynes displayed in a bad cause. Through his flowing and brilliant elocution, we perceive, at every moment, the weakness of his materials, and the artifice of his lies. He gives to all the laws, which he quotes, a false and forced sense, to all the actions of Demosthenes a malicious and improbable turn. He accuses him of every thing, of which he is himself guilty; he reproaches him with being sold to Philip, whose pensionary he himself is; and the more he feels the defects of his proofs, the more he exaggerates his expressions, which is, in every kind of calumny, the method of detractors, who hope in this manner to excite in others an illusion which they cannot raise in themselves. With regard to Demosthenes, his cause was fair, it is true: what man, under an accusation, ever had a more beautiful one to defend? The object was to justify, in the eyes of all Greece, the opinion which the people of Athens had of him, and the recompense, so flattering and so splendid, which they had thought he merited. Moreover, he had in his favour the greatest of all advantages, the truth. He relates not a single fact without having his proof in hand, and every assertion is followed by the lecture of a public act, which confirms it beyond dispute. But, after all, he argued against envy, which is always so favourably heard; and he was obliged to act the part always dangerous of a man, who speaks of himself, and who recalls to remembrance the good he has done. This was the greatest of all difficulties. We shall see that he knew how to overcome it. But it is just to recite, in the first place, certain passages in the discourse of his accuser.

Although he gives a very false interpretation, as it is always very easy to do, to all the laws with which he pretends to support himself, it was of importance to him, nevertheless, to

establish in the first place, that the sacred respect which is due to the laws, ought, above all things, in a free state, to prevail over every other consideration. This is the foundation of his exordium; and this morsel is treated with a dignity and gravity conformable to the subject.

"You know, Athenians, that there are three sorts of government among men: the empire of one, the authority of a small number, and the liberty of all. In the two first, every thing is done according to the will of the monarch, or of those who have the power in their hands; in the last, all is submitted to the laws. Let every one of you then recollect, that the moment he enters into this assembly to judge of the violation of the laws, he comes to pronounce sentence on his own liberty. It is for this that the legislature requires of you this oath: I WILL JUDGE ACCORDING TO LAW, because it was sensible that the observation of these laws is the maintenance of our independence. You ought, therefore, to regard as your enemy whoever violates them, and to believe that this transgression can never be a fault of little consequence. Suffer no man to take away your rights. Have no regard to the protection which your generals too frequently afford to your orators, to the great detriment of the state, nor to the petitions of strangers, who, more than once, have intervened to save the guilty. But as every one of you would be ashamed to abandon in battle the post confided to him, you ought also to blush to forsake the station in which your country has placed you, for the defence of our laws and liberties. Remember that all your fellow-citizens, those who are present at this trial, and those who have not been able to attend, repose in your fidelity the care of maintaining their rights. Recollect your oath, and, when I shall have convicted Ctesiphon of having proposed a decree, contrary to the truth, and to our legislation, abrogate that unjust decree, punish the transgressors of the laws, and avenge and establish, at once, that liberty which they have outraged."

We pass over the juridical discussion, and the narration, as long as it is unfaithful, of the administration of Demosthenes, and come to the place where Eschynes flattered himself to have the greatest advantage. After the battle of Cheronea, the Athenians were so far from attributing the ill success of the war to the orator who had advised it, that they assigned to him, by a common voice, the honour of pronouncing, according to the custom, the funeral eulogium of those citizens, who had fallen on that fatal day, and to whom they had erected a monument. This appointment was glorious: Eschynes and all the orators had solicited it. The accuser, arrived at this epocha, recalls the memory of that in which Demosthenes had carried the resolution for the war, and collects, in this point, all his powers to overwhelm him under the weight of the public calamities.

"It is here that I owe my lamentations over all those brave warriors whom Demosthenes, in contempt of the most sacred auguries, precipitated into such manifest danger; and it is he,

nevertheless, who has dared to pronounce the eulogium of his victims! It is he, who, with his fugitive feet, which served his cowardice in the plains of Cheronea, has dared to touch the monument, which you have erected to the defenders of their country! O thou, the weakest and most useless of men, when it is necessary to act, but the most confident when called to speak, have you the effrontery to maintain, in presence of our judges, that you have merited a Crown? And, if he dares to say it, will you, Athenians, support him in it? Can this impostor take away your judgments and memories, as he has taken the lives of his fellow-citizens? Transport yourselves for a moment, in imagination, to this assembly at the theatre: behold the herald advance, and hear him pronounce the decree of Ctesiphon; represent to yourselves the tears which will then flow from the relations of all those illustrious deceased, not for the misfortunes of the heroes of our tragedies, but for their own calamities, and your infatuation. Who is there among the Greeks, who has received any education, who is there that will not groan, when he recollects what passed heretofore upon the same theatre, in happier times, when the republic was better governed? Then the herald, pointing out to the people the children of those parents, who had perished in battle, invested them with glorious armour, while he pronounced these words, at once the eulogium and the encouragement of virtue—"these children, whose fathers died courageously for their country, have been educated at the expense of the state, till the age of puberty: at this day their country furnishes them with the armour of warriors, and places them in the first rank in the spectacles." This was heard formerly; but what will occur at this day? What will the herald say, when he shall be obliged to produce in public, and in presence of these same children, the man who has rendered them orphans? If he pronounces the words which compose the decree of Ctesiphon, do you believe that his voice will suffice the truth, and conceal our shame? Do you believe, that they will not answer, by a general acclamation, that this man (if, indeed, a coward can merit the name), that this man, whom they crown for his virtue, is, in fact, a pernicious citizen, that he, whom they crown for his services, has betrayed his country, both in the tribune and in battle? Ah! by all the gods, Athenians, do not offer this affront to yourselves; erect not upon the theatre a trophy so injurious to yourselves; expose not Athens to the ridicule of Greece, and open not the wounds of your unfortunate allies, the Thebans, whom you have received within your walls exiles and fugitives, by the fault of Demosthenes, whose venal eloquence has destroyed their temples and monuments. Recollect all the evils they have suffered; behold the old men in tears, and the widows in despair, compelled, for life, to forget that they have been free, reproaching you with filling up the measure of their misery, instead of avenging them; conjuring you not to crown, in Demosthenes, their destroyer, and the scourge of Greece, and to guard yourselves against the influence of this sinister Genius, who has destroyed all those who have been unfortunate enough to abandon themselves to his counsels. What! when one of the pilots, who transports you from the Piræum to the Salamine, has had the misfortune to strike upon the rocks, even when it is not his fault, you forbid him, by law, forever after to conduct a ship, you will not allow him a second time to put the lives of Greeks in danger, and will you permit him, who has caused the ruin of all the Greeks, and yours with theirs, to continue to govern you?"

It cannot be denied that this passage presents a contrast aptly imagined. The orator exerts

himself as well as possible to render his adversary odious and unpopular. He calls around the tribunal the ghosts of those unfortunate citizens, and places them between the people and Demosthenes; he invests him with these avenging apparitions, and forms them into a rampart round about him, which he seems to forbid him to break through. Very well! This is the place in which Demosthenes will overwhelm him, as soon as he resumes the argument. He will destroy, with a single phrase, all this apparatus of mourning and vengeance, which his rival had erected against him.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Neufchatel, Oct. 26, 1800.

My Dear Sir,

I do not know whether you will recollect, that the smaller cantons always possessed more of the spirit of ancient republics than the larger, which from various causes became, in a great measure, aristocracies, in their form of government. The general assembly to which the inhabitants of the former delegated their powers, both legislative and executive, and out of which the magistrates were chosen, was called the *lands-gemeind*, and had a president called the *landammén*. This body assembled generally in an open plain, where the affairs of the canton were discussed in the presence of their people.

When the French army had advanced considerably in Switzerland, and were marching to revolutionize the little canton of Schwitz, a meeting of this respectable assembly was called, to consult upon the best means of defence. Notwithstanding the insignificance of their numbers, the brave Switzers determined upon resistance, and nothing was wanting but a chief to lead all the men of the canton to battle, who, though few, possessed the true Lacedæmonian spirit, and were as resolute to defend with their lives, an Alpine pass, as Leonidas and his Spartans that of Thermopylæ. After some little debate they chose for their general, a young man of the name of Aloes Reding, who was much esteemed by his countrymen for his character and talents. This youth,* whose name deserves and will have a glorious place in the history of his unfortunate country, having some grounds to fear he should be appointed, had kept aloof from the assembly, and secreted himself in a cavern to be out of observation, and, if possible, to be forgotten for the moment. The Swiss peasants sent in search of him, discovered his retreat, and dragged him before the *lands-gemeind*, where he was saluted as chief. He rose and addressed the assembly in such terms as these: "My fellow countrymen, it was not from fear of marching at your head that I was absent from my duty, but the consciousness of our inferiority of numbers, which induced me to decline contributing to raise up your valour on such unequal terms; but since you will have me to be your general, you must swear that I shall run my sword through the first man that shall give an inch of ground." This speech was applauded by all present; they swore to obey him in every thing, and immediately ran to arm themselves with what they could find. You may easily conceive what a

* Every body is acquainted with the spirited conduct of Reding, last year, in his attempts to restore the ancient liberty of Switzerland, and the persecution he met with, in consequence of his brave conduct—my friend seems to anticipate the figure he made since he was in Switzerland.

figure such a handful of peasants would make, half armed, without uniform and undisciplined. They immediately took possession of the pass of Schendelieg, and waited for the French, whose number was eleven thousand, while they scarcely amounted to three thousand five hundred! Yet valour in the cause of liberty can perform miracles. They never gave way in the least, but died fighting man to man, and making a dreadful slaughter of their enemies. Finding them so obstinate in keeping their ground, the French proposed a cessation of arms, and endeavoured to persuade them that they only wanted to pass through this canton, and that their liberties should be preserved. The French general offered to sign a treaty with them, by which they should be permitted to remain armed, but to disperse to their houses, in which case no contribution whatever should be exacted from them, but on the contrary, they should be protected. This agreement was signed on the spot, and the credulous Swiss, relying upon the faith of a perfidious general, retired quietly to their houses. The next day the French entered the canton, attacked them separately, disarmed every man, and levied a heavy contribution on the poor peasants, whose only fault was a reliance upon a solemn compact.

I do not recollect the name of the French general, but this shameful transaction will reflect eternal disgrace upon him. You may rely on the truth of the preceding anecdote, as Mr. B. had it from Aloes Reding himself, in a tour he lately made with the young — to the canton of Switz. He says that brave young man intends publishing an account of the whole affair.

This is one among a number of stories of the same nature, which I have heard in Switzerland. Never was a country under a greater despotism than this is at present. Every month brings new contributions and new soldiers to quarter; in short, there is an universal complaint of the distress which prevails every where, the destruction of commerce and manufactures, the poverty of the lower class of people, who want means to cultivate their ground, by which reason there is not a sufficient supply of bread, and the government, influenced by the French, dare not permit the importation, or rather the French, on whom they depended for supplies, do not permit the exportation.

The present government of Switzerland is merely provisional, and will be settled just as the French please to have it. The legislative body consists of forty-two or forty-three members, and the executive of seven, one of whom is president of the whole; but this is merely a nominal government, for they can do no earthly thing which is contrary to the wishes of the French minister. The people feel and appear miserable, and desponding. Society, which was once upon so excellent a footing that strangers from every part of Europe resorted to it, and most of the pleasant towns on the borders of the lake of Geneva, could boast of the residence of an illustrious foreigner, is now scarcely known. The scene is quite changed, and a stranger is mortified at the little welcome he receives; and if he does gain admission into a family, not entirely broken hearted, he hears nothing but mournful complaints, and desponding exclamations. Traveling, and living in Switzerland, which was never very cheap, are now half as expensive again, and, till peace restores every thing to its former state, must become still dearer.

It is universally agreed here, that had the cantons been united, and free from the jealousies and private piques, which unfortunately existed among them, they could have made a formidable, if not an effectual resistance to their invaders and oppressors. One hundred and twenty thousand men, which they could have brought

to their frontier, would have changed the whole face of the war, and in all probability, might have produced a peace long ago. But alas! the intriguing spirit of their enemies, who knew how to sow divisions among them by means of their emissaries, has proved their destruction; and the boasted liberty and patriotism of Switzerland, held up as examples to mankind for so many ages, have turned out to be mere shadows, and, if they ever existed, were confined to the smaller cantons, among whose scanty vallies and inaccessible mountains only, independence appears to have taken up her abode. For though the small cantons have been overpowered, they cannot be said to be conquered; and, however paradoxical it may appear, though bound with strong fetters, they are still free.

Prefects, commissaries, and municipalities, have usurped the place of the ancient magistracy, and there is little doubt that whatever forms the French may adopt, in the administration of their municipal affairs, the poor Swiss must humbly imitate their example.

Neufchatel is a small district, which united with another in the neighbourhood, called Vallangin, was before the revolution in alliance with the Swiss cantons. Seeing the danger that threatened them at an early period, they put themselves under the protection of the king of Prussia, to whose neutrality they are indebted for having escaped the disasters which have overwhelmed their greater allies.

The king is represented in this principality by a governor, who occupies the castle of the town of Neufchatel, and the expenses are paid by this district and Vallangin, as well as an annual contribution to Prussia. In the castle I saw the portraits of Frederick the great, his successor, and the present king.

The neutrality, and consequent tranquillity of this place, were the inducements which led Mr. B. to bring his pupils from Vevay, where their studies were continually interrupted by the military situation of that town, and the number of soldiers always quartered in their house.

Mr. B. told me he was intimately acquainted with Voltaire, Rousseau, and Gibbon, with the last of whom he used often to dine, while he remained at Lausanne: he mentioned several little anecdotes concerning these celebrated characters, which I found extremely interesting.

The town of Neufchatel is small but well built. It is principally supported by the commerce and manufactures of the district. Some of the merchants possess immense fortunes, particularly the principal one, Mr. Portaleze, who is said to be worth twenty millions of livres, or about a million sterling.

The chief public building is a new and elegant town-house, the erection of which is due to the benefactions of one of its inhabitants. Mr. David Pury was an orphan boy, who, finding his friends could do nothing for him, went to Lisbon, where he pursued the diamond trade till he acquired an immense fortune, and became banker to the court. In his prosperity he never forgot his native place, but as he increased in wealth, remitted money for the support of the hospital, and at his death, not long ago, at an advanced age, he left to the town of Neufchatel a million of livres, to be expended in public buildings. The present town-house was erected out of that fund.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1796.

[Continued.]

Rotterdam, Dec. 5.

We yesterday arrived here by the way of Leyden and Delft, leaving Haerlem and the

Hague on our right. The seats and gardens that so frequently present themselves on the canals, led us to remark the rusty and unhealthy appearance of the bark, which universally prevails among their trees. This, united to the clippings and fantastic shapes of their shrubberies, and paltry ponds, reduce these expensive gardens to insipid parterres, instead of being the natural, lively, verdant, lovely retirements of pleasure, taste and fancy.

I spent a very agreeable evening on the Bomes, at Mr. Beeldemerker's, a merchant of extensive dealings, and the American agent. The lady of this gentleman with her two daughters, both under the age of fourteen, spake the English, French and Dutch languages, with a most pleasing facility. And the father and his two boys, added the German, to the other dialects of the family. The relative situation of this country, with respect to Germany, France, and Great Britain, promotes as well as facilitates the acquirement of the language of each. The affinity also between the sounds of the English and Low Dutch, lead the common people to understand them, and the great intercourse which has so lately ceased between London and Rotterdam, accounts for our language being so generally known.

A practice which has been discarded these fifty years in other parts of Europe, still prevails in Holland, that of giving vales. The servant, therefore who attends you to the street door, always holds out his itching palm, on your departure, for his perquisite.

7th Dec. There are two ships of war building in the public yards, one a vessel of sixty-eight guns, the other of thirty-six. The frigate is nearly fit for launching. The heavy ship appears too short to sail well, but may serve for a Dutch line of battle ship. After visiting all parts of the yard, and the different work-shops, located in a large brick building, which extends the whole front of the dock yards, and is two stories in height, we spent some time in an apartment of one of the commissioners of the admiralty, who did not discover much disposition to answer the various questions I put to him, although he appeared satisfied that they were the mere dictates of curiosity, rather than excited by a view of catching any profitable knowledge, or obtaining any suspicious information. It seems that the crews of their men of war are fed with provisions furnished by the captain of each ship, who is allowed at the rate of six stivers per day a man, for that purpose. This officer is of course naturally led to create a profit from this privilege. The consequence is, that the men are badly provided, and of course dissatisfied. The fleet therefore is lying at anchor, half manned, and worse officered, while the English squadrons are sweeping the channel, and insulting the whole coast of their enemies, from the straits of Gibraltar to the mouth of the Elbe. There is another cause of discontent to the sailors; under the administration of their exiled prince, the fishermen and seamen found employment and good wages; without reasoning on the unavoidable change of the public circumstances, these people, destitute of national pride, and that *vis feruida mentis* which influences and inflames more vigorous spirits, hate the war, and ask for peace and the fishery. Can this be the country, of the Van Tromps and De Ruyters! Can one century have produced such degrading effects of avarice, and a phlegmatic love of quietude! that patriotism which in other nations stimulates to preserving the honour, dignity, and glory of the country, here is either not understood, or is contemned.

9th Dec. A fall of snow accompanied by a severe frost, has brought out the usual species of winter street gaiety. The ladies are all enjoying the amusement of sleighing, as it would be called

in America. The lady sits in a snug little car, while a gentleman places himself on a narrow seat behind the machine to guide the horse, and a servant stands on the runners to protect the lady from the effects of the horses heels, who would otherwise fill the car with clotted snow, thrown up by his hinder shoes. The horse is decorated with different coloured worsted harness. Inconvenient as these little carriages are from the great number which are flying through the streets, the ladies must be very fond of this sportive exercise. The love of splendor, so natural to the female heart, and attachment to finery, which never fails to excite cheerfulness in women, may be the cause of their attachment, more than a relish for exercise, to this hazardous amusement.

The children also have their humbler cars, which are made large enough to contain two, and are directed by a servant who fixes his hands on the back and pushes them forward. There were more female than male servants at this business. This is an excellent way of diverting young children, giving them at the same time a seasoning of the weather.

Family horses are mostly black. There is economy in this, especially where a pair is kept. They are large and well proportioned. The mares of Flanders are proverbially fine: and it is from that country that horses of shew are principally purchased. The dray and working breed are very large, but they have a mode of frosting their shoes so high, both in summer and winter, that the animal must be greatly incommoded from being thus placed upon stilts. Another species of inhumanity very frequently occurred at Amsterdam. A barbarian butcher will tie two or three oxen to the railing of a bridge, or some other most exposed spot, where they are kept without food, until extreme hunger compels the beasts to raise a hollow bellowing. As soon as this takes place, it is considered as the signal for slaughter, and the knife soon puts an end to their sufferings.* By the shaking and struggle of the poor animal they say that the meat becomes more tender, and such is the unfeeling police of this city, that this infernal cruelty is tolerated, and the inhabitants very contentedly eat their beef on such terms! Luxury! What savage acts dost thou give rise to!

Fuel of all kinds, particularly of wood, is so scarce that the price is exorbitant. At Amsterdam, where the citizens, in time of peace, are supplied from the coal pits of England and Scotland, they are now necessitated to burn turf. And with all their economy, the consumption is immense, and excites the astonishment of the stranger, who, with doubting eyes, sees the inhabitants of a country, so flat and sunken as to be half the year inundated, and the northern quarter of which is several feet lower than the ocean which rolls on its beach, burning up the scanty soil which heaven has allotted to them! At Rotterdam they get an inferior sort of coals from Germany, and have some wood, but both are dear. The American, who has been always accustomed to large fires, and piles on wood with as much indifference as he would if trees were produced like grass, while shivering under the cold of December, is very apt to curse a country wherein neither solar, nor factitious warmth is to be found more than three months in the year.

* The boy and his bird, is another species of teasing torment; but here the parent is more to blame than the child. In the one it is indulged from thoughtlessness. The permission of the other ought to be charged to stupidity.

They continue, clandestinely, or in neutral bottoms, to export to England large quantities of cheese, and some butter. And a certain portion of British manufactures still find their way here, the prohibitory decrees of the convention to the contrary notwithstanding. These commercial interdictions, are, in this country, absurd ones, because they create more inconvenience to themselves than to their enemies. The latter may lose some trade, but the former are sacrificing their comforts, and conveniencies, on a very problematical experiment, and increasing the ground of that ill humour, which so generally discovers itself in a detestation of the war.

The city gates are always shut at an early hour of the evening. One reason assigned for this caution is to prevent the farmers from smuggling meat into the town, duty free. Provisions of most kinds pay a tax. The public exactions throughout the Dutch territories are various, although not quite so numerous or burdensome, as they are in England. Throughout Europe, the book of rates is a bulky volume. The million, in all countries, (our own excepted) appear born for little other purpose, than to work, vegetate, and grumble, and in this respect, the form of government, makes but little difference. Britons love glory, the splendour of which is to be acquired only by wars. Their ministers, therefore, during the present reign at least, have studied to gratify this godlike propensity. An English ambitious statesman has no dislike to an order of things which promotes his power. Battels, "charming battles," demand taxes and taxes encrease influence. Mr. Pitt commands the treasury, and rules the house of commons; and John Bull, goaded as he is, admires his talents, and wonders at his resources! On this side the channel the Hollander, in sulky silence, contemplates the loss of the colonies of the republic, the annihilation of the commerce of his country, and the degradation of its spiritless military and naval force; smokes his pipe, swallows his vapid and muddy coffee, and meanly hopes that the French will not resign them into the hands of the English, whilst the Frenchman, with the maxim of Horace engraven on his heart,

Carpe Diem
Nec nimium crede Postero

enjoys his weak wine, and bread, is content to laugh to-day without anticipating the anguish of to-morrow; fights or fiddles with equal spirit; and fondly fancies that renovated France like republican Rome, is able, and of right ought to govern and insult the world.

12th Dec. The canals being all frozen over, and such large masses of ice, made in the Maese, that Capt. Benson, of an American brig, with whom I had engaged a passage for Dover, subscribed to my opinion, that the time of his sailing ought not to be calculated upon. His owner, Mr. Calhoun, agreed to accompany me to Maeslandsluice, and try our chance for procuring a passage to Yarmouth or Harwich, by a licensed country Boat. We have been disappointed, but we have had an opportunity of seeing that place, as well as the towns of Delfthaven, Schiedam, and Flaarding.

Maeslandsluice lies on the easterly side of a branch of the river running between this town and the Brill. It contains four thousand eight hundred inhabitants, used to employ one hundred and forty sail of large fishing vessels, and carried on a beneficial trade with their late friends on the other side of the North Sea. It has nothing to excite curiosity. The inhabitants speak well of their * somnolent prince, and complain

that nothing has gone well since his departure. I here met a confirmation of a former note on Dutch dress. At the house where we resided, there was a beautiful girl, possessing a face fair as Hebe's, every feature of which emanated health and loveliness. Tall, and with a form that might have graced a queen, had not her short petticoats, and most absurd taste for looking big, defeated the effect, and reminded you of a rose bud stuck upon a beer barrel.

Flaarding, is the next town to Maeslandsluice, and lying contiguous to the river, the inhabitants were almost wholly engaged in the fishery. They are now out of employment, and of course discontented. Numerous ranges of unrigged herring smacks were the only objects worth noticing.

At the distance of three miles you enter Schiedam, remarkable for its distilleries of gin. The inhabitants are said to exceed ten thousand, and they have upwards of two hundred distilleries. In times of peace and commerce, the exports of gin and herrings, rendered it one of the most flourishing towns on this noble river. The vast quantities of grains, which the distilleries discharge, are pumped into well boats and transported, by the canals, to the consumers, for many miles, in all directions, to feed cows and other cattle, who are fond of, and fatten upon this wet provender. The farmers' barns, which are all situated close to the canals, have their reservoirs purposely for this species of food, which is conveyed to them by spouts communicating with a pump fixed in the well boat. The being able to convert the refuse of their cisterns and stills to so profitable a purpose, must have been one reason for their extending the distilleries of this fascinating and pernicious liquor on so large a scale, as almost exclusively to supply all countries with it.

Delfthaven, also, had its share of the fishery, and is impatiently waiting for a general peace to again launch its many smacks into the Maese, and be enabled to change its pickled and smoked fish for tobacco and coffee, the two great articles of Dutch luxury.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Yet all this availeth me nothing so long as I see Mordecai the Jew, sitting at the King's gate."

Now, had he been sitting in sackcloth and ashes, or weeping, with his head covered, or "under the shade of melancholy boughs," or in any of the postures of grief and suffering, we should not be surprised at Haman's declaration of his uneasiness.

But at first view, it has a very odd aspect, that a Jew's seat at a gate should ruffle the temper of an Agagite. Whether Mordecai sat or lolled; whether he was upright or prone, most men would have passed by, probably on the other side, and said not a word concerning so simple a mode of being. 'Twas an ordinary every day occurrence; and one would suppose that the Medes and Persians, as they approached the palace of their sovereign, would have been so engrossed, by schemes to obtain court favour, that they would not have observed Mordecai, or any body else, in so idle a posture.

But, among that parasitical herd, which naturally watched the opening of the King's gate, there was one proud, and captious mortal, whose bad heart every random arrow could wound.

Shame on my feeble conceptions, and faltering pen, I cannot generalize the inimitable topics of oriental narration. To elucidate my text, "I must a tale unfold." Nor shall the story suffer from my unskillfulness; for it shall be told from the BIBLE.

In the annals of the princes of Persia, as partially detailed in the book of Esther, Ahasuerus in a fit of good humour after a sumptuous feast, promoted Haman, by allowing him to take precedence of contemporary princes, and enjoining upon the courtiers, obsequious homage to the favourite. This, it appears, was "capricious partiality to a new face," for there was nothing in this minion's character, that could recommend him to any patronage. A promotion so unmerited, though assented to, from selfish principles, by a complying court to no one appeared more absurd than to Mordecai, one of those refugee and unhappy Jews, whom the sack of Jerusalem had compelled to be a pensioner upon bounty, in foreign climes. Lynx-eyed to discern, and bold to resent, his spirit, like his body, was erect at the sight of Haman. Enraged at this cavalier treatment from an outcast and an alien, Haman seeks, not to privately assassinate Mordecai alone, but by a master stroke of revenge to sacrifice his nation. Artfully representing to his credulous master the dispersion of the Jews, their attachment to their own, and contempt of the Persian legal code, he obtained a mandate for their extinction. Behold Haman on the pinnacle of favour; the first friend of him, who reigned from India to Ethiopia, over an hundred and seven and twenty provinces. Every selfish, every malevolent passion gratified: selected from numerous nobles, and invited with his King to the banquet, which a humiliated princess prepared. "*Be, ring these honours thick upon him,*" who would not, like Haman, on that favoured day, issue forth "joyful and with a glad heart." Who would suppose that such gaiety could be instantly extinguished, and that a check could be found in so rapid a career?

But, although the elated favourite, left his lodgings so cheerily, and took such lofty steps through the streets of Shushan, there was "a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence" in his way, sufficient to prostrate his pride. For Mordecai, anxious for his countrymen, and eager to learn the success of Esther's intercession in their behalf, had posted himself at the King's gate, a station whence he could ascertain the transactions of the palace. The independent Jew, conscious of the machinations, and detesting the malignity of his rival, "stood not up nor moved" at his approach.—And what then, Haman, could "*the tender fork of a poor worm*" touch the giant to the quick? Was it in the power of a poor, and forlorn man, lying supinely, *without* the palace gate, to torment one, who had such free access *within*? Yes, it was in the power of Mordecai to mortify that pride, which was thy ruling passion. Even if it be the minutest molehill, whatever obstructs the course of inordinate affections, is a mountain in the way. Though the honoured Haman held the key of Mordecai's life, though his posts were flying on "young Dromedaries," with that barbarous decree, which would cause Jewish blood to redden every synagogue; and though his power would so soon be felt, he was wretched, unless it were acknowledged. In that torturing hour, all the plumes of his vanity drooped; the "ring" which his king, and the invitation to the banquet which his queen had given, were both forgotten. For "he was full of indignation against Mordecai." He dissembled his woe abroad, but it was that he might give it full vent at home. To his astonished friends and wife, after particularizing the circumstances of his opulence, his numerous progeny, his elevation, and the partial favour of Esther, in associating him and his prince, in her parties; he adds, yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai, the Jew, sitting at the king's gate."

Many eloquent divines, who have selected Haman's exclamation for their theme, have made

* The exiled ci-devant Stadtholder is entitled to this epithet, in more senses than one. The English newspapers, only, ridicule his corporeal drowsiness.

the folly of his pride their moral. But the application, which the Lay Preacher wishes his readers to make, is the absurdity of being engrossed by any *single* passion. Whether a philosopher looks at the book of Esther, or the throng of men, wherever he discerns a being, intent alone to gratify the ruling propensity, he discerns a wretch and a criminal. He, over whom avarice, ambition or love, tyrannizes, is for the most part destitute of all pleasures. For common and cheap ones, "which come to all, come not to him." The acutest moralists TUCKER and PALEY, will convince any man, that the study of intense delights destroys a relish for the more simple. Pride will not meet continual homage, the exchequer of avarice cannot always be filling, ambition is sometimes denied "the highest seat," and love will not be eternally mutual. To every pursuit in this unlucky world a check is incident, and oftentimes, true to it, as the shade to its substance. I would not therefore advise tottering man to rest his whole weight upon one stay, lest haply it might break and pierce him. If Haman had been moderate in his desires, and taught himself to derive as much felicity from the prattle of his "children," the smiles of "Zeresh," the "glory of his riches" and manifold promotions, as from the obeisance of a Jew, he would not have smarted, though he saw an unmannerly Mordecai in every wicket in Shushan.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

[In Vol. I. of the Port Folio the reader will find a life of CHATTERTON, from the pen of Dr. AIKIN. This Biographical article, though very elegantly, was, perhaps, not very accurately compiled. It was not sufficiently copious; and it always appeared to the Editor, that, though Dr. Aikin is distinguished for his candor and urbanity of criticism, yet, on this occasion, he displayed an indifference, not to say an intolerance, towards the memory of one, who, with all his defects, is eminently intitled to the pity, as well as to the admiration of posterity. Of this wonderful boy, the ensuing biography is copious, correct, and just. It is complete and catholic. It exhibits all the evidence, respecting a far-famed controversy; it ably defends all the tenable parts of Chatterton's character; it exhibits a fair picture of his noble genius; and, in a spirit of candour, it presents every liberal and generous opinion, suggested either by an admiration of his talents, commiseration of his sufferings, and regret for his frailty.]

For the personal and literary history of Chatterton, 'the boy of Bristol,' the world is obliged to Mr. Tyrwhitt, the original editor of the 'Poems supposed to be written by Rowley,' 1777; Lord Oxford, author of 'Two Letters to the Editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies,' 1779; Mr. Herbert Croft, author of 'Love and Madness,' 1780; Dr. Milles, editor of 'Rowley's Poems,' in 4to. 1782; Mr. Bryant, author of 'Observations on Rowley's Poems,' 1782; Mr. Warton, author of 'An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley,' Mr. Malone, author of 'Cursory Observations on the Poems attributed to Rowley,' 1782; Mr. Badcock, writer of the articles on the Rowleyan Controversy, in the Monthly Review, 1782; and Dr. Geo. Gregory, writer of the article Chatterton, in the fourth volume of the Biographia Britannica, printed separately in 1789.

The elegant and accurate narrative of Mr. Croft derives an additional value and importance, from being the vehicle of Chatterton's letters to his mother, and an interesting letter from his sister, Mrs. Newton. The laboured narratives of Dr. Milles and Mr. Bryant exhibit strong proofs of the temerity and credulity of the learned writers; but they contain something to amuse curiosity, and something to afford information; particularly the anecdotes furnished by his pa-

trons Mr. Catcot, and Mr. Barret; and the intelligence communicated by his companions, Mr. Thistlewaite, Mr. Smith, Mr. Ruddal, Mr. Carey, &c. The candid and comprehensive narrative of Dr. Gregory, 'contains all the particulars which are known concerning that extraordinary character, collected in one view,' and form a valuable addition to the stock of biographical narratives, already in the possession of the public.

The facts stated in the present account are chiefly taken from the narratives of Mr. Croft and Dr. Gregory, with the addition of such particulars, as subsequent communications in that valuable miscellany, the Gentleman's Magazine, and other publications, have supplied.

Thomas Chatterton was born at Bristol, Nov. 20, 1752. The office of sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, had continued in different branches of his family for more than 150 years. John Chatterton, the last of the name who enjoyed that office, died in 1748. His father, Thomas Chatterton, was the nephew of the sexton. In the early part of life, he had been in the station of a writing-usher to a classical school, was afterwards engaged as a singing man of the Cathedral of Bristol; and latterly was master of the free school in Pyle-street, in that city. He died in August 1752, about three months before the birth of his son.

By the premature loss of his father, he was deprived of that careful attention which would probably have conducted his early years through all the difficulties that circumstances or disposition might oppose to the attainment of knowledge.

At the age of five years, he was committed to the care of Mr. Love, who had succeeded his father in the school in Pyle-street; but either his faculties were not yet opened, or the waywardness of genius incapacitated him from receiving instruction in the ordinary methods, and he was remanded to his mother, as a dull boy, and incapable of improvement.

She was rendered extremely unhappy by the unpromising aspect of his infant faculties, till he *fell in love*, as she expressed herself, with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript in French, which enabled her to initiate him in the alphabet. She afterwards taught him to read, from an old black-lettered Testament or Bible; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that his peculiar attachment to antiquities, may, in a considerable degree, have resulted from this circumstance.

On the 3d of August, 1760, when he wanted a few months of eight years of age, he was admitted into Colston's charity-school, in St. Augustin's Back, in Bristol. In this institution the boys are boarded in the house, clothed, and taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. The school hours, in summer, are from seven o'clock till twelve in the morning, and from one till five in the afternoon; and in winter, from eight to twelve, and from one to four. The boys are obliged to be in bed every night in the year at eight o'clock, and are never permitted to be absent from school, except on Saturdays and saint-days, and then only from between one and two in the afternoon till between seven and eight in the evening.

The first years of his residence at this seminary passed without notice, and, perhaps, without effort. His sister, indeed, in her letter to Mr. Croft, remarks, that he very early discovered a thirst for pre-eminence, and that even before he was five years old, he was accustomed to preside over his playmates. To the same purpose, it is said, that, when very young, a manufacturer promised to make the family a present of some earthen ware, and on asking him what device he would have painted on his—'paint me,' said he, 'an angel, with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world.'

It appears from Mr. Thistlewaite's letter, published by Dr. Milles, that he formed a connexion with Chatterton towards the latter end of 1763, by means of his intimacy with Mr. Thomas Philips, the assistant master of the charity-school, who possessed a taste for history and poetry; and by his attempts in verse, he excited a degree of literary emulation among the elder boys. It is very remarkable, that Chatterton is said to have appeared altogether an idle spectator of those poetical contests; he apparently possessed neither inclination nor ability for literary pursuits, nor does Mr. Thistlewaite believe that he attempted a single couplet during the first three years of his acquaintance with him. Whatever grounds Mr. Thistlewaite might have for his opinion, Chatterton, doubtless, at that period, was possessed of a vigour of understanding, of a quickness of penetration, a boldness of imagination, far superior to the talents of his companions.

If he produced any compositions, his exquisite taste led him to suppress them. In the meantime, he was laying in stores of information, and improving both his imagination and his judgment.

About his tenth year, his sister informs us, he acquired a taste for reading, and began to hire books from a circulating library, with the trifle allowed him for pocket-money.

As his taste was different from children of his own age, his dispositions were also different. Instead of the thoughtless levity of childhood, he possessed the gravity, pensiveness, and melancholy of maturer life. 'His spirits,' his sister says, 'were rather uneven; sometimes so gloomed, that for many days together, he would say very little, and that by constraint; at other times exceedingly cheerful.' His intimates in the school were few, and those of the most serious cast.

In the hours allotted him for play, he generally retired to read; and he was particularly solicitous to borrow books. Between his eleventh and twelfth year, he wrote a catalogue of the books he had read, to the number of seventy, consisting chiefly of history and divinity.

The earliest existing specimen of his composition, is a poem called the Apostate Will, printed in 'Love and Madness,' which appears by the date, April 14, 1764, to have been written at the age of eleven years and a half, and was probably transcribed from the remains of a pocket-book, which his sister had made him a present of, as a new-year's gift, and which he returned at the end of the year, filled with writing, chiefly poetry.

This fact is a strong contradiction to Mr. Thistlewaite's assertion; but Chatterton might, at that time, exercise himself in composition, without being under any necessity of imparting his compositions to Mr. Thistlewaite or Mr. Philips.

At twelve years old, he was confirmed by the Bishop. His sister adds, that he made very sensible and serious remarks on the awfulness of the ceremony, and on his own feelings preparatory to it.

He soon after, during the week in which he was door-keeper, made some verses on the Last Day, and paraphrased the ninth chapter of Job, and some chapters of Isaiah.

The bent of his genius, however, more strongly inclined him to satire, of which he was tolerably lavish on his school-fellows; nor did the upper master, Mr. Warner, escape the rod of his reprehension.

From what has been related, it is probable, that he was no favourite with Mr. Warner; he, however, found a friend in the under master, Mr. Haynes, who conceived for him a strong and affectionate attachment.

[To be Continued.]

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Messrs. Conrads, of this city, have just imported, and propose soon to publish

The history of the life and age of Geoffrey Chaucer, the early English poet, including memoirs of his kinsman, John of Gaunt. Comprehending views of the progress of society, manners, and the fine arts, from the dawn of literature, in Europe, to the close of the fourteenth century, with characters of the principal personages in the courts of Edward the third, and Richard the second; by William Godwin, author of *Political Justice*, &c. 2 vols, 4to. illustrated with portraits. This work, which appears to be, for the most part, pure from any of the offensive doctrines of its author, is candidly criticised in all the foreign journals to which we have had access.

Proposals, are issued by Messrs. Hudson and Goodwin, of Hartford, Connecticut, for publishing by subscription, a series of papers which originally appeared in the newspapers, under the title of *THE ECHO*; with other fugitive poetical pieces. The work will form a duodecimo volume, probably of between three and four hundred pages; price one Dollar.

PUBLISHERS' ADDRESS.

To those who have read the newspapers for ten years past, the title of this work will be familiar. The plan of it was probably original. It was at first intended to ridicule the pompous style of writing, which many of those who contributed to the gazettes, had adopted. But, as the spirit of party increased in the country, and every thing became absorbed in politics, the authors happening to be of one sentiment, gave their pieces a political cast. Intimately connected with *The Echo*, were the *New-Year's Verses*, which appeared from time to time, from the office of the Connecticut Courant. As all these publications have appeared only in the perishable form of a hand-bill, or a newspaper, a wish has been often expressed, that they might be published in a more secure and lasting form. To gratify this wish, the authors have agreed to correct the various pieces, to add the necessary explanatory notes, to write one or two additional numbers to the *Echo*, and to have the whole published in a volume. Subscription papers will be sent to various parts of the country, and the work will go to press, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers appear to defray the expense of publishing.

Messrs. SWORDS, enterprising and intelligent booksellers at New York, who are careful of the correctness of their press, as well as curious of the choice of fine paper, and the beauty of splendid type, have just published, in a handsome octavo volume, a fine edition of Dr. Darwin's "Temple of Nature." It is very correctly executed, and we mention this circumstance with emphasis, because a slovenly style of typography is too often permitted to disgrace the American Press; and we think the gentlemen concerned in the publication of the above work are not sharers in a negligence, which is the bane of literature, and the opprobrium of printing.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mrs. Griffith very pertinently remarks that SHAKESPEARE abounds in reflections upon the in-

stability of popular favour. One of the similes by which he expresses himself, is admirably suited to the occasion.

— This common body
Like to a *vagabond flag* upon the stream,
Goes to and back laqueying the varying tide,
To rot itself with *motion*.

ANDISON, very poignantly says of certain dull *Sectaries* that they *want parts to be devout*, and could as soon make an epic poem, as a pertinent prayer.

Holcroft, in his recent travels, speaking of the national character of the French, introduces a remark expressed with much energy.

A people, whose temper is so restless, whose territory is so vast, whose power is so prodigious, whose politics are so pervading, and whose claims to dominion, moral and physical, are so imperious, cannot but excite a general and pre-turbed state of emotion: there is an interest in whatever appertains to them; and however trifling the individual actions may be, those actions, as they relate to this mighty whole, connected with all they have done, and all they threaten, are full of portentous augury. We feel, it is true, on some occasions, a melancholy, and others a visible disappointment, while we examine the grains of sand of which the cloud capped mountain is composed; but astonishment returns, when we find its base immeasurable and its summit lost in obscurity.

In a book of travels through the United States we read the following merited praise of our hospitality to the stranger.

I eat my dinner in a log house on the road. It was kept by a small planter by the name of Homer. Such a tavern would have raised the thunder and lightning of anger in the page of my brother travellers in America. But the lamented scarcity of American inns is easily accounted for. In a country, where every private house is a temple, dedicated to hospitality, and open alike to travellers of every description, ought it to excite surprise that so few good taverns are to be found. When, therefore, the travellers through the United States, curse in their pages of calamity, the mosquitoes, and fleas, and bugs, and ticks, that interrupt their slumbers, they make the eulogium of American hospitality.

Lord Chancellor More, thought a man making choice of a wife, was like one, who thrusts his hand into a bag of snakes, with the hope of bringing out a single eel, that chanced to be in it. He might, says he, happen to light upon the eel, but it is an hundred to one but he is stung by a snake.

We mentioned, some time since, that Mr. Rusher, of Banbury, had invented a new species of types, for which he had obtained a patent. Mr. Rusher has since been engaged in carrying his invention into practice and he will shortly publish with his new types, an edition of Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*.

[Lond. Mo. Mag.]

Dr. Carey's "Skeleton of the Latin Accidence," say the editors of the *Monthly Magazine*, is an ingenious and elegant little manual, attractive to the young learner, by its brevity and compressed form, and highly advantageous to him by its perspicuity. It consists of a single folding sheet, divided into eight tables, of which the declensions, adjectives, and pronouns, occupy the first three, and the conjugations the remaining five, while by the discriminate use of the

hyphen, and the italic characters in conjunction with the Roman, the radical letters, the variable increment, and the invariable termination are distinctly pointed out; though more distinctly still by the additional introduction of the coloured lines.

In a very respectable British magazine for January 1804, we perceive, with pleasure, that honourable mention is made of Mr. CHARLES B. BROWN, an ingenious author, who by his '*Wieland*,' '*Edgar Huntley*,' '*Arthur Mervyn*,' &c. has attracted the regard of those readers, who have a taste for a purer style of English composition, than is common in this gothic country.

'*The Algerine Captive*,' a well written novel, the production of an American, and a favourite friend of the Editor of the *Port Folio*, is commended in all the literary journals of Great Britain. It must be truly grateful, it must be a soothing triumph to the ingenious author to learn that his book is perused in the country of his ancestors. In his native country, his motley fellow citizens were too much occupied in the shallow devices of an infamous democracy, and in perusing, with the eagerness of Shylock, '*the bond, the bond*.'

These are, say the British reviewers, the real adventures of an American physician, and are told with uncommon spirit and animation. We meet with much curious information respecting the Algerines. This publication yields much instruction as well as entertainment. The reviewers then extract the whole chapter, in which Dr. Underhill so sarcastically describes the miserable servitude of a schoolmaster, in our new, barbarous, and ungrateful republic, and they add, very truly, that it will impart some idea of the troublesome nature of the office in the new world.

In addressing a volunteer corps in Wales last week, the worthy Clergyman made use of the following language: 'But, neighbours, let it not be said that I, the Minister of Peace, am going out of my province to urge you to deeds of blood; or that, in a spirit of selfishness, I prompt you to dangers which I am unwilling to share with you. No! these deeds of blood are not of our seeking. If the ruffian banditti of France invade our free soil, we have no choice—we must defend ourselves, or perish. The brave seek not blood, but will shed the last drop of their own in the cause of their country. And I pray you consider me not in the light of one who, urging you to deeds of valour means himself, on the approach of danger, to retire in safety by favour of your arms; I have no such intention believe me. My professional engagements forbid me now to take upon me the character and occupation of a soldier; but my profession authorises me to exhort you to be true to your king, your country, and your God. When the land is once defiled by the touch of the French footsteps, that disability will cease; then it may be my duty to join you; then it will be my glory to fall with you, if fall we must; or to share the honour, happiness, and well-earned security, which I trust, is in reserve for us. and I urge it as my concluding request to you—to your commander—however numerous your enrolment, (and I hope it will comprise all who have the ability to march) however numerous I say your enrolment, I urge it as my most earnest request, that you will reserve a single musquet, and that (if no employ is allotted me wherein I can be more useful to my country) you will allow me to bear it in your ranks.'

London Paper.

Mr. Calonne died of a complaint in the chest—a very natural death for a *Financier*. *ib.*

FROM COLMAN'S NEW-YORK HERALD.

Having seen the following lines in manuscript, we obtained a copy for publication, trusting to the courtesy of the authoress, whoever she may be, to pardon the liberty we take. Our motive is to second the Muse in bestowing a just tribute to the professional excellence of a young artist, who has acquired a decided superiority over all his competitors.

To say he is successful in his likenesses, is only allowing him a degree of merit, common to many others with him. But for spirit of execution, sweetness and clearness of colouring, particularly in his female heads, preserving the effect without diminution through the highest and most exquisite finishing, Mr. Malbone certainly stands unrivalled in our country. We feel the more confident in pronouncing this judgment, from having lately seen the following high eulogium from the President of the Royal Academy. 'I cannot conclude,' says a gentleman in London, to his correspondent in this city, 'without mentioning to you the very handsome compliment that was lately paid to a young countryman of ours, by the celebrated Mr. West. Mr. —, whom you know, told me he was present when Mr. West, a few days since, observed to Mr. Monroe, the American ambassador, that he had seen a picture, painted by a young American artist of the name of Malbone, which no man, in England, could excel.'

Addressed to Mr. MALBONE, on his painting a miniature likeness of a friend.

Wilt thou permit an humble muse
To twine a transient wreath for thee,
Of lowly flowers, that sweets diffuse,
Though Fame's bright laurels brighter be?

Can I, unmov'd, gaze on this face,
Where life in ev'ry feature glows,
And still the lovely likeness trace,
Nor hail the Art from whence it rose?

'Tis her's!—that look of blended thought!
Those mildly-pensive, serious eyes!
And thou this fair enchantment wrought;
For matchless merit is thy prize.

Say, where's the artist who till now
To ivory cold, warm breath has giv'n?
Yet thou, immortal Malbone, thou
Can'st stay the soaring soul from heav'n.

No more let blooming beauty mourn
The stern, relentless hand of Time,
That many a fragrant flow'r hath shorn,
And op'ning buds, before their prime;

For thou can'st rescue from his scythe
Each winning grace—Thy pencil, true
To Nature's touch, gives speaking life,
And bids it flourish, ever new.

Whoe'er beheld thy rosy Hours,*
And could unfelt their beauties see,
The mind is his where darkness lours,
And his the heart that mine should flee.

May mem'ry to thy mind present
The PAST, with gentle, placid mein,
Where Hope, prophetic spirit! sent,
†Waving her golden hair, was seen.

And may thy PRESENT hours be bright,
As the fair angel smiling there;
Without a cloud to dim their light,
Without a thought that sets in care!

But, for the FUTURE—O! may they
Be crown'd with bliss, and wealth and fame,
And may this little, humble lay
Be lost 'midst songs that sound thy name.

VIOLETTA.

*Alluding to his allegorical painting of the Hours.
†'And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.' COLLINS.

ODE FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1804.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. P. L.

When, at the despot's dread command,
Bridg'd Hellespont his myriads bore
From servile Asia's purpled strand,
To Græcia's and to freedom's shore—
While hostile fleets terrific sweep
With threat'ning oar th' Ionian deep,
Clear Dirce's bending reeds among
The Theban Swan no longer sung;
No more by Isthmus' wave-worn glade,
Or Nemea's rocks, or Delphi's shade,
Or Pisa's olive-rooted grove,
The temples of Olympian Jove,
The Muses twin'd the sacred bough
To crown th' athletic victor's brow,
Till on the rough Ægean main,
Till on Platea's trophied plain,
Was crush'd the Persian tyrant's boast,
O'erwhelm'd his fleet, o'erthrown his host,
Then the bold Theban seiz'd again the lyre,
And struck the chords with renovated fire:
'On human life's delusive state,
Tho' woes unseen, uncertain, wait,
Heal'd in the gen'rous breast is every pain,
With undiminish'd force if freedom's rights remain.†

Not so the British name—Though rude
Her voice to Græcia's tuneful choir,
By dread, by danger unsubdued,
Dauntless she wakes the lyric wire;
So when the awful thunder roars,
When round the livid lightnings play,
The imperial eagle proudly soars,
And wings aloft her daring way,
And hark! with animating note,
Aloft her strains exulting float,
While pointing to th' inveterate host,
Who threat destruction to this envied coast:
'Go forth, my sons—as nobler rights ye claim,
Than ever fann'd the Grecian patriots' flame,
So let your breasts a fiercer ardour feel,
Led by your Patriot King to guard your country's weal.'

Her voice is heard—from wood, from vale, from down,
The thatch roof'd village, and the busy town,
Eager the indignant country warms,
And pours a people clad in arms,
Numerous as those, whom Xerxes led,
To crush devoted Freedom's head;
Firm as the band for Freedom's cause who stood,
And stain'd Thermopylæ with Spartan blood;
Hear o'er their heads the exulting goddess sing:
'These are MY favourite Sons, and MINE their warrior King!'

Thro' Albion's plains, while wide and far
Swell the tumultuous din of war,
While from the loom, the forge, the flail,
From Labour's plough, from Commerce' sail,
All ranks to martial impulse yield,
And grasp the spear, and brave the field;
Do weeds our plains uncultur'd hide?
Does drooping Commerce quit the tide?
Do languid Art and Industry
Their useful cares no longer ply?
Never did Agriculture's toil
With richer harvest clothe the soil;
Ne'er were our barks more amply fraught,
Ne'er were with happier skill our ores, our fleeces wrought.

While the proud foe, to swell Invasion's host,
His bleeding country's countless millions drains,
And Gallia mourns, thro' her embattled coast,
Unpeopled cities, and unlabour'd plains!
To guard and to avenge this favour'd land,
Tho' gleams the sword in ev'ry Briton's hand,
Still o'er our fields waves Concord's silken wing,
Still the Arts flourish, and the Muses sing;
While moral Truth, and Faith's celestial ray,
Adorn, illumine, and bless a GEORGE's prosperous sway.

* Pindar.

† Ibid.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Terrible Tractoration,' &c. a highly humorous poem, by T. G. Fessenden, Esq. will be noticed as soon as possible. We shall also add some particulars relating to the witty author, whom the Editor long since cherished as a companion, and admired as a man of letters.

'Jenny' writes with airy sprightliness, but lacks correctness, and has not read, or remembered the laws of composition. The Editor is sorry to reject the effusions of a pretty woman. Though as an Editor he is obliged to find fault with her pen, as a man, he can repeat with the swain of Caledonia,

'Bonny Jenny, blithe and free,
Won my heart right merrily.'

The remarks of 'G' are received. The author not only writes like a critic, but is punctual like a merchant. He contributes often to the solid and useful department of this paper. Youthful writers would do well to read his rules with undissipated attention.

The lady, who dates from —, is respectfully informed that her letter is gladly received, and its contents gratefully acknowledged. The Editor will shortly make atonement for epistolary silence. He will be happy, and his readers will be pleased, if the literary bureau should be unlocked, and the Port Folio be the future repository of her ready invention, and her elegant literature.

The hints of 'A cultivator of the Belles Lettres,' relative to certain new arrangements in the political and literary departments of the Port Folio, shall be attended to. We approve his plan, and shall meet his wishes.

We prefer borrowing from the European bank of poetry, to the free gift of such a wretched versifier as 'Sylvander.'

If the author of an indecent 'Fable' had taken the trouble to inspect the general contents of the Port Folio, he would have discovered that our pages are never polluted with obscenity.

The Editor announces farther improvements in the literary department of his paper. Analyses of American books, and critical remarks, will soon appear. He summons the Genius of his friends to his aid. His industry, when undisturbed by his feeble health, shall co-operate with their exertions.

He returns general thanks to a number of men of letters, who have recently enriched the Port Folio.

Well written essays on rural economy; concise notices of improvements in the useful or fine arts; topics of science, neatly and succinctly handled; sketches of tours through interesting parts of America; accurate translations from valuable foreign publications; dramatic dialogues, short and witty; articles of criticism, humour, and poetry; and political essays, or paragraphs, of point, sense, and spirit, will always be warmly welcomed, and conspicuously inserted.

The 'Verses from Violetta' are evincive both of the virtues of her heart, and the quickness of her fancy.

'Marcellus,' who writes with elegance, and who thinks judiciously, is a favourite correspondent of the American Lounger.

The proposal of 'Quip, Crank and Co.' to establish, in our paper, a literary auction room, must be rejected. We are willing to allow that their auctioneer might be Wit, but of that dangerous and unlucky race as would knock down Judgment to the best bidder.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

In tumbling over some papers, I discovered the following splenetic effusion, written about four years ago, and was amused by a recollection of the sensations which produced it.

A.

A parting address to the inhabitants of the island of Elba.

A month I've been upon your shore,
And may I be condemn'd, no more
To know love's soft embraces,
If 'tis not my most ardent pray'r,
That I may ne'er have the despair
To view again your faces.

A dastard, swindling, lawless race
Are ye, of nature the disgrace—
At least such I have found ye;
Alike to honour lost and fame,
Devoid of virtue, dead to shame,
So fully vice has crowned ye.

Had justice here fix'd her abode,
From earth of crimes to drive a load,
By hundreds she'd have strung ye:
For me, the wretch whom most I hate,
I could not wish so curst a fate,
As damn'd to live among ye.

THE STYLE OF THE 16th CENTURY IMITATED.
Teneri sdegni, e placide e tranquille repulse.

If, shepherd, heavenlie beautye can thee move,
If gentle courtesie can charme thy mynde,
Let not thine eyes e'er stray to her I love,
O liste not to her wordes moste sweete and kynde!
Though sweete and kynde her wordes, and voide of arte,
Yet cold indifference dwelleth in her heart.

Dost thou admyre a looke both bryghte and meeke?
The starre of eve beams in her modeste eye:
Lovest thou the rose?—'tis on her blushyng cheek,
And lendes its honied fragrance to her sigh;
Alas! that she should sigh my payne to see,
Yet still escape from love's captivity!

O where can I, to shunne the archer's aime,
Flie from those charmes that have my peace undonene?
To wisdom's page?—No, wisdom fannes my flame,
And virtue sayes, thy faire and I are one:
Ah me! that hopelesse I am doomde to pyne,
To see those sweetes, yet may not call them myne!
O.

TO MY LOVE.

The humble bee hath homeward sped,
Long since, to rest from toil till morn;
The merry bat hath left his bed,
The shاربorn beetle blown his horn.

Bright Phæbe now, in solemn state,
Casts her mild radiance on the grove,
Where elfin bands expecting wait,
To hail the festal rites of love.

Blyth Puck hath chas'd the dews away,
Except some drops to gem the flowers,
Which scatter fragrance on the way
That windes among the fairy bowers.

Nor is a sacred place forgot,
Where no rude fairy dares intrude;
For thee, sweet love, I've deck'd a grot,
Embosom'd deep within the wood.

With myrtle leaves its floor is spread,
The emblems of my faithful vow;
The moss-rose blushes o'er our bed,
Yet where, Titania, where art thou?

OBERON.

Revenge, infuriate demon! at thy shrine,
By ruthless passions led, I bend my knee;
I woo thee, monster! meekness I resign,
And place each hope of happiness on thee.

What! shall the savage authors of my pain,
To whom my pangs gave undisguis'd delight,
Shall they exult still with malignant spite?
No! tho' my life should flow from every vein!

Enthron'd my soul in thy own stygian gloom!
Teach me to cry, 'evil be thou my good!'—
E'en tho' it pierce the heart of her, for whom
My own would once have pour'd its richest blood.

For thee all consequences I defy;
O give me but to triumph—and to die!
TROILUS.

"THUS WE LOVERS RAVE."

The maiden who shall love, and truth
Within this constant bosom find,
Tho' blest with beauty and with youth,
Yet has e'en sweeter charms of mind.

Although affection's warmest glow
Improve the roses of her cheek,
And sweet simplicity will show
The trembling love she cannot speak:

Although each grace around her flies
That can enkindle fond desire,
While the mild radiance of her eyes
Adds double fervor to the fire:

Yes, tho' in her all these I find,
Yet sweeter are her charms of mind. O.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[That passage in Swift's writings, in which a woman is compared to a cloud, must be familiar, not only to the literary tribe, but is perhaps frequently and cheerfully perused by the splenetic bachelor, who delights to depreciate property, in which, from inclination, or a better reason, he is not doomed to speculate. How far the Dean's simile may be deemed correct, I shall certainly not hazard an opinion, as I have not the presumption to stamp a character on those, who are said, by one writer, (who, to be sure, was himself an old bachelor), 'to have no character at all,' and who have been charged, by the learned and unlearned of all ages, with changes as frequent and as inconsistent as the shifting glass of the magic lantern. The Dean's simile, however, was suggested to a female, whose personal charms would fascinate those who should be ignorant of her mental attractions. She immediately returned the following lines, on the perusal of which, he, who should question her judgment, will cheerfully admit all her claims to a vivid fancy.]

Unfit to judge of womankind
Is he, whom prejudice doth blind,
And well 'tis known the rev'rend Dean
Was quite a victim to the spleen.
If woman like a cloud appears,
Whence come her gay and sprightly airs?
Whence all that cheerfulness of soul,
That doth the gloom of man controul?
Like the bright sun, her cheering smile
Dispels his care, rewards his toil,
While from her lips, love's tender theme,
Like Luna's soft enchanting beam,
Inspires his soul with rays divine,
That from her eyes resplendent shine,
And make those messengers of Love
Outvie the glittering stars above.
Thus in one being she combines
All radiance that celestial shines,
And proves, by thousands in her chains,
The conquest she o'er man maintains,
To whom, if not like *light* she be,
Dark—dark, indeed, his destiny.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET.

Peace, ye sorrows of my soul,
While my much lov'd fair is nigh!
Cease thy trickling stream to roll,
Thou welling fountain of mine eye.

Hours enough to grief are paid,
Days, and months, and years of woe;
Oh then, while I view the maid,
Let me one short rapture know.

Ere my sun of love be set
Let it warm, once more, my heart;
Ere we part—no more to meet!
Let me dream we ne'er shall part.

I will hope, though hope be dead,
I will smile, though anguish tear;
Joy to day shall crown my head;
With the morning comes despair.

ITHACUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE HIGHLANDER,

A Pastoral....From Mrs. West.

My temper is ardent and warm,
I was bred on the mountain's rough side;
The labour, that strengthen'd my arm,
With courage my bosom supplied.

My virtues resemble a soil,
That boasts no improvement from art;
The offspring of nature and toil,
They glow with full force in my heart.

I have met the keen wind of the north,
When it brought the thick tempest of snow;
I have seen the fork'd lightning burst forth,
When the forest has shrunk from the blow.

To rescue my lambs and my sheep
The loud mountain torrent I've brav'd;
It was clamorous, stormy, and deep,
But the tremblers I happily sav'd.

I have climb'd to the top of the cliff,
Whose summit bends far o'er the main,
From thence I've look'd out for the skiff
Of the fisher, beneath me, in vain.

I have sail'd on the lake in my boat
When the west hath look'd dusky and red,
When the sea mew, with ominous note,
Seem'd to call to the feast of the dead.

From the hills the storm menacing howl'd,
The first thund'ring fell down the steep;
O'er the sky darkness awfully scowl'd,
And horribly roar'd the vex'd deep.

My vessel o'erwhelm'd in the shock,
I rose on the salt surge up-borne;
I swam to the caves in the rock,
And waited the coming of morn.

There, chill'd by the keen driving blast,
And drench'd by the pitiless rain,
The day has reliev'd me at last,
But the night never heard me complain.

I have pass'd o'er the mountain, which shrouds
Its summit in regions divine,
When the moon, sailing swift thro' the clouds,
Tipp'd with silver the arrowy pine.

Thus I meet the procession of death;
It pass'd me in shadowy glare;
Slow it mov'd to the valley beneath,
Then melted illusive in air.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 18.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 5 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

POLITE LITERATURE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF
THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY
IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued.]

But before we proceed to his answer, we ought to recite another morsel, in which, perhaps, there is more art than even in that we have just read, because it offers a very imposing foundation of moral and political truth, which is false only in the application.

"I ought to advertise, you, Athenians, that if you do not set bounds to this profusion of crowns and of recompenses, which you distribute so easily, far from inspiring with gratitude those whom you honour, far from rendering the republic better, you will only discourage the good citizens, and encourage the vicious. Shall I give you a clear proof of this? If any one should ask you, which is the most glorious epocha for Athens, this in which we live, or that which our ancestors saw? At what time were there the greatest number of great men, at this day, or heretofore? You could not but answer that we are inferior, in all things, to those who preceded us. Now, at which of these eras have been decreed the most crowns, proclamations, and public rewards? It must be acknowledged that such honours were formerly rare, and yet the name of virtue was much more truly revered. In these days you are prodigal of all things, and you decree crowns rather from habit than from choice. Do you believe that in the Panathenean Festivals, or in the Olympic Games, we crowned not the wrestler, who has the best contended, but him who has understood the best how to intrigue, there would be many wrestlers who would devote themselves to all the fatigues, and all the mortifications which this laborious profession requires. This is your history, Athenians. In proportion as you have accumulated, without choice and without discernment, you have had fewer citizens, who have been capable of meriting them. The more you have given, the worse you have been served. Compare this Demosthenes, who fled from the field of battle at Cheronea, to Themistocles, who conquered at Salamis, to Miltiades, who triumphed at Marathon, to those who saved and restored to the city our fellow-citizens, shut up in the walls of Pylos, to the just Aristides.—But I restrain myself.—May the Gods preserve me from establishing a parallel so shocking. Let Demosthenes point out one of these great men, who was ever honoured with a crown of gold. What then? Have the people of Athens been ungrateful? No! They have been magnanimous, and these illustrious citizens have been worthy of them. They thought that it was not by decrees that they should be honoured in the eyes of posterity, but by the

history and remembrance of their great actions. They were not deceived, and their memory is immortal.

"Would you know what was obtained from your ancestors, by those who conquered the Medes on the banks of the Strymon? Three statues of stone, placed under a portico of Mercury. Go and look at the public monument, by which is represented the battle of Marathon: even the name of Miltiades is not there. It was permitted only that he should be painted in the front rank, exhorting his soldiers. Read the decree rendered in favour of the deliverers at Pylos: what was awarded them? A crown of olive. Read, in the next place, that of Ctesiphon, a crown of gold! Have a care, Athenians, one of these decrees annihilates the other. If one was honourable, the other is scandalous. If the first received a recompense in proportion to their merit, it is evident that this one receives a reward out of all proportion to his. And the man himself, what ought he to do? Appear before you, and say, it is not for me to refuse the crown which you offer me: but this is not a time for such a proclamation. It would ill become me to wear a crown on my head, when the republic is in mourning. This would be said by a man, who acknowledged the genuine virtue and legitimate glory. But Demosthenes knows neither."

It is melancholy that the art of oratory is here nothing but the art of calumny, which, by shewing only one side of objects, employs the name of virtue to combat virtuous men.

The two principal points treated by Eschynes, in the latter part of his discourse, expose to our view the terror inspired by the eloquence of Demosthenes. He absolutely insists upon prescribing the form of his defence, and that the judges should order him to follow the same order which he has pursued in his accusation. Afterwards he labours to prove, by all sorts of reasons, that Ctesiphon alone ought to defend himself, and that the moment he shall say, according to the usual formulary, 'Permit me to call Demosthenes, that he may speak for me,' the assembly ought to refuse to hear him. I own I cannot here recognize the art of Eschynes. His demand is disgusting, and cannot but hurt him. We should never demand what we are sure not to obtain. Was not Demosthenes attacked ten times more than Ctesiphon? On the other hand, was not Eschynes equally unskilful in betraying the fear which Demosthenes had excited in him, and in persuading himself that the Athenians would deprive themselves of the pleasure of hearing him in his own cause. Happily they had no regard to this awkward pretension. Demosthenes harangued, and it is time to hear him. Attend to his exordium.

"I begin, by a supplication to the immortal Gods, that they would inspire you, Athenians, with the same disposition towards me, which I have always felt for you and for the state; that they may incline you, according to your interest, your equity, and your glory, not to take the counsel of my adversary, to regulate the order of my defence. Nothing would be more unjust,

or more inconsistent with the oath you have taken to hear impartially the two parties; which signifies not only that you ought not to bring here any prejudice or favour, but that you ought to permit the accused to establish, in his own way, the means of his justification. Eschynes has already in this cause advantages enough over me; yes, Athenians, and two especially of great importance. In the first place, our risks are not equal; if he gains not his cause, he loses nothing. But I, if I lose your good will!—But no—there shall not proceed from my mouth a portentous expression, at the moment when I begin to speak to you. The other advantage he has of me is, that it is but too natural to hear favourably accusation and censure, and to hear with pain and disgust those who are forced to speak well of themselves. Thus then Eschynes has for him all that flatters the most of mankind, and has left me all that displeases and hurts them. If, in the fear of this, I am silent concerning the actions of my public life, I shall appear to justify myself imperfectly; I shall no longer appear to be the person whom you have judged worthy of recompense. If I enlarge upon what I have done for the service of the state, I shall be under a necessity of speaking often of myself. This I shall do, with all the reserve of which I am capable: and all that I shall be obliged to say, O Athenians, I pray you to impute it to him, who has reduced me to the necessity of defending myself."

He takes care not to follow the plan of defence which had been prescribed to him by the artful Eschynes, who pretended to oblige him to answer first to the infraction of legal forms. Demosthenes was too able to fall into this snare. He was fully sensible that this juridical discussion, already very long in the discourse of Eschynes, would appear still more so in his, and that he should begin by fatiguing his auditory, and cooling his harangue. His essential object was to prove that he had merited the crown, and to conciliate his judges, in placing before their eyes all that he had done for the state. The painting of his administration, drawn with all the interest which he was capable of giving it, must necessarily aggrandize him in the eyes of the Athenians, by humbling his adversary, and place his cause in the most favourable light. By this he begins. But with what address does he conduct it! How perfectly does he know how to insinuate himself into the hearts of his audience! In rendering to himself the testimony which an honest man, under accusation, owes to himself, a public man, who gives an account of his conduct; how he avoids every thing which has the air of vain glory! He manages so well that he interests the Athenians, as much as himself, in his cause. He had to contend with self-love, of all judges the most difficult to convince or persuade. It is this which he gains in the first place. And if the rock which his cause had to avoid, was the danger of wounding this self-love, we must acknowledge that the perfection of his eloquence is in having known how to conciliate it to his party. It is always the Athenians who have done every thing:

his thoughts, his resolutions, have always been theirs; his advice has always been in harmony with their sentiments; he places his glory always under the protection of that of Athens. Judge then to what a degree he must please a people, naturally vain, and whether it is astonishing that he should have carried all the suffrages!

He has not accomplished one third of his discourse, when that of his adversary is annihilated: not the smallest trace of it remains; Demosthenes is in the skies, Eschynes in the dust; and if they had not desired to hear a man who spoke so well, they would have dispensed with his saying any more. This first part renders his apology so complete, places in so clear a light all the lies of Eschynes, and all the services of Demosthenes, that it seems as if the rest had been pronounced, not for the necessity of the cause, but for the vengeance of the accused. He tramples under his feet an enemy, who had been long since thrown to the ground.

[To be Continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

[We are convinced that the perusal of the very interesting biography, continued from our last, will excite the mind of every youth of genius.]

LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Mr. Thistlethwaite, in the letter already quoted, says that Chatterton informed him, that he was in possession of certain old MSS, which had been found deposited in a chest, in Redcliffe church, and that he had lent one to Philips, which he showed him, and which he is confident was Elenoure and Juga, afterwards published in the Town and Country Magazine for May 1796. 'I endeavoured,' says he, 'to assist Philips in investigating the meaning of the lines; but from an almost total ignorance of the characters, manners, language, and orthography, in which they were written, all our efforts were unprofitably exerted.' There appears good reason for suspecting some mistake in Mr. Thistlethwaite's narrative, either as to the date, or some other circumstance; both his mother and sister affirm that he knew nothing of the parchments brought from Redcliffe Church, till after he had left school.

Under all the disadvantages of education, the acquisitions of Chatterton were surprising. Besides the variety of reading which he had gone through, Mr. Croft remarks, he had some knowledge of music; had acquired a taste for drawing, which afterwards he greatly improved; and the usher of the school asserted, he had made a rapid progress in arithmetic.

An extraordinary effect of his discovering an employment adapted to his genius, is remarked in his sister's letter. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn; but, it was observed, that he became more cheerful after he began to write poetry.

On the 1st of July 1767, he left the charity school, and was bound apprentice to Mr. John Lambert, attorney of Bristol, for seven years; the apprentice-fee was ten pounds; the master was to find him in meat, drink, clothes, and lodging; the mother in washing and mending. He slept in the same room with the foot-boy, and went every morning at eight o'clock to the office, which was at some distance; and, except the usual time for dinner, continued there till eight o'clock at night, after which he was at liberty till ten, when he was always expected to be at home.

Mr. Lambert affords the most honourable testimony in Chatterton's favour, with respect to the regularity of his attendance, as he never exceeded the limited hours but once, when he had leave to spend the evening with his mother and some friends. Once, and but once, he thought

himself under the necessity of correcting him; and that was for sending a very abusive anonymous letter to his old schoolmaster, a short time after he was bound to him. He, however, accuses him of a sullen and gloomy temper, which particularly displayed itself among the servants. Chatterton's superior abilities, and superior information, with the pride which usually accompanies these qualities, doubtless rendered him an unfit inhabitant of the kitchen, where his ignorant associates would naturally be inclined to envy, and would affect to despise those accomplishments which he held in the highest estimation; and even the familiarity of vulgar and illiterate persons must, undoubtedly, be rather disgusting than agreeable to a mind like his.

Mr. Lambert's was a situation unfavourable to the cultivation of his genius. Though much confined, he had much leisure. His master's business consumed a very small portion of his time; frequently, his sister says, it did not engage him above two hours in a day.

While Mr. Lambert was from home, and no particular business interfered, his stated employment was to copy precedents, a book of which, containing three hundred and forty folio pages, closely written by Chatterton, is still in possession of Mr. Lambert, as well as another of about thirty pages. The office library contained nothing but law books, except an old edition of Camden's 'Britannia.'

He seems to have had a very early predilection for old words and *black-letter* lore. His sister relates, that soon after his apprenticeship, and some months before he was fifteen, he 'wrote a letter to an old school-mate, then at New-York, consisting of a collection of all the hard words in the English language,' and 'requested him to answer it.' He that could collect *hard words* for a letter, might collect *old ones* for a poem.

He had continued this course of life for upwards of a year; not, however, without some symptoms of an aversion to his profession, before he began to attract the notice of the literary world.

In the beginning of October 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished. At that time, there appeared in Felix Farley's Bristol Journal, an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that 'the following description of the friars first passing over the old bridge, was taken from an ancient manuscript,' and signed *Dunhelmus Bristolensis*. The paper demonstrates strong powers of invention, and uncommon knowledge of ancient customs.

Mr. Ruddal informed Mr. Croft that he assisted Chatterton in disguising several pieces of parchment with the appearance of age, just before the Account of passing the Bridge appeared in Farley's Journal; that after they had made several experiments, Chatterton said, 'this will do, now I will black the parchment;' and that Chatterton told him, after the Account appeared in the paper, that the parchment which he had blacked and disguised after their experiments, was what he had sent to the printer, containing the Account.

So singular a memoir could not fail to excite curiosity, and many persons became anxious to see the original. After much inquiry, it was found that the manuscript was brought to the printer by Chatterton. 'To the threats of those,' says Mr. Croft, 'who treated him (agreeably to his appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account.' He at first alleged that he was employed to transcribe the contents of certain manuscripts by a gentleman, who also had engaged him to furnish complimentary verses, inscribed to a lady, with whom that gentleman was in love.

On being farther pressed, he at last declared, that he had received the paper, together with many other manuscripts, from his father, who had found them in a large chest, in the upper room, over the chapel, on the north side of Redcliffe church.

When rents were received, and kept in specie, it was usual for corporate bodies to keep the writings and rents of estates, left for particular purposes, in chests appropriated to each particular benefactor, and called by the benefactor's name.

Over the north porch of Redcliffe church, which was founded or rebuilt, in the reign of Edward IV. by Mr. William Canynge, a merchant of Bristol, there is a kind of muniment room, in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which in particular was called 'Mr. Canynge's cofre.' This chest, it is said, was secured by six keys, intrusted to the minister, procurator of the church, mayor, and church wardens, which, in process of time, were lost.

In 1727, a notion prevailed, that some title-deeds and other writings of value, were contained in Mr. Canynge's cofre: in consequence of which, an order of vestry was made that the chest should be opened under the inspection of an attorney, and that those writings which appeared of consequence should be removed to the south porch of the church. The locks were, therefore, forced, and not only the principal chest, but the others, which were also supposed to contain writings, were broken open. The deeds immediately relating to the church were kept, and the other manuscripts were left exposed, as of no value.

Chatterton's father, having free access to the church, by means of his uncle, the sexton, carried off, from time to time, parcels of the parchments for covering copy-books and Bibles.

At his death, his widow being under the necessity of removing, carried the remainder to her own habitation, where, according to her account, they continued neglected, or were converted into thread papers, till her son took notice of them, and carried them away, telling her 'that he had found a treasure.'

The account which he thought proper to give of them, and which he wished to be believed, was, that they were poetical and other compositions, by Mr. Canynge, and a particular friend of his, Thomas Rowley, whom he at first called a monk, and afterwards a secular priest of the fifteenth century.

Mr. Catcott, a pewterer in Bristol, having heard of Chatterton's pretended discovery, was introduced to him, and soon after obtained from him, very readily, and without any reward, the Bristow Tragedy, and Rowley's Epitaph upon Mr. Canynge's ancestor. In a few days he brought some more, among which was the Yellow Roll.

These pieces were immediately communicated to Mr. Barret, a respectable surgeon in Bristol, then engaged in writing the history of that city, whose friendship and patronage, by these means, Chatterton was fortunate enough to secure.

During the first conversations which Mr. Catcott had with him, he heard him mention the names of most the poems, since printed, as being in his possession.

He afterwards grew more suspicious and reserved, and it was but rarely and with difficulty that any more originals could be obtained from him.

He confessed to Mr. Catcott that he had destroyed several, and some of which he owned to have been in his possession, were never afterwards seen. One of these was the Tragedy of the Apostate, of which only a small part has been preserved by Mr. Barret. The subject of it was

the apostacy of a person from the Christian to the Jewish faith.

Mr. Barret, however, obtained from him, at different times, several fragments in verse and prose, written upon vellum; and he asserted them to be a part of Rowley's manuscripts. A *fac simile* of one of these fragments, the Account of William Canynge's Feast, engraved by Mr. Strutt, is published in Mr. Tyrwhitt's and Doctor Mille's edition of Rowley's Poems. The hand-writing is not the record hand used in the fifteenth century. The Arabian numerals, 63, are perfectly modern, and exactly such as Chatterton himself was accustomed to make.

The friendship of Mr. Barret and Mr. Catcott was of considerable advantage to Chatterton. He spent many agreeable hours in their company. His sister says, that after he was introduced to their acquaintance, his ambition daily and perceptibly increased, and he would frequently speak in raptures of the undoubted success of his plan for future life. 'When in spirits, he would enjoy his rising fame, and, confident of advancement, he would promise his mother and I should be partakers of his success.'

Mr. Barret lent him several medical books, and, at his request, gave him some instructions in surgery.

His taste was versatile, and his studies various. In 1768 and 1769, Mr. Thistlethwaite frequently saw him, and describes, in a lively manner, the employment of his leisure hours. 'One day he might be found busily employed in the study of heraldry and English antiquities, both of which are numbered among the most favourite of his pursuits; the next discovered him deeply engaged, confounded, and perplexed, amidst the subtilties of metaphysical disquisitions, or lost and bewildered in the abstruse labyrinths of mathematical researches; and these again neglected and thrown aside, to make room for music and astronomy, of both of which sciences his knowledge was entirely confined to theory. Even physic was not without a charm to allure his imagination, and he would talk of Galen and Hippocrates with all the confidence and familiarity of a modern empiric.'

With a view of perfecting himself in the study of English antiquities, he borrowed Skinner's Etymologicon, and Benson's Saxon Vocabulary, of Mr. Barret, which he soon returned as useless, most of the interpretations being in Latin.

He was furnished by Mr. Green, a bookseller in Bristol, with Kersey's Dictionary, and Speght's Chaucer, the Glossary to which he carefully transcribed. These books, together with Bailey's Dictionary, which he studied very closely, supplied him with the language of Rowley's Poems. Whatever plan he adopted, he entered upon with an earnestness and fervour almost unexampled. Like Milton, he believed he was more capable of writing well at some particular times than at others; and the full of the moon was the season when he imagined his genius to be in perfection, at which time he generally devoted a part of the night to composition.

His Sundays were continually spent in walking alone into the country about Bristol; and from these excursions he never failed to bring home drawings of churches, or other objects which had impressed his romantic imagination.

His attention was not confined to the supposed Poems of Rowley: he wrote a variety of pieces, chiefly satirical, both in prose and verse, which he sent to the Town and Country Magazine.

One of the first of his pieces which appeared, was a letter on the tinctures of the Saxon heralds, dated Bristol, February 4, 1769, and signed Dunhelmus Bristolensis; and, in the same Magazine, a poem was inserted on Mr. Alcock of Bristol, signed Asaphides, attributed to him, which has

been claimed by one Lockstone, a linen-draper in Bristol.

In the same Magazine for March are some pretended extracts from Rowley's manuscripts; and in different numbers for the succeeding months, some pieces called Saxon Poems, written in the style of Ossian.

In March 1769, he wrote to the Hon. Horace Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford, offering to furnish him with some account of a series of great painters and engravers, who had flourished at Bristol, which, he said, had been lately discovered, with some old poems, in that city. His letter was left at Bathurst's, Mr. Walpole's bookseller, with an Ode or Sonnet, of two or three stanzas, in alternate rhyme, on the death of Richard I. (the era he had fixed upon for his forgeries) as a specimen of the poems which were found:

'Richard of Lyon's heart to fight is gone.'

Mr. Walpole had just before been made the instrument of introducing into the world Macpherson's 'Ossian.' A similar application, therefore, served at once to awaken his suspicion. He, however, answered Chatterton's letter, desiring further information; and in reply was informed, that 'he was the son of a poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste for more elegant studies;' and hinted a wish that Mr. Walpole would assist him in emerging from so dull a profession, by procuring him some place, in which he might pursue the natural bias of his genius. He affirmed, that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered at Bristol, and were in the hands of a *person*, who had lent him the specimen already transmitted, as well as the pieces which accompanied this letter, among which was Elinour and Juga, 'an absolute modern pastoral,' as Mr. Walpole terms it, 'thinly sprinkled with old words.'

In the meantime the poems were communicated by Mr. Walpole to Gray and Mason, and these excellent and impartial judges, at first sight, pronounced them forgeries; 'the language and metre being totally unlike any thing ancient.'

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

The sensitive Gray, in a frank letter to his friend West, assures him, that, when the sun grows warm enough to tempt him from the fire side, he will, like all other things, be the better for his influence; for the sun is an old friend, and an excellent nurse, &c. This is an opinion which will be easily entertained by every one, who has been cramped by the icy hand of Winter, and who feels the gay and renovating influence of Spring. In those mournful months, when vegetables and animals are alike coerced by cold, man is tributary to the howling storm, and the sullen sky: and is, in the pathetic phrase of Johnson, a 'slave to gloom.' But when the earth is disencumbered of her load of snows, and warmth is felt, and twittering swallows are heard, he is again jocund and free. Nature renews her charter to her sons, and rejoicing mortals, in the striking language of the poet, 'revisit light, and feel its sovereign, vital lamp.' Hence is enjoyed, in the highest luxury,

'Day, and the sweet approach of ev'n and morn,
And sight of vernal bloom, and summer's rose,
And flocks, and herds, and human face divine.'

It is nearly impossible for me to convey to my readers an idea of the 'vernal delight,' felt, at this period, by the Lay Preacher, far declined in the vale of years. My spectral figure, pinched by the rude gripe of January, becomes as thin as that 'dagger of lath,' employed by the vaunting Falstaff; and my mind, affected by the universal desolation of Winter, is nearly as vacant of joy and bright ideas, as the forest is of leaves, and the grove is of song. Fortunately for my happiness, this is only periodical spleen. Though, in the bitter months, surveying my extenuated body, I exclaim, with the melancholy prophet, 'My leanness, my leanness, woe is me;' and though, adverting to the state of my mind, I behold it, 'all in a robe of darkest grain;' yet, when April and May reign in sweet vicissitude, I give, like HORACE, care to the winds: and perceive the whole system excited by the potent stimulus of sunshine.

An ancient bard, of the happiest descriptive powers, and who noted objects not only with the eye of a poet, but with the accuracy of a philosopher, says, in a short poem, devoted to the praises of mirth, that

'Young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday.'

In merry Spring time, not only birds, but melancholic old fellows, like myself, sing. The sun is the poet's, the invalid's, and the hypochondriac's friend. Under clement skies, and genial sunshine, not only the body is corroborated, but the mind is vivified, and the heart becomes 'open as day.' I may be considered fanciful in the assertion, but I am positive that many, who, in November, December, January, February, and March, read nothing but Mandeville, Rochefoucault, and Hobbes, and cherish malignant thoughts at the expense of poor human nature, abjure their evil books and sour theories when a softer season succeeds. I have, myself, in Winter, felt hostile to those, whom I could smile upon in May, and clasp to my bosom in June. Our moral qualities, as well as natural objects are affected by physical laws; and I can easily conceive that benevolence, no less than the sun flower, flourishes and expands under the luminary of day.

With unaffected earnestness, I hope that none of my readers will look upon the agreeable visitation of the sun, at this beauteous season, as the impertinent call of a crabbed monitor, or an importunate dun. I hope that none will churlishly tell him 'how they hate his beams.' I am credibly informed that several of my city friends, many fine ladies, and the worshipful society of loungers, consider the early call of the above red faced personage, as downright intrusion. It must be confessed that he is fond of prying into chambers and closets, but not like a rude searcher, or libertine gallant, for injurious or licentious purposes. His designs are beneficent, and he is one of the warmest friends in the world. Notwithstanding his looks are sometimes a little suspicious, and he presents himself with the fiery eye and flushed cheek of a jolly toper, yet this is only a new proof of the fallacy of physiognomy, for he is the most regular being in the universe. He keeps admirable hours, and is steady, diligent, and punctual to a proverb. Conscious of his shining merit, and dazzled by his regal glory, I must rigidly inhibit all from attempting to exclude his person. I caution sluggards to abstain from the use of shutters, curtains, and all other villainous modes of insulting my ardent friend. My little garden, my only support, and myself, are equally the objects of his care, and were it not for the constant loan of his great lamp, I could not always see my way to a sermon.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1796.

[Concluded.]

We agreed to wait at Rotterdam one week longer for a change of wind and weather, a Dutch skipper engaging, if he can procure two or three more passengers, to sail for Margate, and to send us an express as soon as the ice will admit of our getting to sea.

They have two curious ferries over what is called the Heads, that is, the entrances by which the Meuse supplies the water of the two great canals. The passenger is transported across in two minutes in a boat drawn forward by a small hawser, for which he pays a doight, equal to the fourth part of an English half-penny: Yet from the boats of such a passage the corporation derive considerable revenue. In no other country can you so cheaply rid yourself of street beggars. The poor Dutch supplicant expects only his doight, and that obtained he thanks and quits you. Is not the paltry value of this coin indicative of the frugality of the inhabitants, and a proof of what importance money is considered by them?

The numerous bridges of Amsterdam and of this town are of different constructions, in order to lessen the public obstruction as much as possible. The draw bridge admits square-rigged and other vessels. Those over the narrow canals have a single arch of stone, under which boats pass by striking their masts; and there are others, where by raising a hinged plank a vessel who has her rigging accommodated to this narrow opening, passes with the masts standing, and with very little impediment to persons crossing the bridge.

The houses are a little disfigured by a general adopted fashion of fixing mirrors 12 or 15 inches square, to the sides of the windows of the second story, in order that the persons within at some distance from the window, without being discovered, may observe what is passing in the street, which by this means is thrown into a pleasing perspective. It is not uncommon to see servants and inferior people on passing the houses where they are known, take off their hats, lest at the moment the master or mistress should happen to be contemplating the street glass.

16th December. Was I called upon to define this government, I would call it an Aristocratic Heptarchy, in which the people had no voice, and the hereditary magistrate no power—a motley machine of check, delay and imbecility. The act of union, ratified at Utrecht in 1579, was a compact of necessity, made when the Seven Provinces had just assumed independence and sovereignty, in the midst of a revolutionary war, and under the pressure of an embittered, sanguinary and haughty enemy. The then existing circumstances justified the measure, but it is now one of the worst among the bad constitutions of Europe. They have at length dismissed the pompous nothings formerly called their High Mightinesses, and may, from the enlightened systems which the present eventful century has given to the world, raise a political fabric suited to the genius and situation of their country. The uniformity of manners, the equality of condition, the love of money and attachment to commerce, so prevalent and so generally paramount to the passions, vivacity and vices of their ardent, heteroclitic French allies, all combine to point out a republican form of government as best adapted for Dutch habits and commercial policy; and could they catch some of that enthusiasm and persevering spirit which designated the first periods of their revolt, and establishment as a nation, it might continue for ages pure. They

certainly appear better calculated to preserve a republican government, than the French, or even Americans. They appear to be but little actuated either by the vanity or envy which their ambitious neighbours discover: Content to be quiet if they are permitted to grow rich: And with as much sound sense as sangfroid, are perfectly willing to relinquish the triumphs of battles and blood to those countries which have the means and the madness to pursue them.

But let the social compact be formed as it may, it is of great consequence to them that Flanders should be restored to the emperor and king. Should a general peace confirm it a department of France, that republic will then bound on the dykes of Holland, and she will overawe the councils, and sometimes dictate public measures. At present her territories extend from the Alps to the Elbe, and from the Rhine to the Ocean. To the British nation, both in a political and commercial view, it is important that those Austrian provinces should revert to their former sovereign. Indeed the peace of Europe is in a certain degree implicated in the measure, at least as much as all maritime neutral nations are in the reduction of the enormous extension of the English navy.

21st December. We embarked at Maeslandsluice at 3 o'clock in the morning of the 17th, and sailed with 6 or 7 fishing smacks, who were bound to the Dogger Bank. Their voyages last about 6 weeks; the vessels have permits, but although they are easily obtained, and the English cruisers seldom molest them, few avail themselves of the benefit. We were gratified at seeing so many as 30 or 40 women assembled at the pier on so cold a night for the purpose of parting with their husbands, brothers or sons, to whom they were most cordially wishing success and safety. Affectionate simplicity, how forcible are thy appeals to the heart!

We had 13 passengers on board our inconvenient and dull-sailing bomb—Germans, English, Americans and Dutch. With a fair wind and moderate weather we averaged only 3 knots, nor could our phlegmatic skipper be prevailed upon to carry more sail. On the second afternoon we reached Margate, passed the lights at the Nore at 8 o'clock, and at 12 came to anchor off Gravesend. In the morning, after going through the usual scrutiny, we took a Gravesend boat for the purpose of viewing the river and its countless shipping, and landed close to London bridge at 6 o'clock, thus completing a tour which has yielded me great satisfaction. Late as I was in this ramble, it abundantly compensated for the fatigue. Manners do not change with seasons. It was the Dutchman on his native soil, and surrounded by his dykes I wished to contemplate. And although I should have preferred seeing him in his summer dress, I still found enough to smile, as well as much to approve, even in the winter garb of the country, and its cold inhabitants.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Lausanne, 28th October, 1800.

My Dear Sir,

When we quitted Neufchatel yesterday morning, the eldest of the two — (one of the most amiable youths I ever saw) insisted on accompanying us as far as St. Aubin, about four leagues along the lake; when he bid us adieu, I assure you I felt considerable regret at parting with him, as his engaging manners, and noble sentiments had endeared him to us even during our short-acquaintance.

As we approached Yverdun, we passed through the village of Granson, where there is an old

chateau, celebrated for the resistance it made to Charles the Bold, who was defeated near it, and compelled to swim his horse across the lake. The whole road to this village lay along the foot of the mountains of Jura, but here we turned short round the end of the lake, and a few miles brought us to the pleasant little town of Yverdun, and a comfortable lodging in the excellent inn of the Maison Rouge.

We set off again early this morning for Lausanne, where we arrived about twelve. The first part of our ride offered nothing interesting, but as we approached the lake of Geneva we found the country well cultivated, and interspersed with hedges like the finest parts of England. We passed the castle of St. Bartholomew, which has lately been sold by the descendant of its ancient owners. Near the road is an obelisk which his father had erected, and inscribed on it the following sentence in four languages:

Praise ye the name of the Lord.

It having rained all this afternoon, we were prevented from seeing much of the town. It appears however to be very irregularly built. You will remember it was a favorite residence of foreigners, particularly the English. We saw *en passant* the house of Mr. Gibbon, who was partly educated, and spent the latter part of his life here. It is pleasantly situated, and commands a fine view of the lake, the mountains of Savoy, which rise from the water on the opposite shore, and the rich vineyards of the Pays de Vaud, of which Lausanne is, or rather was the capitol.

29th October.

We had several letters for this place, but we only delivered one, lest it should interfere with our arrangements in point of time—That was to professor Seenetan of the academy, who was very polite, and carried us everywhere. The terrace of the cathedral, the promenade of Mount Benon (which is a delightful one), and the high hill back of the town, on which stands the signal, afforded us some magnificent prospects—From the last place, we had a fine view of the rich scenery that borders the lake, gilded by the rays of a setting sun, and on examining each feature of this landscape we loitered about the signal till we lost, by the approach of night, the power of distinguishing objects.

The Pays de Vaud was formerly perhaps the happiest country in the world; there was scarcely a tree under which the peasants were not seen dancing to the sound of a rustic pipe. This was more particularly the case in the time of the vintage, when the vineyards were one continued scene of content and festivity. The town of Lausanne partook also of this gaiety, which rendered its society so desirable for a stranger. Its literary character was also great, and its trade in books is even now considerable—Some of the best editions of many French and English works have been printed here, particularly of the former, when the opinions contained in them rendered it imprudent to risk their publication in France. What a deplorable change now!—Strangers have little inducement to make a long stay, as they find the inhabitants sad and gloomy; rarely speaking on any subject but their own misfortunes, and eternally comparing their present with their former condition; those who formerly were the foremost in shewing attention, are now so much engaged in the preservation of their property that they find little time to devote to the entertainment of others; in short, we have found Lausanne, in the little time we have been here, what all the inhabitants say it is, an exceeding dull place.

The Pays de Vaud, of which you have often heard, is one of the best cultivated districts in

Europe; I ought rather to say it was so, for every one tells me it is not like the same thing since the revolution. It then belonged to Berne, but since the change in Helvetic affairs, it has become independent, and is now the canton of the Lemman (or lake of Geneva). As I observed before, it is cultivated very much in the manner of the rich counties in England--At every mile you meet with a neat little village, and almost every field can boast its cottage. The wine produced from the district to the westward of Lausanne, is celebrated as one of the best in Switzerland, and is known by the name of La Côte. The district on the other side, as far as Vevey, produces the excellent wine of La Vaux.

In a gentleman's garden, we saw a Roman columna milliaria or mile-stone, and an altar, both of which have been dug up in the neighbourhood.

The town of Lausanne is built on several hills, about a mile from the shore of the lake; where are to be seen, I am informed, the ruins of the ancient Lausanne.

Bex, 31st October.

That we might see part of the country of the Vallais, and the salines of Bex, Mr. G. and I have undertaken a little excursion to this place; for which purpose, we left our carriage, baggage and servant at the Lion d'or in Lausanne, and set out in the carriage of a voiturier yesterday morning at day break.

Our road lay entirely along the shore of the lake to Vevey--the district of La Vaux we found very mountainous, and so rocky that scarcely any soil will lie on it; yet, such is the industry of a poor people that not a spot is left uncultivated, and the whole, to the summit of the hills, laid out in vineyards, which produce one of the pleasantest wines in Switzerland. You would be astonished to see the pains taken to secure the vines, by building walls every ten or fifteen feet the whole way up, to keep the soil from washing away, which however is not always successful, and I am assured that it is necessary to carry up fresh soil every year to cover the rocks on which the vine roots lay bare. Frequently did we see a small flat rock of scarcely twenty square feet area, walled in carefully, and covered with vines. Though these millions of walls rising one above another, present no picturesque beauty, yet they convey to the heart more delightful sensations than the finest landscape, by shewing the character of a people, industrious, hardy, and persevering, well rewarded by one of the richest productions of nature from her most sterile district.

We passed many little villages built on the borders of the lake, which, notwithstanding the evils of the revolution, presented the pleasing picture of happiness and industry. In one, we entered the church to see a Roman mile-stone, found there, which shewed that the place was thirty-seven thousand paces (or Roman miles) from Avanches, formerly the capital of the Roman province of which this formed a part.

While our voiturier gave bread to his horses, we had time enough to walk about the pretty, interesting little town of Vevey. Not far from thence we came to the village of Clarens, rendered of consequence by its having been made by Rousseau one of the principal theatres of the transactions in his *Nouvelle Heloise*. A little above the village is the noble chateau in which Julia is supposed to have lived, and opposite, on the other side of the lake, at the foot of the mountains of Saxony, are the rocks of Meillerie, from whence Rousseau makes St. Preux write in a state of mind bordering on despair, and hesitating whether he should not precipitate himself from them as from another Leucate. The scenery about Clarens is so accurately described

that it is impossible to see it without feeling an interest in his story almost as great as if it was a real history, and not the romantic production of one of the warmest imaginations that ever existed. I could almost fancy the two lovers' rambles along the shore of the lake, and point out the path that conducted Julia from the chateau to the village.

A little further on we came to the castle of Chillon, built on a rock in the lake, near enough the shore to permit a drawbridge to connect them. This is also a place which, independent of its private history, has been rendered interesting by the magical pen of the Citizen of Geneva, who makes it the place of one of his principal scenes. As the road passed close by the drawbridge, we stopped our carriage, and asked permission of the soldiers who were lounging at the gate to see the castle, but they, being Germans, and not understanding French, we marched in without hindrance, and having crossed a court came to the apartments of the keeper, who was at dinner with some officers. At our request he accompanied us round this ancient building, which was one of most important fortresses belonging to the duke of Savoy, before the Bernois conquered the Pays de Vaud, and added the country on this side of the lake to the canton. It contains two courts, and has a number of apartments and galleries, with round towers at the corners, and a square watch tower in the centre. But the greatest curiosity is the extensive range of subterraneous vaults, partly excavated in the solid rock, which are used for prisons. In one of these vaults, below the surface of the lake (which washes the walls of the castle) the Bernois found Bonneville, the prison of St. Victor, when they took it from the duke of Savoy in 1536.

We soon after passed through Villeneuve, at the head of the lake, and entered a fine, well cultivated plain, shut in by high mountains. At Aigle we stopped to refresh our horses, and then pursued our journey to this place, which is situated in what is called the 'Government of Aigle.' The Rhone, which runs through this extensive valley, separates this government from the country called La Vallais. Since the French have conquered it from the duke of Savoy (or king of Sardinia) it forms part of the department of the Leucan.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANY.

SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

[By GOLDSMITH.]

IT is no unpleasing contemplation to consider the influence which soil and climate have upon the disposition of the inhabitants, the animals and vegetables of different countries. That among the brute creation is much more visible than in man, and that in vegetables more than either. In some places, those plants which are entirely poisonous at home, lose their deleterious quality by being carried abroad; there are serpents in Macedonia so harmless as to be used as playthings for children, and we are told, that in some parts of Fez, there are lions so very timorous as to be scared away, though coming in herds, by the cries of women.

I know of no country where the influence of climate and soil is more visible than in England; the same hidden cause which gives courage to their dogs and cocks, gives also fierceness to their men. But chiefly this ferocity appears among the vulgar. The polite of every country pretty nearly resemble each other. But as in simplifying, it is among the uncultivated productions of nature, we are to examine the characteristic differences of climate and soil, so, in an

estimate of the genius of the people we must look among the sons of unpolished rusticity. The vulgar English, therefore, may be easily distinguished from all the rest of the world, by superior pride, impatience, and a peculiar hardness of soul.

Perhaps no qualities in the world are more susceptible of a fine polish than these; artificial complaisance and easy deference being superinduced over these, generally forms a great character; something at once elegant and majestic, affable, yet sincere. Such in general are the better sort; but they who are left in primitive rudeness, are the least disposed for society with others, or comfort internally, of any people under the sun.

The poor indeed of every country are but little prone to treat each other with tenderness; their own miseries are too apt to engross all their pity; and perhaps too they give but little commiseration, as they find but little from others. But, in England, the poor treat each other upon every occasion with more than savage animosity, and as if they were in a state of open war by nature. In China, if two porters should meet in a narrow street, they would lay down their burdens, make a thousand excuses to each other for the accidental interruption, and beg pardon on their knees; if two men of the same occupation should meet here, they would first begin to scold, and at last to beat each other. One would think they had miseries enough resulting from penury and labour, not to encrease them by ill nature among themselves, and subjection to new penalties, but such considerations never weigh with them.

But to recompence this strange absurdity, they are in the main, generous, brave and enterprising. They feel the slightest injuries with a degree of ungoverned impatience, but resist the greatest calamities with surprising fortitude. Those miseries under which any other people in the world would sink, they have often shewed they were capable of enduring; if accidentally cast upon some desolate coast, their perseverance is beyond what any other nation is capable of sustaining; if imprisoned for crimes, their efforts to escape are greater than among others. The peculiar strength of their prisons, when compared to those elsewhere, argues their hardness; even the strongest prisons I have ever seen in other countries would be very insufficient to confine the untameable spirit of an Englishman. In short, what man dares do in circumstances of danger, an Englishman will. His virtues seem to sleep in the calm, and are called out only to combat the kindred storm.

But the greatest eulogy of this people is the generosity of their miscreants: The tenderness in general of their robbers and highwaymen. Perhaps no people can produce instances of the same kind, where the desperate mix pity with injustice; still showing that they understand a distinction in crimes, and even in acts of violence have still some tincture of remaining virtue. In every other country robbery and murder go almost always together; here it seldom happens, except upon ill judged resistance or pursuit. The banditti of other countries are unmerciful to a supreme degree; the highwayman and robber here are generous at least to the public, and pretend even to virtues in their intercourse among each other. Taking, therefore, my opinion of the English from the virtues and vices practised amongst the vulgar, they at once present to a stranger all their faults, and keep their virtues up only for the inquiring eye of a philosopher.

Foreigners are generally shocked at their insolence upon first coming among them: they find themselves ridiculed and insulted in every street; they meet with none of those trifling civilities so frequent elsewhere, which are in-

stances of mutual good will, without previous acquaintance; they travel through the country, either too ignorant or too obstinate to cultivate a closer acquaintance, meet every moment something to excite their disgust, and return home to characterise this as the region of spleen, insolence and ill nature. In short, England would be the last place in the world I would travel to by way of amusement, but the first for instruction. I would chuse to have others for my acquaintance, but Englishmen for my friends.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, February 2.

Potter v. Barnet.

The plaintiff in this case is a dashing belle, in the suite of the Paphian Goddess. Being pressed for cash, she applied to the defendant, an auctioneer, for the loan of 250l. which he advanced to supply her necessities; but as he was too much a man of business, and too little a man of pleasure, to confide in the honour and punctuality of our British Aspasia, he had a bond of the lady, with a warrant of attorney, to confess judgment, and also a bill of sale of the sofas, pier glasses, girandoles, &c. with which her splendid mansion was decorated. The auctioneer, it seems, had an eye to the profits of his trade, and lent this money in the hope that all these effects would pass under his own hammer. The lady, however, had no such design; she had answered her immediate purposes, and for her less pressing exigencies, she trusted to the politeness and liberality of Col. —, who was at Newmarket. To this gentleman she imparted her painful situation, which the confidence of friendship could alone permit her to disclose. The colonel flew to her relief on the wings of love, heard the painful story, wiped away the tear of affliction, and sent for the defendant, Thomas Barnet, to discharge the debt. A curious interview took place between the officer and the tradesman; the latter insisted on disposing of the property, or on receiving 50l. beyond the extent of the loan. The colonel was doubtful whether he should throw this son of Mercury behind the fire or out of the window. But love, which is drawn reposing on the paw of a lion, soothed his indignation, and he paid 300l. which was the sum demanded.

This action was brought to recover the difference between the amount of the loan, with the expences upon it, and the sum extorted by the defendant.

Messrs. Erskine and Espinasse adduced evidence to prove the material facts, and contended, that the bill of sale was merely a security, and was not to be considered as indicating any *bona fide* transaction, of which the defendant could avail himself, as a ground of retaining the sum he had received above the original demand.

Mr. Garrow, for the defendant, argued, that a sale of the effects appeared on the face of the instrument, and that the defendant had a right to make whatever bargain he pleased for the resignation of the effects comprised in such sale. The surplus received, was, therefore, to be deemed the consideration for the surrender of his contract; and he presumed, that a little less Champagne, and a little more chicken hazard, would soon redress the inconvenience the lady had sustained.

Lord Ellenborough stated to the jury, that their verdict would depend upon their construction of the bill of sale, whether any actual sale of the effects were intended and made, or whether it were merely a security to which common prudence, under the circumstances of which a loan would induce a tradesman to resort.—Verdict for the plaintiff, 33l. 6d.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

COWPER'S LIFE.

A very handsome edition of this celebrated work, written by the poet Mr. Hayley, has just appeared, from the press of Messrs. Swords, of New-York, together with a narrative of the leading events of Cowper's life. It comprises a large collection of original letters and poetical composition, from the pen of this inimitable writer. To the admirers of the *Task*, this work will prove a literary feast. It presents the amiable though unfortunate bard, in a new, but truly interesting light. To behold a mind of such uncommon powers beclouded, and sinking under the pressure of religious melancholy—often cheered by the consolations of affectionate friendship, but as often the prey of hopeless despondency—a heart filled with the 'milk of human kindness,' rent with the acutest pains, and anxiously wishing for the moment when it should cease to beat—is a sight calculated to awaken all the tenderest sympathies of the feeling heart.

Mr. Maxwell has in a state of great forwardness a very elegant edition, to be published for Wm. Poyntell & Co. of the *Life of Darwin*, by Miss Seward. This volume contains many curious anecdotes of Literature, and a very copious Criticism upon the "*Botanic Garden*."

Moore's *Anacreon* is likewise in the press of Mr. Maxwell and will soon appear in a very superb style. On the merits of this exquisitely elegant translation it is superfluous to enlarge, as the work is familiar to every polite scholar.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Gifford's translation of Juvenal is thus characterised in the critical department of '*The Political Register*,' a publication of great merit and authority:

It has long been a matter of regret, that the English language possessed no translation of Juvenal, which could satisfy the reader of taste. The translation which goes under the name of Dryden is unequal as all the others. Dr. Johnson, in imitating two of the satires, has given cause for regret that he went no further. Mr. Gifford has at length given to the world his translation of Juvenal, and has left little to be wished for. He has executed his task with fidelity and spirit, and generally with elegance. The notes and illustrations are judicious. A narrative of his early life is prefixed by Mr. G. and it is of a most interesting nature.

In his *History of the reign of George III.* Dr. Bisset, with great sagacity, has fairly developed the factious views of the Jacobin Junius, and considers him merely as an eloquent partizan of the Whig Junto.

Of a new poem, entitled *Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie*, the British critics say, 'It implies no little modesty and self-denial in a poet of so respectable a kind as the author of this work to have sent it into the world anonymously. The style of the lighter pieces is flowing and elegant; and those in which historical and traditionary circumstances have been mingled, are replete with fire and fancy. What Pope said when Johnson published his '*London*,' the production he was told of some obscure man, we may venture to predict of the writer of these poems, he will soon be deterre.

Kotzebue has just produced another novel entitled '*Hell upon Earth*.' We congratulate this German Jacobin upon his new proficiency in

Self-Knowledge. The title of his book is a very appropriate one; and it would be *Hell upon Earth* for any reader of principle or taste to peruse a single page of this Teutonic stupidity.

In '*the British Critic*' we find the following respectful mention of a medical performance by Dr. J. R. Coxe, of this city:

Practical Observations on Vaccination or Inoculation for the Cow Pox, by John Redman Coxe, M. D. embellished with a coloured engraving, 8vo. pp. 6s. Philadelphia 1802.

The author begins with giving the history of the discovery of the method of propagating the cow pox, as delivered by Dr. Jenner, to which he has added observations from a variety of other publications in England, and indeed in most parts of Europe, which he thought necessary, in order to give his countrymen (many of whom might not have an opportunity of procuring the works) complete information on the subject. We are then presented with the result of his own practice in vaccination, which appears to have been considerable, and his success equal to that of the most fortunate practitioners here, or on any part of the globe. It is remarkable that the disease is not known to effect the cows in any part of America. The same exemption from the disease is enjoyed by the cows in most parts of Europe, and even in many of the counties in this island. Though we consider the work before us as *very valuable*, and highly *deserving of notice*, yet, as we have examined so many publications on the subject, we do not think it is necessary to extend this article further.

Dr. Aikin has produced an ingenious little *Sylva*, entitled '*The Woodland Companion*,' which gives a concise description of the appearance and properties of the trees and shrubs that most frequently occur in the woods and pleasure grounds of Great Britain. The trees described are thirty-three in number; its style is, as it ought to be, popular and of easy comprehension, and the whole is enriched with such entertaining remarks and poetical extracts, as the compiler's extensive reading has readily suggested to him.

Upon the truly important topic of *Education*, we are deeply indebted to Dr. Barrow, a late practitioner and veteran in the profession. This treatise pretends to no novelty of system and little novelty of remark; of the former we have had a great deal too much already, and of the latter a portion sufficient, if we would enforce the observations offered, but it gives us all that a treatise can bestow—a sound and discriminate judgment in which we may always confide—maxims drawn from the life, and true as the magnet to the pole—a chaste perspicuous style that conveys the real meaning of the author—and a manly, impressive ratiocination that alone delights and convinces us.

Pope has made the utmost advantage of alliteration, regulating it by the pause with the utmost success:

Die, and endow a college or a cat.

An advertisement in an Eastern paper, announces a *Duke* for sale. We were curious to learn how the Americans procured such an article and what was the price: But it seems that Mr. Samuel Chamberlain, the advertiser, who lives at the sign of the *Blue Bottle*, is only a *Vintner*, and not a *Vender* of nobility. For he gravely tells us his *Duke* is so prepared that half a pint or less makes a quart of good flavoured punch, without any other mixture. We conclude, therefore, it must be a *Rum Duke*.

Learning is like Scanderberg's sword, either good or bad, according to him that hath it: an excellent weapon, if well used; otherwise, like a sharp razor in the hand of a child.

In Great Britain, a man of letters is not considered ineligible to an office of honour or profit, and a remunerating and wise government are willing to reward scholars as well as statesmen. The following paragraph, from a London paper, records the promotion of an agreeable writer. How it would amaze our *simple* republicans, if a man of talents should, by a kind of miracle, be thought worthy of public favour.

James Cobb, Esq. author of several popular dramatic pieces, was yesterday appointed assistant secretary by the Court of Directors of the East-India Company.

Daniel Isaac Eaton, formerly a bookseller in Newgate street, convicted, about three years since, of publishing a seditious libel, and who was *outlawed* in consequence of not appearing to receive judgment, was apprehended on the fourth of November last, by Rivett, one of the Bow street officers, and lodged in the custody of the Sheriff of London.

[*Europ. Mag.*]

If we engage in large acquaintance, and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time: we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that; whatsoever it may be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than my lord chief justice.

PROGRESS OF LITERATURE.

The "Philadelphia Company of Booksellers," thinking that the growing interests of literature in this country have for some time required a vehicle to communicate literary information, as well of books already published, as of those contemplated to be put to the press, have commenced a paper, intitled "The Library, or Philadelphia Literary Reporter," wherein it is their intention to give notice of the volumes they publish, and of those, for which they solicit subscriptions. This paper will be delivered gratis to the patrons of literature, applying therefor, and paying the postage. Perhaps it is to be wished, that other Companies of Booksellers in the United States would follow this example; literary men would then be informed where they might obtain those volumes which they want. It may be proper to add, that it would be an useful extension of this plan to publish a catalogue of the new foreign publications of merit, which are imported into the country.

[*Charleston Courier.*]

HUMOUROUS CROSS READING.

A list of the fellows of the Medical society... publicly whipped for sheep stealing.

Ran away from the subscriber in June last....a two story house with an orchard adjoining.

Strayed or stolen, a two year old steer....had on a felt hat and blue overalls.

Several farmers are now sowing... nail rods, glass, rum, sugar, and brandy....owing to the high price of provisions.

A good new milch cow....wants to hire genteel boarding and lodging.

The house took up the secret communications.....relative to some women of pleasure.....the galleries were immediately cleared.

The Hon. Court of Probate for the district of...was brought to bed of twins, both likely to do well.

EPIGRAM.

From the *Dartmouth Gazette.*

Vermont, less wise than sister France,
And more than fifty times as odd,
In spite of Federalists and chance,
Has voted that she'll have a God;
And gravely fix'd her choice upon
'The mild, the modest Jefferson'!!

Mr. Elliot, representative in congress from Vermont, has given many proofs of his honesty and independence. Though professedly of the democratic sect, he has risen above the paltry spirit of party, and has, with meritorious zeal, defended the rights and interests of the small state to which he belongs. He opposed, by his eloquence and his vote, the destruction (under the name of an *amendment*) of the constitution.

[*Bulance.*]

Mr. D'Israeli remarks, that a person of true genius is soon placed beneath the level of equality among the frivolous, because talents give no real superiority among such associates; they are applauded rapidly from an old custom, but having been applauded without feeling, are as rapidly forgotten. The permanent interests of such a society consist in every thing that is the reverse of genius; so that a certain mark of mediocrity of talent is the pleasure which such a society affords.

In a letter written a short time before his death to Mr. Elliott, now a member of the House of Commons of England, BURKE, in a strain of indignant invective, extorted from him by the pusillanimous conduct of the crowned heads of Europe, in relation to France and the revolution, utters the following truths, which we think so beautiful that our readers, who now see the effects of the conduct of those princes, will join us in admiring them.

"Does any one think, that any servile apologies of mine, or any strutting and bullying insolence of their own, can save them from the ruin that must fall on all institutions of dignity or of authority that are perverted from their purpose to the oppression of human nature in others, and to its disgrace in themselves. As the wisdom of men makes such institutions, the folly of men destroys them. Whatever we may pretend, there is always more in the soundness of the materials, than in the fashion of the work. The order of a good building is something. But if it be wholly declined from its perpendicular; if the cement is loose and incoherent; if the stones are scaling with every change of the weather, and the whole toppling on our heads, what matter is it whether we are crushed by a Corinthian or a Doric ruin? The fine form of a vessel is a matter of use and of delight. It is pleasant to see her decorated with cost and art. But what signifies even the mathematical truth of her form? What signifies all the art and cost with which she can be carved, and painted, and gilded, and covered with decorations from stem to stern; what signify all her rigging and sails, her flags, her pendants and her streamers; what signify even her cannon, her stores and her provisions, if all her planks and timbers be unsound and rotten?"

Quamvis Pontica pinus
Silvæ filia nobilis
Jactas et genus et nomen inutile.

A poet hurts himself by writing prose, as a race horse hurts his motions by condescending to draw in a team.

Necessity may be the mother of *lucrative* invention, but it is the death of poetical.

One sometimes meets with instances of genteel *abruption* in writers, but I wonder it is not used more frequently, as it has a prodigious effect upon the reader. For instance, after Falstaff's disappointment of serving Shallow at court;
'Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds.'

When Pandulph commanded Philip of France to proceed no farther against England, but to sheath the sword he had drawn at the Pope's own instigation:

'Now it had already cost Philip eighty thousand pounds in preparations.'

After the detail of King John's abject submission to the Pope's legate:

'Now John was hated and despised before.'

But, perhaps, the strongest of all may be taken from the scripture:

'Now Barabbas was a robber.'

[*Shenst. Essays.*]

Of Tom Paine, the *republican*, and renegado, the indignant Editor of the British Critic thus justly remarks—The name as well as the doctrines of this profligate impostor, are passing from general contempt into perpetual oblivion.

The English artist, who judged of Bonaparte by a *look in the mouth*, proves to be a horse jockey.
[*London paper.*]

Last night, at six o'clock, a large cargo of convicts were sent off from Newgate, in order to be conveyed on board the hulks at Woolwich. They amounted to about fifty, and filled two large tilted waggons. The confinement these wretched men have already suffered, and the punishment they have yet to endure, seemed to have made no impression on them whatever. One fellow, on ascending the ladder leading to the waggon, turned round, and, with the greatest coolness, said "Lord send I may see you again, Master Kirby, when I return!" [*Id.*]

BAD AND WORSE.

My wife's so very bad, cried Will,
I fear she ne'er will hold it;
She keeps her bed.—Mine's worse, said Phil,
The jade has just now sold it.

OVID'S TOMB.

In digging the foundations of a fortress on the borders of the Liman, at the mouth of the Danube, some Russian peasants lately discovered a tomb, which the antiquarians of that country believe to be *Ovid's*. The reasons they give for this opinion, are, 1st. the city of *Timé*, the exile of that unfortunate poet, was situated in this spot: 2d, that it had been known for a long time under the name of *Laculi Ovideti* (lakes of Ovid): 3d, that they succeeded in finding a bust in the above-mentioned tomb, which, compared at Petersburg with the head of the beautiful Julia, daughter of Augustus, was found to possess a very great resemblance. Now, since Ovid passed for one of the lovers of Julia, it is very probable that some indiscretion of his drew upon him the anger of the emperor, a much more likely cause for the indignation of this prince against him, than the publication of his own poem on the *Art of Love*. Be this as it may, the Russians have bestowed on their new fortress the name of *Ovidopol*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESS TO *****

On the Anniversary of my Birth-day, 1804.

Lo! the fair dawn emits its wonted beam,
 And o'er yon arch-cerulean lustre's gleam,
 Alternate seasons pass in swift career,
 And time, with silent speed, rolls on the year;
 But not to me returns the blissful ray,
 Whose soft effulgence wak'd my natal day;
 But not to me returns the peerless light,
 Whose hallow'd orbit shone serenely bright.
 Ah! who shall cheer affliction's clouded morn,
 And from my stricken bosom draw the thorn?
 Who shall restrain the gushing tides of woe,
 When tempests beat, and raging billows flow?
 What hand, unseen, shall mitigate my grief,
 Bind up my wounds, and minister relief?
 Celestial mercy pours the lenient balm,
 Controuls the winds, and bids the sea be calm;
 On this bright dawn maternal fondness smil'd,
 My pleasures chasten'd, and my cares beguil'd,
 Sweet counsel from my mother's lips I drew,
 And felt her precepts soft as morning dew;
 Her faith, her hope, her charity, her love,
 No heights could alter, and no depths remove.
 From spring's gay bloom she cull'd the fairest
 flowers,
 And ting'd with rain-bow hues the fleeting hours,
 Her's was the radiance that exhal'd my tears,
 The tender solace of my infant years;—
 Yet all are fled!—at thy supreme decree,
 My sainted mother breath'd her soul to thee;
 Her time, her talents, and her life were given
 To him who wing'd an angel form to heaven.
 Ye, who have trac'd the shaded path she trod,
 And mark'd her meek submission to her God;
 Ye, who have seen her ardent spirit soar,
 Where seraph's worship, and where saints adore,
 With you I lowly bend at sorrow's shrine,
 And ask your filial tears to mix with mine.
 Guide of my youth! to thee my pray'rs ascend,
 And in thy glorious presence, lo! I bend;
 When my lov'd parent gains access to thee,
 A portion of her spirit grant to me!
 With thee my solemn covenants are made,
 And all my troubled soul on thee is stay'd,
 Thou said'st 'affliction springs not from the dust,'
 Thy 'word is truth,' and on that word I trust;
 My SISTER's life was in thy holy hand,
 And all its issues were at thy command;
 Thy powerful arm sustain'd her drooping head,
 And round her pillow was thy glory shed;
 At thy decree 'the sun and moon stood still,'
 Thine arrows mov'd obedient to thy will;
 When thou ordain'st thy 'glittering spear to shine,'
 Ah, teach my heart its treasures to resign!
 Teach me to gain the path thy saints have trod,
 And centre all my soul in thee, my God! E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE CRICKET.

Thro' the curtains while the moon
 Faintly pours her feeble ray,
 And the cuckoo-clock chimes its midnight tune,
 And the distant watch-dogs bay,
 Then I hear the cricket cry,
 Chirping shrill and merrily,
 Cric, cricket, cric, cric.
 Thus, who would not waking lie
 To listen to the cricket's cry?

He whom pain forbids to sleep,
 Fever's fire, or tooth-ache's twang,
 Ague chills that shivering creep,
 Gout, or fierce rheumatic pang:
 Often while he wakes shall hear,
 From some hole or crevice near,
 Cric, cricket, cric, cric.
 And, perhaps, will soothe his pain
 To listen to the simple strain.

Me, when softer cares molest,
 Musing on my former loves,
 Or friendships of the youthful breast,
 Or thro' hope's bowers while fancy roves:

I love to hear the merry sound,
 Echoing from each corner round,
 Cric, cricket, cric, cric.
 Always, when I waking lie,
 May I hear the cricket's cry.

ITHACUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

When in thy brightest beauty clad,
 With smiles such as thou once did'st wear,
 Dim sleep has brought thee to my eyes,
 And love, exulting hails his prize;
 Too soon, alas! the vision flies;
 How soon 'tis fled away!

But when I view thee pale and sad,
 And on thy eye-lid hangs the tear,
 That mourns thy injur'd beauty's slight,
 That dream departs not with the night,
 It mingles with the morning light,
 And darkens all the day.

ITHACUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The charming apostrophe of Horace to his cup-bearer, has been rendered in the jocose and serious style by many an ingenious translator. Of the last class of versions the following, by Mr. Boscawen, is a favourable specimen.]

HOR. BOOK I. ODE 38.

PERSICOS ODI.

Away, my boy, with eastern state!
 The soft luxurious crown I hate,
 With tender fibres wove;
 Seek not the spot where blushing grows,
 With lingering sweets, the autumnal rose,
 Nor rob the fragrant grove!

No: let the myrtle's simple wreath,
 Whose leaves unmingled fragrance breathe,
 In artless beauty twine!
 Thy care the myrtle best may shew,
 Me best adorn, whose goblets flow
 Beneath the embow'ring vine.

This little ode was probably spoken extempore by the poet to one of his servants, and perhaps published to prove his readiness at versification on the most trifling occasions. It also affords a proof of his moderate and unaffected style of living, and his aversion to inordinate luxury.

The Canzonet, *La Partenza*, was written, says a current story, on the following occasion: A young nobleman, of very high rank, was so deeply enamoured of a beautiful young opera dancer, as to make his friends fear he would elope with her. It was Metastasio's office to prevent this evil, and, at their request, he wrote the following Canzonet.

THE SEPARATION.

Ecco quel fiero isante, &c.

Nisa, the dreadful time
 Is come to bid adieu!
 Nor to a distant clime
 Must I thy steps pursue.
 No hope will fate allow
 To soothe the harsh decree,
 Yet who can tell if thou
 Wilt ever think of me!

Let me, in volant thought,
 Ideal bliss renew;
 By reminiscence taught,
 I'll still thy steps pursue.
 Full in my sight, as now,
 Thy image e'er will be;
 Yet who can tell if thou
 Wilt ever think of me!

In solitary ways,
 While sorrowing I go,
 To rocks I'll sing thy praise,
 To echo tell my woe.
 The woods shall hear my vow,
 And zephyr bring it thee;
 Yet who can tell if thou
 Wilt ever think of me!

To scenes my restless mind
 Will ever have the clue,
 When time and fate were kind,
 And Nisa was in view.
 And these regretting, how
 From pain can I be free;—
 Yet who can tell if thou
 Wilt ever think of me!

Sometimes the fountain viewing,
 Where Nisa once look'd grave,
 Then, kindness sweet renewing,
 Her beauteous hand she gave.
 Here hope sat on thy brow,
 There fear no hope could see:
 Yet who can tell if thou
 Wilt ever think of me!

What votaries soon will crowd
 Thy shrine both day and night,
 Declare their suit aloud
 When I am out of sight!
 O heav'n! while there all bow,
 And bend the supple knee,
 Who, Nisa, knows if thou
 Wilt e'er remember me!

Think of the fatal dart,
 I evermore shall guard
 Deep rankling in my heart,
 Remote from all reward!
 Think, from my misery now,
 How wretched I shall be—
 But dare I hope that thou
 Wilt ever think of me!

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Author of the "Pleasures of Hope."

Our bugles had sung, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die!

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And twice, ere the cock crew, dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle field's dreadful array,
 Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track,
 Till nature and sunshine disclos'd the sweet way
 To the house of my father, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields travell'd so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young,
 I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
 And well knew the strain that the corn-reapers
 sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly we swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to
 part;
 My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobb'd aloud in the fulness of heart.

Stay! stay with us! rest! thou art weary and worn,
 And fain was the war-broken soldier to stay;
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

EPIGRAM.

Cries Nell to Tom, 'mid matrimonial strife,
 'Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife.'
 'By all the powers, said Tom, but that's too bad,
 You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had.'

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 19.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 12 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 89.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

As you have not scrupled to inform the ladies, your fair readers, of Florian's opinions, and as you profess yourself their friend and humble servant, you will be so obligingly impartial as to publish the enclosed.

TO FLORIAN.

SIR,

Your 'erudite' essays have long attracted the attention of Mr. Saunter's female readers—a number of whom, under the appellation of the *Belles Lettres Club*, have appointed me to tender you the homage of their highest consideration.

The infinite pains you are at to recommend yourself to the notice of the ladies, is evident in your *laboured* style—but we are not so temerarious as to determine always whether you mean to praise or to blame. This however may be less your fault than ours—readers who alone are enabled to estimate point lace, or judge of the trimmings of a cap, cannot be presumed to understand an author entrench'd in 'muniments' of learning so profound as yours.

But as we have a 'fervourous zeal' to profit by the efforts of your sublime genius—and as you appear to us rather to have been a pupil of Johnson, than of Addison or of Junius, our secretary has directions to place his *Folio Dictionary* on the table, when the Port Folio is to be our evening's entertainment. These remarks are, however, sir, not to be understood as altogether applicable to your last effusion, some sentences of which are suited to the meanest capacity. And although we must first wade painfully through a long circumlocutory preface, we develope at last that your design is to complain of the scantiness of our 'stock of ideas' and to propose to us the example of *Mad. de Sevigne*, 'who could philosophise in the morning,' 'and in the evening infuse life and animation into brilliant society'—Alas, Florian, our lovers and husbands are no Voltaires!—they have no particular value for a woman who reads 'Geometrical systems.' The former attach themselves to the fair and the fashionable—while the latter find their life and animation best promoted at the coffee-house or the club!

But there is another circumstance to be known, and which it is wonderful should have escaped an observation so accurate as yours—yet it is nevertheless true, that the state of society here does not admit of our forming an acquaintance with your familiar friends, *Tacitus* and *Ariosto*.

An American lady who aspires to be 'distinguished for indefatigable assiduity towards her husband and her children,' (and there are but few who have not such ambition) must philosophise with her servants in the morning' and in the evening—even in that short hour, while her right hand is engaged in refuting your visionary assertions, it is ten to one that her left is extended to quiet the prattle of three or four noisy inquisitive children. Our servants, sir, are the worst in the world—our husbands are more tenacious of neatness and good management in their families, than those of perhaps any other nation, and if you will add to this detail of causes, that they are men of business, confined to the office or the counting-house, while the whole charge of the house, table, servants and children, all, all devolve upon the careful wife—you, who are an able logician, and deeply skilled in 'infinitesimal calculations,' will not fail to conclude that it is not to us that 'science and the arts have enlarged their empire and indefinitely multiplied their ramifications,' and that 'the range of our ratiocinative faculties must be 'incalculably' limited. It is the misfortune of our moralists to be ever applying to us the trite remarks of European censors, without the discernment to know that they are not at all appropriate—Excuse me, sir, you have fallen into this very common error.

Yet although we confess we have not leisure to acquire a knowledge of Latin or Greek, that we have not taste sufficient to relish the harmony of Florian's numerous periods—or indeed the ability always to understand them—to the cosmopolite in spirit, it will be a consolatory reflection that we do make pretensions to 'accomplishments of a more solid or exalted nature,' nor are we absolutely destitute of literary excellence. We study eloquence in our native language. Every member of our club can at least read and write plain English, and perhaps our debates might afford some specimens of talents not very far inferior to those of certain modern legislators. We can order a dinner, or preside at a tea-party, as classically as ever it was done by a Carter or a Dacier. But, above all we delight to laugh at the affectation and folly of those pedants who presume to sneer at us in a jargon which neither they nor their readers can possibly understand.

CONSTANTIA.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF
THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued.]

When he deigns at length to come to the juridical details, he pulverises in a few lines, the sophisms accumulated by Eschynes, on the pretended violations of the laws in the form of the coronation, ordained by the decree of Ctesiphon.

It was only a pretext of chicanery, to have the right of instituting an accusation, which could never be done, but by relying upon the terms of some law, well or ill-interpreted. It was for the judges to decide upon the application. There were among the Athenians, as every where else, ordinances, which, if only some particular points were considered, would appear to be contradicted by other ordinances. Eschynes had seized, like an expert chicaner, all that could appear to be favourable to him. We have seen before how Demosthenes extricated himself from that circumstance, so dryly contentious, of his accountability, and how he understood to elevate and animate, his oratorical argument.

Refutation is always the more easy, as the objections are more frivolous; but although one has evidence of his side, he does not always give it that pressing turn, and that irresistible force, which is the eloquence of discussion. It cost Demosthenes no more to refute the second head of accusation.

"As to what regards the proclamation, upon the theatre, I will not remind you of the number of citizens whom we have seen crowned there: I will not recall to your memories, that I have been more than once proclaimed there: but are you so destitute of sense, Eschynes, as not to comprehend, that, every where, when a citizen is crowned, the glory is the same, and it is for those who crown, that the proclamation is made upon the theatre? It is for all who hear it, an exhortation to deserve well of their country, and a subject of praise for those who distribute these recompences; rather than for those who receive them. Such is the spirit of the law which has been made upon this article. Read the law. If any one of our municipal cities crowns a citizen of Athens, the proclamation of it: shall be made in the city, which shall have decreed the crown: If it is the people of Athens or the senate, who decree it, the proclamation may be made on the theatre at the festivals of Bacchus." Here is a formal text in favour of Demosthenes. I have quoted it that we may judge of the good faith of his enemy.

Demosthenes was not ignorant of the advantage he had over Eschynes, in the opinion of his fellow-citizens, and he avails himself of it, like a superior man, from the commencement of his discourse, when having refuted the different points of accusation alledged against him, he exposes the state of Greece, at the time when he began his administration affairs, the ambition and intrigues of Philip, and the venality of orators such as Eschynes, who served that prince at the expence of his country. "The contagion was general in the cities of Greece; those who governed suffered themselves to be corrupted by presents, and the multitude abandoned themselves to them, either from blindness to the future, or by that weakness which is the consequence of indolence. Each one believed that the evil would reach him, or contrived to raise himself on the ruins of others; it was thus that the imprudent security of the people, occasioned the loss of their liberty, and that the magistrates who thought they delivered every thing

to Philip, except themselves, perceived too late that they had betrayed themselves also. They are no longer friends and hosts, as they were called at the time when it was necessary to seduce them: things at present have their true names, and they are vile flatterers detested by Gods and men. We ought not to deceive ourselves. They never give money to enrich a traitor: When they have obtained of him what they wish, he is no longer consulted. Without this traitors would be too happy. But no, it is not thus. And how can it be so? When he would reign is become the master, he is so of those who have sold others to him. He knows their perfidy: he hates and despises them. Recollect what you have seen, and what you see at this day. Lasthenes was the friend of Philip, till the moment when he sold him the city of Olynthus; Timolaus until he had ruined the Thebans; Euridicus and Simon of Larissa, until they had subjected to him Thessaly. The whole world is full of similar examples. What are at present Aristrates at Sicyon, Perilaus at Megara? All are in abject contempt. And do you know what results from all this, Eschynes? It is that your parallels and yourself, all you who in Athens make a trade of treason, even you have all the greatest obligation to those who like me, defend with all their forces the republic and her liberties. It is this which supports you. It is this which enriches you. Without us, they would long since have ceased to pay you: Without us you would have long since done all that was necessary to destroy yourselves. This blunderer, has he not said somewhere, that I reproached him with the friendship of Alexander? No, I understand myself better. I never said that you was the host or the friend of Philip or Alexander. You? How? By what colour? The slaves and the mercenaries, are they called the hosts and the friends of their masters? I have said that you had been at first the mercenary of Philip, and that you are at this day that of Alexander. I have said it and all the Athenians say it. Would you know what they think? Dare to interrogate them. You dare not! Very well, I will interrogate them myself. Athenians what say you? Eschynes is he the friend of Alexander or his mercenary? Do you hear their answer? It is obvious, that it was necessary to be sure, in order to make a similar demand."

But with what dignity does he express himself, concerning this war against Philip, which they reproach him with having counselled? What a sublime flight of patriotic enthusiasm! And at this moment how small does Eschynes appear before him? He recalls that dreadful day when the news was spread in Athens of the capture of Elatea, a city of Phocis, which opened a passage to Philip, into Attica. There was no room for deliberation—The Athenians must remain exposed to an invasion, or unite with the Thebans, their ancient enemies. We should recollect here, that the Greeks regarded the Macedonians as Barbarians, and that the different states of Greece, although frequently divided among themselves, considered themselves as connected by a species of national confraternity, whenever there was occasion to combat any nation that was not Greek. It was not till after the reign of Philip, whose influence was so powerful, and under Alexander, who procured himself to be nominated generalissimo of the Greeks against the Persians, that the Macedonians were really confounded, with the other Greek nations, in the general league against their common enemies.

"You remember the tumult which filled the city, when a courier arrived in the night to the Prytanes, with the news that Philip was in Elatea. At the break of day, the senate was assembled; you had run together to the public square: the

senate adjourned there, produced the courier before you, gave you the details of the fatal intelligence. The herald demanded, who would speak? No man presented himself. All your generals, all your orators were present—No man answered the voice of his country, requiring a citizen who would point out the means of her safety; for is not the herald pronouncing the words which the law has put into his mouth, the organ of the country? If nothing had been necessary at that time to induce a man to rise, but love to his country, Athenians, you would all have arisen, and ascended the tribunal. If it had been necessary to be rich the council of three hundred would have risen; those who combining the love of their country with the means of serving it, have since been lavish of their fortunes in your service, would have come forward also. But such a day, such a moment, demanded not only a good citizen, a wise man, an opulent person, but one who thoroughly knew the character, the policy and the views of Philip. I was that man, I appeared, I spoke: I laid open the designs of Philip, and what was necessary to be done to oppose him—no man contradicted me—all applauded me—a decree was necessary—I reduced it to writing. The decree ordained an embassy to the Thebans: I accepted of it. The object of the embassy was to persuade them that they ought to forget all their divisions, and unite themselves with you: I persuaded them to this.—Very well, Eschynes, what was the part which you acted on that day? And what was mine? You did nothing. I did every thing. If you had been a good citizen, then was the moment to speak; you ought to have offered some advice, better than mine, and not to have waited till this day, to attack it and allege it against me as a crime. But such is the difference between him who gives council, and him who calumniates. The one shews himself before the event, and exposes himself to contradictions, to misfortunes, to resentment. He takes all upon himself. The other is silent when he ought to speak, and waits for the moment of a disaster to excite a clamour of censure and hatred. But finally, since you was dumb on that day, tell me then at least, at this day, what other discourse I ought to have held, what was the service which I could have performed and yet neglected; what other alliance I ought to have proposed, what other conduct I ought to have recommended. It is by these marks that my administration ought to be judged, and not by the event. The event is in the will of the Gods: the intention is in the heart of the citizen. Whether Philip should be conqueror or not, depended not upon me; but what depended on me, was, to take all the measures that human prudence should dictate, to put in exercise all possible diligence, to supply by my zeal what was wanting in forces; finally, to do nothing that was not glorious, necessary, and worthy of the republic. Prove that such was not my conduct, and that it will be an accusation and not an invective. If the same thunder with which all Greece has been overthrown, has also fallen upon Athens, what could I do to ward it off? A citizen engages to equip a vessel for the state, he furnishes it with every thing necessary for her defence, a tempest oversets her, does any one think of accusing him? It was not I, he will say, who held the helm; and it was not I who commanded the army. If you alone, Eschynes, foresaw the future, why did you not reveal it? If you did not foresee it, you are not, any more than I, guilty of any thing but ignorance, and why do you accuse me when I accuse not you? But since he presses me on this point, Athenians, I will advance something yet stronger, and I conjure you to see no presumption in my words, but only the soul of an Athenian. I will say then, if we

had foreseen all that has occurred, if you yourself, Eschynes, who at that time dared not to open your mouth, become all at once a prophet, had predicted to us the future, it would have been still inevitable to do what we did, if we had before our eyes the smallest glimpse of the glory of our ancestors, and of the judgment of posterity. In fact, what does the world say of us, at this day? That our efforts have been disappointed by fortune, who decides all things; but before whom should we dare to lift up our eyes, if we had abandoned to others the care of defending the liberties of Greece against Philip? Who is there among the Greeks or Barbarians, who is ignorant that never, in the past ages, has Athens preferred a shameful security to glorious dangers? That she has never consented to coalesce with an unjust power, but in all times has fought for pre-eminence and for glory. If I should boast of having inspired into you this elevation of sentiment, it would be on my part an insupportable pride; but in making it appear that such have ever been your principles, both without me, and before me, I esteem it an honor to be able to affirm, that in this part of the public functions which has been committed to me, I also have been counted for something in that part of your conduct which has been honorable and glorious. My accuser, on the contrary, in wishing to take from me the recompence which you have decreed me, does not perceive that he would also deprive you of the just tribute of applause which posterity owes you. For if you condemn me for the council I gave you, you will yourselves appear to have been blameable in receiving it. But no, Athenians, no you have not been in fault, in braving every danger for the safety and the liberty of all the Greeks. You have not been in the wrong. I swear it, by the ghosts of your ancestors, who perished in the plains of Marathon, and by those who fought at Platea, at Salamis, at Artemisium, by all those great citizens whose ashes Greece has collected in public monuments. She has granted them all the same sepulchres and the same honors—yes, Eschynes, to all; for all had the same virtue, although the eternal destiny had not granted them all same success."

This is the great oath, so celebrated in antiquity, and so frequently recollected in our days. When we hear it, it seems as if all the departed spirits so lately invoked by Eschynes, had appeared and arranged themselves round the tribunal of Demosthenes, and taken him under their protection. Nor is this enough: See how he turns against Eschynes that air of triumph which he assumed in speaking of the defeat at Cheronea.

"Have you remarked, Athenians, when he spoke of our misfortunes? He spoke of them without any feeling, without manifesting any of that grief which would have been so becoming in an honest and sensible citizen. His countenance glowed with exultation, his voice was sonorous and musical. The wretch! He thought he was accusing me, and he accused himself, by shewing himself in our common calamity so different from what you all are."

Eschynes had not ceased to admonish the Athenians to distrust the pernicious eloquence of Demosthenes: he had given to his talent all those perfidious and murderous eulogies to which hatred sometimes condemns itself; sincere upon one point, to render itself more credible in another, and employing the truth, to give more weight to calumny: it is thus that the passions defile every thing they touch, and convert panegyric into poison. Demosthenes, who leaves no article without an answer, does not fail to take him up on this: He demonstrates that the talent of speaking had never been in him, but a means of serving the republic. But he begins by expressing himself concerning this same talent,

with a reserve and a modesty which must have flattered the self-love of the Athenians. There is nothing, even to his genius itself, that he does not make depend upon them.

"For all that concerns my eloquence, (since Eschynes has introduced that word) I have always observed, that the powers of speech depend in a great measure on those who hear, and that the orator appears able, in proportion to the benevolence which you express for him. At least this eloquence which he attributes to me has been useful to all, at all times, and never injurious to any. But your eloquence, Eschynes, in what has it ever served your country? You come at this day to speak to us of what is passed. What would be said of a physician, who, when called to a patient, was unable to prescribe a remedy for the disease, or preserve the man from death, and yet should come to disturb his friends at his funeral, by crying aloud at his tomb, that he would have been still alive if he had taken other advice?"

He grounds the interest of his peroration upon the honor which had been done him, in confiding to him the funeral eulogium of the citizens slain at Cheronea. Eschynes had strenuously laboured to make this a subject of reproach against him, and so much the more maliciously as he had himself solicited that function in vain. Demosthenes extracts from this a new triumph for himself, and a fresh humiliation for his accuser.

"The republic, Eschynes, has projected and executed great things by ministry, but she has not been ungrateful. When it became necessary at the time of our disgrace, to choose an orator to perform the last honors to the victims of their country, it was not you, Eschynes, who was chosen, notwithstanding your harmonious voice, your solicitations, your secret intrigues, and open cabals; it was not Demades, who had obtained for us peace, nor Hegemon, nor finally any one of your party. It was I. You were then seen, Pyticles and you, vomiting against me, with equal fury and impudence, the same invectives which you have now repeated, and it was one reason the more for the Athenians to persist in their choice. You know the reason as well as I; I will nevertheless relate it to you: it was because they knew equally well both my love to my country, and all the crimes which you had committed against it. They knew that you owed your impunity only to their disasters; that if your sentiments of enmity against them have only broke out in the time of their disgrace, it was still an acknowledgement that in all times you have been their secret enemies. It was fit that he who was to celebrate the virtues of his fellow-citizens, should not have been the fellow commoner of their enemies, should not have made with them the same sacrifices and the same libations. It was impossible to confer a function so honorable upon those who had been seen intermingled with the conquerors, participating in the insolent joy of their festivals, and triumphing in our calamities. Finally, it was not fit to deplore with a lying tongue, the destiny of those illustrious deceased. The just regret could not exist but in the mouth of him who had the correspondent sorrow in his soul; and this grief was well known to be in my heart and not in yours. Behold the causes which determined the suffrages of the people; and when the relations of the deceased, charged with the melancholy care of their sepulture, gave the funeral festival, it was at my house that they gave it, at my house, as considering me more tenderly affected than any one at the catastrophe of those whose loss we deplored. They indeed were more nearly connected by blood, but no man was more afflicted from the sentiments of a citizen—no man in the

common loss had more cause to weep than myself."

Rollin observes, with reason, that the only thing which can offend us, in this immortal oration, as well as in that of Eschynes, is the profusion of personal reflections, in which the two rivals indulge themselves in several places. But it is just to observe also, that they were authorised by the republican manners, less delicate upon these points than ours, and that consequently neither the one nor the other has violated the precept of the art, which forbids to shock the customary decency. Two citizens, enemies, two rival orators attacked each other, upon all points; upon their birth, their education, their fortune, their manners, and this research drew them into details which are not always very noble in our eyes, considering the difference of times and of language, but which then had their effects. We find them also in Cicero, when he speaks against Anthony, Piso, Vatinius, who, on their part, spare him as little. If these reproaches were false, they only compromised him who pronounced them; when they were well founded it was thought that a freeman had a right to speak out. We ought to pardon the citizens of Rome and Athens for having thought that an honest man might hear, without shame or disgrace, the invectives of a calumniator. Moreover, it was not altogether without danger, that any one was permitted to accuse and inveigh: in Athens the accuser must have at least a fifth part of the suffrages. Without this he was condemned to banishment. This happened to Eschynes. He retired into the island of Rhodes, where he opened a school of rhetoric. His first lesson was the reading of the two harangues, which had caused his condemnation. I cannot conceive, I confess, how he could have the courage to read to his pupils that of Demosthenes. One may, without a crime, be less eloquent than another; but how to avow, without blushing, that one has been so evidently convicted of being a calumniator and a bad citizen?

For Demosthenes, an historian whose authority in this respect has been justly contested, from the silence of all the others, pretends that this firmness, so long a time immovable, this disinterestedness so long supported, at last, for once, failed him; that after having resisted Alexander with the same force which he had displayed against Philip, he at last suffered himself to be corrupted, and counterfeited sickness to avoid ascending the tribunal—that this unworthy weakness obliged him to retire from Athens. But we may well doubt of the fact, and it is certain that his death was honorable and courageous. Having returned to Athens after the death of Alexander, he never ceased to harangue against the tyranny of the Macedonians, until Antipater, their king, had obtained, sword in hand, the order to deliver him all the orators who had declared themselves his enemies. Demosthenes attempted to escape, but seeing himself ready to be arrested by those who pursued him, he had recourse to poison, which he always carried about him. It has been remarked that Cicero and Demosthenes had an end equally tragical, and perished victims to their country after having lived its defenders.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I am, Mr. Editor, a little studious man, the well wisher of my species, a philanthropist, who confident of meaning well, would speak and write as occasion demanded, without dissimulation. I do not like authors who seem to disguise their thoughts, and who will not tell the whole truth for fear of speaking of themselves; this, I think,

is carrying modesty almost too far—no such side glances for me. In the name of common sense, if a man or woman be blest with any of the cardinal virtues, why should he or she be too diffident to avow them, or be censurable for so doing? Such being my sentiments, and with this short sketch of my character, you will not, perhaps, Mr. Editor, charge me with the sin of egotism, if I add, that I am one among a number in our metropolis, who seldom like to enjoy 'a morsel alone,' but who, in the course of their literary perambulations, are willing, and in fact sometimes desirous, that others should be benefited as well as themselves. Having thus frankly introduced myself, permit me to proceed, and state, in a few words, the object of this intrusion.

You must know then, Mr. Oldschool, that I have lately experienced much satisfaction in the perusal of a small work, intitled 'Cornaro on Health and Long Life!' composed, at an advanced age, by an Italian nobleman, and translated into very good English, by I don't know whom. Now, as we are all willing to enjoy health, and most of us anxious to live long, and as this little book contains rules and directions for the procurement and preservation of both, I am induced, through the medium of your useful paper, to recommend it to the public as a production sensibly composed upon a subject of general importance. The work, as before observed, is short, and in a style which I am inclined to think will not prove tiresome even to those who are not much accustomed to literature. Prefixed will be found a recommendatory preface from the ingenious pen of the virtuous and justly celebrated Addison; in this preface, after many excellent remarks on the structure of the human frame, and the necessity of temperance for its healthful preservation, the author observes, "But the most remarkable instance of temperance towards procuring life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro, the Venetian, which I the rather mention because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in England. Cornaro, the author of this little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution 'till about forty, when obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health, insomuch that at fourscore he published his book." Pause then, ye modern epicures, and ere again you gratify your sensual appetites, consider the long healthy life of Cornaro, and reflect whether voluptuousness can even flatter with hope of like enjoyment; view him, undisturbed by pain or sickness, happy and serene, enjoying every blessing, and all the rational delights of life, until an advanced age, then leaving the world almost without a struggle. Valetudinarians as ye are, surrounded by various ills, real and imaginary, can ye unmoved contemplate a picture like this? No, such a life and a death must be desirable even to you; is it not then worth your while to profit by the experience of a respectable old man? who wrote with no mercenary view, but who, from a wish that all might enjoy pleasures and benefits, which he resolutely struggled for and obtained, published, as we are told, at the age of eighty years, his little book. Purchase it then, and read it with attention; you will there find (what, perhaps, you have not much considered, and what may be of importance to know) that most diseases proceed from irregularity and intemperance. "Let us beware, says Socrates, of such food as tempts us to eat when we are not hungry, and of such liquors as entice us to drink when we are not thirsty." This philosopher was well convinced of the evils which result from uncontrolled indulgence. Dispense, therefore,

with dainties highly seasoned; likewise forego the too captivating pleasures of the bottle. During the inclemency of boisterous winter, exceed not one or two glasses of wine per diem, and use spirit only as medicine; but when sultry summer makes the labourer sweat, then banish wine, and use small beer or wholesome hydrant water. Live frugally upon viands plainly dressed, when vegetables are procurable eat them daily, being always careful to avoid gluttony, and then if the constitution is not too far gone, it will undergo a change, which, renovating the system, may perhaps add years to your enfeebled lives.

Health, it must be allowed, is of the first importance to us all; it is a blessing without which life is but half enjoyed; a good which we all deserve, and which it is our duty as well as our interest to preserve. Every treatise, therefore, upon such a subject, must be interesting; every expedient by which it may be attained should be rendered universal, and properly estimated by the public at large. Let then the inhabitants of Columbia, if they would become hearty and strong, if they would animate the mind and invigorate the understanding, if they would dispel spleen and possess cheerfulness, in fact if they would become useful and happy members of the community, let them encourage *temperance*. Let the rich despise the short lived gratifications of appetite, banishing luxury and profusion, as dangerous to the prosperity of a young and thriving nation. Let the poor be industrious, and practice frugality, scorning pursuits which have a tendency to lead from domestic endearments, then nor pains nor fevers shall disturb the former, nor pale faced poverty the latter; the learned doctor and conceited quack would each pack up their drugs to seek in foreign climes a surer fortune, and America, favoured land of *liberty*, would become still more the seat of plenty and of happiness.

H

From the second volume of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, consisting of historical and romantic Ballads, edited by Walter Scott, the following beautiful Ballad, which appears to be built on a basis of truth, and which cannot fail to delight the lover of the Scottish Muse, is selected, with the note appended by a master hand.

ANNAN WATER.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

"The following verses are the original words of the tune of 'Allan Water,' by which name the song is mentioned in Ramsay's 'Tea Table Miscellany.' The ballad is given from tradition, and it is said that a bridge over the Annan was built in consequence of the melancholy catastrophe which it narrates. By the *Gatehope slack*, is, perhaps, meant the Gate-slack, a pass in Annan dale. The Annan, and the Frith of Solway, into which it falls, are the frequent scenes of tragical accidents. The editor trusts he will be pardoned for inserting the following awfully impressive account of such an event, contained in a letter from Dr. Currie of Liverpool, by whose correspondence, in the course of preparing his volumes for the press, he has been alike honoured and instructed. After stating that he had some recollection of the ballad which follows, the biographer of Burns proceeds thus: 'I once in my early days heard (for it was night, and I could not see) a traveller drowning: not in the Annan itself, but in the Firth of Solway, close by the mouth of that river. The influx of the tide had unhorsed him in the night, as he was passing the sands from Cumberland. The west wind blew a tempest, and, according to the common expression, brought in the water three foot

abreast. The traveller got upon a standing net a little way from the shore. There he lashed himself to the post, shouting for half an hour for assistance—till the tide rose over his head! In the darkness of night, and amid the pauses of the hurricane his voice, heard at intervals, was exquisitely mournful. No one could go to his assistance—no one knew where he was—the sound seemed to proceed from the spirit of the waters. But morning rose—the tide had ebbed—and the poor traveller was found lashed to the pole of the net, and bleaching in the wind!

.....Annan Water's wading deep,
And my love Annie's wond'rous bonnie;
And I am laith she shuld weel her feet,
Because I love her best of ony.

'Gar saddle me the bonny black;
'Gar saddle sune and make him ready;
For I will down the Gatehope-Slack,
And all to see my bonny ladye.

He has loup'en on the bonny black,
He spurr'd him wi' the spur right sairly,
But, or he wan the Gatehope-Slack,
I think the steed was wae and weary.

He has loup'en on the bonnie gray,
He rade the right gate and the ready:
I trow he would neither stint nor stay,
For he was seeking his bonnie ladye.

The gray was a mare, and a right good mare,
But when she wan the Annan Water,
She could nae hae ridden a furlong mair,
Had a thousand merks been wadded* at her.

The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;
And the bonnie gray mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water Kelpy roaring.

O he has pou'd aff his dapperpy† coat,
The silver buttons glanced bonny;
The waistcoat burst'd off his breast,
He was sae full of melancholy.

He has ta'en the ford at that stream tail;
I wot he swam both strong and steady,
But the stream was broad and his strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonnie ladye.

.....O wae betide the frush‡ saugh wand!
And wae betide the bush of briar,
It brake into my true love's hand,
When his strength did fail and his limbs did tire.

And wae betide ye, Annan Water!
This night that ye are a drumlie river,
For over thee I'll build a bridge,
That ye never more true love may sever.

MARKET FOR THE FAIR CIRCASSIANS.

The following account of the sale of the fair Circassians, the most beautiful women of the eastern, probably of the whole world, is extracted from a tour, performed in the years 1795-6, through the Crimea, and the countries bordering on the empire, by Mrs. Maria Guthrie.

Caffa, or as it is now called by its original name, Theodocia, is the market for Circassian slaves, who have been "destined for ages to be brought to the market of Caffa, like any other kind of merchandise, and what is most remarkable in this revolting business is, that these beauties, so famous in eastern story, are brought in vast numbers every year by their own parents, and sold at from 2 to 4000 Turkish piastres (about 4s. sterling) in proportion to their charms.

As I am sure that a *mistress market* must be a curious subject to the polished nations of Europe, I shall give a specimen of the manner in which it is carried on, in the very words of Mr. Keelman, a German merchant.

* Wadded—Wagered.
† Quere—Cap-a-fee?
‡ Frush—Fresh.

The fair Circassians, says Mr. Keelman, to whom three were offered me for sale in 1768, were brought from their own chamber into mine, (as we all lodged in the same inn), one after another by the Armenian merchant, who had to dispose of them. The first was very well dressed, and had her face covered in the oriental style. She kissed my hand by order of the master, and then walked backward and forward in the room to show her fine shape, her pretty small foot, and her elegant carriage. She then lifted up her veil, and absolutely surprised me by her extreme beauty. Her hair was fair, with fine large blue eyes, her nose a little aquiline, with pouting red lips. Her features were regular, her complexion fair and delicate, and her cheeks covered with a fine natural vermillion, of which she took care to convince me by rubbing them hard with a cloth. Her neck I thought a little too long; but, to make amends, the finest bosom and teeth in the world set off the other charms of this beautiful slave, for whom the Armenian asked 4000 Turkish piastres, but permitted me to feel her pulse, to convince me that she was in perfect health; after which she was ordered away, when the merchant assured me that she was a pure virgin of eighteen years of age.

I was more surprised, probably, than I ought to have been (as common usage renders every thing familiar) at the perfect indifference with which the inhabitants of Caffa behold this traffic in beauty, that had shocked me so much, and at their assuring me, when I seemed affected at the practice, that it was the only method which parents had of bettering the state of their handsome daughters, *destined at all events to the haram*; for that the rich Asiatic gentleman, who pays 4000 piastres for a beautiful mistress, treats and prizes her as an earthly houri, in perfect conviction that his success with the hoursies of paradise entirely depends on his behaviour to the sisterhood on earth, who will bear testimony against him in case of ill treatment; in short, that, by being disposed of to rich mussulmen, they were sure to live in affluence and ease the rest of their days, and in a state by no means degrading in Mahometan countries, where their prophet has permitted the seraglio: but that, on the contrary, if they fall into the hands of their own feudal lords, the barbarous inhabitants of their own native mountains, which it is very difficult for beauty to escape, their lot was comparatively wretched, as those rude chieftains have very little respect or generosity toward the fair sex.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"And Ittai answered the king, and said, as the Lord liveth, and as my lord the king liveth, surely in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in death or life, even there also will thy servant be."

The book of Samuel is crowded with interesting narratives. The story of the artifice and defection of Absalom is full of incident, and exhibits a forcible moral. The clergy have ever found, in his revolt and its consequences, a copious theme for grave remark and pious meditation. Sterne, whose pen was a pencil, has grouped king David and his attendants in consternation and sorrow, flying over the brook of Cedron toward the way of the wilderness. The Lay Preacher, humbly gleaning after such labourers, has picked up one incident picturesque, pathetic, honourable to humanity. A portrait, that has such features, merits an exhibition. From the Cabinet of the Bible then let it be produced; and if placed in a good light, the rude man as well as the connoisseur, will style it enchanting.

As a cover for fraud or violence, religious, perhaps, more frequently than political pretences, have been employed by the hypocrites of every age. Absalom was too cunning an impostor not to know that a shew of piety would be highly operative with his father David. Anxious to set up the standard of rebellion in Hebron, a city of malcontents, the royal revolter prays that he might be permitted to go thither to pay his vows. The credulous king consents. Absalom is attended with the usual crowd, studious of change and confusion. Some of those counsellors, in whose loyalty the king probably reposed entire confidence, abandon their duty and their sovereign, and follow the fortunes of the usurper. The dark plot thickens. The conspirators increase. The mournful tidings of a son's criminality reach at length the afflicted sire. The baleful cry of treason rung in the palace. The perturbed king urges the necessity of flight. He and his household accordingly secede from the city. Interesting fugitives! You were not the victims of common fear, you were not a disordered rout on the retreat from a chasing conqueror, you were kind companions, and fellow mourners, and, as you ascended together the steep of Mount Olivet, let fall 'kindly drops, which pity had engendered.'

Though it might be expected that those, immediately about the person of David, whose affections he could easily engage, or whose obedience he could sternly require, would be the partners of his flight, yet in such a dubious hour, the strangers at Jerusalem, the wealthy, the politic, the timid would keep aloof, till more tranquil times should come round again.

But Ittai, the Gittite, had such a warm heart, that he never balanced in his cautious head the pros and cons of this selfish philosophy.

This man did not linger a moment on the bank of the brook to consider the hazard he ran, or the probability that he should lose his head. If Absalom's banners proved victorious. The time serving Shimei made many a syllogism, in this prudent logic; Ittai's process of reasoning was more summary; for 'he passed over, and all his men, and all the little ones that were with him.'

Though a kingdom and a child's affections were fast fading away before the sight of David, and we might easily suppose him absorbed in his calamities, he was not so sunken in the trance of woe, not to remark the prompt fidelity of Ittai. But such zeal, at such a season, and from such a quarter, appeared enigmatical—"Wherefore goest thou also with us? For thou art a stranger, and also an exile. Whereas thou camest but yesterday. Should I this day make thee go up and down with us? Seeing I go whither I may. Return thou and take back thy brethren: Mercy and truth be with thee."

Dr. Campbell censures the paraphrastic style, and the Lay Preacher is averse to verbosity. The above address of the king is so tersely expressed that a little expansion, though diminishing the force, may add to the perspicuity of the passage.

Is it possible, Ittai, that you are one of my unfortunate associates? How can you leave the delights of a city for the way of the wilderness, and prefer danger with me to future honours from Absalom? You are a stranger, how carest thou then for Jerusalem? You have been an exile, whence then thy nationality? Return, good, but deluded man; why shouldst thou wander with David and tempt perdition? I am here desolate and despised; soon, perhaps, to perish by the steel, or, still sharper, the ingratitude of a child. I desperately fly, I know not where. But let not thy rash loyalty trace my perplexed paths. For thy zeal receive my—heart. But leave me, and make thy peace with the usurper. May

mercy plead with him thy forgiveness. May truth attest thy virtue.

To so noble a friend and faithful follower such a remonstrance would add constancy. Tell Ittai of danger and he half unsheathes his sword. He prefers hazardous allegiance, to criminal submission, and would rather, with bare and bleeding feet, go up the ascent of Olivet, than be captain of the host at seditious Hebron.

Survey, my readers, this grand historical picture, designed by a great master—a prophet. It is more glowing than the canvas of Rubens, more sublime than the cartoons of Raphael—it is the portrait of a friend in adversity.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

We quit with regret, and with proportionable delight return to such a work as *Dr. Paley's Natural Theology*, a book in which the best powers of reason are employed to the highest purposes. If the perversion of the will could be conquered by an appeal to the head, atheism would be here subdued. The confirmation of well disposed minds in their sound and rational belief will be the effect most commonly produced. Dr. Paley certainly gives new life and energy to the moral proofs of a Deity, in this very able publication. We have no original work within the period of many years, which can be arranged with the foregoing in magnitude as well as value.

The History of England, is written by Mr. Dolphus with a spirit and propriety, which will lead many readers to wish, with us, for its continuance to the present time.

Mr. Henry Brougham's work on *Colonial Policy*, is a publication displaying genius, sagacity and vigour, on a subject of interest and importance.

In 'Letters from France,' written in the middle of 1803, the observing author thus mentions that coxcomb patriot and Jacobin, the frivolous La Fayette—"He resides at Paris and appears a quiet citizen: whether his demeanor is from motives of discretion, or he is sick of the struggles of civil dissensions and their uncertain result, it is not easy to divine. By the apparent seriousness and gravity of his demeanor, it would seem he had forgotten the Quixotic challenge to Lord Carlisle, and the vaultings on his graceful milk-white steed, and that he sought no more the dangerous sport of fomenting civil broils, and overturning kingdoms. When he was tampering with the mob, and exciting riot, he did not imagine he was raising a tempest he could not allay. The vain man fancied that the same power that put the populace in motion, could, when it pleased, restrain and stop it: unskilled in the nature of public commotion, its peril and consequences, he did not see to what end his mad manœuvring led. He was astonished at last to see the embers he had lighted spread into such a flame, and was startled at the outrages of which he was the unwary instigator. This weathercock, whose versatility puzzled every politician, has veered alternately to democracy, to monarchy, and to aristocracy. He is now reconciled to the nameless government of the day, and even seeks a subaltern place in it."

Mrs. H. Adams has proved that the American ladies are neither debarred the use of the pen, nor incapable of wielding it with dexterity, in her "View of Religion, in two parts:" the former containing an alphabetic compendium of the various religious denominations which have appeared in the world, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present day; and the latter a brief

account of the different schemes of religion now embraced among mankind. The fair author seems to have fully justified her assertion that the whole is collected from the best authors, ancient and modern, though having confined herself to translations, in some instances, she has unknowingly been betrayed into a few unimportant errors. It is sufficient to state, in proof of the merit of Mrs. Adams's "View," that it has already passed three editions, each of which has been augmented, by a considerable introduction of new matter. [N. A. Register.]

SHAKESPEARE.

When first was rear'd the British stage,
Rude was the scene and weak the lay:
The bard explor'd the sacred page,
And holy mystery form'd his Play.

The affections of the mortal breast
In simple moral next he sung,
Each vice in human shape he drest,
And to each virtue gave a tongue.

Then 'gan the Comic Muse unfold
In coarser jests her homely art:
Of Gammar Guntion's loss she told,
And laugh'd at Hodge's awkward smart.

Come from thy wildly winding stream,
First born of Genius, SHAKESPEARE, come!
The listening world attends thy theme,
And bids each elder bard be dumb.

For thou within the human mind
Fix'd, as on thy peculiar throne
Sit'st as a Deity inshrin'd;
And either muse is all thine own.

The following is a faithful description of the imported Jacobins of this luckless country:

Fellows who have combin'd to level
With their friend democrat, the Devil,
Tear up the pillars of society,
Pull down the fabric of propriety,
Give meek-ey'd Piety a flogging,
And send morality a jogging.
Fellows, who sped away betimes,
To seek a refuge from their crimes;
Who, if transported back to Europe,
Each hangman there would lack a new rope.

The qualifications of a republican representative.

No demagogue of ancient story,
Can be by Fame prefer'd before ye;
Rome never knew so great a hero
In Tarquin, Cataline, or Nero;
Nor Ireland with her modern Gracchi,
Her Paddies rampant, each a black eye;
Nor Algiers all her corsair's mustering,
Can find a fellow, bold and blustering,
So qualified to take a station,
With patriots met for legislation.

Had nature wish'd to speak her mind,
And give some lesson to mankind,
She'd nae look'd to bards refin'd
For pointed turns;
But pleas'd wad hae her pen resign'd
To Robert Burns.

Fidelia, you wonder we men love to kiss,
And its usefulness ask me to prove;
I answer, sweet girl! 'tis the foretaste of bliss
Which Hymen decrees to true love.

Written in an Almanac for the year 1800, on the 1st of January 1801, when our worthy president was in the 'full tide of successful experiment,' putting down integrity, ability, and virtue, and raising.....every thing which debases man.

My old and faithful time observant,
The year has chang'd, you're not respected,
But, like a faithful public servant,
When parties change, you're now neglected.

BACCHANALIAN SONG.

You know that our ancient philosophers hold
There is nothing in equipage, honours or gold;
That bliss in *externals* we seldom can find,
And, in truth, my good friends, I am quite of their
mind.

What makes a man happy, I never can doubt;
'Tis something *within* him, 'tis nothing without.
This something, they said, was the source of content,
But, whatever they call'd it, 'twas WINE that they
meant.

Upon their own principles I could have shewn 'em,
That the juice of the grape is the true *summum
bonum*.

Without us, I grant ye, 'tis not worth a pin,
But, ye Gods, how divine, when we get it *within*.

The wealthy are poor, and the haughty repine
If, with gold and with grandeur, you give them no
wine.

But plenty of wine to the beggar afford;
Only make him as drunk—he's as great as a Lord.

While the bottle is wanting the soul is depress'd,
And beauty can kindle no flame in the breast;
But the toper for every encounter is ready,
And Joan, when you're drunk, is as good as my lady.

He surely can boast little brains of his own,
Who attempted to find the Philosopher's Stone:
To turn lead into gold, is an idle design,
So I'll be content to turn gold into wine.

SONG.

From an ancient collection, published 1671.
Come, Chloris, hie we to the bower
To sport us 'ere the day be done!
Such is thy power, that every flower
Will ope to thee as to the sun.

And if a flower but chance to die,
With my sighs' blast, or my eyes' rain,
Thou canst revive it with thine eye,
And with thy breath make sweet again.

The wanton suckling and the vine
Will strive for the honour, who first may
With their green arms encircle thine,
To keep the burning sun away.

To the history of Italian poetry, Mr. MATIAS has smoothed the way for the readers of that language by his judicious selections from *Crescimbeni* and *Tiraboschi*; and he writes Italian with a purity and spirit which almost entitle him to a place in the histories he has thus republished.

Bishop White's sermon, delivered before the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, evinces a mind untainted with bigotry, and glowing with the true spirit of Christian charity.

Bishop Moore in his pastoral letter, has treated subjects of high importance, and the animation with which they are discussed, evinces clearly that the heart of the worthy prelate is engaged in the great work to which he is called.

[B. Critic.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

On Monday the 23d April the Society of the Sons of St. George, established in this city for the advice and assistance of Englishmen in distress, held their anniversary dinner at Hardy's Inn. The society were honored with the company of the officers of the several benevolent institutions harmonizing with them, and of many other respectable visitors.

The following *selected* toasts were drank, accompanied with appropriate music, and the day spent with that solid satisfaction which must result where festivity is combined with philanthropy.

The Day and those who respect it—*Duke of York's march*.

The King of the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland—restoration to his health, and may he live to witness the discomfiture of his enemies.—*God save the King*.

The Wooden Walls of Old England—may they continue to be the protectors of the liberties of the world.—*Rule Britannia*.

The Army and Navy of the United Kingdoms—may they always prove invincible.—*Hearts of Oak*.

The memory of the late general Washington—may his virtues and moderation be emulated by every citizen of the United States to the latest posterity.—*Roslin Castle*.

The Sons of St. David, St. Andrew, St. Patrick and Herman.—*Britons strike home*.

Mr. Merry, minister plenipotentiary from the court of Great Britain to the United States.—*You're welcome from Paxton*.

Perpetual friendship between Great Britain and America.—*The topsail shivers in the wind*.

The Judiciary of the United States—may its independence be as invulnerable, and its existence as durable as a column of adamant.—*Washington's March*.

The Fair Sex.—*All in the Downs*.

Agriculture and Commerce.—*When the rosy morn appearing*.

The Arts and Sciences.—*Once the Gods of the Greeks*.

Captain Bainbridge, his officers and crew—may they speedily be restored to their country.—*Galley Slave*.

May the Sun of Prosperity shine constantly on the Sons of Industry and good order.—*Come now all ye social powers*.

In the New Annual Register, it is said "the Algerine Captive" is so essentially true to nature, that it may have been historically true in fact.

The following fustian paragraph from a Boston paper is a curious example of the *Indiano Americano* style, which by many a republican critic is considered as the true sublime, and not inferior to any passage in Longinus:

THE THEATRE.

On Monday evening, crowded its walls with taste, fashion and beauty, to welcome the *entree* of Mr. BERNARD on our boards. His reception, we trust, will be found among the most splendid ever given to any performer on this continent; but the *dazzling presentment of his talent far outshone the high-wrought anticipation of public opinion*. The report of his eminence was indeed no *fore-staller's trick* to raise value. He is at once the excellent comedian we have ever seen in *spirit* of execution, and the most commendable in *chastity* of conception. *The town has never witnessed a BERNARD before*. The repetition of the play on this evening, is one of the effects of his *unexampled merit*. His style has a peculiar characteristic. *The life of the scene never falters in his personation*. *The character he represents is entire in every part; the actor is never once thought of*. It is the perfection of art to conceal art; and it is the test of good acting to *embody the fictitious personage, of which it is meant to be the resemblance*.

A Roman Catholic curate, to free himself from the great labour of confessions in Lent, gave notice to his parishioners, that on Monday he should confess the *liars*; on Tuesday, the *misers*; on Wednesday, the *slanderers*; on Thursday, the *thieves*; on Friday, the *libertines*; and on Saturday, the *bad women*. His scheme succeeded—none attended.

Health is so necessary to all the duties, as well as pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a short gratification brings weakness and disease upon himself, and for the pleasure of a few years passed in the tumults of diversion and clamours of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be justly reproached, not only as a spendthrift of his own happiness, but as a robber of the public; as a wretch, that has voluntarily disqualified himself for the business of his station, and refused that part which Providence assigns him, in the general task of human nature.

There are, perhaps, very few conditions more to be pitied than that of an active and elevated mind, labouring under the weight of a distempered body; the time of such a man is always spent in forming schemes, which a change of wind hinders from executing; his powers fume away in projects and in hopes, and the day of action never arrives. He lies down, delighted with the thoughts of to-morrow, pleases his ambition with the fame he shall acquire, on his benevolence with the good he shall bestow. But, in the night, the skies are overcast, the temper of the air is changed, he wakes in languor, impatience and distraction, and has no longer any wish, but for ease, nor any attention, but to misery. It may be said that disease generally begins that equality, which death completes; the distinctions, which set one man so much above another are very little perceived in the gloom of a sick chamber, where it will be vain to expect entertainment from the gay, or instruction from the wise, where all human glory is obliterated, the wit is clouded, the reasoner perplexed, and the hero subdued; when the highest and brightest of mortal beings finds nothing left him, but the consciousness of innocence.

Bishop HORSLEY thus dedicates to his sovereign the new translation of Hosea:

Your majesty's love and affection for letters in general, not the least conspicuous of the many royal virtues, which have endeared you to mankind, the particular favour and protection your majesty, upon all occasions has extended to *Biblical* learning, have encouraged me to approach you with an attempt to elucidate one of the most ancient, generally deemed the most difficult, and for that reason, of late years, the most neglected but certainly not the least interesting of the Hebrew poets. If the execution of the work might be supposed to be at all answerable, to the dignity and moment of the sacred argument, and as far as may be attainable in a translation, to the force and sublimity of the style in the original, the present might seem not too mean to be brought before a monarch, who has lived a bright example of piety, in times when piety has been generally laughed to scorn; and will be recorded in the truth-telling page of history, as the patron of the arts and sciences, and, under God, the powerful protector of the rights of civil government and of the Christian Church, (institutions in their origin equally divine) in any age, when a general spirit of Anarchy and Atheism threatened to barbarize the life of fallen man, by the subversion of all social order, by obliterating the natural distinctions of right and wrong, by the studied misuse and perversion of all learning and philosophy, and by the total extinction of all religion.

EPIGRAM.

Thomas is sure a most courageous man,
"A word and blow," for ever is his plan;
And thus his friends explain the curious matter,
He gives the first, and then receives the latter.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The incredulity of some critics has doubted whether the play of Titus Andronicus be from the pen of Shakspeare. Two verses in it, however, appear to have pleased him so much, that he has twice closely copied them.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
Titus Andronicus.

She's beautiful, and therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be won.
Henry VI. Part I.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd,
Was ever woman in this humour won!
Richard III.

When two French Duchesses went to compliment Hartny, who was a very handsome man, on his election to the archbishopric of Paris, he turned to Madame Bouillons, and said, *Formosior pecoris custos* (the keeper of a handsome flock). The Duchess finished the verse by answering *formosior ipse* (he himself handsomer.)

To be full of compliment is ridiculous; to be altogether without it, is rusticity.

We wish some of our poetical readers would favour us with a version of the following epigram, from Amalthæus, on two beautiful children, each deprived of one eye.

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonillo sinistro,
Et potuit forma vincere uterque Deos;
Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori.
Sic tu cæcus amor, sic erit illa Venus.

THE DOUBLE MISTAKE.

From the French.

Little Love, the other day,
More than moderately gay,
To his mother archly said
'Welcome, Iris! lovely maid!
'Venus, turning sharply round,
Work'd a miracle and frown'd.
'O matron, for mercy's sake,
Pardon me this one mistake;
I intend no ill, believe me,
'Tis my eyes alone deceive me,
When fair Iris I misname,
She will not poor Cupid blame;
And I must confess it true
Often I take her for you.'

Hume observes, and I think very profoundly, that the Presbyterian religion is *republican*, and perfectly suited to the genius of the *populace*. In factious times the devotees of Presbyterianism are, of course, zealous partizans of *democracy*.

Mr. Pinkerton's compilation, intitled *Modern Geography*, is a work, which, if it does not meet all the wishes of the learned in that science, has yet, in many points, a *manifest superiority* over those which have preceded it.

A caustic vein of wit pervades Mr. W. Gifford's late examination of certain critical strictures; but it exhibits also good sense and sound taste, and will, therefore, live beyond the natural date of controversial tracts.

A DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

A city fop, with haughty walk,
Would often o'er the common stalk.
One day, in boots that would surpass
The reflexivity of glass,
When stepping o'er the broadway street,
A pup came barking at his feet;
A stander-by observ'd the play,
And wonder'd why the pup should bay.
A boy replied, with wit acute,
'He sees a *funny* in the boot.'

[The author of the following pieces, Mr. Oldschool, was a young gentleman of great respectability and handsome talents. His name was Hoyland; he was born in Yorkshire, in England, of parents who supported a reputable standing in society. Either from intense application to books, for which he discovered an early and ardent attachment, or from some unknown cause, he gradually lost his reason, and finally became entirely insane.]

It is a remark of some philosopher, that poetry and lunacy are so nearly allied, that a passion for the first almost invariably precedes the latter. This observation, upon first view, may appear absurd and ridiculous; but, beside the authority of experience, it is obvious to observe what a similarity exists between the wild vagaries of a disordered mind, and the eccentricities of a flighty muse. The heart softened, and the natural vivacity of temper destroyed by many gloomy reflections, and the mind, delighting in regularity and order, appear peculiarly adapted to the tender themes, the harmonious cadence and measured equality of poetic lines. Poetry, indeed, appears to have been a concomitant of inspiration, as well as of other kinds of mental disorder. The Pythea of Apollo, whose ravings resembled more the frantic distractions of convulsive agonies, than the effects of divine influence, screamed out her ambiguous oracles in unmeasured and mutilated verses; and Æneas' Sibyl wrote on the leaves in her cave poetic responses, adapted to the circumstances of every inquirer. I myself heard some verses recited which were written by a lunatic of the Philadelphia hospital, that would not have disgraced a more conspicuous pen. His productions, though not remarkable for that ardour and regular connection, which is very naturally expected in elegant poetry, contained, nevertheless, many beautiful thoughts, original figures, and much energy of expression. His subjects were grave, and adapted to the state of his mind.

Whether our author composed these odes before or during his insanity, I am unable to discover; one thing, however, is remarkable, that though his themes are uniformly serious, and many of his expressions strongly indicative of melancholy, his compositions bear no marks of a disordered understanding. From the general tenor of his pieces, and the acute despondency which is breathed in many of them, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they were written at the commencement of his disorder. In his ode to sleep he says,

But when, like me, some *pensive wretch* withdrawn
Far from the world, within some darkling grove,
From dewy fingered eve to purple dawn,
Bemoans his sufferings like a wounded dove.

But, whatever state of intellect might have produced these odes, the lovers of elegant poetry ought, perhaps, to regret that it was but of short duration. The force of his malady overcame the strength of his constitution, and he became its victim at the age of twenty-one years. If we consider the early period of life, at which these little essays were written, and the circumstance of their having never been corrected for the press, we shall find much to admire, and but little to disapprove. The early brilliancy of POPE, CHATTERTON, and HUNT, united with great harmony of versification, and considerable strength of genius, are discoverable in many of the stanzas. They never have hitherto, I believe, appeared in print except one, 'To a friend, with a borrowed guinea returned,' which was some time ago sent to the Port Folio, and which, for that reason, I shall not transmit on this occasion. If you think their merits intitle them to a place in your Miscellany, they are very much at your service.

PHILAXIAN.]

ODE I.

TO HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Sweet Angel of my natal hour,
Thou, to whose tutelary power

My infant days were given;
My bosom friend! companion dear!
Forever kind, forever near,
While such the will of heaven!

By thee inspir'd, the live-long day
Roll'd lightly on in peace and play,
Calm slumbers crown'd the night;
By thee and simple nature drawn,
Ere reason spread her glimm'ring dawn,
I sought and found delight.

'Twas thou when'er I rang'd the mead,
That drew me from the poisonous weed
Of tempting purple dye;
That drew me from the fatal brake,
Where coil'd in speckled pride, the snake
Allured my longing eye.

Ah! why so soon to reason's hand
Did'st thou resign the imperial wand?
Why yield the ruling rein,
With thee are all my comforts fled,
And woes to endless woes succeed
A dire and gloomy train!

Can zephyr hush the singing seas,
Or whisper silence in a breeze,
When Boreas sweeps the flood?
Can the soft virgin's voice restrain
The midnight howling of the plain,
When Lions roar for food?

So weak is reason to controul,
Or soothe the tempests of the soul,
When torn by passions wild;
Tho' soft the sound as zephyr's wing,
That whispers tidings of the spring,
As voice of virgin mild.

Come then, resume thy guardian power,
Sweet angel of my natal hour,
To whom the choice was given;
Once more receive me to thy care,
Forever kind, forever near,
If such the will of heaven.

ODE II.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Say bird of eve, whose solitary note
I catch imperfect from a spray remote,
(While numerous echoes down the vale
Convey the melancholy tale)
Still nearer to my lonely cell
Bring all thy woes, sweet Philomel.

Around that cell no verdant bowers
With careless elegance inwove,
Nor shrubs adorn'd with early flowers,
Exhaling fragrance, court thy love.

Yet think not to an heedless ear
Thy throat will vainly warble here;
Thy liquid lays enchant my soul,
Wakeful as yonder starry pole.
Then nearer to my lonely cell,
Bring all thy woes, sweet Philomel.

If I deny the hospitable bough,
(Far to the pensive genius of the shades)
May yonder beechen glades
Their salutary gloom no more display
To intercept the dog-star's fiery ray
From my devoted brow!

May never music soothe my breast,
But the funereal bird unblest'd,
Harrow with shrieks that fright the dawning day.
Witness ye neighbouring vallies green

Do I not rove where woodbines twine
And call each branching oak divine?
Enraptured with the sylvan scene!
Then nearer to my lonely cell
Bring all thy woes, sweet Philomel.

Were once my ardent wishes crown'd,
A new Elysium waving round,
Would empty every forest nigh
Of all their native melody:
But fate, inexorable fate,
Not even thy sounds can mitigate.
Then pardon, gentle bird, the wrong,
And at my window perching light
Prattle thy sweet notes—and attentive night
Will o'er these bounds her solemn reign prolong.

ODE III.

ON RURAL HAPPINESS.

How deeply blue the ethereal space
With burning stars enamell'd o'er!
The snow-clad hills on night's grim face
A pale and dreadful lustre pour.

Welcome sad season of the year
And midnight stern and howling wind;
Horrors that fright the wolf and bear,
Serve but to soothe my wilder mind.

On this rude cliff's tremendous brow,
Ne'er touch'd by rosy fingered spring,
Where swain was never heard to blow
The warbling reed, or bird to sing—

I stand: around in ample view
The subject meads and forests lie,
And silent streams, whose surface blue
Reflects the moon and starry sky.

And mingled cottages appear,
Where sleep his genuine dew bestows,
And young content, a cherub fair,
Still smooths the pillow of repose.

There peace and heaven-born virtue reign
Unrivalled on the margin green
Of wrinkled rill, in grove or plain
The smiling pair is ever seen.

Before the lustre of their eyes,
As shades before the morning ray,
Each soul distempering passion flies,
To crowded halls and cities gay.

Av'rice with fancied wants forlorn,
Meagre his look, his mantle rude,
And stern-ey'd envy inly torn,
By the fell worm that drinks his blood.

Mistaken jealousy that weeps
O'er the pale corpse himself has gor'd,
And dire revenge, that never sleeps,
Still calls for blood, still shakes the sword.

Restless ambition roaming o'er
The affrighted globe, where'er he treads
The fields are drench'd in human gore,
And cities bow their tow'ry heads.

Loud discontent and dumb despair,
Suspicion glancing oft behind,
And slighted love, with frantic air,
Blaspheming heaven and stars unkind.

Thrice happy swains! your silent hours
These midnight furies ne'er molest;
Furies that climb the loftiest towers,
And tear the splendid tyrant's breast.

Sleep on, bless'd innocents, secure,
Soon will the wintry storms be flown
Soon comes the spring-tide breathing pure,
And summer suns are all your own.

ODE IV.

TO SLEEP.

Offspring of night, whose languid visage wears
Death's milder lineaments! thy friendly art
With lenient balm the drooping soul repairs,
And in a sweet oblivion laps the heart.
Come, gentle queen, thy noiseless wings diffuse,
And o'er my humble cell ah! shake thy opiate
dews.

The vent'rous seaman, 'midst the rocking shrouds,
Touch'd by thy potent wand, his toil foregoes,
And, while loud billows mingle with the clouds,
Hangs on the mast in terrible repose.
Stretch'd on his shield beneath tempestuous skies,
Thou bidst the warrior close his formidable eyes.

Then why, capricious power, to me delay'd
Thy blessings? peace protects my rural hill;
These tranquil haunts no ruder sounds invade
Than drowsy murmurs from a falling rill;
Than the warm whisper'd sigh, when lovers
true,
Beneath their favourite oak, their tender vows
renew.

I know, and I applaud thy virtuous pride;
Thou wilt not lull the traitor's perjurd head;
Let mute attendants guard their patron's side,
And tapers burn around the nightly dead:
Yet still he wakes; yon faulchion gleaming nigh,
Betray his guilty fears, that groan his misery.

I know that from th' impure recess of lust,
The ghastly ruffian's floor with slaughter red,
Thou flyest; and bid'st stern conscience, ever
just,
With all her furies haunt the accursed bed:
While horrid shrieks and livid light appal
The traveller wandering near the unhospitable
wall.

I know that all the treasures of the west,
Or precious gems that eastern quarries hold,
Would ne'er from thee obtain one hour of rest,
For the pale slave whose bosom pants for gold;
Not all that nature's azure round contains
Would bribe thee to the roof where hell-born
malice reigns.

But am I these? my soul indignant spurns
The lying imputation: yet betray'd
To various ills, in dust and ashes mourns
Her ardour quench'd, her vivid powers decay'd;
Misfortune opes her quiver; lingering pain
And sickness dip the darts in more than Judean
bane.

Some lofty minds, that boast a firmer frame,
Adversity's rough storms undaunted bear,
Their faculties expanding, brighter flame
Like Boreas blazing in a rougher air;
But in my feeble heart the spark divine
Fades as a dying lamp, and all its hopes decline.

Ah! when shall I, soft Sleep, thy influence find?
What happy clime the gentle charm will yield;
Waft me ye sails where blows the tepid wind
O'er orange groves, where citrons strew the
field!

Ah! no, 'mid these my hapless youth has stray'd
Nor met thy soothing smiles beneath the fragrant
shade.

Is there a sage, whose philosophic mind,
Lur'd by the moon's wan lustre, upward springs,
Swift as the darted beam, and, unconfin'd,
Its flight through planetary wonders wings?

Then may'st thou well thy useless power restrain,
Nor with lethargic clouds the bright conception
stain.

Is there a bard, who, in seraphic lays
Sublime, and fill'd with spirit-piercing fire,
Pours to yon listening orbs his maker's praise?
'Twere sacrilege to hush the holy lyre,
A voice forbids, and angels listening round
Strike their symphonious harps, while earth and
heaven resound.

But when, like me, some pensive wretch with-
drawn,
Far from the world within some darkling grove,
From dewy fingered eve to purple dawn,
Bemoans his sufferings like a wounded dove.
'Tis thine to give that boon, which now I crave,
Repose, profound as death, and silent as the grave.

I plead in vain—regardless of my woe,
No strain can win thee to this fluttering breast,
Yet soon that grave shall lay my sorrows low,
Where mingled sleep the oppressor and oppress'd,
'Till heaven to one eternal morn restore
My ravish'd eyes, and thou and death shall be no
more.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

Written during a severe illness in the year 1798.

O nymph divine, of magic power,
Whose smiles can sooth each passing hour,
O hasten to the bed of pain,
And bid a sufferer rise again!

Thy presence banishes each grief,
And gives the wearied soul relief;
Makes the destroying fever fly,
With all its train of misery.

And bring the clear delights along,
To cheer my heart and glad my song;
Again with strength my sinews brace,
And call the colour to my face.

But haste thee nymph, nor long delay;
'Tis death to loiter on the way;
Disease preys deeply all the while;
Then haste and bless me with thy smile.
ROWLAND.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAM.

From the French of Fontenelle.

Tom makes of ceremony sport,
And always has a laugh about it;
Yet, if we may believe report,
Poor fellow! he was made without it.

ROWLAND.

Translated from Martial.

You wonder, Philip, I refuse
To shew the offspring of my muse:
The reason, friend, is very plain—
For fear you'll shew me your's again.
ROWLAND.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 20.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 90.

Unus vetusto genere, sed rebus novis. Phœd.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

DON THOMAS YRIARTE, a Spanish fabulist, in a volume of poetical apologues, propounds one as a version from Esop, and imagines the reader, under this impression, to descant largely on its merit and ingenuity; but when informed that it is an original of his vernacular tongue, to be as severe in his reprehension of the Spaniard, as he had been lavish in his eulogy on the Phrygian. Every person, conversant with the biography of literature, must perceive how forcibly the moral deducible from this fiction, applies to letters in general, and particularly to the fate of works of imagination. Among the smaller productions of our language, now dignified by universal and enthusiastic admiration, there are many, I can venture to assert, which would have been consigned to oblivion, had they not come forth under the auspices of a reputation antecedently established, or propitiated public favour by some auxiliary, equally extrinsic and fortuitous. To the works of a writer already raised to literary eminence, the reader advances with anticipated reverence and expectant gratification; attention is roused to avoid the imputation of a narrow discernment, or a defective taste; the plastic power of imagination, if substantial do not abound, can easily create a multitude of ideal excellencies: every grace is invested with tenfold attraction, every remote allusion industriously pursued, and every latent beauty diligently scrutinized. When, on the contrary, the ground is not thus pre-occupied, when a man offers to the world his effusions, unsupported by adventitious aid, we are too apt to contemn as arrogant the claims of a new competitor for fame, to degrade his very excellencies to the level of imperfection, and look with indifference on a page which may teem with the most exalted felicities of fancy, which may breathe the native fire of genius, and sparkle with the radiance of the most polished wit. It is almost superfluous to mention, that Milton's *Paradise Lost* remained a long time neglected on the shelf, or that Cervantes, to procure readers for *Don Quixote*, was necessitated to publish an anonymous pamphlet, called '*Busca pié*,' in which he pretended to prove his great performance to be only a covert satire on the chief grandees of Spain. Before men could be made to appreciate a work, one of the most perfect in its kind, and the most inimitable in its

humour of any which can constitute the boast of a nation, it was requisite to lure them to the task, by holding out incentives to the avidity of malice, and the bitterness of spleen.

The consolations of the unfortunate Savage, in attributing the tardy sale of his poems either to their appearance at an unseasonable juncture, or to the inactivity of the printer in their circulation, were not, perhaps, so illusory as his learned biographer imagines: poverty may sometimes obscure the splendor of talent; the elevation of rank and the glitter of opulence not unfrequently annex to merit a lustre unattainable by its intrinsic force.

But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens, how the style refines;
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought.
POPE.

The foregoing remarks were principally suggested by the recent perusal of a legendary tale, intitled '*Edwin and Eltruda*,' published several years ago in England, and written by Helen Maria Williams, a lady of some note in the poetical world. A narrative interwoven with superior skill, the most exquisite delicacy both of thought and expression, and a versification uncommonly harmonious, excited emotions of regret that the ingenious author does not appear to enjoy, with us at least, a degree of celebrity proportioned to her merit. If the reader be an admirer of the Hermit of Goldsmith, he will, perhaps, be grateful for an attempt to recommend to his attention, in the course of a few essays, the most striking beauties of a ballad, more complex and engaging in the narrative, no less mellifluous in the diction, equally tender and more diversified in the sentiment. Without wishing to detract from the just reputation of Goldsmith's poem, I am much inclined to believe that had it not been preceded by the *Citizen of the World*, or were it not associated with the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village*, it would now only be found in some obscure collection of fugitive pieces. It is true, indeed, that productions of this subordinate nature seem to be mortal, if I may be allowed the expression, in their texture, and contain within themselves an inherent principle of corruption. 'The lucky trifles of genius,' says Johnson in his life of Waller, 'are flowers fragrant and fair, but of short duration, or blossoms only to be valued as they foretel fruit.' From them the poet reaps but a deciduous laurel, and gathers a wreath destined to wither with the brow which it incircles. They may be assimilated to the light edifices that are susceptible of all the graces of neatness, of all the decorations of fancy, and the refinements of taste, but are constructed more for the purposes of temporary pleasure than lasting utility. The epic or the drama, to those lofty piles of gothic architecture, which, in the design, require the most comprehensive amplitude of thought, and the ultimate extent of vigorous invention: in their execution, the toilsome assiduities of labour, and the gradual improvements of time; which exact materials such

as may qualify them to swell the mind with mingled emotions of the sublime and the beautiful, to awe by their grandeur, and astonish by their magnificence, to brave the fury of tempests and the dilapidation of ages.

Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.

Before we enter upon our particular object, it may be proper to make some preliminary remarks on the nature and present state of the ballad or legendary tale. Addison has intimated in one of his critical papers, and I have seen the same idea frequently inculcated, that our ancient ballads, under the veil of an uncouth phraseology, conceal passages eminently poetical, and warm with the genuine glow of passion. The student must have found himself egregiously deceived, who, upon the strength of such authority, has searched our legendary lore, animated by a hope of extracting the diamond from its incrustation. Instead of an enamelled path, you explore a barren waste, and tread an ungrateful soil, with nothing either to interest curiosity, to gratify the taste, to recreate the imagination; the solitary flower that may sometimes be culled is chiefly valuable, because it is rare.

Pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso,
Carduus et spinis surgat paliurus acutis;
Infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avena.

I could wish no more satisfactory exemplification of the correctness of this opinion, than '*Chevy Chase*,' selected by Addison as most worthy of commendatory criticism. Those 'wonderfully beautiful strokes, that eloquent language of nature,' and the 'majestic simplicity' on which he dwells with such encomiastic fervour, and lavishes so much classical erudition, if they do exist, must be reserved for souls particularly congenial, or uncommonly perspicacious.

A similar penury of merit seems to obtain among the modern imitations of the historical ballad, few of which deserve a specific enumeration. The first, in general estimation, is the *Hermit of Goldsmith*, cursorily mentioned above. Were it not almost heterodox in taste to animadvert on any thing from his pen, I might be induced to remark that it is rather too barren of occurrence, and seems to want that systematic tenor of plan, which serves to awaken curiosity, and enchain attention. But to counterbalance this deficiency, he has exercised those inimitable powers that blunt the acumen of criticism, and preclude the interposition of intellect by exciting, and in a manner monopolizing, the most delightful feelings of our nature; his language is irresistibly operative, his images are those 'which find a mirror in every mind,' his sentiments those 'to which every bosom returns an echo.' Langhorne's '*Owen of Carron*,' more intricate in the fable, and enriched by a greater combination of incident, labours under an analogous desideratum, that of a plan regularly concatenated, and a catastrophe linked with an

consequent to the main design. The integrity of action, prescribed by Aristotle for the epic and the drama, is almost universally applicable; the action of every poem should be continuous, and a writer carefully avoid any abruption in the chain that ought to unite the exordium with the consummation. The 'Owen of Carron,' however, is recommended by the same superior melody of numbers, the same nervous and captivating simplicity, the 'curiosa felicitas,' which characterise the 'Fables of Flora;' Langhorne touches a chord that momentarily vibrates in unison with the heart, and if he resembles Goldsmith in his defects, he has drawn his beauties from the same source, from the liberal infusions of nature, not the factitious accumulation of study or art. Dr. Percy's Hermit of Warkworth and other legendary tales, are elaborate indeed, but tedious and jejune. Where our end is to kindle sensibility, on no subject can it be effectuated by the mere 'studium sine divite venâ,' by a mere imitation of passion, or the substitution of artificial embellishment for native warmth.

The quatrain, or alternate verse of six and eight syllables, is eminently calculated to convey that delicate simplicity, which forms a leading and essential feature in this branch of poetry, and distinguishes the ballads of Bruce, Logan, Cawthorn, and others, who have cultivated it with success. In the Lyceum of La Harpé, a late French critic, it is accurately observed, that simplicity of diction is incompatible with refinement of thought 'La simplicité du tons n'exclut point la finesse du sens.' There is a simplicity, both of phrase and conception, that should enter into the constitution of minor poems, a simplicity alike remote from the elevation of the sublime, and the grossness of vulgarity, from which the poet cannot deviate without a simultaneous deviation from the spirit and perfection of his subject. The 'mens diviniore' and the 'verbū ardens' belong not to him, but are attributes of the epic, the dramatic, or the lyric poet. It is their province to tread 'with the long majestic march,' to exalt 'with the full resounding line,' and display all the pomp of poetical grandiloquence: to make Jupiter shake his ambrosial curls, and agitate Olympus with his nod; to depict the Messiah, irradiated by the effulgence of the godhead, hurling destruction on the rebel host of spirits: they alone may yield to that sacred transport, which is supposed to pervade and animate the breast of the bard,

Impetus ille sacer qui vatum pectora nutrit.

or indulge in the ardent enthusiasm, the abrupt and impetuous transition, the 'raptur'd thought and vision wild' of the Norse ode,

Tam furor humanus nostroe pectore sensus expulit.

those bold anomalies of the Runic Muse, that disdain the trammels of rule, and the sober duties of methodical deduction.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANY.

The ensuing remarks on British Ladies, in 'high life,' are from the pen of the Younger Lyttleton. There is a grossièreté in some of the ideas, which serves to mark the libertinism of their author. On the whole, however, the picture is valuable. Michael Angelo stabbed a man that he might transplant his agony and distortion into the face of his Christ on the cross. Lyttleton could paint with equal exactness, without the trouble of a special experiment.

"I plead guilty to a very trifling part of the charge which you bring against me; but I peremptorily deny that the accusing lady is a woman of virtue. Do you believe that every wife, who does not advance into the guilt of adultery, is a virtuous character? Is it your opinion, that every unmarried lady, who does not keep a handsome footman, or make an occasional retreat into the country, to drink asses milk for a dropsy, has a right to boast of chastity? Alas! sir, I know many of these, and hear daily of more, who, though they have not been guilty of what is pre-eminently called a criminal deviation from the nuptial vow or virgin honour, possess more unchaste minds, than many of those forlorn wretches, who gain their daily bread by the miserable trade of nocturnal prostitution.

Your artful, angry, or disappointed relation... for I have not yet decided which of these epithets is most applicable to her present situation, makes out a strange and horrid story from the ordinary occurrence of an accidental half hour's *tete a tete*. I found her, *par hazard*, alone, and in those spirits which seemed to ask for that kind of libertine *badinage*, which, in her more sober humour, would not have been exerted. The idle raillery was parried by her with much skill and coquetry: she neither retired into another room, nor rung for a servant to shew me the door, or even discovered a gleam of disapprobation by a moment's gravity. On the contrary, she pressed my longer stay, and, at my departure, reproached me for the infrequency of my visits. But, stung with the mortification that her upbraidings were thrown away, (excuse, I beseech you, the necessary vanity of my justification), she ~~has~~ thought proper to cry aloud against me, to revenge what she might consider as a neglect, or, perhaps, to make the world believe that she was still capable of inspiring such a violence of passion, which, in her history, so irresistibly impelled me to make an adventurous attack upon her virtue. It really concerns me, that you should be at once the engine of her malicious rage, and the dupe of your own amiable credulity. Her threats, though they were to take her own shape, would not alarm me; but she knows too much of the wicked world to put them in execution:....believe me, my friend, she will not give her many enemies such advantage over her.

I shall plead guilty, in a more general manner, to another charge which our accusing spirit has brought against me, that I have an ill opinion of our cotemporary women in high life. The corruption of these present times is in no degree so strongly marked as by the modern profligacy of female manners. Examine the catalogue of those ladies, whose rank, beauty, accomplishments or fortune, give them an influence in the great world, and then tell me what you think of the present state of superior female character. Is their rank employed to give an example to the inferior orders? Is their beauty exerted in the various services of virtue? Are their accomplishments exercised in confirming and prolonging the duration of virtuous affection? And is their fortune taxed with relief to poverty, encouragement to arts, or protection to science, otherwise than in subservience to the caprices of fashion? Is a simplicity of character visible in female youth after fourteen years of age? And does not the reign of coquetry commence before, and oftentimes long before, that period? Trace the course of fashionable education from the cradle to the altar; examine, with attention, the efforts and views of maternal tenderness in the circle of your own society; and tell me where is that perfection of female character,...for it might every where exist,...which can awe the most dissolute into respect and admiration. You must very well

know, that the passion of the most impassioned is very rarely indeed so irresistible as to inflame with the design of carrying the fortress of chastity by a *coup de main*; and when such attempts are made, it is some visible breach in the outworks which encourages to that fierce mode of conquest. A chaste, virtuous woman is an awful character; something supernatural seems to surround and shroud her from the profane approaches of Seduction. Innocence may be seduced, and Ignorance may be deceived; but Chastity, founded on the basis of PURE VIRTUE, holds forth to the eye of the most artful, as well as the most rampant Lust, the repulsive evidence of impregnable security.

You must well remember where we dined together not many weeks ago; nor can it have been possible for you to forget the friendly apprehensions which our hostess expressed, lest the House of Commons should detain Mr....., as she was sure Lady..... would not be in tolerable humour, if she was not of the party. At length, however, they both came, were carefully placed together at table, and seemed in perfect contentment. Now, all this pretty business was managed in chaste society, and in a virtuous house; nevertheless, it appeared to me, that the mistress of it, even in the presence of her daughters, did little less than promote the progress of adultery. This, you see, is so common an arrangement, that Mrs....., who holds herself forth as a woman of renowned discretion, considered it as a matter of course. I wonder much that you will suffer such rare virtue, as dwells in that most amiable woman, whom you possess, to risk the taint of such societies.

I would forgive the artifice of dress, and the little hypocrisies of personal decoration; they originate from a desire to please, and can never produce any fatality of deception: but wearing a mask upon the mind, and the giving a fallacious appearance to character, is a forgery that becomes oftentimes more fatal to happiness and honour, than a crime of the same title which never finds mercy. How many women are there now flaunting about our world, who have made use of the falsest pretences to obtain a settlement and a husband; and, when they have succeeded, not only throw aside the painted veil, which covered them, but laugh at the poor, hapless dupe, who reproaches their duplicity!

They daub their tempers o'er with washes
As artificial as their faces:

and while some of them condescend to appear charming, both in mind and person, to all the world, poor *Benedick*, who possesses the envied privilege of going behind the curtain, alone sees the decomposition of that beauty and virtue, which leaves not a look or a wish to please behind them.

That excellent woman, whom you have the supreme happiness to call your own, is, as I have been told, the only one of her sex who deigns to say a word in my favour. The reason, my dear sir, is evident; she is the only one, I know, who possesses a sufficient share of real, *intrinsic* virtue to keep me, in her presence, in the most patient and satisfactory decorum. Those charms, which, while they allure, correct, and, while they delight, improve, are of rare growth; and it becomes the interest of a corrupt world to employ its contagion to their destruction. This is a language which you might not expect from such an incorrigible sinner as I am; but, believe me, is that of all the tribe, when reason resumes her lucid interval: and if the women of coquetry, vanity and intrigue, knew how much their most devoted, *admired* and *familiar* favourites, at times, *despise* and speak of them, they would have recourse to the *sincerity*

of virtue, to obtain honest praise, real admiration, and solid pleasure.

It will afford me no small satisfaction to hear that I have laid your spirit of censure, and that, on this subject at least, it will haunt me no more: for though public severity hardens me more and more against public opinion, I should ever wish to justify myself to you, when I possess any means of justification.....You will do me the favour to present my very sincere respects to Mrs....., and receive the affectionate regard of

Your faithful, &c."

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

ALDERMAN BOYDELL.

The following letter from this venerable, enlightened and liberal patron of the Arts, to Sir John Anderson, is so honourable to the feelings of the writer, and exhibits such a just and modest statement of the advantages which this nation has derived from his exertions in commerce, as well as taste, that it is well intitled to the notice of the public, who will, of course, take a strong interest in the success of a plan necessary to enable him to close his meritorious life in ease and tranquillity.

[COPY.]

Cheapside, Feb. 4, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

The kindness with which you have undertaken to represent my case, calls upon me to lay open to you, with the utmost candor, the circumstances attending it, which I will now endeavour to do as briefly as possible.

It is above sixty years since I began to study the art of Engraving; in the course of which time, besides employing that long period of life in my profession, with an industry and assiduity that would be improper in me to describe, I have laid out with my brethren, in promoting the commerce of the fine arts in this country, above three hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

When I first began business, the whole commerce of prints, in this country, consisted in importing foreign prints, principally from France, to supply the cabinets of the curious in this kingdom. Impressed with the idea, that the genius of our own countrymen, if properly encouraged, was equal to that of foreigners, I set about establishing a School of Engraving, in England, with what success the public are well acquainted. It is, perhaps, sufficient at present to say, that the whole course of that commerce is changed, very few prints being now imported into this country, while the foreign market is principally supplied with prints from England.

In effecting this favourite plan, I have not only spent a long life, but have employed near forty years of the labours of my nephew, Josiah Boydell, who has been bred to the business, and whose assistance, during that period, has been greatly instrumental in promoting a school of Engraving in this country. By the blessing of Providence these exertions have been very successful, not only in that respect, but in a commercial point of view, for the large sums I regularly received from the continent, previous to the French revolution, for impressions taken from the numerous plates engraved in England, encouraged me to attempt also an English school of Historical Painting.

I had observed, with indignation, that the want of such a school had been long made a favourite topic of opprobrium against this country, among foreign writers, on the subject of national taste.

No subject could, therefore, be more appropriate for such a national attempt, than England's inspired poet and great painter of nature, SHAK-

SPEARE; and I flatter myself the most prejudiced foreigner must allow, that the Shakspeare Gallery will convince the world, that Englishmen want nothing but the fostering hand of encouragement to bring forth their genius in this line of art. I might go further, and defy any of the Italian, Flemish, or French Schools, to shew such an exertion as the Shakspeare Gallery, every artist, partaking of the freedom of his country, and endowed with that originality of thinking, so peculiar to its natives, has chosen his own road to what he conceived to be excellence, unshackled by the slavish imitation and uniformity that pervade all the foreign schools.

This Gallery I once flattered myself with being able to have left to that generous public, who have, for so long a period, encouraged my undertakings; but unfortunately for those connected with the Fine Arts, a Vandalick revolution has arisen, which, in convulsing all Europe, has entirely extinguished, except in this happy Island, all those who had the taste, or the power to promote these Arts; while the tyrant, who at present governs France, tells that believing and besotted nation, that, in the midst of all his robbery and rapine, he is a great patron and promoter of the Fine Arts, just as if those arts, that polish and humanize mankind, could be promoted by such means, and by such a man!

You will excuse, my dear sir, I am sure, some warmth in an old man, on this subject, when I inform you that this unhappy revolution has cut up by the roots that revenue from the continent which enabled me to undertake such considerable works in this country. At the same time, as I am laying my case fairly before you, it should not be disguised, that my natural enthusiasm for promoting the Fine Arts, (perhaps buoyed up with success), made me improvident. For had I laid by but 10l. out of every 100l. my plates produced, I should not now have had occasion to trouble my friends, or appeal to the public. But, on the contrary, I flew with impatience to employ some new artist with the whole gains of my former undertakings. I see too late my error, for I have thereby decreased my ready money, and increased my stock of copperplates to such a size that all the print-sellers in Europe could not purchase it, especially at these times, so unfavourable to the Fine Arts.

Having thus candidly owned my error, I have but one word to say in extenuation. My receipts from abroad had been so large, and continued so regular, that I, at all times, found them fully adequate to support my undertakings at home. I could not calculate on the present crisis, which has totally annihilated them. I certainly calculated on some defalcation of these receipts by a French or Spanish war, or both. But with France or Spain I carried on but little commerce. Flanders, Holland, and Germany, who no doubt supplied the rest of Europe, were the great marts. But, alas! they are now no more. The convulsion that has disjoined and ruined the whole continent I did not foresee. I know no man that did. On that head, therefore, though it has nearly ruined me and mine, I can take but little blame to myself.

In this state of things I throw myself with confidence upon that public, who have always been but too partial to my endeavours, for the disposal of that which, in happier days, I flattered myself to have presented to them. I know of no means by which that can be effected just now, but by a Lottery, and if the Legislature will have the goodness to grant a permission for that purpose, they will at least have the assurance of the even tenor of a long life, that it will be fairly and honourably conducted.

The objects of it are my Pictures, Galleries, Drawings, &c. which, unconnected with my cop-

per-plates and trade, are much more than sufficient to pay, if properly disposed of, all I owe in the world.

I hope you, my dear sir, and every honest man, at any age, will feel for my anxiety to discharge my debts, but, at my advanced age of eighty-five, I feel it become doubly desirable.

I am, dear sir, with great regard,

Your obedient and obliged servant,

(Signed) JOHN BOYDELL.

SIR J. W. ANDERSON, Bart.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH-DAY OF

ROBERT BURNS.

On Saturday the 28th ult. a select party of the friends and admirers of our native bard met at the cottage in which he was born to celebrate his birth-day. Immediately after dinner, an ode, composed for the occasion, was read to the company.

The memory of the bard, the patroness of the feast, the laureat of the day, and similar toasts, afforded to the Preses an opportunity of communicating to the meeting a manuscript, which he stated from respectable authority, to be the production of one of the sons of our lamented poet. The Preses sung it to an appropriate air, and we give it to our readers for their perusal.

Hae ye seen in the fresh dewy morning
The wild warbling red-breast sae cear?
Or the low dwelling snaw-breasted gowan,
Surcharg'd wi' mild e'ening's soft tear?

O then ye hae seen my ain lassie,
The lassie I lo'e best of a';
But, O! frue the hame of my lassie,
I'm mony a lang mile awa.

Her hair is the wings of the black-bird,
Her eye is the eye of the dove,
Her lips are the mild-blushing rose-bud,
Her bosom's the palace of love.

Alas! when I sit down to study,
I now can do naething at a';
My book, I indeed keep my eyes on,
My thoughts are wi' her that's awa.

O Love! thou'rt a dear fleeting pleasure,
The sweetest we mortals here know;
Ah! soon is thy heaven bright gleaming
O'ercast with the dark cloud of wo'.

Thus the moon, on the oft changing ocean,
Delights the worn sailor's glad eye,
When red rush the storms of the desert,
And the wild waves dark tumble on lugh.

Mr. Alderman Shaw of London, an Ayrshire gentleman, some time after the death of our admired poet, patronised a subscription for the behoof of his widow and children. The sum so raised was vested in the three per cent. reduced annuities, and amounted to 500l. of that stock. As the parish of Ayr had given birth to the bard, the alderman wished that the provost and bailies of Ayr should take the management of this fund for their behoof, which they cheerfully accepted. One day last week, the alderman, while in company with Sir Francis Baring, the conversation turned on Mr. Burns, and the circumstances of his family, and being told that he had promoted a subscription for their relief, the worthy Baronet, who is a warm admirer of our poet, begged that he also might have the honour of being a contributor, and immediately put into his hands 100l. sterling, which was also brought into the same stock, and the receipt sent to the magistrates, and with the 100l. makes 676l. 19s. 10d. 3 per cents, standing in the name of the provost and bailies of the town of Ayr, for the

benefit of the widow and children of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet. We have additional pleasure in stating that Mr. Addington had assumed the patronage of Mr. Burns's eldest son Robert, and will soon place him in one of the public offices under government, where the road to honour and celebrity will lie fair before him.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

Continued.

Our object at Bex was, as I before informed you, to see the only salt-works in Switzerland, and which we had been advised to visit as an object worthy our attention. Early this morning, therefore, we set off in a *char-a-banc*, furnished by our landlord, and after a ride of about a league, arrived at the foot of the mountains where the salines are. When we had ascended as far as the house of the man who superintends the mines, he made us tie a handkerchief round our heads, and put on a coarse dark wrapper with a hood, which completely covered us. Thus equipped, like two capuchin friars, with each a lamp in his hand, we sallied forth to enter the subterraneous passages, which were cut horizontally in the rock, with great regularity, but were so narrow, that we could only walk one after the other. In this manner we traversed an extent of galleries of near a quarter of a league, which brought us to the great wheel, distant three thousand French feet from the place where we entered at, and we were told the miners had got 1600 feet farther.

These excavations have been carried on with a view to discover, if possible, the mass of rock salt which is supposed by some to exist, and which gives the saline impregnation to the waters which issue from the mountains; but from some late geological discoveries, it is highly probable no such mass will ever be found, and the formation of the salt springs are very ingeniously and naturally accounted for by the nature of the earths through which the waters filtrate, and which, under certain circumstances, may, by chemical combinations, be adequate to their production. An opinion, similar to this, was also entertained by the celebrated Haller, who was manager here for some time. The works carried on under the error, were, however, very great, and we passed several lateral galleries, which led into the mountain, but without producing the desired discovery; one of these, we were told, descends at least eight hundred feet, and we found it so beautifully and regularly formed, that we followed the flight of steps, cut out of the solid rock, for some distance, and were recompensed by some very pretty spars, which we detached from the rocks.

Our guide told us that the galleries were so numerous, that it would require a whole day to visit them all; he, therefore, only shewed us the principal ones. He made us descend one of them about fifty steps, to observe a very large reservoir, intended to receive the water when the wheels, which raise it to the surface, were out of order. It was in the shape of a triangle, whose greatest length was one hundred feet, and breadth eighty. The depth was nine feet.

Our guide took us by surprise, and almost stunned us by shutting with violence the door which opened to this place. The noise was like the loudest thunder, and was re-echoed by the walls of the reservoir and galleries, thro' which it rolled majestically for many seconds.

At the distance of three thousand feet from the entrance, we came to a large apartment in which is the greatest curiosity of the place. This is an immense wheel, thirty-seven feet in diamet-

er, put in motion by the smallest power of water I ever saw, and which performs all operations of pumping up the salt water into the reservoir. Immediately over the wheel is a shaft, which, at the height of four hundred feet, opens on the top of the mountain; and we were delighted with the appearance of day-light through the aperture, which from these dark recesses had double beauty.

On issuing from the mine, we descended the mountain to the building, where the brine conveyed there, under ground, by upwards of two thousand pipes, was evaporated by heat, and the salt, collected in the large shallow iron pans, was put into a ware-house for use. The quantity of salt obtained in this manner is about three per cent. of the weight of water.

Near this is another building, called the Graduating House, which is pointed out to strangers as an object of attention. It is simply an open frame building, but with a roof, it is full of thorn bushes piled one upon another, through which the waters which are but weakly impregnated are made to filtrate; thereby exposing nearly every particle to the action of the air; by which means it undergoes a considerable evaporation after it has passed several times through these bushes, and yields, on being boiled, twenty-four per cent. The pumps which elevate the water to the height required in this building, which is about sixty feet, are worked by a large wheel of thirty-three feet diameter, which is preserved from the weather in a covered building of its own form.

The quantity of salt supplied by these works is however not sufficient for one-third of the consumption of the Swiss cantons, and since they are no longer under the management of Berne, less care and attention have been bestowed to make them productive. Formerly one hundred men were constantly employed in blowing the rock in search of salt, as well as more springs; at present there are only six at work, who relieve each other night and day. The salt sells at the works at as high as six and eight sols per pound, which is almost four dollars per bushel.

We returned to our inn about noon, and on the road were gratified by the sight of some very high mountains, which the clouds and fogs of the morning had hitherto concealed from our view. Amongst these was the Dent du Midi, which presents a very singular shape, having for its summit a rock in the form of a tooth, which gives name to the mountain. There are several others in this neighbourhood present similar appearances, and are called also Dents.

When we left Lausanne, it was partly with an intention, if the weather favored us, of attempting to penetrate into the valley of Chamouni, so celebrated by travellers for the sublime beauties it contains. Much to our mortification and dissatisfaction, clouds and fogs continually obscured the day, and so discouraged us that we resolved to give up all idea of it. As there was however the most celebrated cascade in Switzerland a few leagues distant, in the Vallais, we determined to devote the afternoon to see it, and have accordingly ordered an early dinner to allow us time for that purpose.

Martigny, at night.

About two o'clock we left Bex. A few miles brought us to the famous bridge of St. Maurice, which formerly divided Savoy from Switzerland, but which now separates the Helvetian from the French republic. It is a noble bridge, whose single arch bestrides the Rhone, and is admired by connoisseurs for its boldness and simplicity; it is supposed to have been built by the Romans, as the place was a Roman station. A gateway connects the bridge with the rock on the side of the Rhone, and the village of St. Maurice fills

up the space between the mountains and the other side, rendering this a pass of great strength, and easy to be defended.

The moment we entered the Vallais, we perceived a manifest difference between the Vallaisans and the people we had just left, whose neatness formed a striking contrast with the dirt of the former. Their personal difference is also extremely remarkable, for never in my life did I behold an uglier race of beings. The Vallaisans are small and deformed, rarely having both eyes alike, and almost universally goitres or cretins. You know, I believe, that a goitre is the name of a tumour which rises on the throat sometimes to a great size, and that a cretin is a natural idiot. I saw one of these goitres nearly as large as my head, and so weighty that it was supported by a handkerchief which passed under it, and was tied at the back of the neck. The ordinary size is that of a large apple. Some are born with them; others never have them.

But the greatest misfortune of these poor people is, that numbers are born or become *cretins*... who have not a single idea, can neither speak, nor can be made to comprehend the least thing. They are unfortunately very common, and are mostly goitres. They are short and have a big head. I saw one who was very merry, and laughed incessantly; he was employed by his mother to rock the cradle of an infant, and could articulate one or two words as well as comprehend signs; he seemed fond of money, and eagerly took what we offered him.

The cause which produces goitres and cretins is hitherto undiscovered, though many conjectures have been made respecting it. It is presumed they are both produced by the same, as they are almost invariably connected in some way or other. I have however seen goitres in many parts of Switzerland, but never had the misfortune to find a cretin till I entered the Vallais.

Not far from St. Maurice we came to the cascade, which bursts from a cleft in a lofty precipice, and shoots out into the valley in a grand style. It possesses all the beautiful accidents of a waterfall, and forms many small ones as it strikes the projections of the rock. This elegant cascade is universally admired as one of the finest in Switzerland.

As the day declined, the sky cleared up, and the Vallais presented some charming wild scenery. The faint prospect of a few fine days soon upon me, that I proposed to my companion to undertake the tour to Chamouni, which was not many leagues distant. He however declined it, alledging the uncertainty of the pleasure expected from it, and the lateness of the season. My mind was however so bent upon it, that rather than lose so favourable an opportunity of seeing the greatest wonder of the Alps, I resolved to visit them alone, and appointed Geneva for our place of rendezvous... He returned in the carriage to Bex, and I, poor solitary I, with only the cloaths I had on my back, and a few *louis* in my pocket, set out on foot for this place, which was about a league and a half from where we separated. At any other time and with less temptations I should have revolted at the idea of travelling alone, and with the same linen on my back for a week together, but the grand ideas of Mont Blanc, and the glaciers of Savoy, were sufficient to induce me to submit to any hardships.

I was not long walking to this village, which is a place of little consequence, except as a thorough fare to the Great Saint Bernard and the Upper Vallais. Near it a Roman camp is supposed to have been stationed, but no traces of it now remain. The weekly market is the great resort of the neighbouring peasants, who bring their small manufactures, their cheese and honey.

With this delicious honey, and some other little trifles, I have just made an exquisite supper, and must now bid you good night.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DUELLING.

.....Atque ita porro,
Pugnabant armis.

HOR. LIB. I. SAT. 3. v. 104.

This fashionable and equally dreadful mode of adjusting differences by summoning to the tribunal of death, the unfortunate victims to the ungoverned fury of licentious bravos, has of late received such sanction from the boasted heroism of the younger part of the community, that unless some step is adopted whereby its accelerating progress may be effectually arrested, either by universal protestation against the practice, or by the interposition of legislative and executive authority—it is to be apprehended that the consequences alone will be admitted as an argument to prove the barbarity of such appeals. I am well aware that those insolent braggadocios who derive such exquisite pleasure in converting to cowardice every argument which a moralist might use to shew the absurdity of such doctrine, may ascribe these remarks to the effects of fear disguised under the mask of conscience: And on that account I am prepared to receive with patience and due submission to syllogistical or logical reasoning, every construction which they in their enthusiastic notions of honor, may deem proper to pass on this short essay. That this method of redress is not indicative of bravery or honor, is exemplified in the persons and general characters of those who make a profession of it. A man conscious of the injustice of an aspersion, is ready as well as able to vindicate his character, not by appealing to the *pistol*, as if Providence would intercede, to direct the contents to the heart of the transgressor, but by the more consolatory mode of proving him to be a malicious calumniator. There are indeed some cases wherein invitations of this nature are indispensable and unavoidable; for every man claims as a natural and unalienable right the protection of his character and honor. But would not a suitable apology be thought more compatible with the true principles of honor, than to place your life in jeopardy on account of your own misfeasance? Does honor consist in dogmatically supporting a bad cause, and asserting, at the risk of life, rights where you have no just claim? Let every one answer that question himself. The true criterion, and only prominent feature of this attribute of a gentleman, is to fear nothing but the commission of an unworthy act. An apology in the nature of a representation, would satisfy the most abject heart, if made at a proper moment.

"Ira furor brevis est,"

And undoubtedly a mind of the nicest delicacy could not feel repugnant in so doing—as a confession of error or mistake is not incongruous with the dignity of a *man*, but tends to perpetuate that friendship and reciprocity of esteem which would have been dissolved by an implicit obedience to an obstinate temper.

Having thus shewn how a mortal appeal may be evaded where the cause of a dissension was such as would justify a severe retort, I will now suggest my ideas on cases where offence is only conceived from ambiguous words, misconstruction of the intention, and then take a superficial view of the satisfaction gained thereby. Experience affords more instances where offence is taken, than where it is intended to be given—as where expressions inoffensive and innocent, "in se," though involved in abstruse phrases or com-

plicated puns, undergo a fermentation in the mind of a captious or contentious person, and are transmuted into the most opprobrious insults. Whenever this happens to be the case, an explanation is demanded in a tone so peremptory, that even the mildest disposition must conceive a replication equally angry, the only alternative in such a predicament. Thus their animosity increases, and thus their answers betray the most evident tokens of accumulated spleen; each, tenacious of his honour, re-acts upon his opponent with redoubled energy, until a reciprocal attempt on the other's life, can alone effect a mutual acquiescence. Is every spark of reason and philanthropy quenched in the general deluge of your senses? Must the voice of nature vainly resound in your ears and plead for the suspension of your rash design? Does the precognition of the future disconsolate state of your relations, should you be hurried to an immature grave, make no impression on you? Has life no endearments, are there no connubial, parental, filial or social duties, to be yet discharged? Or, have you already imbibed the infernal atheistical doctrine of "Post mortem nihil," that the helpless situation of your soul, when arraigned to appear before its Creator, should merit no consideration? These are points of great moment, but alas! when the mind is thus actuated by inordinate passion, and blinded by the alluring dictates of false honor, nature may vainly plead the cause of prostrate humanity. For the better elucidation of this scene, let it be granted that your adversary has been wholly in fault, and as such has merited and received the reward of his indiscretion—Is there no compunction of conscience to haunt your mind, and render your life miserable, or does the recollection of being the instrument of another's dissolution prove a source of gratification? Perhaps you wish to diffuse terror, by acquiring the reputation of a duellist, and secure respect by exacting it. But be assured, that with whatever hopes, parasites and poltroons may glut you, the respect of an *honest* man is only obtained by deserving it. And in order to shew how weak and chimerical is the expectation of intimidating a man of upright conduct, I remember no exemplification so pertinent and comprehensive as that inimitable ode in which he is represented as an unconcerned spectator amidst "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra; &c.

HORACE.

The event of these references is likewise always precarious and often fatal. Still, in the paroxysm of rage, there is invariably an innate and occult goad perpetually stimulating the parties, which precludes the necessity of considering the justice of their respective causes. There is an equal chance that the person demanding amends may meet the fate he intended for his antagonist. And is it an enviable or satisfactory reparation to have your brains blown out, or your bones dislocated and broken, because your peace of mind has been disturbed? If the offence is too heinous to be overlooked, why not seek redress at a court of justice? Or in case that should be esteemed a mean appeal, let the aggressor feel the effect of the injury, communicated by the united strength of a few friends in case of personal disability, through the medium of a horse whip, proportionally thereto applied to his back. This would work a reformation in him more effectually, and afford far more satisfaction, than participating in the consequences of his impetuosity.

The character of a duellist is a recommendation to no one. I never observed any additional respect paid to this exhibition of courage; but on the contrary, if more than usual politeness has been observed towards a practitioner in the art, it was merely to pacify and preserve unruffled his temper, with the same view that a madman or lunatic is flattered and caressed, to prevent mischief. If the taste is so vitiated that the sight of human blood can alone promote satisfaction or satiate the cravings of a depraved and sensual appetite, let the valour, which would prostitute the intent of nature by such acts of rashness, be displayed with credit, in repelling from our coasts the subverters of our laws and the enemies of our country.

CLITOPHON.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

[The subsequent sermon was originally written in the "country, at a season, when the author had resolved to forsake his retirement, and mingle with men. A republication now is necessary to the integrity of the series. It is, moreover, the *herald* of future essays.]

"Wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly diving?"

I believe I have never informed my readers that I am of Scottish descent, and that I am not a little vain of Caledonian ancestry. Unluckily, however, from the slenderness of my figure, the weakness of my brain, and infrequency of my application, I fear I resemble the North Briton, only by birth. Degenerate as I am, my ancestors have either usefully cultivated

"The green sedge banks of the sweet winding Tay," or have valiantly repelled the incursions of the bloody borderer. I sigh, when I reflect how languidly ~~their blood rolls~~ in my veins. Happy could I rival their deeds, as easily as trace my pedigree, and prove myself a genuine Scot, by being valiant, like Douglas, and learned like Buchanan.

Of one species of Highland lore I fairly inherit a small portion. I allude to the gift of *second sight*. I am sometimes favoured with a partial glimpse of futurity, and through the mists and fog of present time can see a little beyond. One of my forefathers was a seer, and from the Pisgah of the Hebrides, discerned through clear optics many a fair acre of the land of promise, and many a distant event, half hidden by the veil of obscurity. Of these aerial prospects, many sketches remain among the old family-lumber, and I am in possession of sufficient to furnish out a moderate gallery. Not only the pictures have been preserved, but the power of delineating them is not lost, and though I never gazed through the transparent air of Sky, or was elevated on the rocks of Raasay, I have, in a moderate degree, the prescience of my progenitors.

* "In deep solitude," the excursive mind will often wander to "tower'd cities," and the language of restless man is sometimes that of Shakespeare's Duke to the Friar:

My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where YOUTH, and COST, and witless BRAVERY
keeps.

Yet, perhaps, it is oftener like that of vagrant Valentine:

Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home keeping youth have ever homely wits.

To this hereditary skill, must be added my proficiency in the occult sciences. Though no conjuror, and wretchedly inexpert in the casting of figures; though, ever since I left college, I have desisted from raising the Devil, and have not the honour of an acquaintance with the old lady of Endor; yet I know all the innocent processes of astrology, possess a wand to excite good spirits, have a curious talisman, the gift of Fancy, and

"Know many an amulet and charm,
That will do neither good, nor harm."

My readers would do me the greatest injustice, if they ranked me with

"Sir Agrippa, for profound
And solid lying much renown'd;"

or supposed that, like Matilda, or the Wandering Jew, in the "Monk," I am conversant with sable imps, or the sable art. This would ill become the gravity and duties of my character. I utterly disclaim all pretensions to sorcery, and exercise my gift of second sight, and my knowledge of natural causes and events, solely for the benefit of mankind. Neither do I turn over the volumes of my art, or employ my powers of vision for trivial purposes. I should disdain to act like Hudibras, and

"Examine Venus or the moon,
Who stole a thimble, or a spoon,
Or question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a cloak."

My objects are higher, and of a character more useful; to warn the thoughtless, to rouse the lazy, to discover Merit, and detect Danger.

Although many specimens of my conjectural sagacity have been given, in the course of these sermons, and that certain of my ruder readers have imagined I must have intrigued with the Devil to please my countrymen so long, yet many will be surprised that I have not openly manifested my gifts till now, and that I did not earlier associate the prophet to the priest. As I wish to conduct with the utmost frankness towards my courteous readers, and avoid the very "appearance of evil," and mystery, I will assign the reasons for my conduct, and why I have not given a single parishioner the opportunity of enquiring "Tell me, I pray thee, where the seer's house is?"

From the style and subjects of every sermon, which I have published, it may easily be seen that my study was in the country. My rural situation has been often hinted to my readers; and if I had not told them this truth, my diction would have inevitably betrayed the provincial, and every topic would appear to have been started among groves and mountains. For four years, I have, as it were, surveyed life from a wood. My speculations have been those of a Hermit, who remembers what man was, rather than those of a man of business, or courtier, who holds an actual intercourse with society. In such a situation, where all my adventures, like those of the Vicar of Wakefield, were by the fire side, and all my migrations were from the blue bed to the brown; in a village retirement, among a frank and honest people, of primitive principles and uniform conduct, what necessity was there for inquiries concerning the morrow, when to-morrow would appear only the twin brother of to-day? The sameness and simplicity of sylvan life continue "yesterday, to-day, and forever." In the forest and farmer's cottage, an astrologer and a prophet, are almost as unnecessary as a man milliner, or a master of ceremonies.

As I contemplate a speedy exchange of country for city life, I deemed it expedient to advertise my talent for divination, and even to give some previous specimens of my art, in order to

convince those vain men of the world, whom I expect to meet "in every creek and corner" of the capital, that I am not so simple, as my rustic habits and appearance would indicate. During my proposed residence amid the throng of nations, my sharpest second sight, and all my astrological arts, must be "in requisition." There, research into the future will be useful to relieve from the obscurity, perplexity, and entanglement of the present. In the city, if I did not play the magician, I should anticipate sinking into the dupe. The dissimulation, the artifice, the inconsistency, the mystery of man, in a crowd, are such, that my prescience will prove not only salutary to myself, but be a plentiful source of useful information to my readers. To this end I am making mighty preparations. I am daily cleaning the glasses of my telescopes,

"The spectacles, with which the stars
I read in smallest characters."

I am in treaty for the purchase of a Jacob's staff. I have made a contract for a crocodile and two alligators, to adorn my study, and heighten the world's opinion of my art. I have strained my second sight upon one of our highest mountains, and find no diminution of my Scottish perspicacity; and, next week, after an invocation to the benign powers, and drawing a circle or two, by way of flourish, I will publish my first prediction.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. LITERARY INTELLIGENCE. HUNT'S POEMS.

After a lingering delay, the natural effect of the base, ignominious, and republican mode of printing books by "subscription in this curious country, the ingenious Poems of Mr. J. H. L. HUNT have made their appearance. They are very neatly

*To the mortification of every generous and lofty spirit in America, this is a constant topic of sarcasm among the literati abroad. An eminent bookseller in London, when assured that even a national work was to be printed in this manner, could hardly be persuaded that it was possible. But, however foreign credulity may be staggered by the assertion, it is a fact, that even the smallest volume cannot peep from the Press, unless a subscription be both midwife and dry nurse on the occasion. The manner in which this subscription tax, or benevolence is collected, deserves a particular description for the edification and amusement of all anti-republicans. A sturdy fellow, with a competent quantity of proposals in his pocket, sets out, in company with Plausibility and Impudence, on this noble and desperate adventure. At every gate he knocks long, and clamours loud. If the ill-fated wight, whom he attacks, be occupied, or ill humored, or sick, or sorry, let meaner souls shrink from the encounter, our knight of the subscription figure undauntedly returns to the charge. No smiling excuse or probable suggestion, no artful evasion, or well devised delay, can save from these lists. The most reluctant miser, as well as the generous patron, is worried into a compliance with this shameful practice,

"Not by the force of carnal reason,
But indefatigable teasing."

By this precious process, continued through every city, town and hamlet, a sufficient number of names or dollars being gathered together, the bold bookseller forthwith engages in the stupendous, hazardous, and unparalleled adventure of printing and publishing a small edition. This is the uncouth state of literature in America, and to such miserable shifts the genius of republican polity, and the narrowness of republican notions, compel the debased citizens of a debased country to submit, as is in course and in character.

[Note, by the Editor.

printed, for the author, by Mr. Maxwell; and a second perusal of them corroborates that favourable opinion, which we have more than once expressed. 'The Palace of Pleasure,' the longest poem in the collection, nearly rivals Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' in the happiest imitation of Spenser, in distinctness and boldness of poetic painting, and in the rainbow brightness of the tints of Fancy. We cannot resist the desire to cull from this charming parterre a flowret, which will never fade.

Certes it is, and Saints have whilom said,
That worldly Pleasure is but worldly Woe,
In the hot bosom of the Passions bred,
Cradled by Tempests that ay rage and blow,
And taught ne Virtue, ne Advice to know:
Then comes a sickly Sunshine, deadly warm,
Shedding a gilded Pestilence below;
Within its beam fast fades the wasting form,
Till Night and Cloud succeed, and Turbulence and Storm.

There is, ywashed by the murm'ring main,
A fairy land, yclept Temptation's Isle,
So fair, it seem'd as Eden there had lain,
Such sweet Enchantment o'er the coast doth smile!
And ah! poor mortal wight it doth beguile
With waving trees that deck the shores around,
Which to the sight ne things unclean defile,
And velvet fields that glitter o'er the ground,
And purling streams, with groves and tufted verdure crown'd.

And on the air are dulcet chantings heard,
That trip to sound of soul-delighting lyre;
Yet ne in all their song one mournful word,
Ne plaintive strain that musing mote inspire,
But lively notes which Gaiety yfire,
Such as that noble harper, Orpheus hight,
Did sing to brutes, who wondered at the wire,
And with uncouth rejoicing would delight
To dance along the woods, in rugged liv'ry dight.

And right aloud the joyous birds did sing,
With melody confus'd that fill'd the sky:
The soaring Lark, with tawny-dappled wings,
And humbler Linnet with his gentle eye,
And gorgeous Finch, with breast of golden dye;
Ne fear'd the bright Canary there to dwell,
Ne chatt'ring Thrush that peeps with glancing sly;
But ne sad Nightingale mourn'd o'er the dell,
Ne Owl with flapping wings shrieking the notes of Hell.

Eke the bright Sun, as though he had stood still,
Shen'd o'er the beauteous land each rolling day;
And ting'd with gold the top of every hill,
And in each vale with burnish'd splendor lay;
So that Dame Nature did for aye look gay:
For though dark Night ycame with visage stern,
Yet then would Art his copied flame display,
And on each tree a hundred lamps yburn,
Which did new day relume, and gloom to radiance turn.

The Editor, fatigued with much expensive importunity of this kind, distinctly repeats, that every Bookseller, who transmits a request to notice any book, pamphlet, or literary project of any description, must send the amount of the subscription for this paper. As every article of this nature is essentially an ADVERTISEMENT, it is but equitable that our labour be requited, and our EXPENSE reimbursed. It is notoriously a source of EMOLUMENT to publishers to have books announced in the Port Folio, and it is a source of expense and inconvenience to the Editor, which he is resolved to rescind, unless something like Justice and Generosity succeed to selfishness and illiberality.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

We again solicit the public attention to this valuable paper, which its ingenious, spirited, well principled and persevering editor conducts with the approbation of every honest man in the country, and with the hatred of all the Jacobins and Atheists. The editor is a gentleman and a scholar. Hence, he can arrange with the precision of a Linnæus, the catalogue of his friends and foes. The first are the men of genius, talents, principle and property. The last are the democrats, the fanatics, the knaves and fools. We ardently hope that he will stedfastly continue to utter honest truth with a *voice potential*, that he will be contemptuously careless of the "distant din" of democracy; and that he will treat the French republican party as *natural brute beasts*, as an impious, impudent, and savage gang, whom every man of genius and virtue is bound to meet with defiance on his brow, and the horse-whip in his hand.

THE NEW-ENGLAND REPERTORY.

This elegant paper is, we believe, without a rival, in the beauty of its paper and type. It is very fairly printed, and contains much matter for a very moderate price. It is conducted, we understand, by a gentleman of science; and we have constant evidence of his sense, spirit, and general acquaintance with polite literature. It is the vehicle of numerous political essays, in which we not only recognize the head of ability, but the *HEART OF SOUNDNESS*.

THE FREDERICK-TOWN HERALD.

This too is a staunch and animated friend to all that is praiseworthy in politics. This *Herald* announces nothing but the good and the true, with a voice not feeble, not suppliant; not faltering with ignominious terror, nor languid with contemptible lukewarmness.

THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

This firmly established and widely circulating Gazette, continues, under the able direction of its indefatigable editor, to be highly honorable to himself and salutary to the public. It is agreeably diversified with literary articles, and both from its ample size and smallness of type, presents a very copious fund of political information. It is almost superfluous to inform our readers that the political essays, which are the chief glory of this paper, are written in a spirit of wisdom, good sense and sagacity, eternally justified by *Experience*, and which we hope will eventually triumph over the pernicious delusions of false theory, and the daring deeds of unprincipled power.

From the *Public Advertiser*, printed in London, September 8, 1801.

The following extraordinary relation has just fallen into our hands:—The Rev. Mr. Hagamore of Cathoge, Leicestershire, died the first of January, 1776, possessed of the following effects, viz. 700l. per annum, and 1000l. in money, which (he dying intestate) fell to a ticket

* See St. Peter, in whose energetic epistle the reader will find a complete description of the *new sect*. Bishop Horsey, whom we read with the highest admiration, says with equal poignancy and truth, that the Devil was the first *democratic* rascal on record, who attempted to vex the world, by crudeness of theory, and infamy of practice, with the *Rights of Hell*, and the *Universal Suffrage* of apostateimps.

porter in London. He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment of an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs and fire his gun. He lost his life as follows: going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him suddenly and threw him into a pond, where he was found breast high...the servants heard him call for assistance, but being locked up; could not lend him any. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 58 dogs, 100 pair of breeches, 100 pair of boots, 400 pair of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair, 80 waggons and carts, 80 ploughs and used none, 50 saddles and furniture for the menage, 30 wheel-barrows; so many walking sticks that a toyman in Leicester fields bid his executors 8 pounds for them, 60 horses and mares, 200 pick axes, 200 spades and shovels, 75 ladders, and 249 razors.

RETIREMENT.....BY DR. BEATTIE.

When in the crimson cloud of Even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulg'd his tender theme.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd
High o'er the glimmering dale!
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale;
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win!
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy fav'rite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene on silent wing!

Oft let remembrance sooth his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclin'd,
He fram'd his infant lays;
When Fancy rov'd at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd;
Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
His simple youth-had harm'd.

'Twas then, O Solitude, to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah why did fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!....
O take the wanderer home.

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,

Whence the scared owl, on pinions grey,
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone wave sails away
To more profound repose.

O, while to thee the woodlark pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread,
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

DERMODY'S POEMS.

The author of this volume is now beyond the reach either of praise or censure. He died in the year 1802, at an early age, after having passed through a life of more than ordinary vicissitude, and added another name to the melancholy list of those who have shewn that Genius is not always a blessing to the possessor. His talents were of a superior order, but they were not always exerted in a situation to display them advantageously. Many of his pieces were written on the spur of necessity, and bear evident marks of haste, negligence, and lassitude. The present volume, however, does not come under this description: it contains some of his most finished productions. Dermody formed his style on our early poets, and it has many of the excellencies of his masters. His descriptions are lively and interesting, his language and his imagery are poetical and rich, his ideas and combinations of them are frequently original and striking, and his versification has often much sweetness, and spirit. [Lon. Mag.]

THE TEST.

Young Philo let a snowy ball,
One chilly winter's day,
Into his Nancy's tucker fall,
Which on her bosom lay.
He soon disclos'd the playful jest,
And told her 'twas his heart,
Which he had thrown upon her breast
His passion to impart.
Her modest cheek a blush confest,
She says, "'tis no decoy;
"Dear Sir, it found a warmer nest,
"And MELTED with the joy."

A Tar, in the neighbourhood of Wapping, who has lately opened a tobacconist's shop, has the following notice upon a board in the window:

Full many a gale I weather'd out,
Before this port I made,
And having worn my canvas out,
My anchor here I've laid.
No winds for favour I invoke,
To spare or fill my sail;
But only beg my friends would smoke,
And blow a pleasant gale. [Lou. paper.]

One of the best Reviews in England thus appreciates the value of the new edition of Goldsmith's works.

"Replete with entertaining, if not recondite powers of the mind, and long demanded by the public, we have at length, for the first time, received, in four volumes octavo, 'The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. to which is prefixed some account of his life and writings.' This biography appears to be correct, and is unquestionably amusing. The account of the poet's earlier years is avowedly furnished by his eldest sister; and may therefore be implicitly depended upon. We have also several papers introduced, which have either not appeared before the public, or have not hitherto been appropriated, but which, undoubtedly, bear strong internal testimony of being the production of this elegant but eccentric writer."

In addition to the above article, the Editor wishes to state, that, upon his recommendation, a beautiful edition of this fascinating author will be published here in four pocket volumes, which, it is hoped, if habitually perused, will banish those barbarisms, which infect the American style, and teach men to express themselves with the elegant simplicity of *their ancestors*, and not in the foreign idiom of French jacobins; or in the drawing cant of republican hypocrisy.

Extracts of letters from a travelling friend, a foreigner of talent and observation.

"I stayed near a third of the day in your two houses of parliament at Lancaster. I shall never forget either the sight, smell, or hearing of them: the upper chamber was many degrees worse than a master tailor's shop of a Saturday night, in the closest part of London; and the lower, (what with pestilential vapours within, and filthy avenues to get there) was nearly upon the scale of a Canada priory. If I was not in my fourth sheet, and it is almost bed-time, I would give you a specimen of some of their speeches.

Here (at Washington) things are carried on in a very different style....and sumptuous to a degree....with good, plain gentleman-like speaking in both houses; and, as far as I can judge from one day's debate, less flippancy and wandering from the subject, than in our country. As for the city, there is excellent snipe shooting between the capitol and the *palais du president*, a tolerable sprinkling of quails, a perpetual serenade of frogs after sunset, and every appearance of musquitos, agues, intermittents, and other Summer advantages; famine is amongst the train, for there are no certain supplies, except you are at the expense of a daily conveyance to Baltimore, which Mr.... is obliged to be at, in order to keep his French cook employed....a most incomparable workman. I once thought six dollars a day too little for your congressmen; but I now find they can save from four and a half to five....they don't live, perhaps, as well as we do....They mess together, on soup, boiled beef, and cabbage, perhaps with a little rum and water, and they never take a coach, but walk, wet or dry, to the capitol, and sleep *two in a bed*! There's a pretty prospectus for you....doesn't it make your mouth water? It made my eyes trickle with laughter when I heard it, and I should laugh more, if you were to be angry with me for telling it you.

In my Washington news, did I tell you that the varlet Duane has actually been sitting to STUART for his picture, and it now lies along side of Jefferson's. Hogarth, whenever a notorious rogue was going to be hanged, used to go to Newgate and perform this office for him....therefore, I trust, the parallel will run as far on your side of the water, as on ours.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'E' is requested to persevere in her literary exercises. Mental employment sometimes assuages sorrow.

'Ithacus,' in one of his recent odes, has very happily revived the *old simplicity* of the classic writers in the reigns of the first JAMES and CHARLES.

'Asmodeo,' when in a merry vein, is peculiarly agreeable to the Editor. To the highly humorous travestie of the style of a fashionable author we mean to assign a front place in the Port Folio.

From 'Climenole' we have received, with peculiar pleasure, a note apologetical for a suspension of his essays. We are delighted to understand from this *ready writer*, that he will shortly resume his lucubrations. Whenever he chooses to copy the old comedians, who

*Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus aut fur
Quod moechus foret, aut sicarius aut alioqui
Famosus, multa cum libertate notabunt.*

we shall always be alert to usher his bitterest satire into the world. Climenole need not be informed that the Editor of this paper will never hesitate, no not for a moment, to publish whatever can bring Democracy into hatred and contempt. Against the atheists and jacobins of this unhappy country, the prey of every villain, and the sport of every theorist, the Editor will always *set his forces in array*. He invites every species of satire which may gall or disperse the foe, and Climenole and his friends, who are the Editor's friends, and with whom he is in full political communion, are solicited to communicate their opinions frankly and frequently.

The Editor urges Genius and literary Labour to address to him their fugitive productions. A Journal widely disseminated, like this, is an eligible vehicle for short effusions, whether the object of the authors be mere notoriety, or legitimate fame. Of Learning and Genius it is required, that the collections of the first, and the inventions of the second, be imparted *often*, and perused by *many*.

....."The distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, reed, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name
In characters, which may proclaim
That they, with ardour, strove to raise
At once their *arts* and country's praise,
And in their working took great care
That all was full, and round, and fair."

PRIOR.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Laberius held, or Publius Syrus,
No matter which...the search would tire us,
That he, who strives, by gentle dealings,
To sooth a scrub, of vulgar feelings,
Errs wide as he, by threats severe,
Who thinks to daunt a cavalier.
Dame nature o'er our shoulders threw
A doublet of the truest blue,
Which, tho' we labour to conceal,
By veils that reach from head to heel,
Various, in texture as in hue,
Yet keen observers still peep through.
*She hangs on each a brace of sacks!
One ponderous, fasten'd at our backs,
Contains our own misdeeds...the other
'Bout which, tho' light, we make a pother,

† Perras imposuit Jupiter nobis duas:
Propriis repletum vitis post tergum dedit,
Alienis ante pectus suspendit gravem.

PRÆDUS.

Our neighbors' secret faults enclose,
And ever bobs before our noses!
The freaks of youthful passion, find
Indulgence with the liberal mind;
Blam'd, haply, by the dull discreet,
Whose blood ne'er glow'd with generous heat;
Or by the mean and sordid elf,
Whose rule of right is love of self;
Or rail'd at by the sinner sly,
Who tramples on each moral tie;
What then...unsullied stands his fame,
'Till men of sense and virtue blame.
A scrape's the means our friends to try,
And shew on whom we may rely;
A sort of crucible, or ewer,
To purge base metal from the pure.
Give me the man, who will defend
Each word, each action of his friend;
Who scorns to sit, and hear his foes
Their false and rancorous tale disclose;
But fires, and with affection strong,
Supports him, whether right or wrong.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. SONG.

DELIA'S SMILE.

Go view each brilliant gem that shines
In all Golconda's diamond mines;
And as the radiant sparkles rise
To meet thine eager wond'ring eyes;
Then say, and speak, devoid of guile,
Are they so rich as Delia's smile!

Go mingle in the vulgar fold
Of sordid slaves who worship gold,
And ask if those of most possess'd,
Can say it made them truly blest;
And ask if gold can care beguile,
Like Delia's softest, sweetest smile!

Yet should'st thou e'er expect to meet
An eye so bright, a look so sweet;
Still must thou never hope to find
So true an index of the mind;
So innocent, so free from guile,
As Delia's open, candid smile.

And if in some impassion'd hour,
Thou e'er has't felt th' extatic pow'r
Which eyes like hers alone impart,
Deep thrilling thro' thine inmost heart;
Thou then, must own, if free from guile,
That worlds are poor to Delia's smile!

If on the bed of writhing pain,
Which human strength can scarce sustain;
Or if on thy devoted head
Should fall each ill that mortals dread:
E'en then, thou'lt own, that pain and toil,
Were well repaid by Delia's smile.

PARMEGIANO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Written in 1802, after the death of a favorite child.

Come gentle sleep, contentment's friend,
Thy sweetly soothing influence lend,
To calm my troubled breast.
Ah seal in soft repose these eyes,
Suspend awhile these tears and sighs,
Which rob my soul of rest.

But thou dost not with sorrow dwell,
Nor do'st thou shed thy magic spell,
On lids oppress'd with care.
Thy soothing power is ever nigh,
To close the happy, tearless eye,
The blest thy favorites are.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 21.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 91.

Verum animo satis hæc vestigia parva sagaci
Sunt per quæ possis cognoscere cætera tutè.
LUCRET. Lib. 3.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

HAVING signified, in the last number of the *Lounger*, my intention to appropriate a few essays to the consideration of Miss Williams's Edwin and Eltruda, and made some remarks preparatory to that purpose, conformably thereto, I shall now proceed to a succinct exposition of her plan.

Albert, a veteran knight, retired, covered with laurels, to an ancient castle on the banks of the Derwent, to seek repose from the toils of the field, and find, in retirement, some alleviation of the poignant sorrows, occasioned by the loss of a wife, whom he tenderly loved. His great consolation was the education of a daughter, who resembled her mother in her uncommon endowments both of mind and person. Under the eye of the father, an attachment was formed between his Eltruda and Edwin, a youth of the vicinage, worthy of her affection for the noblest virtues of the heart, and the most manly graces of the person. Time glided on in the enjoyment of domestic bliss, and the endearments of reciprocal affection, until their peace was disturbed by the eruption of a civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster. Ties of honour, which Edwin could not forego, compelled him to espouse the cause of York, while the loyal zeal of old Albert led him once more to take up arms in favour of Henry. The battle of the contending parties was protracted until the close of day, when, in the obscurity of the night, a faulchion, launched from the hand of Edwin, pierced the heart of old Albert. The victor, touched with compassion at his expiring groans, immediately flew to his assistance, and soon recognized him by his prayers for the safety of Edwin, and the happiness of Eltruda. This disastrous event broke the heart of the latter, and Edwin, overwhelmed with horror and despair, expired at her feet.

Upon these incidents the writer has constructed a tale, which, I trust, will be found, on perusal, to correspond with the portrait drawn of it in my preceding speculation. Her plan is elegantly expanded; the delineations of character are appropriate and interesting; the imagery delicate and tender; and the catastrophe worked up with singular ingenuity and pathos. In all the higher modes of composition, the primary works of

excellence have afforded systems of rules for the structure of successive efforts of the same nature, and served as the models upon which they were moulded. From the *Iliad*, Aristotle is known to have extracted the celebrated code of principles, which, since his time, has uniformly regulated the organization of the epopeia. By a scientific and ingenious analysis of Don Quixote, the Spanish Academy have deduced a series of rules for the government of the Burlesque, which it is incumbent upon every candidate for fame, in that line, to study and to follow. No writer, I believe, has ever pursued the same course, or at least done more than collaterally afford general precepts for the particular species under examination, or indeed for any of the humble walks of the muse. Without attempting to legislate in this way, a task for which I feel neither ability nor presumption, I shall go no farther than to suggest those primary relations of congruity which immediately result from the nature of the subject, and will therefore lay open to intuitive perception.

The critics have been almost unanimous in recommending a remote era for the scene of an epic poem. In reflecting upon that of a legendary tale, the perfection of the fable seems to dictate, and the title necessarily implies an adaptation of the same rule. Miss Williams' choice of the reign of Henry the sixth, is particularly felicitous; it combines all the advantages that can accrue from antiquity of plan, and, for the student in history, the eventful period of the sanguinary struggle between the white and red roses, must involve more than common interest. Another qualification prescribed for the epic, is, that the plan should be great, both in the action and duration. I need scarcely remark, that the doctrine in our case is fundamentally opposite. To give any great degree of prolixity to a light poem, must infallibly destroy the congregate effect, by generating satiety and disgust. The legendary poet must excite ridicule, who would adopt for his subject the contention of princes, the foundation of empires or the discovery of new worlds. The simplicity of diction, inculcated so warmly in our preceding essay, is bottomed upon a universal principle of propriety in composition, that the tone and language should be subservient and homogeneous to the subject. The placid equalibility of the familiar duties of life, the tenderness of parental or filial affection, the soft blandishments of love, the anguish of a mind perturbed and agonized by domestic misfortune, even the convulsive horrors attendant on involuntary crime, are themes which the poet may choose, and which Miss Williams has judiciously selected.

Non omnia rerum pariter sunt omnibus apta

is a maxim never to be overlooked in writing. When touching upon the battle in which Albert was killed, she properly abstains from a long or pompous description of its terrors, and traces a line of demarcation for the 'timid muse,' with precision and elegance,

The timid muse forbears to say
What laurels Edwin won;
Nor paints the gallant deeds that day
By aged Albert done.

On softer themes alone she dwells,
As trembling through the grove,
Of friendship's woes she sad'ning tells,
Or sings of hapless love.

The intervention of machinery of any kind, the introduction of a fairy or a sylph, in a poem of this nature, would defeat the primary object of the poet, by effacing altogether that transient impression of reality, without which our sympathy must remain torpid. Lord Kaimes sounds their exclusion from tragedy on an analogous principle: every shade of verisimilitude would vanish on the entrance of a supernatural power; the fascination, that for the moment enthralled the senses of the spectator, instantaneously dissolves; and in lieu of that grateful illusion, by which he is led to believe himself actually engaged in the transactions of the stage, he would feel that he is listening to the fictitious sorrows of a poet, and participating in joys not of reality, but of imagination. I know that this hypothesis, as to the spectator, has been warmly controverted by Johnson, in his preface to Shakespeare, but the voice of general experience speaks more cogently than the dictum of authority, or the subtleties of ratiocination.

The characters suitable for a legendary tale, in the next place, fall regularly under examination: on this head, however, it will be unnecessary to do more than refer the reader to our preceding remarks. We shall incidentally notice the sentiments. The proemial strophes of Edwin and Eltruda, comprize a brief description of the castle where Albert resides, whose portrait and situation are then introduced in the following manner:

There liv'd a chief to fame well known,
A warlike, virtuous knight;
Who many a well fought field had won,
By valour and by might.

Yet milder virtues he possess'd,
More gentle passions felt;
And in his calm and yielding breast
Each soft affection dwelt.

Not all the rugged toil of war
His bosom e'er could steel;
He felt for every child of care,
His heart was apt to feel.

And much that heart was doom'd to bear,
And many a grief to prove;
To feel the fullness of despair,
The woes of hopeless love.

To lose the partner of his breast,
Who sooth'd each rising care;
And with mild efforts charm'd to rest
The griefs she sought to share.

He mark'd the chilling damps of death
O'er spread her fading charms;
He saw her yield her quivering breath,
And sink in death's cold arms.

From solitude he hop'd relief,
And this lone mansion sought,
To cherish there his sacred grief,
And nurse the tender thought.

Poets, in general, appear fond of the character of a warrior, who, to the austerity of martial prowess, superadds the 'milder virtues' of a benevolent and feeling heart. The lofty dignity of the hero, tempered by a due share of the social affections, is in fact one of the most satisfactory pictures the mind can contemplate. We regard the pious Æneas with much more complacency than the rough and sanguinary Achilles; and no where does Hector so strongly conciliate affection, or fire us with zeal for the triumph of his cause, as in his tender interviews with Andromache. The last quatrain of the verses just cited is particularly delicate. The closing line, however, may perhaps have been borrowed from Young, who has the same beautiful expression in the commencement of his Night Thoughts:

Silence and darkness, solemn sisters twins,
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought.

It is an observation founded in the history of the human heart, that the man 'stricken with sorrows' enjoys a species of pensive pleasure in brooding over his griefs, and delights in the frequentation of scenes that are calculated to present kindred images. In expressing this idea, Ossian annexes a qualification unnoticed by other poets, but which must strike as eminently just, 'there is a joy in sorrow, when PEACE dwells with the sorrowful.' To know the 'joy of sorrow,' no phantom of guilt should haunt the imagination, no pang of remorse embitter retrospection. Congreve, in his Mourning Bride, amplifies the subject in the more impassioned language of tragedy:

It is the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of inward grief,
Which he unseen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
And glutton-like devour.

[To be Continued.]

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CRITICISM ON BOILEAU.

[In Vol. II. of the Port Folio, the reader will find a life of *BOILEAU, elegantly translated, by an American gentleman, from the French of the Abbe Levisac. His character, and a general criticism upon his invaluable writings, were omitted in that article. Our friend and correspondent has kindly favoured us with this desirable continuation, and it gives the Editor peculiar pleasure to call the attention of the lovers of polite literature to a writer, who wisely modelled his style agreeably to the CLASSICAL STANDARD, and who, flourishing in the court of the French AUGUSTUS, was, in all things, the very reverse of a republican.]

Such was Despréaux. Frankness and probity marked his conduct through life; in his friendships he was constant and sincere, in his actions

* I cannot in this place omit the encomium of Boileau in the Pursuits of Literature. It were an injustice to the memory of a famous poet, it would be injurious to learning itself, not to promulgate such criticism as the following, nicely discriminated, and energetically expressed. We hope it will recal the works of the French satirist to a new examination. After delineating the respective beauties and blemishes of Lucilius, Horace, Juvenal and Persius, the author adds....."An interval of ages passed, dark and barbarous. The power of satire, in its full and legitimate strength, was never again to be seen."

artless and noble; he was generous, without ostentation, and just to all the world. The misfortunes of others were to him insupportable. The distress of a man of letters rent his very soul, and this sensibility was not in him an idle sentiment. He exerted his influence in his behalf, and ever aided him with his purse. His personal qualities won the hearts of men, and to them did he owe the acquisition of as many friends, as to the superiority of his talents. He was not less beloved, nor was his society courted less on account of the purity of his morals, and the simplicity of his manners, than of the perfections of his mind, and the wit of his conversation. Even his most malignant enemies did not excite his hatred; he pitied and pardoned them. Did they evince but the slightest inclination to be reconciled to him, he forgot the wrongs which he had suffered, and lived with them on terms of liberality and civility. The judgments which he pronounced on bad authors were never dictated by spleen nor passion: in exposing them to public ridicule, his only aim was to make reason and truth triumph, and to cherish in his native country the laurels which had embellished the happy soils of Greece and of ancient Rome. He saw, with an indignation which he was unable to suppress, that they were the most dangerous enemies of learning and of taste. 'But, says M. de Valcour, in attacking the defects of authors, he always spared their persons. He thought that every man who possessed the faculty of speech or of writing, was authorised publicly to censure a bad book, whose author has had the temerity to publish it; but he looked with horror on those dangerous enemies of the human race, who, without respect for friendship or even for truth, mangle with unre-

reign of Louis XIV of France. Then appeared a poet, second to none of his predecessors. A philosopher, without being wordy, the friend of sense and of virtue, a gentleman in principle, independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however powerful from their malignity, or formidable from their rank. This extraordinary man was BOILEAU. If I am not deceived, there is something in all his compositions so finished, so removed from conceit and forced thought, such an ardent zeal for propriety in sentiment and in expression; such a sense of the dignity of the human character, when undebased; such a hatred of hypocrisy; such a love of purity; such an abhorrence of all profaneness and indecency, and even of indelicacy; that I am not able to name a man, whose works, as a poet and a critic, may be read and studied with equal advantage. Even his compliments, though rather lofty, to Louis the fourteenth, are all conceived in the language of a gentleman and a man of genius, who feels that he is conferring honour, not receiving it. The majesty of the French monarch, in that cultivated age, was surely as worthy of homage as the deity of the Roman Augustus. To read the works of Boileau with full advantage some accuracy of knowledge, and some insight into the delicacy of the ancient French language are required. I call their language ancient, which existed before the revolution, for I scarce understand the modern democratic jargon. *Grave virus mundities populi.* It is also necessary to have a perception of the peculiar cast of the French poetry, and of the construction of the verse. An allowance must be made for the language itself, which is not poetical, as contradistinguished to prose, but forcible, terse, and well adapted to the condensation of satirical expression. As a writer, I think him original. What he has borrowed he almost seems to have restored to its proper place. He alternately assumes the characters of the three great Romans, and maintains an honourable contest for the mastery. Equal to either of them taken singly, and in the merit of composition sometimes their superior. He is their true and lawful brother. There is a fraternal league between them, which no friend to good literature, good poetry, and good manners will ever suffer to be broken."

[Note, by the Editor.

lenting malignity every thing that presents itself to their distempered imagination, and who, protected from the vengeance of the laws, by the deep obscurity in which they are enveloped, make a cruel sport of publishing the most secret faults, and blackening the most innocent actions.' To subvert the empire of ignorance and of artifice is not only a laudable action, but a duty.

Why was this man, whose literary merit was so eminent, whose manners were so bland, who was the author of so many benevolent actions; why was he, during his life, attacked with so much virulence, and pursued with so much rancour? Let us search for no other cause than his pre-eminence. That crowd of authors, some of them obscure, others not rising above mediocrity, but who had been regarded as oracles, and whose folly, ignorance, and ridiculous vanity he exposed, could not forgive him for having wrested from their hands the sceptre which they had so long wielded. Forced to descend from that high rank, they formed a league against him, and, in their vengeance, employed all the outrage of envy, and all the atrocity of calumny. Intrigue, satire, criticism, perfidy....all were exercised. But what could the efforts of these pigmies effect? Firm, unshaken in the midst of this host of assailants, Despréaux pursued his career, constantly exhibiting, in opposition to his enemies, the example of an irreproachable life, and new master pieces.

I will not reply to the different accusations made against him during his life; they are sunk in oblivion, and their revival is not to be apprehended. Who, at this day, knows that Cotin, Pradon, Desmarte, Liniere, and some other writers equally obscure, have written against Despréaux? But I cannot pass in silence over the opinion which Marmontel has expressed of him, in a too celebrated epistle, crowned at the French academy. As the opinion of the author of the excellent articles of literature in the Encyclopedia, might inspire prejudices in the minds of those persons, who are ignorant of the plan which D'Alembert had formed to degrade the great men of the seventeenth century, for the purpose of securing to Voltaire the literary supremacy, and who are not informed that paradoxes of this kind were the most certain means of attaining the academical chair, it is essential to shew the weakness of the foundation on which this opinion rests.

In that epistle it is said, 'Despréaux is cold; he is an irascible judge, he has invented nothing, and wants fervour, imagination, fecundity, and sentiment.'

Despréaux is cold. Where is he cold? Is it in his satires? But do they not possess an appropriate degree of warmth? Has the language of reason, or ought it to have the same turn, the same expression, the same animation as that of the passions and of the imagination? The example of Juvenal proves nothing. If Juvenal is exasperated, and raves at the follies and vices of his age, Horace attains his object, with more certainty, by ridiculing those of the age in which he flourished. We laugh at the vehemence of an austere and querulous philosopher; his declamation is lost in air. But we dread the shafts of gay and delicate raillery; the wounds which it inflicts are infallible and mortal. Who has rallied more delicately, or more agreeably, than Despréaux, or in finer verse?....Is it in his Epistles and his Art of Poetry? But are not these works marked with the true characteristics of their species? What elegance, what tenderness in those on rural pleasures! What epic force, what truth of expression and of colouring in those on the passage of the Rhine! What majesty in those addressed to the King! What beauty, what energy, what precision in his Art of

Poetry! In a word, what propriety in all! And no sooner did they appear than they became classical. Every one learned them, committed them to memory, and foreign languages were enriched by them. I ask then, are verses, known by every body, admired and cited by every body, are they really destitute of fervour? I shall presently speak of the *Lutrin*.

Despréaux is an irascible judge; and why? Not surely for having devoted to public ridicule the Chapelains, the *Senières*, the *Cotins*, and other authors, equally contemptible. A writer of so correct a taste, as Marmontel, could not but applaud judgments, which all France has long since confirmed. Nor is it for having defended the ancients against the attacks of some moderns. Marmontel, on this subject, frequently expresses himself with as much force, and with even a higher degree of enthusiasm. It is then merely because he has not set a high value on the poetry of Quinault, nor done justice to Tasso. Let us examine the correctness of these charges.

When Despréaux wrote his first satires, Quinault had produced nothing but his tragedies, which, in general opinion, are bad. They were intolerable, not only in representation, but in the closet. It is true that Quinault soon after produced some operas, which are models of perfection in that species of composition. But are works of this kind calculated to please a man of austere and rigid morals, and possessing a taste formed on the finest models of antiquity? What do we find in the operas of Quinault? Lascivious descriptions, maxims tending to the corruption of morals, or at least to render them lax and effeminate; all the tenderness and seduction of scenes the most voluptuous; sorcerers; enchantments; spectres; apparitions of gods and goddesses; fictitious nature; strokes of the magic wand instead of plot; in a word, all the chimeras, illusions, and improbabilities, that a licentiously warm imagination is capable of creating. It must be confessed that Quinault has adorned these productions with all the charms of soft and harmonious versification, although frequently negligent and diffuse, and with the simple and pathetic graces of sentiment always delicate and natural; but that it is which renders them the more dangerous. With him, love is never a frailty; it is, on the contrary, the supreme good, the only object worthy of our attention, that to which every other ought to be sacrificed. These are the causes of the little estimation in which Despréaux held the operas of Quinault.

With respect to Tasso, may he not be justified? I begin by declaring, that I consider *Jerusalem Delivered* as the most interesting epic poem extant. I go, as may be observed, further than Balzac, who considered it merely as the richest and most finished poem that had appeared since the time of Virgil: and this induced him to remark, that Virgil is the cause, that Tasso is not the first in this species of composition, and Tasso, that Virgil is not the only one. But, however great the beauties of this poem may be, is it exempt from faults, even glaring faults? Does it not contain details, incidents, and even episodes, incompatible with the dignity of epic poetry? Do we not sometimes find in it conceits which shock no less the understanding than the taste? Would not the marvellous, in which it abounds, be better adapted to a burlesque, than to a seri-

ous and christian poem? Although the episode of Olinda and Sophronia be extremely interesting, and although we might perhaps regret the privation of it, yet are we not compelled to confess, that it has no connexion with the action? It is a digression, and every digression is a real fault. Is there in this poem perfect unity of action? I think there is; but on this point there is great diversity of sentiment. Is not every man of taste shocked at the monstrous combination of christianism and pagan fable on which it is founded? Enchanted islands; forests and palaces; sorcerers of every description; cavaliers metamorphosed into parrots; trees animated by wood-nymphs; caverns, where all the riches that nature has scattered over the various parts of the globe, are collected within a small space; a voyage to the extremity of the world, made on unknown seas, with the rapidity of an arrow, in a small boat, beneath which the waves bend submissive, furious monsters dismissed by the shake of a wand; syrens, &c. &c. What are these but fairy tales, dreams of an imagination that delights in chimerical and vain ideas? Is not all this, in an epic poem, notwithstanding the magic charms of the style, tinsel, mere tinsel, particularly in the estimation of a man, whom the study of Horace and Virgil had accustomed to pictures drawn by a sprightly, beautiful and strong imagination? Nor is it this tinsel which persons of taste admire in this celebrated poem. What they admire (and it claims the warmest admiration) is the perfect delineation of the characters; it is Godefroy, Renaud, Tancred, the aged Raymond, Soliman, even the ferocious Argant, Armide, &c. personages much more natural and interesting than those of the *Iliad*, of which they are imitations; it is the tender, the incomparable Erminia; it is the portrait of genuine heroism in its highest perfection; it is that train and that variety of imagery sublime, affecting, noble, smiling or tender, according to circumstances; it is the richness, the diversity, and the justness of the figures, the tropes and the similes; in a word, it is an enchanting style, always possessing dignity, and always characteristic of the thing expressed, with the exception only of those passages in which he has paid homage to the taste of his age for points. Those parts of his *Art of Poetry*, in which Despréaux speaks of Tasso, and the manner in which he often expressed himself on this subject, in particular discussions with his friends, admit not a doubt but that such was his opinion.

Despréaux has invented nothing, and wants fervour, imagination, fecundity and sentiment. What! is not the *Lutrin* a poem entirely of invention? What is the subject? A quarrel about a prerogative, in itself totally destitute of interest; but what ingenious means has the poet employed to rivet our attention to it! What art in the texture of his fable! What admirable adaptation of the marvellous to the action! What order and connexion! What skill in the choice of episodes! Where can we find more beautiful imagery, more ingenious figures, more true colouring, a more perfect whole, and details better conceived and drawn? On this subject M. de la Harpe has observed, 'when it was asserted that Despréaux possessed neither fecundity, imagination, nor fervour, surely the *Lutrin* was forgotten; some fecundity certainly was necessary to the production of a poem of six cantos on the placing and displacing of a reading desk; surely some imagination was requisite to the composition of a work of fancy, and to animate it in all its parts. Who, amongst those deserving to be cited as connoisseurs, has ever denied these poetical attributes to the *Lutrin*? All the agents employed by the poet have their peculiar destination, and answer it by concurring to produce the general

effect. Through five cantos the fable is perfectly conducted; the correct delineation of the characters, and the liveliness of the imagery give to it all the interest of which similar subjects are susceptible; that is, the amusement which we may derive from witnessing high disputes arising out of the most trivial causes; but what resources, what art does it require to fix our attention to such a subject! How has the author been able to enrich one so unprolific, and to sustain himself so long on such slender means? How has it been possible for him to compose so many fine verses on a trifling monkish quarrel? In this consists the miracle of the art; it is by scattering plenteously the attic salt of refined pleasantry, by giving to all his personages a correct and distinct physiognomy, that he has attained the art of transporting the reader into the midst of them, and of attaching him by means which, in the hands of one less dexterous, would have lost their effect. All his heroes have a dramatic aspect, a head and a picturesque attitude, and there is nothing more rich than the colouring with which he has adorned them.'

After this justification, made, by so enlightened a judge as M. de La Harpe, I believe it unnecessary to proceed further in the refutation of Marmontel's paradoxes. I will remark only, that time, which destroys so many reputations, daily adds new lustre to that of Despréaux, and that there is no person who will refuse to concur in the sentiment of J. B. Rousseau, that 'he aided truth to tear the mask from artifice, and combated falsehood; that merit always found in him a patron and a friend; and that his verses were rather eulogies on virtue, than satires against vice.'

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Chamouny, November 1.

This day being All-saints, and one much attended to in this Roman Catholic country, I found some difficulty in setting off as early as I wished from Martigny: for my odd looking little fellow of a guide would not advance a step till he had been at matins. He went before day to the chapel, and finding it shut, very patiently waited till it was open, for he had no idea of risking himself on so dangerous a journey as that we were about to undertake across the mountains, without first preparing himself to face every peril. At last we departed, upon two stupid mules, and, after passing the torrent of the Drance, began to ascend, in a straight line, a mountain, whose summit was at least two leagues distant, but which was concealed from our sight by a heavy fog that spread all over the vallis.

As I was advised not to attempt guiding the animal I rode, but to let her take her own way of going, which was by crossing and recrossing the road diagonally, to lessen the steepness of the ascent, and stopping every twenty minutes to get breath to proceed, I had full leisure to observe the comical figure of my guide, who wore a large cocked hat, and a huge pair of mustachios. At first I thought he looked mischievous, and began to reflect how I was to manage him in case of need, but after considering him some time, and entering into a kind of conversation with him, I found he was a harmless, good natured, ignorant fellow, who barely knew how to make his mule go, and who was even unacquainted with the very road he undertook to be my guide in, having never travelled it before. You will easily guess my astonishment when he told me this, but he relieved me from

* The opinion which I here express on the poem of *Jerusalem Delivered*, is formed according to the ideas of epic poetry which we have adopted in France. I know that they are very much opposed to those which are entertained in Italy; but, in many respects, the taste of nations is not less different than their language.

my apprehension by saying there was only one road as far as Trient, where we could gain information about the rest of our journey. As the people of the country speak a kind of French, or *Patois*, I did not feel alarmed about finding my way at last, and as to my personal safety, I had no fears on that account, from the apparent inoffensiveness of my guide, and the general character of the Swiss peasants, from whom I apprehended nothing. Besides, as I always carry pistols in my pocket, I considered myself a match for any single person, who might venture to attack me.

As we thus slowly ascended, we gained the region that bounded the rise of the vapours, which then appeared like a vast lake, whose shores were full of little bays and promontories, formed by the sides of the mountains. In this fanciful picture I got so deeply engaged, that I might be fairly said to be in a *brown study*. I was soon roused from my reverie by the obstinacy of my mule, which had made a longer stop than usual, and refused to mount a step higher. I endeavoured to coax her along, but it would not do, and I was obliged to call out lustily for my precursor, (for guide he can hardly be called), to come to my assistance. A few lashes with his whip answered the purpose, and, after some little kicking and restiveness, she again proceeded.

In this manner, tedious enough indeed, we made shift to attain the summit, and I was richly rewarded by a grand view of the distant glaciers of the Upper Vallais, and other lofty mountains. Far below me, in a narrow gloomy valley, lay the little village of Trient, consisting of about half a dozen houses, and a chapel, to which we saw the peasants repairing from all parts of the valley, dressed in their Sunday clothes; but we were so high that we could scarcely hear the tolling of the little bell.

As the descent was now very steep, my guide advised me to dismount, and pointed out a path which brought me through forests of pine and larch, and by the edge of tremendous precipices, to the village, while he went by the road with the mules. Hearing some voices while I was thus searching my way down alone, I looked up, and saw above me two Savoyards and a soldier, who were taking a nearer road to Chamouny, by crossing the Col de Balme. When my man came up, he proposed our engaging them to shew us the way across that high mountain, but not liking the looks of those people, whom I had before observed following us, I told him I would not determine which passage to take till I made proper inquiries at Trient. We soon after arrived there, but found no one in the miserable little ale-house of the place, every body being at chapel, and the house locked up. The mules found the way to the stable directly, without the assistance of the muleteer, who quitted me immediately on my arrival, and I, finding myself alone, repaired to the chapel, where I found him on his knees, at the door, among a few peasants.

Seeing there was no help for it, I amused myself with observing the scenery of this little valley, the cottages and the appearance of the peasants, till service was ended, when I received a very hearty welcome from the landlord of the inn, who served me up some excellent honey, bread and eggs, on which I feasted like an epicure.

I wished very much to enter Chamouny by the Col de Balme, but all the peasants I talked with, dissuaded me from it, saying there was too much snow in that passage for me or my mules. I was of course obliged to take that of the *Tete Noire*, which, by being less elevated, was even passable during the winter.

We coasted along the thundering Trient for some distance down the valley, among huge

fragments of rocks and wrecks of pines, which the avalanches had brought down from the heights. After travelling about a mile in this way, we began to ascend the side of the mountain, called the *Tete Noire*, (or black head), which well deserves its appellation, for never did I see so many horrors united as in this famous passage. The road ascended and descended for near two leagues, among piles of rock, caught, in their headlong course, by the pines above us, and which threatened the destruction that might be expected on observing the enormous masses that already lay piled up below us. The road, if it can, with propriety, be called one, being little more than a causeway of large stones, over which the mules could scarcely clamber. I considered it so dangerous at last that I dismounted and walked the rest of the way, as I durst not trust the footing of my mule, one false step of which would have, perhaps, precipitated me down the steep into the torrent below, choked up with rocks and trunks of trees. Perhaps there is not in nature a more savage passage, and it was not very pleasant, I assure you, to be scrambling among these horrors, with a guide who knew nothing of the way, and who seemed as much afraid as myself, and durst not trust himself on the back of his mule. The gloom produced by the dark forests of pines, which covered the sides of the mountains, and almost shut out the light of day, rendered the place a fit one for the business of an assassin, and had I not discovered my companion to be perfectly harmless, I should have trembled for my safety in the passage of the *Tete Noir*, where no ideas are suggested but those of danger, and where no vestige of society, or its blessings, can be traced.

Notwithstanding all this, I confess I am so fond of the terrible sublime in nature, that I felt a kind of sombre satisfaction in the contemplation of the terrific scenery of this celebrated passage, which compensated me for its dangers. Had I been accompanied by any friend to whom I could have communicated my feelings, I should have been doubly gratified, but the solitariness of my journey, deprived me of half the pleasure I might have derived from it.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

From the toy-shop of Mess. Verbal and Trochee.

OBJECTS OF THE MIND.

"Every thing we perceive, or are conscious of, says Lord Kaimes, whether a being or a quality, a passion or an action, is, with respect to the percipient, termed an *object*. Some objects appear to be internal, or within the mind; passion, for example, thinking, volition: some external; such as every object of sight, of hearing, of smell, of touch, of taste." The objects of the mind are our ideas, as will appear by the writings of various philosophers, who use them as exegetical one of the other. 'By the term *idea*, says Locke, I mean what is the *object* of the understanding, when a man *thinks*; or whatever it is the *mind* can be employed about when thinking.'

Now we have gotten a definition, we will push our inquiries a little further, and ask how we come by *ideas* or *objects* of the mind? Some men have been established in the opinion that there are certain *innate principles*, or primary notions, stamped upon the mind of man, which the soul receives in its very first being, and brings into the world with it.* Locke opposed this opinion;

* It was the current opinion of all antiquity, that nothing is in our understanding, which was not be-

and I think we shall see no reason to embrace it, if we consider how barren our minds would be, if we had received no ideas since the hour of our birth. We are conscious that there are objects in our minds, and that we *think*: and we know that whoever thinks, or has thought at a time ever so remote, has a recollection of it, and is conscious to himself that he had thoughts, or objects, in his mind, at such or such a time. We cannot say we remember the time when we had no thoughts: that is impossible.... we cannot have any consciousness of that which never was. A thought must be antecedent to the recollection of it.

We all remember the days of our childhood; we remember the time when we had but few thoughts, and but imperfect or inadequate ideas of many things, of which we have since acquired just notions. It may not be impossible that some can recollect the *only* idea in the mind, and that the *first*. At least, we can remember when we could not frame any idea of, or comprehend, the extent of a million of miles, or the bulk of this earth. But if these ideas, which now are adequate, were in our understandings at our birth, it bespeaks very fertile minds, that such ideas have flourished so well, and arrived to such a degree of maturity, all by the force of innate principle, without any external influence.

I see we shall not be satisfied of the origin of ideas by pursuing the theory of innate principles. With Mr. Locke then 'let us suppose the mind to be, as we say, *white paper*, void of all characters, without *ideas*. How comes it to be furnished? Whence all the materials of reason and knowledge?' To this he answers, 'from *experience* and *observation*.' When these are employed about external objects, we call it *sensation*. By sensation we receive the ideas of bitter, sweet, yellow, hard, soft, cold, heat, light, darkness, &c. which are, on this account, called *sensible* qualities. When experience and observation are employed about the internal operations of the mind, things we perceive, think or reflect upon we call it *reflection*. By this we get the ideas of perception, thinking, believing, willing, wishing, hating, loving, fearing, &c. Therefore, *external* material things, which, by *sensation*, excite in us ideas; and the operations of our own minds furnishing ideas by *reflection*, appeared to Mr. Locke 'the ONLY ORIGINALS, whence all our *ideas* take their beginnings.'

This opinion is adhered to by more modern authors: Duncan, particularly declares that 'all our original ideas are derived from *sensation* or *reflection*.' With regard to ideas excited by external things, the mind is passive. All the action we can use is, when ideas are excited in our minds, we can, with them, frame arbitrary, or make complex ones. But when we have, by sensation, received several ideas, can we entertain our minds with the contemplation of all at once? By no means. Lord Kaimes says, 'in a manner we can attend to some ideas, and dismiss others'....that 'a choice is afforded,' &c. But on what does this choice depend? Is it not upon the impression the objects make upon the mind? Some may probably say on connexion; and Lord Kaimes says 'sometimes we insist on what is commonly held the slighter connexion.' But in this he says 'much depends on the tone of mind.' And on what does the tone of mind depend? On the nature

fore in our senses. Descartes, in his Philosophical Romances, advanced that we had *metaphysical ideas* before we so much as knew our nurses' breasts!

Voltaire's Phil. Dict.

Here is an idea for the advocates of *innate principles*, which I fancy they had not at their births.

of the objects presented to view, and on the state of the animal spirits. And, I imagine it is not so much because a thing is connected with us, that we 'insist on' it, as it is the impression the thing itself makes on our minds.

'We find, says Mr. Locke, that we cannot avoid having ideas produced in our minds. If I turn my eyes towards the sun, I cannot avoid the ideas which the light or sun then produced in me.' And thus, also persons say they could not prevent such or such things engrossing their thoughts to the total exclusion of other ideas, which they acknowledge are of more consequence to them. When I have seen two objects, I naturally turn my reflections on that which makes the deepest impression; but, in some instances, I may dwell upon the least attracting. Yet, in this case, I believe I do so in consideration of some utility or pleasure, which I think will accrue from this choice, and which will make it excel the other. This, then, is evidently in consequence of the manner in which it strikes my mind.

It will be found even so with the minds of youth. One tutor is said to excite the ambition of his pupils by representing to them the honour, profit, or pleasure they will derive from their studies, and thus induces them to discard other objects from their minds, and direct their attention to what he proposes. Thus one tutor is said to be better than another. But why any better, if it rest entirely with his pupils whether they will 'attend to some ideas and dismiss others,' or not? If this last be wholly the case, then the merit is not in the tutor; but if it be owing to the tutor, then it is the consequence of the impression he makes on their minds, and not the effect of choice.

But, with this reasoning, we should soon destroy the power of making complex ideas, and reduce ourselves to the necessity of entertaining none but original simple ideas: whereas, we find we can, with our simple ideas, frame complex ones, and such as we please too. Hence fables, romances, &c. hence the idea of a centaur, a phoenix, &c. which, like other innumerable vagaries of fancy, never existed but in the imagination. But, with regard to the mind's preferring one idea and rejecting another, perhaps our choice is not purely voluntary. May it not depend greatly on habit? A child, by the constant inculcation of good sentiments, acquires such a habit of thinking, and attaches so much importance to a regular course of conduct in preference to a capricious behaviour, that he has no hesitation whether to employ his mind upon thoughts of business, study, &c. or upon intrigue, faction, and a life of dissipation.

In what 'depends on the tone of mind,' it is clearly perceived we have no agency. Where we are directed by connection, we are passive also. But I think we may dwell upon the object, to which this connection leads us, or, by the help of connection, associate other objects with it, and make to ourselves such a complex idea as we please. But is not this, also, in consequence of the impression which the objects make, &c? Clearly so. But, again, how come objects to make any impression, or excite any idea at all? They evidently make impressions in proportion to our capability of receiving them. And here we see how it comes that habit influences our choice. Our original simple ideas are received passively alike by all; but, on a review, or in recollecting them, they make different impressions on different persons, according to their habit of attaching importance to them, or the pains they have taken to consider them. This is a wise arrangement in the disposition of all things; for, if it were not thus, all men would pursue the same thing, and employ, or have their thoughts employed on the same subject.

But, with regard to the tutor and his pupils, as above mentioned, the reason why one tutor is better than another is easily discerned, even if it depended wholly on the choice of his pupils. For, if the tutor were so inactive or negligent as not to present to their understanding any views of their interest, or excite in them any ideas, it is plain there would be nothing from which they might make a choice, though they had the power of making it. Such would be a miserable master. But as I think it does not depend solely on the pleasure of the pupil, I should consider it of the utmost consequence to put youth under the instruction of such persons as would excite most interest in their minds, and lead them by persuasion.

But the mind being entirely passive in the reception of its simple ideas, the province of the understanding is to contemplate on its original ideas; and at pleasure to make new and complex ones without end. This work of the mind logicians define in three acts, viz. *composition*, *abstraction* and *comparison*; by the first of which we are enabled to make complex ideas, and by the last we get our ideas of relation...greater, less; older, younger; longer, shorter, &c.... When we have an idea fixed, we cannot add another, or a new one: all we can do (except that we can dismiss the idea and receive another) is to modify that, by the relation or connection it has with some other.

This subject displays the widest field for the exercise of the ingenuity of man, and is of all others the most pleasing. But, perhaps, we have already proceeded too far; therefore shall do little else but recommend a habit of thinking for ourselves. We shall generally see clearly, if we think coolly.

When a man sees a building, he immediately has a conception of it; if he shut his eyes the conception is still in his mind; if you carry him to China, or any place, ever so remote, he can there call to mind the conception (which, now he has it only by recollection, is called the *idea*) he had of that building; and so of any other object. All the difference there will be between the idea recollected, and the conception as first received, is that it will be more faint than the first impression.

And here another thought is suggested.... What makes such a difference in men's ideas, and in their use and arrangement of them, since all are likely to receive, from the same objects, much the same impressions? Many will say such or such a person has more genius, or a better faculty to compound, abstract and compare his ideas, than another. That may be; nature, indeed, is more favourable to some than to others. Yet I will risk the opinion, that the difference in men is attributable, more to their industry and application to this subject, or to their idleness and total neglect of it, than to the partiality of nature. V.

[The Editor most fervently hopes that an exhortation to Charity and Benevolence from an amiable Prelate, will not be in vain.]

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Society for the institution and support of First-Day or Sunday Schools, in the city of Philadelphia, the District of Southwark, and the Northern Liberties, to their fellow-citizens.

Taking into consideration the many evils that result from a misemployment of the Christian Sabbath; and experience having taught that the improvement of the mind has a powerful tendency to promote good order and suppress vice, the society are induced to call the public to a consideration of this important subject. Being professedly associated for the purpose of improving the habits and manners of the rising generation,

amongst the poorer classes in the community, whose happiness depends much upon the acquirement of useful customs and instruction; the great abuse which is witnessed of the Christian Sabbath, cannot but present an awful testimony of the unwillingness of the people to respect it, as a day of sacred ordination; and viewing the many evils which result therefrom, the society cannot refrain from expressing their belief in the efficacy of useful education of mankind, towards the advancement of virtue and happiness. Since the establishment of this institution upwards of thirteen years have elapsed, during which period several thousand children have been admitted into the schools; but owing to the limited state of the funds, their number cannot be increased although it is believed that one in the Northern Liberties would prove very useful.

There are three schools, well supplied with books, &c. into which children of all denominations may be admitted, free of expence, on application to the respective tutors. Spelling, reading and writing are taught in them, and careful attention paid to their moral and religious instruction. The school hours do not interfere with those adapted for divine worship; an attention to which is enjoined.... A school for girls is kept in the third story of the building back of the Presbyterian church, at the corner of Mulberry and Third-streets.... One for boys in Cherry-street, between Third and Fourth-streets; and another for boys in Front-street, nearly opposite to Shippen-street. Committees from the Board of Visitors attend the schools, for the purpose of inspecting and reporting their state, and suggesting such improvements as from time to time may occur.

Examinations are occasionally held, at which premiums are given for excelling in spelling, reading and writing; for constant attendance at school; cleanliness; good behaviour, and steady attendance at divine worship; and various other means are used to excite a laudable inclination for improvement amongst the scholars. The numerous benefits that have resulted from Sunday schools in Europe, of which satisfactory testimonies are abroad, are strong inducements for their establishment in America.

With a full reliance on the merits of the cause they advocate, with a hope that it will receive the favorable consideration of their fellow-citizens, the society conclude, after reminding the *Benevolent*, the *Public Spirited*, and the *Opulent*, that a wide field lies open for the exercise of their liberality.

WILLIAM WHITE, *President*.
JOS. BENNET LIVES, *Sec'y*.

MOORE'S ANACREON.

This very superior translation, a beautiful edition of which is now printing in this city by Mr. Maxwell, is thus characterized in the *Poetical Register*, a work eminently entitled to attention, both for the elegance of its verse and the correctness of its criticism:

By this translation the poetical fame of Mr. Moore may be considered as established on a solid basis. His *Anacreon* comes recommended by an elegance and spirit, which are not often found. There is, perhaps, too much epithet, and the translation is sometimes too paraphrastic, but here objection must end. The notes are at once pleasing and judicious, and show Mr. Moore to be a man of extensive reading and acquirements.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

He who understood, better than any other writer, the nature and province of true humour, is ADDISON. Let those, therefore, who wish to

be fully instructed in this matter, study him, and learn the theory from his practice. In his mirth, there is nothing profane or impertinent. He is perfectly serious, where he ought to be so: and his smiles, like those of innocence, though irresistibly captivating, are ever inoffensive. He is not, some think, a profound philosopher; for he is always clear and harmonious, rational, manly and interesting. But if writing be good, in proportion as it is useful, and if its noblest use be, to improve the heart, refine the taste, and sweeten the temper, ADDISON is of all uninspired authors at least, in prose, the best, and the most delightful.

The following imitation of an Epigram in Martial, has even more liveliness than the original.

I laugh at Poll's perpetual pother
To make me her's for life;
She's old enough to be my mother,
But not to be my wife.

From a new miscellany we transcribe the following fable, possessing singular merit, both in the ease and ingenuity of the story, and the utility of the moral.

GENIUS AND INDUSTRY.

A FABLE.

On every hand it is agreed,
That Genius never can succeed
In forming an exalted mind,
Unless with Perseverance join'd.
But multitudes, to folly prone,
Move idly onward like the drone,
Nor heed the truth applies to them,
Though foremost others to condemn.
To such the Muse presents a tale,
Examples teach, when precepts fail.

In days of yore, a wond'rous well
There was, as ancient stories tell,
Amid whose waters, glittering bright,
Unnumber'd jewels met the light,
Rich sparkling gems, a glorious show,
More vivid than Aurora's glow;
In substance solid as.....you see
I cannot find a simile.

These gems were free to every lout
Who'd take the pains to draw them out.
It happen'd, on a certain day,
A youth, call'd Genius, pass'd that way;
A starry zone his loins embrac'd,
A flowing vest his shoulders grac'd,
On which was drawn, in tints sublime,
The varied produce of each clime;
A flow'ry wreath his temples bound,
And scatter'd odours all around;
His eye-balls flash'd the living fire,
In his left hand he held a lyre,
Which oft he swept, while from the lofty key
Burst sweetest strains of heavenly harmony.

Enwrapt with wonder and surprise,
The glittering scene he quickly eyes;
And, quite transported with delight,
Scarce stops to feast his eager sight.
Tumultuous hopes his breast swell high,
The rope is seiz'd, his lyre laid by;
The wheel revolves, like lightning round;
The bucket sweeps the sparkling ground;
And now he tugs and works away,
But ah! how deep the treasure lay.

It seem'd a heavy, tiresome load,
Scarce worth the labour he bestow'd;
With joy no more his bosom burns,
The lazy axle hardly turns;
When, looking carelessly around,
He thinks he hears a whizzing sound,
And soon in air his piercing eye
Perceives a beauteous gilded fly.

Mad to possess the gaudy prize,
He quits the wheel, and sudden flies,
While every gem neglected lies,

With ardour now he skims the plain,
Eager the painted toy to gain,
And runs, and runs, but runs in vain.
The fly, as Genius nearer drew,
Still higher soar'd, still faster flew;
Till tir'd, the youth, with slacken'd pace,
Unwillingly gave up the chase,
And back return'd to seek the well;
But ah! his grief what tongue can tell,
When leaning o'er, with doubtful gaze,
He sees no more rich jewels blaze,
But muddy waters, in their stead,
O'er all the blacken'd surface spread.
A ruddy youth, call'd INDUSTRY,
Had, in the interim been by,
And, toiling hard, by labour won,
What GENIUS would have made his own,
Had Fancy been abstracted less,
And Reason curb'd his mind's excess.

La Bruyere says, that a man of wit, who is naturally proud, abates nothing of his pride or stiffness, for being poor. On the contrary, if any thing will soften him, and render him more pliant and sociable, it is a little prosperity.

Modesty is to merit what shades are to figures in a fine picture. It gives it force and relief.

Since it is common to be pleased with rare things, why are we so little struck with virtue?

A man is more faithful to the secrets of others, than to his own; a woman, on the contrary, can keep her own secrets more faithfully than those of others.

If guarding powers preside above,
Who still extend to virtuous love
A tutelary care;
The virgin's bosom earliest dole,
The first born passion of the soul,
Must find protection there.

Never can noon's maturer ray
That charm of orient light display
Which morning suns impart;
So can no later passion prove
That glow, which gilds the dawn of love,
The day spring of the heart.

In the following ode the character of Anacreon is very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonised pleasures, is expressed with a warmth amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams, imputed to him is the following; it is the only one, says Mr. Moore, worth translating, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode.

When to the lip the brimming cup is prest,
And hearts are all afloat upon the stream;
Then banish from my board the unpolish'd guest,
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
The muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower;
Oh! give me him, whose heart expansive breathes
All the refinements of the social hour.

ODE 42.

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where Humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And, while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
Let the bright nymph, with trembling eye,
Beside me all in blushes lie;
And while she weaves a frontlet fair
Of hyacinths to deck my hair,
Oh let me snatch her side-long kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses!
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learn'd to dread
The gall that envy's tongue can shed;

Away....I hate the slanderous dart
Which steals to wound the unwary heart;
And O! I hate, with all my soul,
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be
Attun'd to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song,
Expire the silver harp along;
And through the dances ringlet move,
With maidens mellowing into love:
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease.

SONG, SUITABLE TO THE SEASON.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers,
And now come in my happy hours
To wander wi' my Davie.

Chorus.

Meet me on the warlock Knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The chrystal waters round us fa'
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.

Chorus.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then thro' the dew I will repair
To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I loe best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.

Epitaph at Market Durnham, Norfolk.

O Death, thou art unkind
To make us all afraid,
By taking away of Rachel Cobb,
That young and virtuous maid.

Her age about fifteen,
I think that was the outside;
She's gone to rest, and there is blest,
I think can't be deny'd.

PARODY OF SHAKSPEARE.

To read, or not to read?...that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to study
The taste and learning of the classic age,
Or take up vile and circulating trash
To pass a rainy day:....to study? to improve?
And by close application say we end
The difficulties and the thousand doubts
That Ignorance is heir to: 'tis an effort
Instantly to be made: to read? to construe
Greek? perchance beset fast: aye, there's the rub....
For in those dialects what toil may come
When we sit down in earnest to the task,
Must give us pause: there's the defect
That oscitancy makes of so long yawn;
For who would nothing know, thro' all his time,
Of true philosophy; mechanic powers;
Historic truth, laws of astronomy;
The lines of geography; or, the four rules
Of quick arithmetic, to spurn the frauds
That ready reckoners of the unwary take,
When he might master all that books can teach him,
With a bare resolve?...who would vacant stare,
And hem and haw 'mong literary men,
But that the fag of something worthy search,
Bright glorious Science! of whose recompense
No hopeful youth e'er fails, puzzles the brains,
And makes us flee to cards and silly small talk,
Than handle subjects we were school'd to know:
Thus indolence makes dunces of us all;
And thus the genius, like a standing pond,
Is mantled over with still thoughtless dulness,
Which should discoveries of great pith and moment,
As a brisk fertile current, wide dispense
And turn to useful action.

The greatest wits have their ebbs and flows; they are sometimes exhausted; then let them neither write nor talk, nor aim at entertaining. Should a man sing when he has a cold? Should he not rather wait till he recovers his voice?

How is this? Alcippus saluted me to-day, and with a smile threw himself almost out of the coach to take notice of me! I am not rich, and was a-foot. According to the present modes of life, he should not have seen me. Oh! now I have hit on it. It was that I might see him in the same coach with Mr. Mushroom, the great tank director.

Argiva pulls off her glove to shew her white hand, and never forgets to let her little shoe be seen, that she may be supposed to have a small foot. She laughs equally at things serious or merry, to shew her fine set of teeth. She knows perfectly well all her several interests. One thing only excepted, she is perpetually talking, and has scarcely common sense.

Holcroft remarks, with sagacity, that sallow complexion, length of face, a pointed nose, a projecting chin, and prominent cheek bones have distinguished the countenances of fanatics and persecutors. Fanatics and persecutors are often men of strong minds, but violent passions; and between such men and Bonaparte, allowing for times and circumstances, in physiognomy, in talents, and in manner of acting, there is great resemblance.

The little catechism of the rights of men, says BURKE, is soon learned; and the inferences are in the malignant passions of mankind.

The king of the United Kingdoms has always thought it his greatest glory that he rules over a people perfectly and solidly, because *soberly, rationally, and legally* free.

VARIETY.

I'll live no more single, but get me a wife;
For *change*, says poor Tom, is the comfort of life.
A wife then he got, and no mortal could be,
A few weeks after marriage, more happy than he.

But when children and squalling began to increase,
And a loud scolding doxy molested his peace,
I wish in my heart I was quit of my wife;
For *change*, says poor Tom, is the comfort of life.

The celebrated Sir Thomas More was sent ambassador to the emperor, by king Henry the VIII. The morning he was to have his audience, knowing the *power of wine*, he ordered his servant to give him a good large glass of sack.... and having drank that, called for another. The servant, with officious ignorance, would have dissuaded him from it, but in vain. The ambassador drank off the second, and demanded a third, which he likewise drank off.... Insisting on the fourth, he was overpersuaded by his servant to let it alone.... so he went to his audience. But when he returned home, he called for his man, and threatened him with his cane! 'You rogue, said he, what mischief you have done me.... I spoke to the emperor, on the *inspiration* of those *three glasses* that I drank; he told me I was fit to govern *three* parts of the world. Now, you dog, if I had drank the *fourth* glass, I should have been fit to govern *all* the world!'

EPIGRAM.

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the half, you pilfer'd, best;
But sure the piece you yet may mend,
Take courage, man, and steal the rest.

A very neat monument has been erected in England, in the church at East Dereham, to the memory of the poet COWPER; it is a white marble slab, on which is represented 'THE TASK' leaning on the 'HOLY BIBLE.'

BÜRGER'S LEONORA.

This celebrated ballad has had several translations. Stanley has attempted to give a fortunate conclusion to this celebrated composition.

An extract from Spencer's translation.

Barb! Barb! methinks the cock's shrill horn
Warns that our sand is nearly run;
Barb! Barb! I scent the gales of morn,
Haste, that our course be timely done.
Our course is done! our sand is run!
The nuptial bed the bride attends;
This night the dead have swiftly sped;
Here, here our midnight travel ends!

Full at a portal's massy gate,
The plunging steed impetuous dash'd;
At the dread shock, walls, bars, and gate,
Hurl'd down with headlong ruin crash'd.
Thin, sheeted phantoms gibbering glide
O'er paths, with bones and fresh skulls strewn;
Charnels and tombs on every side
Gleam dimly to the blood-red moon.

Lo while the night's dread glooms increase,
All chang'd the wond'rous horseman stood,
His crumbling flesh fell piece by piece,
Like ashes from consuming wood.
Shrunk to a skull his pale head glares,
High ridg'd his eyeless sockets stand;
All bone his lengthening form appears,
A dart gleams deadly from his hand.

The fiend horse snorts; blue fiery flakes
Collected roll his nostrils round;
High rear'd, his bristling mane he shakes,
And sinks beneath the rending ground.
Demons the thundering clouds bestride,
Ghosts yell the yawning tomb beneath;
Leonora's heart, its life blood dried,
Hangs quivering on the dart of Death.

To lessen the horror, Stanley has added the following stanza:

Sweet spirits! wave the airy wand,
Two faithful hearts your care demand;
Lo! bounding o'er the plain,
Led by your charm, a youth returns;
With hope, his breast impatient burns;
Hope is not always vain.

'Wake Leonora!....wake to love!
For thee his choicest wretch he wove,'
'Death vainly aim'd his dart.
The past was all a dream; she woke....
He lives!....'twas William's self who spoke,
And clasp'd her to his heart.

The father of the present duke of Norfolk, who had no particular antipathy to wine, used to drink much wine with a certain friend of his on this singular account: when drunk he always lost his voice; on the contrary, his friend retained his voice, but lost his legs: so the duke, tho' he lost his voice, rang the bell, and his friend, who could not move, called for more wine.

EPITAPH ON A GLUTTON.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Beneath this humble stone a mortal lies,
Whose sole employment was to gormandise,
E'en when he found he was not made to last,
He still retain'd his hatred to a fast;
And, when about to yield his latest breath,
'Tis said by some he tried his teeth on Death,
But, disappointed, utter'd sighs and groans,
For Death, alas! he found already bones.

Imitated from an ancient Greek author.

With me the rosy goblet share,
With me enjoy the youthful hours,
With me caress the frolic fair,
With me compose the wreath of flowers.

Now drive with me dull thoughts away,
With me defiance bid to sorrow;
Be merry thou with me to-day,
And I'll be wise with thee to-morrow.

SONG.

Though in the festive circle gay,
You see me move in frolic measure,
Mark on my cheek, in purple play,
The bloom of youth and smile of pleasure.

Ah! think not I am free from care,
But think how hard it is to cover
With smiles the anguish of despair,
And pity an unhappy lover.

Edinburgh.

D. C.

Epigram, on a marriage.

That very day he chose to wed,
I wish'd the old curmudgeon dead,
It matters not, since now he'll lead
On earth the life to hell decreed.

THE ORACLE CONSULTED.

What's a Frenchman?....Slavery's fool,
What's a Briton?....Freedom's tool,
Form'd to curb despotic rule....
Fit with any foe to cope.

What's the Frenchman's view?....*invasion*....
If he find a *fair* occasion.
What's the Briton's?....Full persuasion
That he'll *blast* the Frenchman's hope.

What's the Frenchman's pleasure?....*Plunder*.
What's the Briton's?....*NAVAL THUNDER*,
That shall make the Frenchman wonder,
If he dare insult our strand.

What's the end?....to Frenchmen, madness,
Disappointment, shame and sadness;
But to Britons....glory, gladness,
Safety in their native land.

[London paper.

A NEAT BULL.

A gentleman, who has a *double* admission, by purchase, to one of the theatres, lately wrote the following order.... 'Admit *self* and friend, as I cannot go to the theatre this evening.'

[Ibid.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Constantia' always writes with so much good sense and vivacity, that we regret we are not oftener instructed by the first, and amused by the latter.

'Florian' we hope will be punctual and industrious.

'M' is too negligent of her pen, and it is to be regretted, by every reader of taste, that a pen, which can trace such ingenious characters, should remain so long idle in the ink-horn.

To 'Philaxian' we are greatly indebted for the ingenious poetry of the hapless H. His verses are, in a very remarkable degree, correct and curious, and the imagination is wonderfully interested in their perusal.

'B' is welcome as a writer, and interesting as a traveller. We hope that his agreeable tours will be continued.

The Lay Preacher, for this week, is omitted for want of room.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

I have received much pleasure in the perusal of the Odes of Anacreon, selected for the Port Folio from Mr. Moore's translation of that bard.

About ten years ago, I was presented by a Bacchanalian friend with an edition of Anacreon, and of Sappho's Odes and Epigrams, published seventy years since.

Although they are by no means equal to Mr. Moore's, in versification, yet I think the translation will strike you as more faithful to the original. As it is probable there is no other copy of this edition extant, I trouble you with a specimen, and add one from Sappho.

The edition is ornamented by a likeness of Anacreon, "apud Fulvium Ursinum," and with a bust of Sappho, taken from a busto in the possession of the then Earl of Pembroke.

Your obedient,

A. H.

SAPPHO....ODE V.

ON THE ROSE.

Would *Jove* a queen of flow'rs ordain,
The Rose the queen of flow'rs should reign.
The grace of plants! the pride of bow'rs!
The blush of meads! the eye of flow'rs!
Her sweets the breath of love disclose,
Cythera's fav'rite bloom she glows!
What flow'r is half so lovely found,
As when with full blown beauties crown'd;
The Rose each ravish'd sense beguiles,
And on soft am'rous zephyr smiles.

Vith.

Beauty's Goddess, oh descend!
And our social joys attend.

*Let each golden cup be crown'd,
Serve the laughing nectar round.
None are here but who love thee,
None are here but who love me.

P.S. The Ode to the *Cicada*, in a late Port Folio, is swelled to 32 lines. In the edition before me it is comprised in 20, and has much more point, as well as simplicity, which is Anacreon's forte. Mr. Moore paraphrases his author, but paraphrases in dulcet strains.

ANACREON....ODE XX.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

A weeping rock sad Niob stood
And swell'd with tears the Phrygian flood;
And Progne to a swallow chang'd,
On sable wings swift circling rang'd.
But to your glass transform'd I'd be,
That you may fondly gaze on me:
Or, oh might I those charms embrace!
And shine the fav'rite robe you grace:
Or flow the bath, whose am'rous tide
Your bright transparent limbs divide:
Or else, dissolv'd in sighs, my fair,
I'd breathe the essence for your hair:
Or in your zone's lov'd form be blest,
And bind like that your snowy breast:
Or be those happy pearls; my soul!
Which round your neck's soft iv'ry roll:
Or I your very shoe would be,
Would you but deign to tread on me.

LIV.

ON HIMSELF.

Sporting with the young and gay,
Young I am, methinks, as they.
Swift the mirthful dance I join,
Pleasure's youthful wings are mine.

* As Sappho in this fragment desires Venus to be her cup-bearer, so Anacreon proposes the same office for Cupid. See his 4th ode.

Give me roses! I'll prepare
Rosy garlands for my hair.
Age dismiss, and dance among
Those that young are, and be young.
Fill the bowl then...fill it high,
Whoso dares my vigour try?
I can handle Bacchus' arms,
And my tongue has youthful charms.
Drinking, talking, I can be
Mad as any youthful he.

I cannot resist the inclination of adding one more Ode from Anacreon, conjectured to have been written on Sappho. It is the last ode.

ON CUPID.

Little God, with golden hair,
Son of Venus, ever fair!
Thy various colour'd wings unfold,
Bedropt with pearl, and plum'd with gold,
And gently waft me on my way,
Wrapt in clouds with purple gay.
'Twas you first robb'd my heart of joy,
Have pity, then, celestial boy,
And as we wanton thro' the air,
Teach me how to fly despair!
*The pride of Lesbos gave the wound,
Lesbos for female charms renown'd;
But why should she, inhuman maid!
Deride the snow upon my head?
The very lilies on her cheeks,
Blush for anger as she speaks.

SELECTED POETRY.

[In a volume of "Madrigals" set to music by Thomas Weekes, London 1597, there occurs one, which, as the Bishop of Dromore says, is so complete an example of the bathos, that he could not forbear presenting it to the reader.]

Thulé, the period of cosmographie
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the skie
Trinacrian Etna's flames ascend not hier.
These things seem wond'rous, yet more wond'rous I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andelusian merchant that returns
Laden with *cutchinele* and *China dishes*,
Reports in Spaine how strangely Fogo burns
Amid an ocean full of flying fishes.
These things seem wond'rous, yet more wond'rous I,
Whose hart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

I CAN BEAT HIM, SIR, AT THAT.

But three months yet I've been a wife,
And spouse already shews his airs;
I wish I'd liv'd a single life;
But as I did not, why, who cares?
Besides, let husband use his tongue,
And scold, and bounce, and cock his hat;
He'll quickly find, I'm not so young,
But I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

I'll go to operas, balls and plays,
Or where I will, and won't be check'd;
But keep it up both nights and days,
Until he treats me with respect.

* The following lines are supposed to be part of the answer which Sappho returned to our poet's gallantry:

The song the Teian sung to me,
Enchanting muse! was thine alone;
Each heav'nly verse he stole from thee,
Soft warbl'd from thy golden throne.

And if he romps with....I know who,
Perhaps he'll meet with tit for tat;
And, faith, may find, and shall so too,
That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

But this I vow, if he'll be good,
And let me sometimes have my will,
(Young wives, you know, most surely should)
I'll duly ev'ry rite fulfil;
And never, O! no never rove,
But stay with him at home and chat;
And prove, by kindest deeds of love,
That I can beat him, Sirs, at that.

[We hope that the merit of the ensuing song will induce some Amateur to set it to music, and to sing it often in the circles of taste.]

SONG OF THE WANDERING SAVOYARD.

By Mr. Dimond, jun.

Within a silent shelter'd spot,
Is rear'd my lov'd paternal cot.
Behind, the Alps their shadow throw
Here crown'd with pine, and there with snow.
In front, delightful vineyards blush
With thymy dales, where browse the flock,
Just bounded by some granite rock
Where water-falls in murmurs gush.
Ah! how I sorrow'd when farewell
I bade unto my native dell.

The wild bee there gallanting roves,
And sucks the sweet-lip'd flower he loves;
The pigeon weaves her downy nest,
And murmurs o'er her young at rest;
While little birds, of blythest lay,
With shining wings, and trilling airs
O'er-sweep the woods, in love-link'd pairs,
And warble all the live long day.
Ah! faint of praise my tongue to tell
The pleasures of my native dell!

And there, when moon-beams frost the green
With mountain pipe, and mandolin,
The youths and maids on light feet hie,
To hold their rustic revelry.
And, as the cates and cup pass round,
With mazy dance and merry song,
They charm the early night along,
And waken all the sweets of sound.
Ah! how with joy my heart would swell,
Could I regain my native dell.

TRIOLET.*

[Le Triolet est ainsi nomme, parce que le premier vers est repete trois fois.]

Beze, qui produit ce bon vin,
Doit passer pour tres Catholique.
J'estime mieux, que Chambertin
Beze, qui produit ce bon vin.
Si le disciple de Calvin
Beze, passe pour heretique,
Beze, qui produit ce bon vin
Doit passer pour tres Catholique.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK.

By Edmund L. Swift, Esq.

I, Lais, once of Greece the pride,
To whom so many suitors sigh'd,
Now aged grown at Venus' shrine,
The mirror of my youth resign:
Since what I am I will not see,
And what I was I cannot be.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 22.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

[Continued from page 139.]

[After an interval, which has been necessarily occupied by a variety of other matter, we resume the biography of a poetical magician. The various peculiarities of his extraordinary character, if contemplated by a philosophic eye, will suggest highly curious and useful trains of thought. His inequality of spirits, his pensive and melancholy humour, the loftiness of his pride, and his aversion to the throng of society, are all characteristic of such a youth. It should be remembered too, to his honour, and for the benefit of others, that the ardour of his application was fully equal to the quickness of his genius; and that, amid the arid avocations of an attorney's office, he found both time and inclination for the study of the most recondite, as well as the most elegant literature. He was the genuine Proteus of study, who, agreeably to the testimony of Thistlethwaite, might be found one day busily employed in Heraldry and English antiquities, and next deeply engaged in the subtleties of metaphysical disquisition; at this hour studying a Saxon vocabulary, and at the next a treatise of music.]

Mr. Walpole, though convinced of his intention to impose upon him, could not help admiring the spirit of the poetry which animated these compositions. His reply was cold and discouraging. He hinted his suspicions of the authenticity of the supposed MSS. and complained, in general terms, of his want of power to be a patron, and advised him to pursue the line of business in which he was placed, as most likely to secure a decent maintenance for himself, and enable him to assist his mother.

This frigid reception, extracted immediately from Chatterton 'a peevish answer,' as Mr. Walpole terms it; demanding to have the MSS. returned, as they were the property of another gentleman; and Mr. Walpole, either offended at his warm and independent spirit, or pleased to be disengaged from the business in so easy a manner, proceeded on a journey to Paris, without taking any farther notice of him.

On his return, he found a letter from Chatterton, in a style, as he terms it, 'singularly impertinent,' expressive of much resentment on account of the detention of his poems, roughly demanding them back again, and adding, 'that Mr. Walpole would not have dared to use him so ill, had he not been acquainted with the narrowness of his circumstances.'

'My heart,' says Mr. Walpole, in his Letters to the Editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies, 'did not accuse me of insolence to him. I wrote an answer to him, expostulating with him on his injustice, and renewing good advice; but, upon second thoughts, reflecting that he might be absurd enough to print my letter, I flung it into the fire, and wrapping up both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of either, for which

I am now sorry, I returned all to him;' and never afterwards heard from him, or of him, during his life.

The affront was poignantly felt by Chatterton, thought it is, perhaps, more than repaid by the ridiculous portrait which he has exhibited of Mr. Walpole, in the Memoirs of a Sad Dog, under the character of 'the redoubted Baron Otranto, who has spent his whole life in conjectures.' He has, however, paid him a compliment in his Verses to Miss M. R. printed in the Town and Country Magazine, for January 1770.

To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taste.

Mr. Walpole has incurred much censure for his rejection of Chatterton, 'as if his rejection had driven him to despair.' But to ascribe to his neglect the dreadful catastrophe, which happened nearly two years after, would be the highest degree of injustice and absurdity. It appears from his elegant and spirited narrative of these transactions, that he afterwards regretted that he had not seen this extraordinary youth, and that he did not pay a more favourable attention to his correspondence. But, to be neglected in life, and regretted and admired, when these passions can be no longer of service, has been the usual fate of genius and learning.

Chatterton, however, in part, adopted Mr. Walpole's advice, by continuing with his master a full twelvemonth after this transaction; but without applying himself to the duties of his profession, as more certain means of attaining the independence and leisure of which he was desirous.

He past his hours of leisure in respectable company; and his sister says, that 'he visited his mother regularly most evenings before nine o'clock, and they were seldom two evenings together without seeing him.'

'He would frequently,' she says, 'walk the College Green with the young girls that statelyly paraded there to show their finery;' but she is persuaded that the reports which charged him with libertinism, are ill-founded. She could not perhaps have added a better proof of it, than his inclination to form an acquaintance with Miss Rumsey, a young female in the neighbourhood, apprehending that it might soften that austerity of temper, which had resulted from solitary study. He addressed a poem to her, and they commenced, Mrs. Newton adds, a corresponding acquaintance.

Early in 1769, it appears from a poem on Happiness, addressed to Mr. Catcott, that he had imbibed the principles of infidelity; one of the effects of which was to render the idea of suicide familiar, and to dispose him to think lightly of the most sacred deposit with which man is intrusted by his Creator.

The progress, however, from speculative to practical irreligion, is not so rapid as is commonly supposed. The greatest advantage of a strict and orderly education is the resistance

which virtuous habits, early acquired oppose to the allurements of vice.

The Editor of his Miscellanies has asserted, that his 'profligacy was at least as conspicuous as his abilities;' but he has rather grounded his assertion on the apparently profane and immoral tendency of some of his productions, than on personal knowledge, or a correct review of his conduct.

Of few young men, in his situation, it can be said, that, during a course of nearly three years, he seldom encroached upon the strict limits which were assigned him, with respect to his hours of liberty; that his master could never accuse him of improper behaviour; and that he had the utmost reason to be satisfied he never spent his hours in any but respectable company.

Mrs. Newton, with that unaffected simplicity which so eminently characterizes her letter, most powerfully controverts the obloquy which had been thrown upon her brother's memory.

The testimony of Mr. Thistlethwaite is not less explicit or less honourable to Chatterton. 'The opportunities,' says he, 'which a long acquaintance with him afforded me, justify me in saying, that, while he lived at Bristol, he was not the debauched character he has been represented. Temperate in his living, moderate in his pleasures, and regular in his exercises, he was undeserving of the aspersion. I admit, that among his papers may be found many passages, not only immoral, but bordering upon a libertinism gross and unpardonable. It is not my intention to attempt a vindication of these passages, which, for the regard I bear his memory, I wish he had never written; but which I nevertheless believe to have originated, rather from a warmth of imagination, aided by a vain affectation of singularity, than from any natural depravity, or from a heart vitiated by evil example.'

But though it may not be the effect of infidel principles to plunge the person who becomes unfortunately infected with them into an immediate course of flagrant and shameless depravity, they seldom fail to *unhinge the mind*, and render it the sport of some passion unfriendly to our happiness and prosperity.

On the 14th of April, 1770, he wrote a paper, intitled, 'The Last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton,' in which he indicated his design of committing suicide on the following day. The paper was rather the result of temporary uneasiness, than of that fixed aversion to his situation, which he constantly manifested; but Mr. Lambert considered it as no longer prudent, after so decisive a proof, to continue him in the house; he accordingly dismissed him immediately from his service, in which he had continued two years, nine months, and thirteen days.

The activity of his mind during this short period is almost unparalleled. The greatest part of his compositions, both under the name of Rowley and his own, was written before April 1770, he being then aged seventeen years and five months; and of the former, they were almost all produced a twelvemonth earlier, before April 1769. But our surprise must decrease, when

we consider that he slept but little, and that his whole attention was directed to literary pursuits.

Encouraged by the most liberal promises of assistance and employment from several booksellers and printers in London, he now resolved to try his fortune in the metropolis, which he flattered himself would afford him a more enlarged field for the successful exercise and display of his abilities; and he entered on his new plan of life with his usual enthusiasm.

'I interrogated him,' says Mr. Thistlethwaite, 'as to the object of his views and expectations, and what mode of life he intended to pursue on his arrival in London.' His answer was remarkable. 'My first attempt,' said he, 'shall be in the literary way; the promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectations, find myself deceived, I will, in that case, turn Methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever; and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol.'

Before he quitted Bristol, he had entered deeply into politics, and had embraced the patriotic party. In March 1770, he wrote a satirical poem, called *Kew Gardens*, consisting of 1300 lines, against the Princess of Wales, Lord Bute, and their friends in London and Bristol; which has not been printed. He wrote also another political satire, called the *Whore of Babylon*, consisting of near 600 lines, which is in the possession of a friend of Mr. Catcott; an invective in prose against Bishop Newton, signed *Decimus*; and an indecent satirical poem, called *The Exhibition*, occasioned by the improper behaviour of a person in Bristol. Most of the surgeons in Bristol are delineated in it. Some of the descriptive passages in it have great merit. Thus speaking of a favourite organist, he says,

He keeps the passions with the sound in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key.

In the latter end of April 1770, he bade his native city a final adieu. In a letter to his mother, dated April 20th, he describes, in a lively style, the little adventures of his journey, and his reception from his patrons, the booksellers and printers, with whom he had corresponded, Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Dodgley, &c. From all of them he professes to have received great encouragement, that all approved of his design, and that he should probably be soon settled. He desires his mother to call upon Mr. Lambert. 'Show him this,' says he, 'with uncommon dignity and spirit, or tell him if I deserve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one; if I do not, it would be beneath him to take notice of me.'

His first habitation, after his arrival in London, was at Mr. Walsley's, a plasterer, in Shoreditch, to whom he was introduced by a relation of his, a Mrs. Ballance, who resided in the same house.

Of his first establishment his report is favourable. 'I am settled,' says he, in a letter to his mother, dated May 6, 'and in such a settlement as I could desire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine, and shall engage to write a History of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional Essays for the daily papers will more than support me. What a glorious prospect!'

In consequence of his engagements with the different magazines, we find him, about the same time, soliciting communications from his poetical and literary friends at Bristol, and desiring them to read the *Freeholder's Magazine*.

In a letter dated May 14, he writes in the same high flow of spirits. He speaks of the

great encouragement which genius meets with in London; adding with exultation, 'if Rowley had been a Londoner, instead of a Bristowyan, I might have lived by copying his works;' yet it does not appear that any of Rowley's pieces, except the 'Balade of Charitie,' were exhibited after he left Bristol. He exhorts his sister to 'improve in copying music, drawing, and every thing which requires genius,' observing, that, although in Bristol's mercantile style those things may be useless, if not a detriment to her, *here* they are very profitable.

His engagements at that period appear to have been numerous; for, besides his employment in the magazines, he speaks of a connexion he had formed with a doctor in music, to write songs for Ranelagh, Vauxhall, &c. and, in a letter of the 30th to his sister, he mentions another with a bookseller, 'the brother of a Lord,' (a Scotch one indeed), to compile a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers, for which he was to have his board at the bookseller's house, and a handsome premium, 'Assure yourself,' he adds, 'every month shall end to your advantage. I will send you two shillings this summer. My mother shall not be forgotten.'

Party-writing, however, seems to have been one of his favourite employments. It was agreeable to the satirical turn of his disposition, and it gratified his vanity by the prospect of elevating him into immediate notice. When Mrs. Ballance recommended it to him to endeavour to get into some office, he told her, 'he hoped, with the blessing of God, very soon to be sent prisoner to the Tower, which would make his fortune.'

In his letter to his mother, May 6, he says, 'Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I corresponded with the booksellers here. I shall visit him next week. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth, and expressed a desire to know the author. By means of another bookseller, I shall be introduced to Townsend and Savbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter coffee-house, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen.'

He informs his sister, that if money flowed as fast upon him as honours, he would give her a portion of five thousand pounds. This extraordinary elevation of spirits arose from an introduction to the celebrated patriotic Lord Mayor, Beckford.

Chatterton had, it seems, addressed an essay to him, which was so well received, that it encouraged him to wait upon his Lordship, in order to obtain his approbation, to address a second letter to him on the subject of the City Remonstrance. 'His Lordship,' adds he, 'received me as politely as a citizen could, and warmly invited me to call upon him again. The rest is a secret.'

His inclination, doubtless, led him to espouse the party of opposition; but he complains that 'no money is to be got on that side of the question; interest is on the other side; but he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (or if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the Court party.'

When Beckford died, he is said to have been almost frantic, and to have exclaimed that he was ruined. He solaced his grief, by writing an Elegy on his death, which contains more of frigid praise than ardent feeling.

Indeed, that he was serious in his intention of writing on both sides, and that he 'alternately flattered and satirized all ranks and parties,' is evident from the following list of pieces, written

by him, but never published, which Lord Orford has preserved.

The Flight: addressed to Lord Bute. In forty stanzas of six lines each. Thus indorsed: 'too long for the Political Register....Curtailed in the digressions....Given to Mr. Mortimer. 'Kew Gardens,' a satirical rhapsody of some hundred lines in Churchill's manner, against persons in power. 'The Dowager, a tragedy,....Unfinished....only two scenes. 'Verses addressed to the Rev. Mr. Catcott, on his book on the Deluge: ridiculing his system and notions....[inserted in the supplement to Chatterton's Miscellanies.] 'To a great Lady. A very scandalous address, signed Decimus. On the back of this is written, '(Jeremiah Dyson, Esq. by the Whisperer, 10s. 6d. a column). 'To J. C. Jenkinson, Esq.' an abusive letter, signed Decimus (or Probus, as it should seem from the indorsement): beginning thus: 'Sir, As the nation has long been in the dark in conjecturing the ministerial agent,' &c. To Lord Mansfield. A very abusive letter, signed Decimus (or Eneuenius, as it should seem from the indorsement): beginning thus....'My Lord, I am not going to accuse you of pusillanimity,' &c. In this piece many paragraphs are cancelled, with this remark on the margin: 'Prosecution will lie upon this.' An Introductory Essay to a political paper, set up by him, called the Moderator, in favour of administration: thus beginning, 'To enter into a detail of the reasons which induced me to take up the title of this paper,' &c. To Lord North; a letter signed the Moderator, and dated May 26, 1770: beginning thus....'My Lord, it gives me a painful pleasure,' &c. This is an encomium on administration for rejecting the Lord Mayor Beckford's Remonstrance. A Letter to the Lord Mayor Beckford, signed Probus; dated May 26, 1770....This is a violent abuse of government for rejecting the Remonstrance, and begins thus: 'When the endeavours of a spirited people to free themselves from an unsupportable slavery,' &c. On the back of this essay, which is directed to Cary, (a particular friend of Chatterton in Bristol), is this indorsement: 'Accepted by Bingley, set for and thrown out of the North Briton, 31st June, on account of the Lord Mayor's death.'

Lost by his death, on this essay, £1 11 6
Gained in Elegies, 2 2 0
.....Essays, 3 3 0
Am glad he is dead by 3 12 6

'Essays,' he says to his sister, 'on the patriotic side, fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted, and you must pay to have them printed, but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to do them with an appearance of it.'

On this sandy foundation of party-writing, Chatterton erected a visionary fabric of future greatness. It was a common assertion with him, 'that he would settle the world before he had done.'

In a letter to his sister, July 20, he tells her, 'My company is courted every where; and, could I humble myself to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now; but I must be among the great; state matters suit me much better than commercial.'

His taste for dissipation seems to have kept pace with the increase of his vanity. To frequent places of public amusement, he accounts as necessary to him as food. 'I employ my money,' says he, 'now, in fitting myself fashionably, and getting into good company; this last article always brings me in interest.'

In the letter to his mother, May 14, he says, 'a gentleman who knows at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a com-

panion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour; but alas! I speak no language but my own.' It is not very credible that he was likely to be accepted on so slender a ground of recommendation.

But his splendid visions of promotion and consequence soon vanished. Not long after his arrival in London, he writes to his mother, 'the poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor, who understands the arts of booksellers; without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve, and with it the greatest dunce may live in splendor. This knowledge I have pretty much dipped into.'

This knowledge, however, instead of conducting to opulence and independence, proved a delusive guide; and though he boasts of having pieces in the month of June 1770, in the *Gospel Magazine*, the *Town and Country*, the *Court and City*, the *London*, the *Political Register*, &c. and that almost the whole *Town and Country* for July was his; yet it appears, so scanty was the remuneration for those periodical labours, that even these uncommon exertions of industry and genius were insufficient to ward off the approach of poverty; and he seems to have sunk, at once, from the highest elevation of hope and illusion, to the depths of despair.

Early in June, he removed his lodgings from Shore-ditch, to Mrs. Angel's, sackmaker, in Brook-street, Holborn. Mr. Croft attributes the change to the necessity he was under, from the nature of his employments, of frequenting public places. It is probable that he might remove, lest Mr. Walmsley's family, who had heard his frequent boasts, and observed his dreams of greatness, should be the spectators of his approaching indigence. Pride was the ruling passion of Chatterton; and a too acute sense of shame is ever found to accompany literary pride.

But, however desirous he might be of preserving appearances to the world, he was sufficiently lowered in his own expectations; when we find his towering ambition reduced to the miserable hope of securing the very ineligible appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa.

His resolution was announced in a poem to Miss Bush. Probably, indeed, when he wrote the *African Eclogues*, which was just before, he might not be without a distant contemplation of a similar design; and perhaps we are to attribute a part of the exulting expressions which occur in the letter to his mother and sister, to the kind and laudable intention of making them happy, with respect to his prospects in life, since we find him, almost at the very crisis of his distress, sending a number of little unnecessary presents to them and his grandmother, while, perhaps, he was himself almost in want of the necessaries of life.

He applied, in his distress, to Mr. Barrett, for a recommendation to this unpromising station. On the score of incapacity, probably, Mr. Barrett refused him the necessary recommendation, and his last hope was blasted.

Of Mrs. Angel, with whom he last resided, no inquiries have afforded any satisfactory intelligence; but there can be little doubt that his death was preceded by extreme indigence.

Mr. Cross, an apothecary in Brook-street, informed Mr. Warton, that when Chatterton lived in the neighbourhood, he frequently called at the shop, and was repeatedly pressed by Mr. Cross to dine or sup with him, in vain. One evening, however, human frailty so far prevailed over his dignity, as to tempt him to partake of the regale of a barrel of oysters, when he was observed to eat most voraciously.

Mrs. Wolfe, a barber's wife, within a few doors of the house where Mrs. Angel lived, has also af-

forded ample testimony, both to his poverty and his pride. She says, 'that Mrs. Angel told her after his death, that on the 24th of August, as she knew he had not eaten any thing for two or three days, she begged he would take some dinner with her; but he was offended at her expressions, which seemed to hint that he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry.'

'Over his death, for the sake of humanity,' says Mr. Croft, 'I would willingly draw a veil. But this must not be. They who are in a condition to patronise merit, and they who feel a consciousness of merit which is not patronised, may form their own resolutions from the catastrophe of his tale;....those to lose no opportunity of befriending genius; these to seize every opportunity of befriending themselves, and upon no account to harbour the most distant idea of quitting this world, however it may be unworthy of them, lest despondency should at last deceive us into so unpardonable a step.'

Chatterton, as appears by the Coroner's inquest, swallowed arsenic in water, on the 24th of August 1770, and died, in consequence thereof, the next day, at the age of seventeen years and nine months. He was buried in a shell in the burying ground of Shoe-lane work-house.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Finding very little occasion for my guide or mule, and being much plagued with leading the latter from rock to rock, I determined sending them back as soon as I arrived at the little village of Valorsine, where I hired a smart looking young peasant to guide me to Chamouny, which was about twelve miles off.

The mountains which shut in the little valley of Valorsine are extremely high and steep, from which large avalanches fall in winter, and frequently destroy travellers as well as the peasants, for they are sometimes so huge, that their velocity, increased by their weight, carries them even across the valley, and some distance up the side of the opposite mountain.

My guide appeared a very intelligent young man, and amused me by the account he gave of his little valley, from which he had never wandered farther than Martigny and Chamouny. He said there were only ninety-four inhabitants who worked the ground themselves, with the assistance of their cows, for there was not a mule or horse belonging to it, the winter being too long, and the hay they make insufficient for their support. Oxen are for the same reason rejected for cows, which not only perform all the laborious parts of agriculture, but supply milk, cheese, and butter, their staple articles, and which they exchange at the neighbouring towns, on market days, for the necessaries they require.

When I first entered the valley of Chamouny, I was struck with the grandeur of the scenery, and the beauty of the cultivation of the plains. Thick vapours enveloped the summit of Mont Blanc, but his white sides betrayed the giant of the Alps, and I admired its grandeur, though in part obscured. In one single view I beheld the glaciers of Argentiere and des Bois, the former of which is the source of a rapid torrent, whose azure arch I crossed the stream, among blocks of granite, to admire. I ventured near enough to distinguish the gushing of the waters from out of the deep recesses of this cerulean grotto, but as I had heard of accidents from the falling

of the arch of ice, which is constantly dissolving, I refrained from a closer examination.

I continued my walk along the banks of the Arne till I came to the village of Chamouny, after passing through several small hamlets, whose neat cottages and inclosures bespoke content and humble happiness. The fields began now to assume a tawny hue, and the season had spread its influence up the sides of the mountains, where the deep green of the pine forests was all the verdure nature had left to enliven the dreary prospects, except a few pastures in the bottoms, whose happier situation had spun out their existence a little longer than the rest, and informed the traveller of the beauties an earlier visit would have presented to his view in this much celebrated and charming valley.

My arrival was a cause of great joy in the village, where travellers, particularly Englishmen, (who are great favourites), have been scarce since the war began; and as Americans are universally on the continent considered as Englishmen, I received a hearty welcome from the landlord of the inn, who put me into a nice little building, which he had erected for the accommodation of travellers of the better sort, and left me the whole house to myself.

I was soon after my arrival beset by guides, chrysal hunters, &c. offering their services and curiosities with such importunity, that it cost me a few livres to get rid of them. My landlord recommended to me, as a guide, Jacques Paccard, who had often accompanied M. de Saussure in his Alpine excursions. As he appeared intelligent, strong, and obliging, I have engaged him to attend me by day break to-morrow, to show me the top of the Montanvert. So, till I return, farewell.

November 2.

Excursion to the Montanvert and the Mer de Glace.

I was up this morning as soon as the day dawned, and was mortified to find the valley covered with fog. I returned to my bed in despair of ever seeing the far-famed glaciers of Chamouny, but it was not long before Paccard rapped at my door, telling me he was ready, and congratulated me on the morning being so fine. I instantly ran to the window, and was astonished to find the fog had entirely disappeared, and left me the proud prospect of Mont Blanc to his very summit without a cloud. Elated with my good fortune, I made haste to dress myself, and, after partaking of a slight breakfast, set out with my guide for the top of the Montanvert.

About a mile beyond the Arve, we began to ascend by a slanting, rugged path, through a dark grove of pines and larches. Had I not been pretty well accustomed to mountainous ascents, I should have found this a very fatiguing one. On emerging from the forest, we crossed a deep ravine, worn by the rapid fall of the rocks from above, the fragments of which lay in piles below us, with trunks of trees brought down by the impetuosity of their descents. On raising my eyes, the prospect of the projecting masses above me was not a little terrifying, as I could not tell the moment when they might be loosened, and particularly as my guide had cautioned me, just before we entered upon this scene, not to speak loud, lest the vibrations of the air might detach any rocks that were tottering, and required only a slight agitation to produce their fall. A short distance farther we crossed the fragments of a small avalanche of snow, that had fallen a few days before, which was another warning to me of the danger of travels among the Alps, for had we met with it in its descent, we should infallibly have been precipitated down the steep in the forest, which grows at the foot of the mountain.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

It has been my practice, for several years, to keep minutes of the little excursions, which the heat of the city renders necessary during the summer; and though my vanity cannot dub them *travels*, yet I have thought that some of them might give interest to a page of narrative. I have lying by me one of an excursion to Albany, in which I have attempted to sketch a few scenes from the banks of the Hudson; should the present attempt meet a favourable reception, that will be sent you for insertion.

B.

Extracts from mem. of an excursion to Bedford, in the county of West Chester and state of New-York, in the summer of 1803.

Arrived about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Bedford is a pleasantly situated village, surrounded by rugged elevations, which, though they do not deserve the name of mountains, yet give an air of serenity and seclusion to the valley they incircle. To those, who have been accustomed to contemplate the unvaried surface of a sea coast, in which little escapes the innovations of art, but the soil which she cultivates, this village and its environs must furnish a topic of new and delightful emotion. And surely to persecuted Virtue, or deluded Hope, no asylum can be more sacred; no solitudes in which oblivion may sooner steal over the poignancy of sensation, and sooth, in his exile from the world, the wearied victim of its passions. On descending into these secluded vales, the deepness of the shade, and the hallowed stillness of the air, divested me of the cares, and I might almost say the consciousness, of a social being. I left behind me all ideas of a world in which repose is denied even to virtue; or thought of it only to render more delicious the quiet that incircled me. Fancy pictured, in the seclusion of Bedford, those haunts which the passion of Petrarch has made immortal. The sighs of the evening gale seemed to breathe the imperfect accents of his lyre, and the echo, that floated on its bosom, murmured the name of Laura!

The approach to Bedford furnishes a view as interesting from its rudeness, as from its extent. After a gradual ascent of about a mile, you reach the summit of a hill, on the south side of the valley in which the village is situated. On gaining this elevation, an assemblage of objects, than which nothing in nature can be conceived more sublime or beautiful, occasions a momentary pause of rapture. Beneath you, the road is seen at intervals, as it descends the hill, till it is lost in the foliage of locusts: from these the spire of the village church rises in all the pride of rustic magnificence. The cottages, which from the abruptness of the declivity, themselves in a great measure escape the view, are beautifully reflected from the transparent bosom of a lake. To the right, the eye extends over a soil, at one time swelling into craggy elevations, and at another spreading itself into vales of the most enchanting verdure. To the north and west, it extends over a vast succession of mountains, wooded to their summits, and throwing their shadows over intervals of equal wildness. It is, at length, arrested in its excursions by the lofty barriers of the Hudson, which, from their distance and elevation, form an interesting back-ground to the picture. The lake, whose placid bosom seems never to have felt a tempest, is not the least interesting object in the group; and had it been seated amid the haunts of Avernus orocluse, instead of bearing, (as it does here), the humble title of a *pond*, would, ere this, have

grown immortal with the strain that floated from its shores, or the pencil that sketched its beauties.

Rode the same evening to Mr. JAY's, formerly the governor of this state, and the author of the famous treaty with Great Britain, which has excited the clamours of some, but the admiration and gratitude of every real friend to his country.

Great men are always interesting, but never more so than in retirement. Power throws around them a lustre which too often dazzles the eye of scrutiny, or seduces her into a complaisance to error. Though the closet may be, in some measure, an avenue to the heart, and there are moments when even hypocrisy is herself, yet the scope which they give to speculation is so narrow, and so perfidious to truth are the confidants of the great, that genuine character may lie forever concealed behind the fame of a statesman or a hero. In retirement we view them without the hazard of deception. Ambition has there ceased to glow; the fervors of party have subsided, and the meridian of action and of enterprise is exchanged for the mild twilight of philosophy. We there view them stripped of the ceremonials of office, and wielding the humble sceptre of individual sway. And surely no idea can be more interesting or sublime than that of a genius which has once swayed the councils, or shaped the destinies of an empire, engaged in domestic duty, and incircled by the domestic virtues. The great man, in retirement, is like the ship of war, which, after braving many a combat, lies peacefully embosomed in the harbour, and yet awes us by the recollection of the victories she has won.

To men, who have served their country merely because she served their interest, and who measure merit by equipage or dress; it would, perhaps, be matter of not a little astonishment to recognize in the venerable farmer of Bedford, a character who has more than once filled, with honour, the highest dignities of this state, and represented in Europe the legatory sense of the nation. And yet in his countenance you cannot but read the superiority of the man. With an eye of the mildest expression, he is possessed of features which are the sure indications of intellectual activity and vigor. Serious, yet not severe, and superior to the artifices of a borrowed consequence; you see in him nothing of that decisive superciliousness, which is so often (and it would seem with some justice) the companion of his greatness. In short his condescensions are not less dignified than his commands; and he interests you as much by the superior powers of his mind, as he does by that bewitching address, by which he teaches you to forget that you are his inferior.

Mr. JAY has chosen, for his retreat, a spot most beautifully adapted to study and contemplation; in which, like Cincinnatus, he can enjoy, apart from its *turmoils*, the sweet reflection of having served his country. But his ease is not inglorious. It is not the nerveless apathy of indolence or disgust. He has but exchanged one sphere of action for another. While his lighter moments are divided between the little cares of his family and the delightful study of nature, his closet is still the scene of painful application. He is preparing to favour the world with a comment on the Prophecies; a subject on which he has bestowed much thought and attention. So that those who lament the state of things, which forced such patriotism and talents into exile, will, at least, have the consolation to reflect, that, even in retirement, those talents and that patriotism are devoted to his country. B

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

The celebrated Henry Fielding, who had certainly more wit as well as humour than any man

of his day, has in one of the preliminary chapters which we find prefixed to each Book of his novels, very gravely laboured to prove that men who pretend to write, ought to make themselves masters of the subject they attempt to discuss. The reader will see that this was an ironical sneer at ignorant scribblers, and will feel the acumen of it more poignantly when he reads 'The Contents' of that chapter, which, as well as we can recollect, is couched in these words: 'Chap. I. Which serves to shew that an author will not be likely to write the worse for understanding a little of his subject.' A man must live long and variously in life, and be habituated to diligent critical observation upon language, and the subjects to which language is applied, before he would be able to discern the beauty and force of this satire of Fielding's, or to conceive the number of instances, and the extent of the abuses to which it may be applied, almost every day that he looks about him, or reads a common publication. According to all the received notions of the lettered men of the world, a person, before he attempts to instruct, ought to have been instructed; before he enters upon the office of explaining a science, or discussing a subject of any kind, he ought to be master of it in all its relations; and before he erects himself into the office of holding discourses, whether to instruct, to convince, or to persuade, ought at least to know the use of words, the correct construction of language, and the properties of style. In a word, that to constitute a writer, even a moderately decent writer, two things are absolutely and essentially necessary: one, knowledge of the subject on which he descants; the other, knowledge of language sufficient to appropriate precise words to the meaning which he intends to convey.

If either of these were of necessity to be dispensed with, it is evidently the power over language which could be best spared, though words, being the types of ideas, one would think it must be impossible to utter the one, but at the suggestion of the other; for, exclusive of the trifling consideration, that words without any meaning are at best unproductive of improvement or pleasure, there is this accumulation of evil in it, that those who have the courage to attempt such displays of their talents, are sure to multiply and increase the sound and the bulk of their words in proportion to the vacuity of their brains; so that the sound is sure to be always in the inverse ratio of the sense.

Whenever the itch for scribbling, or making speeches, commonly called *Orations*, has seized a young person without adequate talents or education; when that distemper called the *cacoethes scribendi*, gets a fast hold of him, he may be set down at once as in a state of incurable madness. The very nature and origin of the disease prevents the cure of it; for he who imagines himself capable of giving public instruction, or blazing as an author or poet, without information or learning, labours under a calenture of the brain, which never will submit to the drudgery or humiliation of receiving from the instruction of others what he so deplorably wants himself.

If some of this sort of gentlemen, who flatter themselves that they are writers merely on the strength of heaping together a *congeries* of words, which convey no one distinct idea; and who think themselves eloquent, when they are only provoking laughter or pity, by their efforts, were acquainted with the light in which their compositions are viewed by the discerning, or could imagine the contempt they excite, assuredly they would not take such pains to incur it. The mind goes along with, approves, and often admires the labours of a man, who, though deficient in words, possesses strong sense, sound

judgment, and a perfect knowledge of his subject. His words, such as they are, convey his thoughts, and his thoughts being worth the conveying, and deserving of attention, his efforts are always more or less successful. He has not ready-treasured up in memory a variety of words, from which to make a choice, but his thoughts engender words suited to them; and when they are not engendered by thoughts, words are as troublesome and disgusting to the hearers or readers, and much less curious than the chattering of a monkey, or the mimicry of a parrot or magpie.

If those gentlemen could be prevailed upon to lower their great minds down to a little reading, the first books that a good instructor ought to put into their hands, would be those in which they might see a picture of their own style; and after they had laughed heartily at it, and enjoyed all the pleasure to which the ridiculous can help them, they should then be shown the resemblance between it and their own productions, and if they are not ashamed at once out of writing, they must be eternally incurable: wanting, as they must, the fundamental materials of improvement, discernment and modesty. If Blackmore could continue to write epic poetry, after having read *Martinus Scriblerus*, he must have had a singular organization of nerves.

Or if some modern writers and orators (God bless the mark) were to be shown the mock tragedy farce of *Cronenhotonthologos*, or the letter which the schoolmaster, in Peregrine Pickle, writes for Tom Pipes to Emilia, and were told 'behold, there is the picture of your style,' they would be startled, and probably for a while doubt the existence of a resemblance, thought it could be seen by every other eye to be a likeness not caricatured, and very little, if at all, overcharged.

A man who is skilful in style, knows from the reading of the first two or three sentences at most, the calibre of the writer's intellect and acquirements. If he sees words which convey no precise idea, or have no business in that place; if he sees a starved thought puffed out like a dropsical carcase on spindle legs, or a bladder puffed with wind, he at once discerns the radical incurable feebleness of the writer; if he sees a laborious attempt to raise a trivial or ordinary object beyond its natural level, by overstrained, awkward efforts at quaint thoughts, and disproportionate, extravagant words, multiplied as well as magnified; if he sees redundant, useless epithets, extravagant far-fetched metaphors, many figures confounded and jumbled together in one illustration; in a word, if he sees that farra-go of trash, which writers of the description we allude to void, when they get seated under the ridiculous operation of a verbal diarrhoea, he directly perceives that the author is not only unfit to write, but ignorant of his subject; and what is much worse, because more incurable, ignorant of his own deficiencies.

Those extravagant effusions of vanity and weakness resemble nothing of which we read in the annals of folly, so much as the caperings of the crack-brain *Knightrider*, or the *Sorrowful Countenance*, when he strips himself, and exposing his meagre nakedness to broad sunshine, dances, sings and cuts capres to the tune of his own fancy, and the honour of his dulcinea. If indeed they were as harmless; if they were done on the Sierra mountains, or in the swamps and wildernesses of America, in private prank, it would be something; but if they come forth from the press, publicity may make them mischievous. Those who have not had means of judging by comparison, will accept them as models, perhaps adopt their manner, and thus the very heart of the growing literature of the country be gangrened and polluted. Such things ought certainly to be discouraged, on that important principle. But

on another account also. For the honour of the country they ought to be discountenanced. For what must the people of Europe think of Americans, if they see that with them the most vapid nonsense passes current for literary composition, and the most turgid bombast for style?

For grievances of this kind, in which the law denies the remedy which the public advantage requires, there is but one mode of procedure, and that is, by ridicule. The species of vicious composition now complained of, has obtained such general circulation of late, that one would think it was owing to some new distemperature of the air. The majestic, vigorous, energetic simplicity of the style which distinguished the writings of WASHINGTON, and was the result of his clear and comprehensive genius, has fallen out of use along with his virtues and politics, and the country is already inundated with productions, which, if not discountenanced, will produce, within the sphere of their influence, a foul, corrupt taste; a taste for that bloated badderdash and fulsome bombast; that froth and whip-syllabub, so characteristic of weak, uninformed minds, and so congenial to the maudlin politics and flimsy philosophy of the day.

CORREGIDOR.

From the Picture of London, for 1803.

THE PORTER BREWERY.

The wholesome and excellent beverage of Porter, obtained its name about the year 1730, from the following circumstances, which not having yet been printed, we think them proper to record in this work. Prior to the above mentioned period, the malt liquors in general use were ale, beer, and two-penny, and it was customary for the drinkers of malt liquor to call for a pint or a tankard of half and half, i. e. a half of ale and half of beer, a half of ale and half of two-penny, or a half of beer and half of two-penny. In course of time it also became the practice to call for a pint or tankard of three threads, meaning a third of ale, beer, and two-penny; and thus the publican had the trouble to go to three casks, and turn three cocks for a pint of liquor. To avoid this trouble and waste, a brewer, of the name of Harwood, conceived the idea of making a liquor which should partake of the united flavours of ale, beer, and two-penny. He did so, and succeeded, calling it *entire*, or *entire butt*, meaning that it was entirely from one cask or butt, and as it was a very hearty, nourishing liquor, it was very suitable for porters and other working people. Hence it obtained its name of porter.

Messrs. Whitbread & Co's. brewery, in Chiswell-street, near Moorfields, is the greatest in London. The commodity produced in it is also esteemed to be of the best quality of any brewed in the metropolis. The quantity of porter brewed in the year in this house, has, when malt and hops were at a moderate price, been about 200,000 barrels.

There is one stone cistern that contains 3600 barrels, and there are 49 large oak vats, some of which contain 3500 barrels. One is 27 feet in height, and 22 feet in diameter, surrounded with iron hoops at every four or five inches distance, and towards the bottom covered with hoops. There are three boilers, each of which holds about 500 barrels.

One of Mr. Watts' fire-engines works the machinery. It pumps the water, wort, and beer; grinds the malt, stirs the mash tubs constantly when wanted, and raises the casks out of the cellars. It is able to do the work of seventy horses, though it is of a small size, being only a 24 inch cylinder, and does not make more noise than a spinning wheel.

One of the most curious parts of the machinery is a screw on the principle of Archimedes, which turns round in a fixed case, and literally screws the malt that is ground by the mill, and conveys it to the top of the building, as the mill happens to be situated rather too low.

In the upper part of the building are cooling cisterns, that would cover above five acres of land, only six inches deep, but made quite tight, and kept very clean. The porter cools in these generally in about six hours.

Great improvements are daily making, and particularly in the boilers, two which are covered so as to collect the steam, and use it instead of cold water, which saves a great deal of fuel.

The barrels, or casks, of ordinary dimensions, are in number about 20,000; two hundred workmen are employed, and eighty horses of a very large size. One was lately killed, being diseased, whose four shoes weighed 24lb. and probably one of the largest of his species.

In the course of the operations, the beer is forced by a pump, in pipes under the street, to a large building on the other side, to be put in casks.

In the mash-tubs, which are about twenty feet deep, there is a machine to stir up the malt, that constantly turns round, and is very ingeniously managed so, by means of a screw, as to rise and fall alternately at the top, the middle, and the bottom.

Whether the great size, or ingenuity of contrivance, is considered, this brewery is one of the greatest curiosities that is to be seen any where, and certainly little less than half a million sterling is employed in machinery, buildings and materials.

We must not omit here to mention, in contradiction to a long but ill founded belief, that Thames water alone would make good porter, that in this large brewery the water used is not from the Thames, but from the New-River.

The quantity of porter brewed in London annually, exceeds 1,200,000 barrels of thirty-six gallons each.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The works of STERNE, after contending with the prejudices of some, and the ignorance of others, have at length obtained that general approbation, which they are intitled to by their various, original, and intrinsic merits. No writer of the present times can lay claim to so many unbounded excellencies. In none have wit, humour, fancy, pathos, an unbounded knowledge of mankind, and a correct and elegant style, been so happily united. These properties, which render him the delight of every reader of taste, have surmounted all opposition...even Envy, Prudery and Hypocrisy are silent.

Time, which allots to each author his due portion of fame, and admits a free discussion of his beauties and faults, without favour and without partiality, hath done ample justice to the superior genius of STERNE. It hath fixed his reputation as one of the first writers in the English language on the firmest basis, and advanced him to the rank of a classic. [E. Editor.]

Of a noted trimmer and time server in our government, whom the stupidity of republicanism has exalted to an undeserved dignity, we may say in the words of the witty Dr. South, that 'he is like a church weather cock, notable for nothing so much, as standing high, and turning round.'

A brilliant writer says, perhaps more elegantly than justly, that the variety of opinions which prevails among mankind, like the wind blowing

at different times from different quarters, and with different degrees of violence and temperature, is certainly productive of a salutary agitation. The languor occasioned by a constant Sicilian *sirocco* would not be more insufferable than the insipidity of universal consent. If all men thought alike on all subjects, their pursuits would flag for want of opposition. That enlivening diversity, which appears in human life, and is found to promote the ends of social union, by mutually supplying defect, and by stimulating to cheerful exertion, would sink into the dead repose of unvaried uniformity. An offensive stagnation would be the consequence of an exact and universal resemblance of sentiments, instead of that delightful vivacity, which results from the apparent chaos, the discordant concord of taste, studies, sects, parties, principles, antipathies, and predilections. All the hues of the prismatic spectrum are intermixed to produce that beautiful result of the whole, the snowy whiteness of the Swan's plumage.

The modest Addison was accused by a lady of being dull and heavy in conversation. 'Madam,' he replied with great dignity, 'I have only nine pence in my pocket, but I can draw for a thousand pounds.'

It is, perhaps, not generally known that Addison had apartments at the village of Islington, whither he occasionally retired, and where it is supposed he wrote some of the papers in the Spectator.

TO THE EVITES.

In ancient Greece, we know, the nude
Was scientifically pursued;
In public stood full many a goddess,
Without a kerchief or a boddice;
Such charms celestial could defy,
And blind at once the critic's eye.
Thus now a lady at a ball,
Whose wealth is merely personal,
If she is pretty, gay, or young,
Displays her charms the beaux among,
While all can read in her soft eye,
'Bosoms to sell; at who will buy?'
When madam, of a certain age,
Yields to this all unstripping rage,
And shews to the amaz'd beholders
Her ample back and brawny shoulders,
And by her plenteous lack of dress,
Shews her thin neck quite bosomless!
Since no sound motive can direct her,
So far at least as I conjecture,
No hopes from gentle love entice her,
I wish her modester and wiser.

A TALE.

A learned lady, there are some,
Or were, at least, who us'd to come,
In the life time of Montague,
To a snug club yclept *Bas bleu*,
Once to a sage was introduc'd,
And soon the lady's tongue was loos'd.
The man had quite a philosophic scowl,
Nodded, and look'd as grave as any owl;
But such a constant silence kept,
You would have thought the man had slept.
Soon after this choice conference,
The lady with her friends began:
'I never met with so much sense,
Such modesty, in any man!'
He nodded at the proper place,
And never once mistook the case;
Would now most pertinently smile,
And paid attention all the while.
I now have met, for what I've long been yearning,
A man of real wit and real learning.

A wag, who had devis'd the scheme,
Thought this a time to raise their mirth,
Dear madam, this is all a dream,
I'm glad he was not troublesome,
But I have known him from his birth,
And the poor man was born both deaf and dumb.

On the Ladies, wearing watches in their bosoms.

Widings might say, each lovely creature
Wears in her bosom a *repeater*,
Because most ladies shew a liking
To every thing they reckon striking;
And that some fair ones love the trick
Of taking up their goods on tick,
What though I would not wish to flatter,
My thoughts are different on the matter.
Dear creatures, I rejoice to spy
Such symptoms of philosophy;
That time you most devoutly prize
Is plainly shewn by where it lies;
Or, could it occupy a part
So very near a lady's heart?

My Chloe has immortal charms
Which time and death defy;
Of ivory are both her arms,
And a diamond is each eye.

Her hair of ebony is made,
Each lock so strong and big,
That not e'en fashion will persuade
My nymph to wear a wig.

Her bosom, all so fair and round,
Is made of alabaster;
So no good reason can be found
To say it will not last her.

The face of this enchanting maid,
Is one bright damask rose;
And when it on her cheeks shall fade,
'Twill flourish on her nose.

For beauty equal, and for fame
Her praise I'll still rehearse,
Whose charms are lasting as my flame,
And deathless as my verse.

To Lucasta, on going to the wars, by the celebrated
Col. LOVELACE.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To warre and arms I flee.

True; a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And, with a stronger faith, embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

'Leopold,' a new novel, is highly praised in that elegant miscellany, the European Magazine. It is said to abound with incidents ingeniously imagined, and characters in high and low life well delineated, and properly contrasted. It is evidently the production of an experienced writer, capable of deducing useful instruction from the passing scenes of life.

SONG.

From the Sylph of Charles Lofty, Esq.

I danc'd with Harriet at the fair,
And prais'd her for her jetty hair,
Which, like the tendrils of a vine,
About her brow in wanton twine

Luxuriantly ran;
But why I prais'd her, sweet one, know,
Because I recollected, so
The tresses negligently flow

About the cheeks of Ann.

One evening in the passion week
When Lucy play'd at hide and seek,
Her black eyes shone like glow worms bright,
And led me by their sparkling light
To find out where she ran;
But if I praise them, sweet one, know
I recollected even so
The black eyes sparkle, burn and glow
Of gentle mistress Ann.

Louisa's lips in kisses meet
Like a twin cherry, ripe and sweet;
In Catharine's breath rich perfume dwells;
But, ah! how Julia's bosom swells
To charm the gaze of man!
Yet, if I praise them, sweet one, know
They singly but remind me....so
Lips, breath and bosom I can show
All blent in mistress Ann.

Lines written on the back of a picture, painted by J. Cranch, honorary member of the American Philosophical Society:

What steads the shivering artist fancy's fires;
The shadow'd garb....the visionary bread;
Condemn'd in cold obscurity to pine,
Himself unclad, and 'mid the feast unfed'? J. C.

ANSWER.

Why, artist, should thy honest soul repine
At ragged coat shin beef, and vapid wine?
Why waste thy rich fraught hours in plaints to heaven,
For aught it has withheld, or aught has given?
Fools fatly live to....die without a name;
Wits greatly starve....to gain immortal fame!

S. Y.....g.

EPIGRAM.

Tom's fruitful spouse bestow'd a yearly child,
And he was happy while the bantlings smil'd;
Three years ago he join'd a martial band,
And sought for laurels in a distant land:
Yet such the force of habit, Nell, they say,
Still has her yearly child, tho' Tom's away.

Democracy and universal suffrage have an inevitable tendency to equalize property, and to destroy all artificial distinctions, which are created by property. But it should be remembered, for our consolation, that property, especially property in slaves, is firmly established by our free constitution, and that the votes, which the masters of slaves acquire by that property, may sometimes enable them to choose a president of the United States, in opposition to the majority of the citizens, slaves being the only species of property that is represented in our legislature.

No doubt the British entertain hostile dispositions towards America, which they now consider as a province of France, their ancient enemy. But while we are secure in the union of our citizens, which so happily prevails, and the friendship of the great nation, we need not care for British hostility, nor court British friendship. In a manner, suitable to republican economy, we have engaged to pay them what we owed them, or, at least, what the Virginia merchants owed them, and we have nothing further to do with the English, except to use their manufactures, as long as the French traders refuse to give us credit. Being now in possession of liberty and independence, and holding so lofty a rank among the nations of the world, as we do at present, we may laugh at the melancholy apprehensions and mistaken conjectures of the disciples of the old school. There is not the remotest probability of a civil war, or a dissolution of our famous confederacy. The north has the most perfect confidence in the virtue of the south, and Virginia would to-morrow surrender up her virgin charms to Vermont. Negroes and republicans love each other like Jonathan and David, and Puritans and rakehells harmonize in a concert truly delightful.

There are many who are the most fit to govern, and that the duty of the few is only to obey them, is a principle so evident to a republican understanding, that it has become the ruling and determining principle in all legislative and judicial assemblies in which the sentence of the majority

is held to be the sentence of the whole, which supposes that every individual has an equal right and capacity of judging; as, otherwise, the majority of the *citizens* of a state, counted, like *cattle*, by the head, could not be reckoned the whole state, in matters of election.

Mr. Hooker has long since observed how easy it is to persuade men that they are ill governed when they themselves are not the governors, but this art has been carried to much greater perfection, since his time, by our modern demagogues, whose liberty is enlightened by philosophy, whereas, in Mr. Hooker's time, all men were hampered by religious principles of one sort or other, to which they were *obliged* to reconcile their notions in the best manner they could, though at present they are only governed by reason and philosophy, i. e. by their own ideas and inclinations.

The, celebrated Bonaparte appears to have posset, in the highest degree, the talent described in our last paragraph. He was able to persuade the directory and legislative assemblies of France, that the republic had been ill governed for years. He did not, it is true, trouble himself to collect proofs, but supported his assertion by *forty grenadiers*, abundantly qualified to supply the place of arguments.

A passion for revolutions and reforms, was unquestionably introduced into England at the revolution of 1688, and so confirmed as to be almost established in the national faith and practice. The habit of finding fault with almost every thing that is established proceeds from a persuasion that government is neither sacred nor inviolable. But this must appear absurd to those, who believe that government is merely an ordinance of the people, which they may alter or overturn at their pleasure.

A wit, bemoaning the uncomfortable prospect of celibacy, and comparing the respective happiness of a married and single state, exclaimed, what can make the bitter cup of a bachelor's life go down! and in the same tone, by way of self-condolent response, observed, *a-las! a-las!*

There is a passage in Churchill's Poems which one would suppose was written for the express purpose of ridiculing that nonsensical and whining style of poetry, too prevalent on this side of the Atlantic.

Ah! woeful me! ah! woeful man!
Ah! woeful all! do all we can.
Who can on earthly things depend,
From one to t'other moment's end?
Honour, wit, genius, wealth and glory,
Good lack! good lack! are transitory;
Nothing is sure and stable found,
The very earth itself turns round.
Monarchs, nay ministers must die,
Must rot, must stink.....ah me! ah why?
Cities themselves in time decay;
If cities thus.....ah! well a day!
If brick and mortar have an end,
On what can flesh and blood depend.
Ah! woeful me! ah woeful man!
Ah! woeful all! do all we can!

Inordinate desire for power and rank is the secret stimulus for canting patriotism. John Hampden did not value the payment of twenty shillings to a tax gatherer of Charles I. a sum so puny was not an object to an opulent country gentleman. But it imported his ambition much to engage in a controversy with the king his master. One ray of anger from a STUART would illumine the obscurity of John Hampden.

From a late most extraordinary and stupendous communication to the apostate Talleyrand, it should seem that our *French* ambassador at the court of the Corsican was not only *deaf* to the suggestions of prudence, but *blind* to the dearest interests of his country.

Wanted for the Aurora service. Three fellows without ears, two with backs flagrant from the beadle, one traitor, and a couple of deists. None need apply, but who can comewell recommended from Newgate, or their last place.

N. B. Any young imp of sedition, who would make a tolerable *devil*, may have every thing found him, except his *washing*.

COVENT GARDEN.

OTHELLO. This play is got up with unusual magnificence, and was, as it deserved, well received. Mr. Kemble in *Othello*, was in general tame and whining. The famous apology in the first act we never heard so badly delivered. In some of the impassioned parts he was very impressive. Pity it is that the advantages of person, of attitude, and of matchless art, which he possesses, should not be attended with a more natural manner of speaking.

Mr. Cook, in *Iago*, drew, and most justly drew, an universal applause from the beginning to the end. He appears no where to greater advantage than in *Iago*.

Mrs. Siddons bids defiance to time, and though we might wish her younger, we cannot wish her to play the part of Desdemona better.

Mrs. Litchfield was, as usual, admirable. Her merit last night is greatly enhanced by the state of her health, which would have given her a juster right to plead indisposition than is sometimes assumed.

Charles Kemble was superior to himself. His drunken scene was excellently performed.

[*Lon. paper.*]

An Irish Journalist observes, that an *invisible* female is exposed in Paris to the curiosity of spectators. The price is one shilling a *sight*.

A novel has been lately published in England, intitled '*Azemia*,' by Jaquetta Agnetta Mariana Jenks. This bead roll of a name reminds us of Dr. GOLDSMITH's *Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs*.

EPITAPH.

Here rests my spouse; no pair thro' life
So equal liv'd as we did,
Alike we shar'd perpetual strife,
Nor knew I rest till she did.

Any person, moderately skilled in the English language, and in the laws of logic, will have instant occasion, in perusing the *Aurora*, to apply to that paper the following lines from GIFFORD:

Abortive thoughts, that right and wrong confound,
Truth sacrific'd to party, sense to sound;
False glare, incongruous images combine,
And noise and nonsense clatter thro' the line.

The Fellows of Baliol College, in Oxford, ordered the gates to be shut on the fast day. Dr. Leigh, the master, said on the occasion: 'we are very strict on the observance of this day; we not only fast ourselves, but make the *gates fast* also.'

A butcher's boy, on Saturday last, carrying his tray on his shoulders, accidentally struck it against a lady's head, and discomposed her wig. 'The deuce take the tray,' cried the lady in a passion. 'Madam,' said the lad gravely, 'the deuce cannot take the *tray*.'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Climenole' is very earnestly requested to persevere in his laudable design. Let him shame those by satire, who are callous to every thing else, and render *ridiculous* those false traitors and false tenets, on which argument and truth have been exercised in vain and exhausted. We hope to hear from him both publicly and *privately*.

It is understood that there are certain studious and literary ladies in this city, who, though possessing the powers of invention and poetry, are timid of criticism, and slow to publish. They may be assured that their essays shall experience no rude or cold treatment from the Editor. He is anxious to render service to modest merit, and to give the most liberal encouragement to the genius, talents, and virtue of the ladies.

The successful imitator of the style of Hudibras, who once called himself Simon Spunkey in the country, and now passes by the name of Christopher Caustic in town, has promised certain poetical contributions to the Editor.

The spirited strictures by FALKLAND on the indiscreet and pernicious letter of Mr. Livingston, our *French* ambassador, shall be inserted next week. The name, the style, and the sentiments of this indignant writer are all respectable, in the estimation of the Editor.

'B' the author of a tour, which has been vividly sketched in the Port Folio of this week, is a traveller with the eye of a poet, and the observation of a man of the world. His remarks on the character of Mr. JAY are peculiarly delightful to the Editor. To the sagacity, courage, foresight, and energy of this eminent statesman, we are indebted for a Treaty, without which this country would have been completely convulsed by the lunatics of Jacobinism, and probably nothing more than a *fief* of the *regicide*.

The well deserved and contemptuous criticism by 'Corregidor,' we copy with alacrity from the Charleston Courier, an elegant and judicious Journal, whose circulation if, commensurate with our warm wishes, would be as wide as the limits of our country.

The translation of that exquisite elegy of Milton, which, with 'luscious elegance,' he composed during his minority, is confessedly from a juvenile pen. Still to attempt a version of such elegant Latinity, as is contained in those sweet verses, which begin thus,

In se perpetuo tempus revolvibile gyro
Iam revocat zephyros vere tepente novos.

is itself worthy of commendation. Our youthful translator has in many stanzas acquitted himself adroitly, and if some of his lines be harsh or obscure, there is general evidence of Genius in the production. In this new and rude country, in consequence of the execrable nature of our institutions, it is very rare for a *republican* stippling to read Latin, and it is still more rare to relish it. For neither in the style nor the sentiments of the ancients is there any thing which is of kindred to *Indian* literature, or Gallic opinions. We, therefore, always hail every performance, which exhibits either *ROMAN* beauty, or *ENGLISH* good sense, and disdainfully leave to the Vandal republican his Boston orations of the fifth of March, and his fanatic sermons of the nineteenth of April. With the *taut* and tinsel of speech let him be dazzled, while the Editor and his friends are contented to admire its *STERLING* PURITY.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

If you think the following attempt to translate one of the youthful Latin effusions of that great poet, Milton, merits a place in the Port Folio, you will be pleased to insert it. It is but justice to the translator to mention, that, at the time of the translation, he was of the same age, as the author was when he wrote the original, Anno. Ætatis 20.

A TRANSLATION OF MILTON'S FIFTH LATIN ELEGY, ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now Time, revolving in perpetual gyre,
Recalls th' enlivening zephyrs of the Spring,
And earth, array'd in juvenile attire,
From icy bondage free, essays to sing.

Am I deceiv'd?...or does the season shed
Its genial influence on the poet's mind?
While all around its blooming flowrets spread,
The grateful Muse returns her gifts in kind.

Castalia's founts, Parnassus' tops, appear,
And visions bear me o'er Iberia's mound;
Apollo comes, the Io Pæans hear,
Apollo comes, with wreaths of laurel crown'd.

I feel my heart with strange emotions heave,
With an internal, sacred ardour glow;
I seem terrestrial objects now to leave,
And on the swift-wing'd flying clouds to go.

Through groves and haunts of ancient bards I
rove,
In fanes of deities I dare to go;
I see the secrets of the heaven above,
And all th' arcana of the hell below.

What so sublime my feeble voice inspires?
What means this sacred fury of the mind?
'Tis joyous Spring the muse's gifts requires,
Gifts of a pleasing, profitable kind.

Now, Philomela chaunts the woods among,
Yet is each songster silent in the grove;
Permit the muse to join thy evening song,
And hail the time of universal love.

Hail! happiest season of the rolling year!
In annual stanzas would I sing thy praise;
But youth unskill'd forbids the task to dare,
A task reserved for superior lays.

Now Sol from Africa withdraws his ray,
And guides his horses to the northern plain;
Short is Night's journey, short is her delay,
And early morn dispells her horrid train.

Bootes follows not the lesser bear,
Few stars keep watch around the court of Jove;
The gods more gigantic crimes may fear,
For murder, fraud, and force with night are
drove.

Perchance some shepherd, on a rock reclin'd,
When first Sol brightens o'er the dewy lawn,
Cries, 'sure, O Phebus, Thetis was not kind,
Whose potent charm can oft protract the dawn.'

Now quiver'd Cynthia to the forest strays,
Soon as she spies bright Phebus' car on high,
And as she faintly darts her pallid rays,
Joys to behold her brother's aid so nigh.

Then Phebus....'fair Aurora, rosy maid!
What joy to doze on Tithon's fetid bed!
The youthful hunter waits you in the glade,
Arise, and gild Hymettus' lofty head.'

The splendid goddess modest blush'd her crime,
And urg'd her matin steeds to quicker pace,
To gladden mortals with the morning's prime,
And gild the mountains with her golden face.

Reviving Earth strips off her hated age,
And longs, O Phebus, to attract thy love,
Thy fond affections she would fain engage,
And by her charms thy sensual passions move.

And sure she's worthy;....what more beauteous
now?
What bliss luxurious does her breast disclose?
She breathes Arabia....from her comely brow,
With mild camomia sheds the Paphian rose.

Behold, a sacred grove her forehead bind!
(Thus Ops of Ida wore a piny crown);
Her moisten'd locks, with various flow'rs entwined,
Exhibit charms peculiarly her own.

Thus did the goddess of Sicilian plains
Her golden ringlets dress with every flower;
Thus did the trident-bearing god, who reigns
O'er Ocean's realm, submit to beauty's power.

See o'er thy head the Loves alluring play,
And Zephyr fans thee with his odorous wing,
Their vernal orisons the breezes pay,
And birds seem soothing blandishments to bring.

Nor does she poor with ardent passion glow,
Nor the much wish'd for nuptials ready claim;
Salubrious herbs in plenty she'll bestow,
And add a title for thy healing fame.

But if thy breast is touch'd with sordid gain,
(For wealth too oft is venal love's ally),
She boasts whate'er the depth of seas contain,
Or in high heap'd up mountains hidden lie.

If thou, O Phebus, down the west descend,
And languid on thy mother's breast recline;
Says Teren, 'why thy time with Tathes spend?
Why lave thy godlike countenance in brine?

From my cool shades far purer joys accrue,
And softer sleep shall lull thee to thy rest;
Here come, and quench thy ardent locks in dew,
Here come, and lay thy splendor on my breast.

Where'er you loll, each gentle whispering breeze
Shall fan thee fragrant of the humid rose;
Nor (trust me) shall the luckless Semaes,
Nor fate of Phæton, my bliss oppose.'

Thus wanton Terra breath'd her amorous sighs,
The fair example mankind still admire,
For gadding Cupid o'er the world now flies,
And lights his languid torch from Phebus' fire.

His fatal bow now twangs with new fix'd strings,
His ferrean shafts now shine with splendor dire;
On Dian's virtue his attempts he brings,
And the vow'd vestal of the sacred fire.

Venus repairs her beauty in decay,
The marine goddess we again adore,
The youths of Hymen shout along the way,
But Hymen, Hymen, echoes from the shore.

The bridegroom comes array'd in decent vest,
His saffron garments richest perfume bring,
The girdled maid now heaves her virgin breast
For joys peculiar to the blissful Spring.

So fondly wishes what is wish'd by all,
O! Venus, grant me but the man I love,
To virtuous love let fame and grandeur fall,
While thro' the wilds of pleasing sense I rove.

The shepherd too his jointed reed now plays,
And pretty Phyllis has her fav'rite song;
The sailor soothes his stars in plaintive lays,
And to the sound the listening dolphins throng.

E'en Jove himself, on high Olympus seen,
Now fondly dallies with his darling spouse;
To feasts ambrosial all the Gods convene,
O'er flowing bowls of nectar to carouse.

The Satyrs also at the dappled dawn,
And old Sylvanus with his Cypress rod,
In dancing choirs skip o'er the flowing lawn,
Part demi-goat and part a demi-god.

The Dryads, heretofore in woods conceal'd,
Now range o'er hills and o'er the level plain;
Pan wantons through each shrubbery and field,
Scarce Cybele or Ceres safe remain.

Some mountain-nymph of laughing merry mien,
Faunus pursues with lustful ardor fraught,
She hides, though hiding, wishes to be seen,
And flies, though flying, wishes to be caught.

The gods to heaven prefer the sylvan shade,
And hallow'd groves their deities contain;
Long may each grove by them be sacred made,
Nor leave, ye deities, the bless'd domain.

Thee, mighty Jove, may golden ages bring
To this late manacled and wintry land;
But why wilt thou the clouds of fiery wing,
Arm with red bolts the weapons of thy hand?

Do thou, O Phebus, drive with gentle ease,
Let later shades approach our northern climes;
Let hoary Winter vanish by degrees,
And let the joyous Spring look out betimes.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE

To a friend, with a borrowed guinea returned.
By the late Mr. Hoyland.

Auspicious orb! whose cheerful glow
Dispels the sable clouds of woe;
And, circling this terrestrial ball,
Like the gay sun, enlivens all!

Remitted to a generous friend,
My undissembled love commend;
And (such the interest poets pay)
Chink in his ear this moral lay.

'Lo! I return with brighter beam;
Beneficence refines my gleam;
O! may I ever sacred be
To friendship and humanity!

So shall my rays, when yonder light
Is shaded in eternal night,
Above the wreck of nature rise,
And glitter in immortal eyes.'

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAM.

Your verses cost you nought in bringing forth!
I'faith they cost as much as they are worth.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 23.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 92.

Simplex, et arti prænans facili color
Laboriosa.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

IT is observable in our ancient ballads, that the 'fair ladies,' whom they commemorate, are depicted in as vivid tints, and with as much luxury of description, as was consistent with the sententious phraseology peculiar to the times. They were written in ages when the romantic spirit of chivalry had almost metamorphosed the sex into divinities, when the adventurous knight, or baron bold, deemed the toils of the field, and the perils of impending death more than amply remunerated, if she, whom he selected, and habitually invoked as his tutelary angel, looked with a smile of approbation on his labours, or encompassed his brow with a garland of victory. The 'crisp'd lock' that shone 'like threads of gold,' the sparkling eye that beamed with the lustre of 'orient pearl,' the breath that respired the fragrance of Asphodel, and the arm that outvied the lily, are scattered in generous profusion. With almost all nations the rose appears to have been a favourite standard of comparison: the intertexture of the rose and lily in the cheek, a thought eminently delicate and significative, is celebrated by most of our legendary writers, and before them, by some of the most distinguished of the Roman poets. It is said of fair Rosamond, that

The blood within her chrystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive.

And of another,

Upon whose lively cheek,
To prove my judgment true,
The rose and lily seem to strive
For equal change of hue.

Virgil gives to his beauty the same embellishment,

Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa
Alba rosa:

So roses mixt with lilies in their bed,
Blend their rich hues.

Tibullus compliments his Delia on the same attraction:

Et color in niveo corpore purpureus,
Ut cum contextunt amaranthis alba puella:
Lilia, et avumno candida mala rubent.

Lib. 3. Eleg. 4.

and Catullus's Lesbia charms with a similar glow:

Ore floridulo nitens
Alba Parthenice velut
Luteumve papaver. CARM. LXI.

William Thomson, the English poet, has selected this hue for his imaginary beauty, in his masterly 'Hymn to May,'

Young circling roses, blushing round them throw
The sweet abundance of their purple rays;
And lilies, dipt in fragrance, freshly blow,
With blended beauties, in her angel face.

Logan, a Scotch poet of merit, introduces the heroine of a ballad, intitled 'Edward and Emily,' in a manner particularly poetical and interesting:

Her voice, the gentle tone of love,
The heart a captive stole;
The tender accent of her tongue
Went thrilling to the soul.

The graces, that, for nature fair,
Present us mimic art;
The false refinements, that refine
Away the human heart.

She knew not;....in the simple robe
Of innocence and ease;
Complete she shone, and ever pleas'd
Without the thought to please.

In forming the portraiture of 'Eltruda,' Miss Williams has evinced uncommon skill by the amenity of her colouring, and the superior melody of her numbers.

In his Eltruda's gentle breast
His griefs he could repose;
With each endearing virtue bless'd,
She soften'd all his woes.

'Twas easy in her look to trace
An emblem of her mind;
There dwelt each mild attractive grace,
Each gentle charm combin'd;

Soft as the dews of morn arise,
And on the pale flower gleam,
So soft, so sweet, her melting eyes
With love and pity beam.

As far retir'd the lonely flower
Smiles in the desert vale,
And blooms, its balmy sweets to pour
Upon the flying gale;

So liv'd in solitude unseen
This lovely, peerless maid;
So sweetly grac'd the vernal scene,
And blossom'd in the shade.

Genius languishing in inactive seclusion, or beauty flourishing in obscurity, assimilated to the flower that blows unseen, and pours its sweets on the passing gale, is one of the most exquisite comparisons to be found in the whole range of literature. Gray has pursued and illustrated this image in his Elegy on a Church-yard, to render it the most prominent of

the felicities both of sentiment and of diction, which mark that first of elegies. Although Miss Williams cannot claim the palm of originality, she is scarcely inferior to any poet in the happy evolution of the idea, and the suavity of her verse. Ossian, whose allusions and similitudes are so luxuriantly drawn from almost every object, either tender or sublime, of uncultivated nature, has not permitted this to escape his research. 'Why did I not pass away in secret,' exclaims a character in Fingal, 'like the flower of the rock that lifts its fair head unseen, and strews its withered leaves on the blast.' Thomson also dwells on the same subject, in his beautiful episode of Lavinia.

As in the hollow breast of Appennine,
Beneath the shelter of incircling hills,
A myrtle rises far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild:
So flourish'd, blooming and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia, &c.

Eltruda's employments are finely designed to impart a more powerful attraction to the character we have just ascribed, and are embellished with imagery highly appropriate and picturesque.

Oft o'er the daisy-sprinkled mead,
She wander'd far away,
Some lambskin to the fold to lead,
That haply chanc'd to stray.

Her heart, where pity lov'd to dwell,
With sadness oft was wrung;
For the bruise'd insect, as it fell,
The soft tear trembling hung.

As roving o'er the flow'ry waste,
A sigh would heave her breast,
The while her gentle hand replac'd
The linnet's falling nest.

Then would she seek the vernal bower,
And haste, with tender care,
To nurse some pale declining flow'r,
Some op'ning blossom rear.

And oft with eager steps she flies
To cheer the lonely cot,
Where the poor widow pours her sighs,
And wails her hapless lot.

Their weeping mother's trembling knees
Her lisping infants clasp;
Their meek imploring look she sees,
She feels their tender grasp.

Wild throbs her aching bosom swell!
They mark the bursting sigh....
(Nature has form'd the soul to feel)
They weep, unknowing why.

Her hands the liberal boon impart,
And much her tear avails,
To soothe the mourner's bursting heart,
Where feeble utterance fails.

On the pale cheek where hung the tear
Of agonizing woe,
She bids the gust of joy rise there,
The tears of rapture flow.

These and similar colours have been generally chosen by the great masters in descriptive poetry, for the delineation of warm sensibility and artless innocence. Such pictures, when appositely introduced, when heightened by the enthusiasm of kindred feeling, and clothed in those 'witcheries of expression,' which the above stanzas must be allowed to possess, irresistibly elicit the sympathy of the reader, and secure the triumph of the poet. Tibullus, unrivalled among the Romans in excellence of this kind, gives to his *happy rustic* an exercise of humanity ascribed to Eltruda, that of returning the stray lamb to the fold....

Non agnamve sinu pignat fœtum capellæ
Desertum obitâ matre referre domum.

The tear flowing even for the bruised insect, a sigh drawn for the dismemberment of the linnæ's nest, the bosom that pants with anguish at the widow's distress, and the orphan's cry, are images particularly grateful, because we conceive them to be the progeny of emotions most congenial to the female character.

Lacrymæ que decoræ
Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

Qualities that exalt the dignity of manhood, the vehemence of martial ardour, a spirit of undaunted resolution, or hardy enterprise, lose their grace, and cease to ennoble when they warm the other sex. They are virtues by their nature masculine, and as incongruous for the female mind as the herculean form, the athletic powers, and muscular arm of the gladiator, for the female person. The prevalence of any hateful passion, in the breast of a woman, of inordinate ambition, of revenge, or of avarice, seems to involve peculiar atrocity. Boadicea, animating her troops to combat, or obtesting heaven and earth for the justice of her cause, may perhaps compel us to admire; but can never excite commiseration. Phædra, raging with jealousy and despair, or Horatia, imprecating curses on her country, are scenes from which we turn with increased horror and disgust. The querimonious accents of a softer sorrow, a despondency that melts away in tears and sighs, not the impetuosity of frantic rage, nor the convulsions of mad despair, supply the poet with the most efficient means of reaching the heart. We shall adduce an illustration of these remarks, in the 'fair maniac' of Penrose's 'Flights of Fancy,' odes, which, for grandeur of sentiment, boldness of metaphor, and brilliancy of colouring, deserve to be classed with the sublimest effusions of Gray or Collins.

Not so the love-lorn maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd;
Her gentle breast, no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires,
Streaming eyes,
Incessant sighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to pity's tears the poor distracted fair.
Now sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
Now, *hensive, ruminates unutterable things*;
She starts....she flies....who dares so rude
On her sequester'd steps intrude?

[To be Continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

[Continued.]

Whatever unfinished pieces he might have, he cautiously destroyed them before his death; and his room, when broken open, was covered with little scraps of paper.

What must increase our regret for this hasty and unhappy step, is the information that the late Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, Oxford, went to Bristol, to search into the history of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patronise the latter, if he appeared to deserve assistance. When, alas! all the intelligence he could procure, was, that Chatterton had, within a few days, destroyed himself.

The poems produced by Chatterton, at different times, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. were purchased from Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett, and published by Thomas Tyrwhit, Esq. the learned editor of Chaucer, in an octavo volume, 1777, with 'a preface, introduction, and glossary.' Mr. Tyrwhit added to the edition, 1778, an 'Appendix, containing some observations upon the language of the poems, tending to prove, that they were written, not by any ancient author, but entirely by Chatterton.' A very splendid edition was published in 4to. 1782, by Jeremiah Milles, D. D. Dean of Exeter, and President of the Society of Antiquaries, with 'a preliminary dissertation and commentary,' tending to prove that the poems were really written by Rowley and others, in the fifteenth century. His *Miscellanies*, in prose and verse, collected from the *Magazines*, &c. with a sketch for Beckford's statue, a specimen of his abilities in the arts of drawing and design, were published in octavo, 1778, with a preface, signed J. B. dated Bristol, June 20; and this publication was followed by a 'Supplement to the *Miscellanies* of Chatterton,' 8vo. 1786. Besides these, there are many unpublished poems in the hands of his friends, and seventeen historical prose compositions and drawings, in the possession of Mr. Barrett. His poems, reprinted from Tyrwhit's edition, 1777, the *Miscellanies*, 1778 and 1786, Croft's *Love and Madness*, 1780, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The celebrated 'Archæological Epistle to Dr. Milles,' 4to. 1782, supposed to be written by Mason; a beautiful 'Monody to the memory of Chatterton,' written by Mrs. Cowley; a 'Sonnet to Expression,' from the polished and pathetic pen of Miss Helen Maria Williams; an irregular 'Ode,' from 'Rowley and Chatterton in the *Shades*,' 8vo. 1782;....are inserted in this edition, with the double view of adorning the collection, and of gratifying the reader.

His character, compounded of good qualities and defects, may be easily collected from this account of his life. A few of his peculiarities remain to be mentioned. His person, like his genius, was premature: he had a manliness and dignity beyond his years, and there was something about him uncommonly prepossessing. His most remarkable feature was his eyes, which, though gray, were uncommonly piercing. When he was warmed in argument, or otherwise, they sparkled with fire; and one eye, it is said, was still more remarkable than the other. He had an uncommon ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, and uncommon facility in the attainment of it. It was a favourite maxim with him, that 'man is equal to any thing, and that every thing might be achieved by diligence and abstinence.' If any uncommon character was mentioned in his hearing, 'all boy as he was,' says Mr. Croft, 'he would only observe, that the person in question merited praise; but that God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach any thing, if they would be at the trouble of extending them.' 'He had read,' he himself tells us, 'more than Magliabechi, though he spoke no tongue but his own.' He probably might have acquired some knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and French languages; but it cannot be supposed to have been very extensive.

When we consider the variety of his engagements while at Bristol, his extensive reading, and the great knowledge he had acquired of the ancient language of his native country, we cannot wonder that he had not time to occupy himself in the study of other languages; and after his arrival in London, he had a new and necessary science to learn, the world; and that he made the most advantageous use of his time, is evident from the extensive knowledge of mankind, displayed in the different essays which he produced in the periodical publications. His lively and vigorous imagination contributed, doubtless, to animate him with that spirit of enterprise, which led him to form so many impracticable and visionary schemes for the acquisition of fame and fortune. His ambition was evident from his earliest youth; and perhaps the inequality of his spirits might in a great measure depend upon the fairness of his views, or the dissipation of his projects. Mr. Catcott left him one evening totally depressed; but he returned the next morning with unusual spirits. He said 'he had sprung a mine,' and produced the *Spytes*, a poem, in the possession of Mr. Barrett. His natural melancholy was not corrected by the irreligious principles which he had so unfortunately imbibed. But he is not convicted of any immoral or dishonest act in consequence of his speculative opinions. The preservatives of which he was possessed against the contagion of vice, and the criminal excesses of the passions, were the pride of genius, the enthusiasm of literature, and that delicacy of sentiment which taste and reading inspire. To the regularity of his conduct, during his residence at Bristol, some respectable testimonies have been already exhibited. After his arrival in London, there are some proofs in his favour, which ought not to be disregarded. During a residence of nine weeks at Mr. Walmsley's, he never staid out beyond the family hours, except one night, when Mrs. Ballance knew that he lodged in the house of a relation.

The list of his virtues appears to exceed the catalogue of his faults. His temperance was in some respects exemplary. He seldom eat animal food, and never tasted any strong or spiritous liquors. He lived chiefly on a morsel of bread or a tart, with a draught of water. His high sense of dignity has been already noticed. But the most amiable feature in his character, was his generosity and attachment to his mother and relations. Every fortunate project for his advancement in life was accompanied with promises and encouragement to them: while in London, he continued to send them presents, at a time when he was known himself to be in want; and indeed the unremitting attention, kindness, and respect, which appear in the whole of his conduct towards them, are deserving the imitation of persons in more fortunate circumstances. It can never be sufficiently lamented that this amiable principle was not more uniform in Chatterton. A real love for his relations ought to have arrested the hand of suicide; but when religion is lost, all uniformity of principle is lost.

He had a number of friends; and, notwithstanding his disposition to satire, is scarcely known to have had any enemies. By the accounts of all who were acquainted with him, there was something uncommonly insinuating in his manner and conversation. Mr. Cross informed Mr. Warton, that in Chatterton's frequent visits, while he resided in Brook-street, he found his conversation, a little infidelity excepted, most captivating. His extensive, though in many instances, superficial knowledge, united with his genius, wit, and fluency, must have admirably accomplished him for the pleasures of society. His pride, which, perhaps, should rather be termed the strong consciousness of intellectual

excellence, did not destroy his affability. He was always accessible, and rather forward to make acquaintance, than apt to decline the advances of others. There is reason, however, to believe that the inequality of his spirits affected greatly his behaviour in company. His fits of absence were frequent and long. He would often look stedfastly in a person's face without speaking or seeming to see the person for a quarter of an hour, or more. Mr. Walmsley's nephew (Chatterton's bedfellow during the last six weeks he lodged there) told Mr. Croft, that, notwithstanding his pride and haughtiness, it was impossible to help liking him; that, to his knowledge, he never slept while they lay together; that he never came to bed till very late, sometimes three or four o'clock, and was always awake when he (the nephew) awaked, and got up at the same time, about five or six; and that almost every morning the floor was covered with pieces of paper, not so big as six-pences, into which he had torn what he had been writing before he came to bed.

He had one ruling passion which governed his whole conduct, and that was his desire of literary fame; this passion intruded itself on every occasion, and absorbed his whole attention. Whether he would have continued to improve, or the contrary, must have depended, in some measure, on the circumstances of his future life. Had he fallen into profligate habits and connections, he would probably have lost a great part of his ardour for study, and his maturer age would only have diminished the admiration, which the efforts of his childhood have so justly excited.

As a poet, his genius will be most completely estimated by his writings. His imagination was more fertile than correct; and he seems to have erred, rather through haste and negligence than through any deficiency of taste. He was above that puerile affectation which pretends to borrow nothing. He knew that original genius consists in forming new and happy combinations, rather than in searching after thoughts and ideas, which never had occurred before. He possessed the strongest marks of a vigorous imagination, and a sound judgment in forming great, consistent, and ingenious plots, and in making choice of the most interesting subjects. His genius, like Dryden's, was *UNIVERSAL*. It will be difficult to say, whether he excelled most in the sublime, the pathetic, the descriptive, or the satirical. Whatever subject is treated by him, is marked with the hand of a master, with the enthusiasm of the poet, and the judgment of the critic.

His poems abound with luxuriant description, vivid imagery, and striking metaphors. Through the veil of ancient language, a happy adaptation of words is still apparent, and a style both energetic and expressive. They are equally conspicuous for the harmony and elegance of the verse; and some passages are inferior, in none of the essentials of poetry, to the most finished productions in our language.

It must not, however, be dissembled, that some part of the charm of his compositions may probably result from the Gothic sublimity of the style. We gaze with wonder on an ancient fabric; and, when novelty of thought is not to be obtained, the novelty of the language, to which we are unaccustomed, is frequently accepted as a substitute. Even Shakspeare and Milton have derived advantages from the antique structure of some of their most admired passages. The facility of composition is also greatly increased, where full latitude is permitted in the use of an obsolete dialect, since an author is indulged in the occasional use of both the old and the modern phraseology; and if the one does not supply him with the word for which he has im-

agination, the other, in all probability, will not disappoint him. Thus, in the *Songe to Ælla*, the poet had in one line written,

Beesprengedd all the mees with gore.

In a subsequent stanza he writes,

Orr seest the hatchedd stede
Yprauncing oer the mead.

Mees being the ancient word, and *mead* the modern English one, he thought himself at liberty to write modern English whenever rhyme required him to do so. The use of the Anglo-Saxon prefix *y*, as *yprauncing*, for *prouncing*, enables him to write a smooth line in any given number of syllables. The imagery and metaphors, in this style of poetry, are frequently very common-place, and it is possible to labour through several stanzas, without finding any striking beauty, when the attention of the reader is kept alive by the subject alone. Many defects of style, and many passages of rant and bombast, are concealed or excused by the appearance of antiquity.

The piece of most conspicuous merit among the compositions of Chatterton, is '*Ælla*, a Tragical Enterlude;' which is a most complete and well written tragedy, upon the model of Mason's *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*. The plot is both interesting and full of variety, though the dialogue is in some places tedious. The character of Clemonde reminds us of Glenalvon in *Douglas*, but it is better drawn. His soliloquy is beautiful and characteristic. The first chorus, or *Mynstrelles Song*, is a perfect pastoral. It contains a complete plot or fable, and abounds in poetical and tender sentiments, and apposite imagery. Thomson's *Masque of Alfred* probably suggested the idea of a Danish march. For converting *Hubba* into *Hurra*, he might have his reasons. The raven standard of the Danes, to which he alludes, is poetically described by Thomson.

The imperfect tragedy of *Goddwyn*, as well as *Ælla*, is indebted to the Grecian school, revived in the eighteenth century. Both are the effusions of a young mind, warm from studying *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*. The beauties of poetry are scattered through them with no sparing hand. The first *ode* or *chorus*, in *Goddwyn*, rivals, if not exceeds any thing of that kind we have in Mason, or even Gray or Collins. In the animated portrait of Freedom, and the group of her attendants, Affright, Power, War, Envy, &c. both Sackville and Spenser must yield the palm of allegoric poetry.

When Freedome, dreste in blodde-steyned veste,
To every knyghte her warre songe sunge;
Uponne her hedde wyldede wedes were sprede;
A gorie anase bye her hunge,
She daunced onne the heathe,
She heard the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned affryghte, his harte of sylver hue,
In vayne assayed her bosomme to acale;
She hearde onfemed the shrieking voice of woe,
And sadnesse in the owlette shake the dale.
She shooke the burled speere,
On hie she jeste her sheelde,
Her foemen all appere,
And flize along the fælde, &c.

The 'First part of the *Battle of Hastings*,' which he confessed he had written himself, when he was taken by surprise, though at other times he preserved a degree of consistence in his falsehood, contains an unvaried recital of wounds and deaths, with little to interest curiosity, or engage the tender passions, and but few of the beauties of poetry to relieve the mind from the disgusting subject. In the Second Part, with the same faults, there is more of poetical description, more of nature, more of character. The

imagery is more animated; the incidents more varied. The character of Tancarville is well drawn; and the spirit of candour and humanity which pervades it, is unparalleled in any writer before the age of Shakspeare. The whole episode of *Girtha* is well conducted; and the altercation between him and his brother Harold is interesting. The following description of morning is exquisitely beautiful, and the versification musical and pleasing. The eighth line is a striking imitation of a line of Milton's, '*Scatters the rear of darkness thin.*'

And now the greie-eyd morn with v'lets drest,
Shakyng the dew-drops on the flourie meedes,
Fled with her rosie radiance to the west:
Forth from the easterne gatte the fierie steedes
Of the bright sunne awaytynge spirits leedes;
The sunne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,
Swyfter than thoughte along his jerne gledes,
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from oute the skies;
He saw the armies make for bloodie fraie,
And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyghtsome
.. raye.

The description of Salisbury Plain is picturesque and animated. In that part of it which relates to the worship of the ancient Brutons, Mr. Tyrwhitt proposes to substitute *vyctimes* for *vyctualle*, an ingenious, but perhaps unnecessary emendation. The stanza of Prior was his model for versification, in this poem, as well as the *Tournament*, &c. The origin and use of Stonehenge, he might find in modern works. Though he could have no access to Malmesbury, and other Latin chroniclers, he might take many particulars from Hollinshed, who has translated them. The names of the Norman warriors he might find in Fuller's '*Church History*.' He had but few Saxon names to which he might refer; of the Normans, he had a list of eight hundred. He borrowed his Homeric images from the versions of Chapman and Pope, in the latter of which he found these allusions dressed out in all the splendid ornaments of the eighteenth century. The prolix circumstantial comparison, which did not exist in the fifteenth century, but was imported into our poetry by Spenser, affords a proof, excluding all imposition, that the *Battle of Hastings* is the forgery of Chatterton.

The interlude of the *Tournament* has some beautiful and nervous lines; particularly the description of *Battayle* and *Pleasure*, in the *chorus of Minstrelles*, that opens with—'When Battayle, mesthyng,' &c. Compare this with Collins's *Ode to Mercy*, and the marks of imitation will be sufficiently evident.

The '*Bristowe Tragedy*, or the *Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin*,' has little but its pathetic simplicity to recommend it. It has nothing ingenious in the plot, or striking in the execution. It is, however, clear and intelligible, and ranks with the best imitations of the ancient tragic ballad.

The *Eclogues* are not inferior to the best compositions of that kind, either ancient or modern. The first pastoral bears a remote resemblance to the first eclogue of Virgil, and contains a beautiful and pathetic picture of the state of England during the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. The thoughts and images are all truly pastoral; and it is impossible to read it without experiencing those lively, yet melancholy feelings, which a true delineation of nature alone can inspire. The second pastoral is an eulogium on the actions of Richard I. in the Holy Land. It is supposed to be sung by a young shepherd, whose father is absent in the Holy War; and the burden is happily imagined:

Spytes of the blest, and every seyncte ydedde,
Pour out your pleasaunce on my fadere's hedde.

Before he has concluded his song, he is cheered

by the sight of the vessel, in which his father returns victorious. The *third* pastoral is chiefly to be admired for its excellent morality. It is, however, enlivened by a variety of appropriate imagery, and many of the ornaments of true poetry. The last of these pastorals, called *Élinoure and Juga*, is one of the finest pathetic tales in our language. The complaint of two young females lamenting their lovers slain in the wars of York and Lancaster, was one of the happiest subjects that could be chosen for a tragic pastoral. The beautiful stanza beginning,

No moe the miskynette shall wake the morne.

seems to be an imitation of a stanza in Gray's *Elegy*.

The *Songe to Ælla* is an admirable specimen of his abilities in lyric composition. The following stanza is eminently beautiful—

O thou, where'er (thie bones att reste)
Thye spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
Whether uponne the bloud embrewed-pleyne,
Orr where thou kennst from farre
The dysmal crye of warre,
Orr seest somme mountain made of corse of slyne,

Those who can suppose that this stanza was written in the fifteenth century, must be very little acquainted with the style and manner of our poetry in that period. Only change the orthography, and it is perfectly modern.

O thou, where'er (thy bones at rest)
Thy sprite to haunt delighteth best,
Whether upon the blood embred plain,
Or where thou kenn'st from far
The dismal cry of war,
Or seest some mountain made of corpse of slain.

The original manuscript is written in long lines, like a prose composition, as was usual three hundred years ago, when parchment was scarce; but it was surely less difficult to write it on parchment, in 'lines not kept distinct in the manner of prose,' than to be the author of it.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

Excursion to the Montanvert and the Mer de Glace.

[Continued.]

While we were at this place, my guide looked carefully about to see if he could discover a Chamois for me, but without success. The constant chase given these animals by the mountaineers, has rendered them so timid, that it is rare for a person, not a hunter, to get a sight of one. He entertained me by the account of the manner in which they are hunted, and related some curious facts respecting their sagacity, their agility, and their despair when closely pursued; whenever there is a herd feeding together, one of the number is placed upon some commanding rock as a sentinel, who gives notice by a faint cry of the approach of an enemy, and then sets off with great speed for the most inaccessible craggs, whither even daring man dares not venture to follow. Yet it is astonishing what bold attempts a hunter will make when warm in the pursuit; no danger appears to fright him; no precipices make him giddy; and he often finds himself, after he has killed his game, in situations from which he knows not how to descend when his ardour has abated, and to which his unreflecting eagerness alone could have carried him. No life can be more danger-

ous than that of a Chamois hunter; he is exposed to every peril of the mountains; thick fogs, which cause him to lose his way, and wander for days in deserts and wilds, without food; avalanches, storms, and gusts of wind, which sweep him down, before he has time to screen himself from their attack; his foot slipping as he jumps from ledge to ledge; and, last of all, the desperate leaps made by the animal, when pressed close by the hunter, and who blocks up the only passage by which it can escape; and I am informed it is not uncommon for a chamois, thus situated, to spring at his enemy, and, by the violence of the shock, overturn him down the steep. Paccard pointed to a rock, opposite, where, in the heat of the chase, he had been unfortunate enough to make a false step, and fell headlong down to a snow-covered rock. He also shewed me, where my guide, with some others who went in search of him, discovered his body, partly covered by an avalanche that fell after him. These are the perils to which the hunter is exposed, and yet they are so attached to their mode of life, that nothing can deter them from following it.

M. De Saussure mentions a young man with whom he had spoke on the subject, and whom he endeavoured to dissuade from so dangerous a pursuit; his reply was, 'my grandfather died in the chase; my father perished also; and I have no doubt but I shall finish my career on the summit of some mountain in pursuit of the Chamois; yet, notwithstanding all this, I am so fond of it, that were you to offer to make me independent, on the condition of relinquishing it, I would reject your proposal.' This young hunter soon after met with the fate he expected, by his foot slipping in a desperate leap he made from one rock to another, while in pursuit of his game.

The Bouquetin, an animal not unlike the Chamois, was once hunted in the Alps, but the chase has so reduced their numbers, that they are rarely found, except about the summit of the St. Gothard, and other high mountains. I saw the skin of one stuffed at Chamouny, as well as that of a Chamois. Bears, which were formerly much hunted, are now rarely to be met with; and wolves are so little known in this valley, that a goat or two are only lost when they brouze too high up the mountain, and approach their lurking places in the forest.

But, to return to my journey. I soon after arrived at a hut called Blair's cabin, on the top of the Montanvert, after an ascent of about three hours. This hut is of loose stones, and was built by an English traveller of the name of Blair, for the temporary accommodation of those who passed days in these high regions.

But how shall I find words to express to you the grandeur, the sublimity of the objects which all at once burst upon my sight! How paint to you nature in her most awful, most majestic dress! Except the roar of the subterraneous waters, or the thundering of the glaciers in their progressive motion, a profound silence reigned around me. I felt myself alone in the world. Except my guide, no living creature could be seen in the space of leagues. All was desolation, horror, and sublimity; and a man would be almost tempted to lay himself down and exclaim, 'this is the end of all things.'

Beneath me, and stretching out in length for more than two leagues, and in breadth half a one, lay the Mer de Glace, (or sea of ice) a sight absolutely unique. This immense expanse of ice and snow, rent into ten thousand gaping chasms, whose depths reflected the most beautiful azure, was shut in nearly all round by the highest mountains of the Alps. Before me rose the majestic *needle of the Dru*, without exception the finest point of rock in the world; the regular

pyramid of its form, its abrupt point, and jagged sides, all which give it the appearance of a rich Gothic steeple, render it, in my eyes, a finer object than even the fine one of the cathedral at Strasburg.

The Aiguilles (or needles, so called from their rising abruptly and sharply to a great height) of Blaitiere, those of Charmos, the grand Jorasse, and the Giant, formed a part of the surrounding mountains. M. De Saussure ascended the last, after a painful and perilous journey of two days, and remained sixteen days on the top, to make experiments on the atmosphere at such an elevation.

That I might have a better and nearer view of Mer de Glace, I descended with Paccard to the *moraine*, or pile of stones and sand, brought down by this icy sea, and deposited along its shore. It is a confused heap of rubbish of great height, in which are innumerable blocks of granite, that no power but that of nature could have removed from their original place. And here I was much surprised to find that the sea of ice, which appeared nearly smooth from the Montanvert, was of a most unequal surface, and composed of peaks and waves of ice, from twenty to fifty feet in height. It has exactly the resemblance of a very troubled sea, which, when its waves ran mountains high, was in an instant caught and congealed by a powerful frost. Between these ridges the ice is cleft in different directions, presenting chasms of various widths, some of these are several hundred feet deep, into one of which I threw stones, and it was a long while before I heard them fall in the water, which is constantly produced by the melting of the mass below. I had the curiosity to hazard a little excursion on this singular sea, but my feet were first armed with a pair of *crampors*, or iron bars, with four sharp prongs, to prevent me from slipping into the gulfs that yawned around me, and I supported myself with a long stick that had a spike at one end. Thus prepared, I entered on the ice, and crossed waves down whose sloping sides I should have slipped (without my crampors and stick) into the clefts I mentioned. As there had fallen some snow a few days before, which had even impeded a little my ascent of Montanvert, I was obliged to move with caution, and sound before me with my stick, lest I should unwarily fall into a concealed chasm. It is not uncommon to meet with such hidden dangers, and it requires some circumspection to avoid them.

M. De Saussure, who was the first person that ever traversed the Mer de Glace, relates an adventure, in which he had very nearly lost his life. There had fallen a great deal of snow a few days before, which was succeeded by a severe frost: at that time he ventured upon this sea of ice, with an intention of crossing it. All at once he felt one of his feet sink into the snow, and then the other, so that he found himself seated as it were upon the surface. At the same instant his guide, who preceded him, and who was one of the most experienced of Chamouni, sunk in the same manner, but so that he could see, thro' an opening, made by one of his feet, the blue gulf below, and perceived all the danger of his situation, being suspended over a chasm of uncertain dimensions, which rendered an attempt to extricate himself highly perilous. The moment he could recollect himself he called out to M. De Saussure 'for God's sake don't move;' and repeated these words every minute, notwithstanding M. De Saussure's assurances that he would remain quiet, and that he was perfectly cool and collected. He found it necessary at least to appear so, lest his guide should lose his senses in the desperate circumstances they were in. After reconnoitering their position to discover

the source of the clef, they crossed their long pikes before them, and threw themselves flat upon this support, which, extending in several directions, bore their weight, and enabled them to extricate themselves from this horrid situation.

[To be Continued.]

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Huddart, Esq. v. Grimshaw, and Others.

This long and important cause was conducted by Mr. Erskine, Mr. Plumer, Mr. Garrow, Mr. Adam, Mr. Gazely, and Mr. Pell, for the Plaintiff; and Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Parke Mr. Serjeant Best, Mr. Holroyd, and Mr. Jarvis, for the Defendants.

Mr. Erskine, in a very eloquent and philosophical speech, observed, that this was a cause that would require a good deal of attention. It was important, as it related to the public: it was most important as it respected the most ingenious individual, who was the plaintiff in this case. Captain Huddart had been for many years in the East India Company's service, as a captain of one of their ships, and acquainted, of course, with that distant and perilous navigation, and with what related to the safety of shipping, and having besides, one of the most ingenious and philosophical minds that belonged to any person on this subject. And this was not a rude untutored philosophy: it was not that ingenuity which you sometimes found among men, without knowing the sources or causes from which it was derived. But his ingenuity was the effect of science and of long experience. He was a member of the Royal Society, and had devoted the whole of his life to mechanical and nautical pursuits.— This action was brought for the infringement of a patent for one of the most important discoveries, and for one of the most important improvements in the arts. An improvement in the security of navigation, to a maritime country, was, at all times, most important; and he thought there never was a moment at which the importance of such a discovery must strike the minds of Englishmen more than at the time he was addressing them: when the safety of this country did not alone depend on the bravery of its inhabitants, and on the skill, discipline, and heroism of the naval part of the community, but on the superior security, and superior art, by which we were able to blockade the audacious flotillas and fleets of the enemy on their own shores. Without that, what could the bravery of admiral Cornwallis, and the intrepidity of the sailors have done, who, by an unexampled patience during the storms, had kept the enemy within their own ports? though, even without their great and glorious exertions, we were safe from the strength and courage of the inhabitants on land. The learned counsel said, the thing which his client claimed to be the inventor of was this: "A new mode or art of making great cables and other cordage, so as to attain a greater degree of strength therein, by a more equal distribution of the strain on the yarns." Mr. Erskine explained, with the greatest clearness and perspicuity, the defects in the common mode of making ropes and cables; and pointed out the vast superiority of the cables made on captain Huddart's principle. By the common mode of making cables, there was an unequal degree of tension in the yarns, of which the strands were composed; that the greatest strain was on the yarns on the superficies; that the yarns next these had a less tension; and so it continually diminished till you came to the centre of the strand, which

had no tension at all, and which was puckered up. The consequence was, when a number of these strands were so put together, of yarns of an equal length, which composed a cable, and when a weight was applied to it, the yarns on the outside at the circumference which had the greatest tension first gave way, then the second, then the third, &c. till you came to the centre. The great excellence of captain Huddart's invention was, that by means of a plate made of metal full of holes, forming concentric circles and a cylindrical tube, all the various yarns were so arranged and so placed before they came to be twisted into rope, that each individual yarn composing the cable had precisely the same degree of tension, and the effect was, that a cable made on this new principle never broke, till it broke all at once with a loud explosion. This new invention, as well as the common mode of making ropes, and its defects, were admirably well explained by Mr. Rennie, the engineer. From some experiments which he had very lately made, in order to ascertain the superiority of this new invention over the common mode, this appeared. He said he took two equal quantities of yarns made of the same hemp, and one of these quantities of yarns was made into cable, on captain Huddart's principle, and the other quantity in the common way. The first sustained a weight of seventeen tons, five cwt. and one one qr. when the cable made in the old way, was broken by a weight of eight tons, thirteen cwt. one qr. four lbs. A piece of cable that was proved to have been purchased of the defendants, was shewn to Mr. Rennie, and on examination, he was clearly satisfied that it had been manufactured by using the apparatus of the plaintiff. The witness said, he did not know how it could be manufactured in the way in which it appeared, in any other way than by following the new mode invented by captain Huddart, which, in his judgment, furnished a perfect remedy to all the defects in the old method, by giving to every yarn composing the cable, an equal degree of tension. The plaintiff's patent was obtained in 1735; and the defendants' counsel endeavoured, in cross examination, to shew that Mr. Balfour's patent, which was obtained previous to that period, was on the same principle with captain Huddart's; but Mr. Rennie said, according to the experiments he had made on Mr. Balfour's method, it was inferior to the common way of making cables.

Captain Bond was next examined; and as far as he went, confirmed what had been before stated.

Several letters that had passed between the plaintiff and defendants were read, and great stress was laid upon one, which was written in 1799, by the defendants to captain Huddart, requesting him to permit them to adopt his method of making cables. He good naturedly told them, if those gentlemen with whom he was connected would consent, he had no objections to it. However this consent was not given. Some time after that the defendants, who are rope makers in Sunderland, carried on their business in a concealed way. They would not permit the plaintiff to look at the manner in which they carried on their business; and from the cordage they produced, he strongly suspected they had invaded his patent by following his method. He afterwards desired Mr. Rennie, the engineer, to call upon them for the same purpose, in order to ascertain how they manufactured their cables. He met with the same reception. They would not permit him to see how they carried on their business.

A great deal of confirmatory evidence was given on the part of the plaintiff.

Mr. Gibbs, in a most able speech for the defendants, among other things, contended that

the defendants' patent could not stand for a moment, since it was on the same principles with that of Mr. Balfour's, which was previous to it in point of date. By supposing this method of making cables, that was used by captain Huddart to be a new invention, he submitted they had not proved any invasion of it.

After a very eloquent reply from Mr. Erskine,

Lord Ellenborough, in an excellent address to the jury, summed up the whole of the case with great accuracy and precision; after which the gentlemen of the Jury found a verdict for the Plaintiff, for One Shilling.

OBITUARY.

Among the many losses, which the literary world has recently sustained, we regret to mention that of Doctor PRICE, a clergyman who was in many respects an honour to his profession. He had enjoyed the very high esteem of one of the most distinguished characters of the last century, bishop Warburton, whose extraordinary talents, profound erudition, and penetrating sagacity, dignified every one whom, he honoured with his regard. With respect to the doctor's jacobinical and dissenting principles, we hate them with a most cordial hatred; and we as cordially lament that his learning had not been applied to better purposes than the overthrow of the church and state under which he enjoyed more real "Civil Liberty," than can be derived from the visionary theories of discontented jacobins.

R. Jephson, Esq. celebrated for his convivial powers, and his felicity in ludicrous composition. He is the author of many dramatic pieces, which have been well received.

Mr. WILLIAM WOODFALL, the Editor of "The Publick Advertiser."

JAMES BEATTIE, L. L. D. the celebrated professor of moral philosophy and logic in the Marischal college, or university of New Aberdeen, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

There are certain principles on which modern philosophers lay great stress, and which they consider as exclusively necessary for forming the character of a good citizen; such as the love of liberty and equality, zeal for the rights of man, patriotism, interest, and especially the gratification of the selfish and animal passions. A conduct, directed by these principles, forms the character of a republican philosopher, and a regenerated man!

The notion that a righteous nation is happy under the dominion of Divine Providence, will be rejected by our republican philosophers, for two reasons: first, because it implies the belief of a Providence, whereas true republicans acknowledge no power superior to the sovereign people; and secondly, because righteousness, which implies restraint, is totally incompatible with liberty, the birth right of a republican.

Some good men, and accurate remarkers, deplore the ignorance, undutifulness, forwardness, and impudence of most of the American children and youth. But a good republican will congratulate the country, and the age, on the increase and vigor of the spirit of liberty, which disdains all subordination. With regard to the decay of the Social Affections, though some may consider it as a vice, yet our republicans glory in it, as

arising from the spirit of patriotism, which teaches every citizen to postpone all private affections for the sake of the public.

The virtue of obedience is a very strange sound to our citizens, who believe that they were *born to govern*! The only obedience that they admit of is the *obedience of officers of government to the sovereign people*.

A late author of *rank, talents, and virtue*, speaks somewhere of higher and lower classes; of the *better sort*, and the *poorer sort*, &c. Hence, it is evident he is an enemy to equality. Moreover, he censures dissolute and profligate manners: therefore it is no less evident, that he is an enemy to liberty and republicanism. For, as agreeably to republican principles, every free citizen, or negro, has a right to think, speak, write, and act as he pleases, and owns no authority, except that of the sovereign People he must reckon it impertinent, to establish moral distinctions, which are inconsistent with equality, or moral rules, which tend to restrain his freedom.

If government be thought an evil, it can only apply to monarchical and aristocratical governments; for no republican will ever believe that the sovereignty of the people is an evil, though he may often think it meritorious to oppose even a republican government, if he holds no lucrative office under it; but, in this case, he must consider it as an oppressive aristocracy, and oppose it as such.

It has been said that government itself, or government in the abstract, is too often confounded with the ministers of government. But true republicans are not guilty of confounding these, as they distinguish the ministers of government as their servants, who are bound to obey their orders in all cases whatsoever. When they do not, it is easy to raise a cry of maladministration, corruption, and tyranny against them, till they are driven from their offices, and others elected, who will will pay more respect to the mandates and opinions of the people.

True republicans sometimes reckon opposition and systematic opposition, as a crime equal to *high treason*, if not high treason itself. But this is only when public opinion, including the influence of the negroes, has burst open the doors of honour and preferment to the friends of the people. It is true, that when the government is in the hands of aristocrats, though it is surprising that this should happen in a country where all are federalists and all republicans, then the duty of true democrats is quite the reverse. and opposition to government, nay, insurrection itself, becomes a *sacred duty*.

It is the habit of a few in this country, to deride the flimsy orations and dashing speeches of the republican Ciceros. But this is nothing but envy at the success of the democratic declaimers, and their influence with the people. It should be known that our orators are capable of distinguishing themselves by their silence, as well as by their speaking.

An author, who published his book in the year 1774, has compared the strife among the herdmen of Abram and Lot about *water*, with the famous dispute between Great-Britain and her colonies about *tea*. But this only affords a strong presumption, that the aforesaid author knew not the value of *liberty*, as it was for that, and not merely for tea that our patriots contended. But what ought to incline us to censure this author with moderation, is the great advantage

we have over him: He viewed the strife in the beginning, while the issue of it was doubtful, and the people divided: whereas, we know the issue, and the great benefits, that have been derived by us from its success. We can only accuse him of having been mistaken in his conjectures. He augured nothing from our independence, except misery, division, anarchy, and conquest by a foreign power. We know that by it, we have acquired liberty, the sovereignty of the people, and the friendship and protection of the *great nation*, in reliance on which, we find that we can exist as a nation, without an army, or navy. France can defend our trade against the *piratical powers of Barbary*, and give us perfect security on every side, so that we have nothing to do, but to improve our republican institutions, to cultivate our country, and to trade to all those ports from which the power of France has excluded the English. The acquisition of so many, and so great advantages, demands some return of gratitude on our part, by subjecting us to a moderate tribute, or requisition, when the exigencies of the great nation may render it necessary; and no true republican will grudge to pay for the defence of his country, in the same proportion as his *friends and allies*, the *free citizens* of France.

That wild freedom, which greedy revolutionists are at all times so eager to possess, is a sort of forbidden fruit. In the day we eat thereof, we surely die, instead of being as Gods, as our political tempters would persuade us.

Some of the *ancient moralists* have endeavoured to establish some connexion between principle and practice; but this is extremely unpalatable to the enlightened republicans of the age, who are constantly prating of the indifference and equality of all opinions. Abbe Raynal considers this as a doctrine which, has been *fully demonstrated*.

The doctrine of obedience, for conscience sake, which has been assumed as the firm basis and corner stone of all good government, can only be relished by those, who believe that government is the ordinance of God; but it cannot apply to republican government, which is only the ordinance of the people, and in which liberty of conscience, or, to express it more properly, liberty from conscience, is considered as the most valuable of the Rights of Man.

If a man should complain of the decay of the principles of obedience among republican children, and the envy of the poor towards the rich, it would only be a proof of his ignorance of the principles of liberty, and the rights of man, which are so clearly understood among us, that it would be superfluous to endeavour to demonstrate them.

Some audacious politicians stigmatise revolutionary principles, as inimical to the happiness of society, but those who are enlightened by modern philosophy are convinced that every government ought to be revolutionary, which they express by its containing within itself a principle of reformation.

He who considers government as the ordinance of God, naturally enough infers, that it ought to be conducted according to the laws of God, which should be considered as first principles, that ought not to be called in question. On the other hand, those who hold that government is merely the ordinance of the people, admit of no first principles, except liberty, equality, and the sovereignty of the people, who can, at an alter or abolish what they have set up

regard to God, as true republicans hold the indifference and equality of all opinions, they have no occasion for a God in their system, and can even swear without him: though, to do them justice, they allow those who please, to believe the existence of *one God*, *no God*, or a plurality of Gods, *even to the number of twenty*: and this belief may be altered as often as any citizen thinks proper.

The eacommiums, which Sir William Jones, and many other profound and elegant scholars, have pronounced on the sacred scriptures, as containing many specimens of fine writing, will not be relished by the admirers of the Age of Reason, though they have great weight with the disciples of the old school, who firmly believe the Bible to be a Divine revelation; but, as the Mock Doctor says in Moliere, *nous avon's change tout cela*. Philosophy, which has produced such vast benefits in France, has to render it worthy of being governed by Bonaparte, has now so far enlightened this country, that Bible examples and Bible maxims have very little weight with an American citizen.

The attempts of republicans and revolutionists, encourage a novel experiment, by which it is proposed to build up a constitution, without any foundations. But it should be remembered, that while the people remain, they can give it *one foundation after another*, as has been happily done in France, where liberty, equality, and the sovereignty of the multitude are now fully established, under the protection of a first consul, at the head of a numerous army.

Mr. William Cole, of Milton, near Cambridge, died some years since, and bequeathed a large collection of manuscripts to the British museum; but with this singular injunction, that they should not be opened until twenty years should have expired. That period, which has so long interested the curiosity and the hopes of the English book-worms, has at length arrived. The works consist of sixty volumes, written or collected by himself. They contain, chiefly, we are informed by the English magazines, copies from public archives, and original composition. We shall occasionally make some extracts from the latter for the entertainment of our readers.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

In the year 1712, my old friend, Matthew Prior, who was then afellow of St. John's, and who not long before had been employed by the queen as her plenipotentiary at the court of France, came to Cambridge, and the next morning paid a visit to the master of his own college. The master, Doctor Jenks, loved Mr. Prior's principles, had a great opinion of his abilities, and a respect for his character in the world: but then he had a greater respect for himself. He knew his own dignity too well to suffer a fellow of his college to sit down in his presence. He kept his seat himself, and let the queen's ambassador stand. I remember, by the way, an epigram of Matt's on the reception he met with. We did not reckon, in those days he had a very happy turn for an epigram. But the occasion was tempting, and he struck it off, as he was walking from St. John's college to the Rose, where we dined together: it was addressed to the master:

I stood, sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow-chair,
But make a bishop's throne your seat,
I'll kneel before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a British throne,
Do homage to the queen.

The most wonderful anecdote, perhaps, in the world of letters, is the following. MILTON, that glory of British literature, received not above ten pounds, at two different payments, for the copy of *Paradise Lost*; yet Mr. Hoyle, author of the treatise on the game of whist, after having disposed of the sale of the first impression, sold the copy to the booksellers for two hundred guineas.

The irregularities of genius have been so often observed, that it has at length become almost proverbial to associate a want of prudence with the possession of a brilliant imagination. We easily pardon in others, and excuse in ourselves, an eccentricity of conduct, which we suppose connected with the warmth of feeling, or the energies of fancy, and set down propriety and discretion as homely qualities, to be valued, perhaps, but not to be envied.

IMITATION OF ODE XVI. BOOK II. OF HORACE.

Otium Divos.

When jolly Jack afar is bound,
Some hundred leagues from British ground;
His course rude Boreas stopping;
He looks askew at low'ring skies,
Thinks of his Sally's sparkling eyes,
And longs for ease and Wapping.

In London, negro beggars pine
For ease, in huts beneath the line,
Remote from beadies sturdy;
The poor Savoyard, doom'd to roam
In search of halfpence, sighs for home,
And spins his Hurdy Gurdy.

Ease loves to live with shepherd swains,
Nor in the lowly cot disdains
To share an humble dinner—
But would not for a turtle treat
Sit with a miser or a cheat,
Or canker'd party-sinner.

In Britain, Ease makes Labour glad—
She travels with the merry lad,
Who whistles in his waggon;
Bids him not envy Fox or PITT;
Whilst ale inspired, homespun wit
Flows from the guggling flaggon.

Care's an obtrusive craz'd physician,
Who visits folks of high condition,
And doses them with bitters;
Claps caustics on the tenderest sores,
And won't be turn'd from great men's doors
By footmen or beef eaters.

Some, to avoid this frantic pest,
Sail to the north, south, east, or west—
Alas! Care travels brisker;
Light as a squirrel he can skip
On board a ninety-four gun ship,
And tweak an admiral's whisker.

The lamp of life is soon burnt out,
Then who'd for riches make a rout,
Except a doating blockhead?—
When Charon takes 'em both on board,
Of equal worth the miser's hoard,
And spendthrift's empty pocket.

In such a sorry world as this
We may not hope for perfect bliss,
And length of days together;
We have no moral liberty
At will to live, at will to die,
In fair or stormy weather.

Rockingham, good as he was great,
Was seiz'd by unrelenting fate,
Our freedom whilst he guarded;
Others, whom, if it pleas'd the Lord
To take 'em, we could well afford,
May live as long as Parr* did.

* Old Wm. Parr, of Bristol, who lived 130 years.

Many I see have riches plenty,
Fine coaches, livery-servants twenty—
But envy never pains me;
My appetite's as good as theirs,
I sleep as sound, as free from fears—
I've only what maintains me.

And while the precious joys I prove,
Of Will's true friendship, and the love
Of bonny blue-ey'd Jenny—
Ye Gods! my wishes are confin'd
To health of body, peace of mind,
Clean linnen, and a guinea.

SONNET

TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE TASK.'

Written in the life-time of Cowper.

COWPER! who now in Weston's favour'd shades,
Serenely seated, dost, with vision clear,
Scan old Ilyssus' haunts, and to the maids
Of Phœbus' train thy name for age endear
By classic song. Ah, rather let our ear
Catch the high rapture of that holier strain,
Which Israel's prophet had rejoic'd to hear
On Horeb's sacred mount, or Salem's plain.
Energic sage! thy pious 'TASK' resume;
Let Homer's verse no longer thine suspend,
With heavenly ray our terrene path illumine,
Bid Christian with Mæonian ardours blend.
So round thy laurels still shall palms entwine,
And future ages hail thee—bard divine!

The following, from the prolific pen of Dibdin, that beautiful nautical poet, will create a smile in some of our readers.

I made a promise to be wise,
But 'twas a promise out of season;
So much so—that I'm sure he lies,
Who says he *always* follows reason.
I soon grew tir'd of wisdom's dream,
And, turning from pale melancholy,
Fell on the *opposite* extreme—
But I, at last, grew tir'd of folly.
Thus separate, what was next to do?
Perhaps 'twould keep them to their tether,
If I could work upon these two
To live in harmony together.
After, of course, a little strife,
'Twas settled, without farther pother,
One should be treated as a wife,
And only as a mistress t'other.
Her portion of my joys and cares
Now each, by my appointment, measures;
Reason—transacts my affairs,
And Folly manages my pleasures.

MR. LIVINGSTON.

It is impossible for any American, whatever may be the complexion of his politics, to read without the liveliest indignation, the letter of Mr. Livingston, in reply to the communication of the French minister of foreign relations. It presents a picture of indiscretion, of absurdity, and of servility, which has no parallel in the history of ambassadors. Even in the conduct of the representatives of the enslaved, dependant, and debased states of Europe, we have observed nothing more derogatory to national dignity. As a pander to the passions of the Corsican usurper, regardless of his 'sacred character,' as the minister of a neutral nation, our envoy has departed from the line of his duty, and in a manner, perfectly unexampled, volunteered a declaration, which impeaches of a crime the most atrocious, a nation, with whom we are in the bonds of friendship and amity. Whence proceeds the authority of Mr. Livingston to pronounce "that Mr. Drake, the British minister at Munich, has held a culpable correspondence with traitors, for objects which all civilised nations must regard with horror"? What entitles him at all to take cognizance of this affair? Admitting that the British ministry had instigated the assassination of the tyrant of France, it could not become a subject for the proper interference of an ambassador, unless expressly instructed by his court.

But is it credible that even the weak and prejudiced mind of this old man could suppose, for a moment, that a government hitherto distinguished by its magnanimity, would descend to the pitiful expedient of assassination to remove its enemy? He could not be ignorant that, though means of this base and grovelling description have been employed by the profligate Jacobin, and the desperate usurper, that they would not be resorted to by the legitimate government of Britain, which is too strongly fortified by power to create the necessity, and too firmly supported by virtue, to yield to the adoption, did that necessity exist.

We are, therefore, unable to explain, in any other manner, the motive of this extraordinary address, than by referring it to that abject subserviency to the views of the first consul which has marked uniformly the official proceedings of Mr. Livingston. Deaf to the frequent calls that have been made on him to vindicate the honour, and to uphold the consequence of his country, he has allowed the arrogant upstart to multiply his aggressions without complaint, and to repeat his insults without remonstrance. The effect of this undignified conduct has been, that with the entire loss of the consideration with the French government, which his high official situation ought to have imposed, he has excited the contempt of every enlightened foreigner, and the execration at least of such Americans, as have had the mortification of witnessing the disgrace of their country in its representative.

Exceptionable as we consider the general tenor of Mr. Livingston's letter, there yet remains a part to be noticed, which we view as peculiarly reprehensible. Continuing the strain of adulation, which characterises the language of this singular paper, Mr. Livingston congratulates the despot on the preservation of his life, that his exertions may be prolonged to confirm the "happiness of the nation of which he is the chief, a happiness which is the result of his noble labours in the field of honour, and in the cabinet, and which is not, as sufficiently established, not to be deeply shaken by his loss."

And does really then the ambassador of the 'most free and enlightened nation on earth' avow to the world that the present military despotism of France is a condition of happiness? Let us inquire what are those 'noble labours,' which Mr. L., so highly commends. Is it the achievement of that usurped power, which has enabled Bonaparte to tyrannise over his own country, to extinguish every spark of civil and political liberty, to subjugate, enslave, oppress, desolate, and plunder, with more than Vandal rapacity, the fairest portion of Europe? Perhaps the massacre of those thousands of defenceless prisoners at Acre, in violation of a stipulation which expressly provided for the preservation of their lives; or the deliberate murder, by the administration of poison, of his wounded soldiers at Jaffa, may be those glorious exploits of the field, which our truly benevolent and republican minister applauds!

Had we accidentally met with this letter, without a signature, we should have been disposed to have ascribed it to a missionary from some petty vassal nation, who had long been habituated to cringe, to flatter, and to supplicate, or at least we could never have supposed that sentiments, such as it contains, could have proceeded from the minister of these 'free, sovereign, and independent states.' On the whole, we very gravely recommend to Mr. Livingston, to abandon diplomatic life as soon as possible, and to return to the shades of this 'new country,' here to resume, with his friend Jefferson, the more harmless employment of deceiving his ignorant countrymen with the tricks and impositions of philosophical empiricism.

FALKLAND.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

W. V. MURRAY, ESQ.

And has no muse o'er MURRAY'S urn
Her wreath of lasting honour spread?
Nor pensive Genius lean'd to mourn
The pupil, friend, and fav'rite dead?

Ah! well ye muses did ye love
To guide him to your fairy bow'rs,
Taught him to tread your sacred grove,
And where to cull your choicest flow'rs.

And ev'ry genius strove to impart
Bright treasures to his infant mind;
Swell'd with their ecstasies his heart,
And gave him wit, and taste refin'd.

No trophies of his country rise
To mark her sense of patriot worth!
Forgotten in the tomb he lies
By her he valued most on earth!

But yet, though vengeful party, here,
Deny the vote of honour due,
In other climes, will many a tear
The cheek of sorrowing chiefs bedew.

Batavia o'er her wat'ry plains,
Shall oft resound thy much lov'd name;
And Gallia's giddy land, in strains
Of deep regret, thy praise proclaim.

While ev'ry heart that beats with love
Of honour, truth, and virtue fair,
Thy cherish'd memory shall move
To sadness, for thy absence here.

And he, who humbly thus has tried,
Thy various merit to relate,
Will oft thy friendship boast with pride,
And oft deplore thy early fate.

AMICUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO A FRIEND, BOUND TO SMYRNA.

Winds of happy omen rise;
Loose the sail, the vessel flies.
Soon Alcides' pillars past,
Greece salutes the western mast;
Greece, what magic in the name!
Catch, O catch the holy flame;
Check, O check the vessel's speed,
'Tis—O 'tis the Doric reed.
Hark! the liquid measures glide,
Laughing Arethusa's side—
Tender scenes!—away, away,
Ida's waving tops display;
Dames of beauty, warriors bold,
Hundred gates of Crete unfold.
On the left Cythera's queen
Spreads her gay, romantic scene,
Where Apelles' vivid art,
Bids to life the colours start.

By the shade which Delos throws,
Half way down Mycale's snows,
Lesbos queen of isles is near;
List! the lyre of Sappho hear!
'Tis the bard of Mitylene
Sweeps the strings to beauty's queen;
Now the louder, bolder strain,
Kindles through th' embattl'd train;
Generous bosoms, how they glow!
Now they rush to meet the foe.
Sensitive measures hither float,
Philomela pours her throat,

Parent of the rural throng,
Orpheus' spirit swells the song.

By the tepid gales that bear
Moving softness through the air,
Soft Iona's coast is near;
Furl the sail, the anchor clear,
Hoist the barge, and ply the oar,
Now you reach the happy shore;
Scene of pleasure, clime of ease,
Form'd the Teians soul to please:

As you walk the marbled street,
Should you early chance to meet
Some devout and tender maid,
Ask her where the bard was laid:
She, whose Grecian forehead high,
Arches o'er an azure eye;
She, whose crimson cheeks retain
Yet a tint from Sappho's vein;
She, whose mother gave her charms
To the blest Anacreon's arms.

First upon her lips impress
One impassion'd soft carress;
Lead her then the groves among,
Where the careless harp was strung.
High amid the sylvan scene,
Waves an olive, ever green;
Thither roves the bonied fly,
When the sun is up the sky;
Mark the murmur'ing insect's flight,
What his course, and where he light;
For he always loves to rest
Where the poet's urn is prest;
If no carmine blossom there,
Doubly fragrant is the air.
If he fail to lead your feet
To the silent bard's retreat,
With the maid, whose ruddy smile
Lights you round the Teian isle,
Further search the groves and shore,
Till the whole is travers'd o'er.
Then a goblet, deep and large,
With delicious liquor charge;
Such as Chios only prest,
For the highly favour'd guest;
If the tomb cannot be found,
Pour it on the thirsty ground;
Not a spot, but as an heir,
Claims his portion'd dust to share;
If the winds, that heard his lay,
Through the isle diffus'd his clay,
All the soil of virgin bloom
Thus became Anacreon's tomb.
But his soul and spirit wide
O'er the world immortal ride;
Now a whisper in my ear
Says 'Anacreon's soul is here,
In his works you have his heart,
In his works th' immortal part.'

AWALASKI.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To J. K. with a locket, enclosing the hair of a deceased friend.

Ah, no! 'tis not the polish'd gems of art,
Nor all that soft affection's tribute gives;
No fair device can soothe the aching heart,
Where my lov'd sister's tender image lives.

But oft, my friend, in starry radiance dress'd,
Her heaven-born virtues shall recur to me;
And long, the cherish'd fondness of her breast,
Bind my sad heart in unison with thee.

Yet not bereft of hope, shall friendship mourn,
Nor pale despondence breathe th' unbidden sigh;
For lo, whilst sorrow clasps the sacred urn,
And filial anguish swells my tearful eye—

O'er the dim shadows of affliction's night,
(On faith's broad wing) th' unfetter'd spirit soar'd,
Mix'd with the pure, angelic host, in light,
And humbly at the throne of God ador'd.

E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO,
THE AMERICAN SAILOR BOY

WRITTEN AT SEA.

From distant fields, unknown to fame,
Which Susquehanna's waters lave,
A little shepherd-boy, I came,
Resolv'd to plough the ocean wave.

For oft the passing stranger told
The merry life the sailor led,
Who rov'd from clime to clime for gold,
No care to hover o'er his head.

With cautious step at first I move,
And timid climb the slipp'ry shrouds;
But bolder grown, I mount above,
And hang suspended in the clouds.

With fearless heart I stride the yard,
And swiftly seek its utmost verge;
Nor think my lot of danger hard,
But smiling eye the dashing surge.

When peril's past, and safe from harm,
And safe in port our vessel's moor'd,
Unhurt by battle, fire, or storm,
I fly to see my maid ador'd.

Then with an eager hand I pour,
My treasures in the lap of Jane;
Live quietly a month ashore,
Then seek the roaring waves again.

ROWLAND.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

The following description of thoughtless jollity, is from the pen of a young gentleman, whose talents, should he persevere in poetical attempts, will not long be wrapt in the napkin of obscurity. To 'hold a mirror up to nature' is the poet's task, and I am much mistaken if some of your readers do not recognise themselves in this short ode.

TO MIRTH.

Hither boy, the goblet bring,
Let the dolts at care repine,
I'll enjoy perpetual spring,
Quick, boy, bring the rosy wine.

Should old sorrow dare to call,
Drown him in a flowing bowl,
Or deep plunge him in his gall,
He shall ne'er disturb my soul.

But for Mirth, with ivy crown'd,
Open wide the folding gates;
Let the merry music sound,
He's the guest my soul awaits.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAM.

To a musician of the Theatre, occasioned by oranges, apples, &c. being thrown at him.

Fam'd Orpheus play'd with so much skill,
The very trees he mov'd, 'tis said;
But you, my friend, perform so ill,
You bring the fruit about your head.

ROWLAND.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH M. ...

NO. 25, NORTH STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANCE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
GOWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 24.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO. THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 93.

Hæc novimus esse nihil.

THE pure and peaceful enjoyments of Edwin and Eltruda, on which we have hitherto dwelt, are disturbed by the civil war between the houses of York and Lancaster. In supposing the lover capable of taking up arms against the father of his mistress, Miss Williams has neither rendered him less amiable, nor exceeded the bounds of probability. When the ties of honour and the dictates of love come in collision, the preponderance of the former is a victory calculated to generate a stronger interest in favour of the subject, and which perfection of character seems absolutely to require.

L'amour est un plaisir, l'honneur est un devoir.
CORNEILLE.

The internal struggle, consequent on this situation, the equilibrations of a mind fluctuating between impulses diametrically opposite, are productive of the most forcible dramatic effect; and, to be well delineated, demand the agency of transcendent powers. They form the scenes which have most contributed to immortalize the tragic writers of Greece, and, in Othello and the Cid, have called forth all the energies of Shakspeare and Corneille, the two great masters of the modern drama. But to exhibit the successive modifications of the mind thus agitated, to develop minutely the operation of adverse passions, until the final predominance of one of them, belongs to Melpomene, and her more dignified sisters. Miss Williams has pursued the correct line in touching briefly on the pungency of Edwin's grief for the melancholy alternative to which he found himself reduced. His separation from Eltruda, the battle between the contending parties, the death of Albert, the excruciating agonies of the lover on discovering the person pierced by his falchion, are narrated with an equal sense of propriety, and imbued with exquisite pathos. Eltruda, without knowing by what hand her father fell, and seeing Edwin at her feet, accosts him in a language at the same time natural, and particularly calculated to heighten the distress of the scene.

Eternal woes his heart must prove,
Its tenderest ties are broke;
Ah, say, what ruthless arm, my love,
Could aim the deadly stroke

Could not thy hand, my Edwin, thine,
Have warded off the blow?
For ah, he was not only mine,
He was thy father too.

When Edwin is about to turn the steel against his own breast, she starts from a temporary insensibility to avert the blow.

His hand the death-fraught weapon grasp'd,
The steel he firmly prest;
When sudden she arose, and clasp'd
Him wildly to her breast.

'Methought, she cried, with panting breath,
My Edwin talk'd of peace;
I knew 'twas only found in death,
And fear'd the sad release:

I clasp him still....'twas but a dream....
Help yon wide wound to close,
From which a father's spirits stream,
A father's life-blood flows.'

These stanzas remind us of an analogous passage in Langhorne's 'Owen of Carron,' when Ellen, after finding Nithisdale dead, and swooning in consequence of it, momentarily recovers her reason:

As the soft star of orient day,
When clouds involve his rosy light,
Darts thro' the gloom a transient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night;

Returning life illumines her eye,
And slow its languid orb unfolds....
What are those bloody arrows nigh?
Sure, bloody arrows she beholds!

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?
'Twas some poor youth... 'ah, Nithisdale!
She said, and silent sunk away.

Eltruda goes on to apostrophize her father in a strain highly tender and animated:

My father, yet in pity stay!
I see his white beard wave....
A spirit beckons him away,
And points to yon cold grave.

E'en now, my love, I trembling hear
Him breathe a last adieu!
I see, my love, a falling tear,
His furrow'd cheek bedew!

I feel within his aged arms
His poor Eltruda prest;
I hear him speak the fond alarms
That wring a parent's breast.

He's gone!....and here his ashes sleep;
I do not heave a sigh....
His child a father does not weep,
For, ah, my brain is dry!

But come, together let us rove,
At the pale hour of night,
When the moon, glim'ring thro' the grove,
Shall shed her faintest light.

We'll gather from the rosy bow'r
The fairest wreaths that bloom,
We'll cull, my love, each opening flow'r,
To deck his hallow'd tomb,

We'll thither from the distant dale
A weeping-willow bear;
And plant a lily of the vale,
A drooping lily there.

We'll storn the glaring face of day,
Eternal silence keep;
Thro' the dark wood we'll cheerless stray,
And only live to weep.

To shun the face of day, to rove at the pale hour of night, to live but to weep, are among those 'joys of grief,' of which we have spoken in a preceding essay. They bring to memory the commencement of Warton's address to Contemplation, in his poem intitled 'the Pleasures of Melancholy.'

Oh, lead me, queen sublime, to solemn glooms
Cougential with my soul, to cheerless shades,
To ruin's seats, to twilight cells and bowers,
Where thoughtful melancholy loves to muse
Her fav'rite midnight haunts.

The stanzas which speak of culling flowers to deck the tomb of Albert, and of fixing near it the emblematical willow, and drooping lily of the vale, are happily conceived, and beautifully executed. It is not unworthy of remark what a predilection all the poets of a tender cast seem to entertain for chaunting obsequies, and consecrating the graves of their favourites. They become hallowed by an assemblage of all the images that are calculated to inspire sadness, and create reverential awe. They are adumbrated by the cypress of spontaneous growth, the plaintive songsters of the grove meet there

'To wail in widow'd notes, and sing their hapless loves.

they become the haunt of sprites, the scene where Oberon and his elfin train hold their midnight revels, and solemnize the rites of fairy mysticism. Gray, in a quatrain originally intended for, but not inserted in his inimitable Elegy, says of the village cemetery

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
The red-breast loves to warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

Collins, in his ode on 'the superstitions of the Highlands,' paints the sprite of the swain, destroyed by 'the water-fiend,' in the 'dank fen,' appearing to his disconsolate wife, during her sleep, 'with drooping willows drest.' Among those superstitions he enumerates

The choral dirge, that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave.

The Romans were accustomed religiously to effuse aromatic unguents, and strew fragrant flowers over the monuments of their dead, which were for the most part placed near the highways, with the names inscribed. It is thus that

Æneas, in the fifth book of the *Æneid*, is said to honour the cenotaph of Anchises,

Purpureosque jacet flores ac talia fatur, &c.

Their amatory poets frequently mention this ceremonial, and dwell *con amore* on the prospect of its being faithfully discharged towards their own remains. Propertius complains that the graves of lovers are liable to be profaned by their too public exposition, and, therefore, beseeches the gods that he may be laid in a spot unmeasured by vulgar steps, and secluded from vulgar vision by the density of the incumbent foliage. The classical reader will pardon me for transcribing the passage.

Ornabit custos ad mea busta sedens;
Dii faciant, mea ne terrâ locet ossa frequenti
Quâ facit assiduo tramite vulgus iter.
Post mortem tumuli sic infamantur amantum,
Me tegat arborea devia terra coma,
Aut humer ignotæ cumulis vallatus arenæ;
Non juvat in media nomen habere via.

Eleg. 16. Lib. 3.

And again in the thirteenth elegy of the second book—

Et sit in exiguo Laurus superaddita busto
Quæ tegat extincti funeris umbra locum.

Miss Williams terminates her tale by the death of Edwin and Eltruda. The concluding stanzas are marked by that superior harmony of versification, and that delicate vein of pensive morality, which pervades the whole performance.

He saw her dying eye-lids close,
He heard her latest sigh,
And yet no tear of anguish flows
Fast streaming from his eye.

For, ah, the fulness of despair,
The pangs of high-wrought woe,
Admit no silent, trembling tear,
*No lenient drop to flow.

He feels within his shiv'ring veins
A mortal chillness rise:
Her pallid corse he feebly strains....
And on her bosom dies!....

No longer may their hapless lot
The mournful muse engage;
She wipes away the tears that blot
The melancholy page.

For heaven, in love, dissolves the ties,
That chain the spirit here;
And distant far, forever flies
The blessing held most dear.

To bid the sufferer's soul aspire
A higher bliss to prove;
To wake the pure, refined desire,
The hope that rests above!

I have thus examined, although rather in a desultory mode, the plan and characters, and incidentally adverted to the sentiments of 'Edwin and Eltruda.' The reader will perceive that, in the course of this examination, I have never attempted to look through the microscope of criticism, or exercised any inquisitorial severity in the notation of faults; nor have I been as copious in transcribing illustrative passages from our poets, as inclination prompted. The blemishes are but few, and more than counter-

balanced by the beauties of the context; and in both cases I was principally swayed by my aversion to swell the bulk of these essays, which, even in their present state, must appear too extended for the comparative insignificance of the subject. This tale was written by Miss Williams, at an early age, and in a situation where she was almost necessarily debarred access to poems of the same nature. Whatever of merit it may be found to possess, must, therefore, be deemed purely original; and, if occasional resemblances to tales of a prior date be discovered, we should attribute them more to fortuitous coincidence of thought, than to intentional imitation. The historical ballad may be said to be *sui generis*, an insulated species of composition. It rejects all gorgeous imagery, or ambitious ornaments; its beauty should be modest, its guise without affectation: it requires a native simplicity of thought and expression, a chastity and refinement of taste, an art of management, and a nicety of execution, rarely enjoyed or attainable by genius of an exalted stamp. In such walks Goldsmith, Mickle, Bruce, and some other of our minor poets, were eminently calculated to excel: among them Miss Williams will hold a conspicuous rank in the estimation of every mind alive to all the finer influences, or familiarized to the softest vibrations, of poetry.

FLORIAN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

Excursion to the Montanvert and the Mer de Glace.

[Continued.]

I returned with my guide to the top of Montanvert, where we dined on the cold meat we brought with us. No person, I fancy, ever ascended to this place, which is six thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, without acquiring an appetite keen enough to relish the simplest food. I assure you, for my own part, I did justice to our's, and envied no epicure his most dainty dishes, nor any prince his most sumptuous apartments. Our table was the humble sod of nature, our ceiling the unbounded heavens, of a deeper blue than can be found at a lower elevation, and the decorations of our grand saloon were superior even to the imagination of man.

At the edge of the Mer de Glace is a large flat piece of granite, called the *English stone*, where it was the custom to dine before Mr. Blair erected the cabin on Montanvert. The French resident at Geneva, (M. Felix Despontes) has lately had a pretty little cottage built near Blair's cabin, which is much more convenient and comfortable for those who visit the glaciers, and who generally pass the night there, that they may set out early to traverse the Mer de Glace, which winds among the mountains for many leagues.

From Montanvert we descended by a shorter road, than the one we ascended by, but which was very steep and dangerous; however, by jumping from rock to rock, with the assistance of my long pointed stick, and crossing from one side to the other, in a zig-zag direction, to render the descent less rapid, I arrived in the valley without any accident, and near the foot of the glacier, which mingled its masses of ice and snow with the verdure of the plains, and the leaves of the forest.

There we beheld the source of the Arveiron; a rapid torrent, which bursts from an azure vault, at least one hundred feet. Unfortunately

for me, part of the arch had fallen down, and destroyed part of the beauty of this singular place. Above at the height of near two thousand feet, rose the pyramids of ice, which cover the Mer de Glace. The appearance of this glacier from those pyramids till it reaches the valley, it is impossible for me to describe, as words would convey but an imperfect idea of so extraordinary a mass, broken and rent into thousands of chasms, and bristled with needles of ice.

I was lucky enough to see two *avalanches of dust*, (as they are called) produced by huge fragments of the Mer de Glace being left without support by the continual dissolving of their bases, tumbling into the valley with a thundering noise.

The depth of the mass of ice, which forms the Mer de Glace, is immense; but it is difficult to calculate it with certainty. Some have estimated it at eight hundred, others at four hundred feet. The regular and eternal melting of its lower stratum, furnishes an inexhaustible stream, that forms the Arveiron, an impetuous torrent, that in a short distance loses its name and waters in the Arve.

Delighted, and scarcely satisfied, with these sublime objects. I have just returned to my inn, and now contemplate the noble summit of Mont Blanc, gilded by the setting sun, while the vapours of evening are beginning to settle round his white sides. It is impossible not to recollect here the beautiful lines of Goldsmith in his *Deserted Village*:

Like some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

You, perhaps, know that the summit of Mont Blanc is the highest point in Europe, and, except that of one of the Cordilleros, in South America, supposed to be the most elevated on the face of the globe; many attempts were made, at various times, to ascend this mountain, but without success, and it was at length deemed impracticable, till in 1786, Jaques Balmat and Dr. Paccard, (the cousin of my guide) succeeded in attaining a height which no mortal, perhaps, had ever before reached; but as they were unprovided with instruments, and no great philosophers, nothing satisfactory resulted from so bold an attempt, but the certainty of the mountain being accessible, which immediately induced M. de Saussure to undertake the ascent; and accordingly on the 13th of August, 1787, he set out, attended by eighteen guides, who carried a tent, mattresses, and philosophical instruments. The party got no farther the first night than the top of the mountain Dela Cote, where they slept in a hut which had been previously erected. At 4 o'clock the next evening they reached an elevation of 9312 feet above the priory at Chamouny, or 12762 feet above the level of the sea. Here they encamped, and made an excavation in the hard snow, which they covered with a tent. At seven the next morning, the whole company departed, and found the ascent, in some places, so steep, that the guides, who preceded, were obliged to cut out steps with a hatchet. At eleven they reached the summit, where they continued three hours and a half, during which time M. de Saussure enjoyed, with rapture and astonishment, a view the most extensive, as well the most rugged and sublime in nature; and made those observations which will render this expedition no longer a matter of curiosity.

The amazing height of this mountain, ascertained by him, by the barometer, is 15,662 above the level of the sea.

* Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

SENEC. HIP.

The party descended a little lower than the place where they passed the preceding night, and arrived at Chamouny the next morning, where Madame de Saussure had been anxiously watching their dangerous ascent through a telescope.

Soon after M. de Saussure's attempt, an Englishman, of the name of Beaufoy, gained the summit of mont Blanc, but encountered infinitely more dangers and difficulties, than those who preceded him. Since that time, very few have followed their example. Many have ascended to a great height, but the state of the air, with other causes, forced them to return.

What renders mont Blanc more remarkable than any other mountain of the Alps, is the immense mantle of snow which covers it, without a rock to break the flowing line. M. de Saussure supposes this crust to be 400 feet thick, and its horizontal extent about 9000. The perpendicular height of the snow, ice, and glaciers, from the source of the Arveiron to the summit of mont Blanc, is about 12000 feet; which is equal to mount Vesuvius, placed upon mount Etna.

The valley of Chamouny contain about 400 inhabitants; who live by cultivating the ground. Their beasts of labour are cows, for the same reason as in Valorsine. They raise grain of different kinds, which they sell at the market towns, with their *laituges* (cheese, milk, butter, &c.) and honey, celebrated for its mildness and delicate flavour.

The people are tolerably well made, strong and active; honesty, I believe, is one of their greatest characteristics, and before the revolution there was not a happier spot on the face of the globe than the valley of Chamouny, which now composes part of the canton of the Leman.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANY.

[The following essay, in very elegant language, and with very sensible reasons, exposes the danger of hasty and superficial studies.]

ON THE ILL EFFECTS OF READING WITHOUT DIGESTING.

An analogy between the powers of the body and the faculties of the mind is obvious in many instances. The eye cannot survey a great space with the same accuracy, with which it views a single object at a nearer distance. It takes in the coarser parts indeed, but comprehends not the more minute, though not less beautiful appearances. Thus too the mind, when attentive to every part of knowledge, seldom attains to perfection in any single science. And daily experience evinces that the *Helluo Librorum*, the great reader and devourer of books, who is more studious of quantity than quality, and is led on by the love of novelty rather than of excellence, is rarely learned in an eminent degree.

Adages are commonly true, because founded on experience; 'the rolling stone gathers no moss.' To carry on the allusion, one may add, that, while the rolling stone is traversing the whole garden, the spade, in the space of a few yards, may gather the produce of a year.

Pliny, the younger, who is as remarkable for the justness of his sentiments, as well as for the elegant manner of expressing them, has given a hint on this subject, which, though comprised in a few words, may be more instructive than volumes of advice. After some remarks on cursory and superficial reading, he says, we should be content with few books, and study them perfectly.

We should read, says he, 'non multa sed multum.' The epigrammatic turn of the word

fixes the precept stronger on the mind, and renders it more easy to be retained in the memory.

The powers of the human mind are not strong enough to acquire knowledge by intuition. This rapid mode of learning truth is reserved for beings of a superior order. To gain a complete knowledge of a subject, in all its parts, it must be frequently reviewed and examined in every light.... a process which requires time, labour, and attention: none of which will be in his power, who hastily passes from science to science, and with too much volatility to admit thought and recollection.

It frequently happens that men of natural parts are excelled by others, whose talents are originally inferior. Nor is this to be attributed to any other cause but the patience of labour, which is frequently the concomitant of dulness, and which proves an ample compensation for the want of vivacity.

A man of slow understanding can stop to investigate obscurity step by step, till he brings light from darkness, can combat difficulties seemingly insurmountable, can repeat the same labour without fatigue, and review the same ideas without satiety: but the volatility of genius affects to pass over every thing disgusting, and voluntarily neglects those subjects which it cannot see through at a glance.

The fable of the tortoise and the hare is too obviously applicable to the present subject to admit quotation, could genius check that precipitation which precludes accurate inquiry, and perfect views; it might surely be capable of enlarging the boundaries of human knowledge, and of deriving to itself all the light of which the mind is susceptible; since it is a known truth, that hardly any difficulty is insurmountable, even to industrious stupidity.

Patients, when at school, was not remarkable for the brightness of his parts, or the sensibility of his temper.

The compositions which he was obliged to bring as exercises, were not lively, elegant, or florid, but then they were seldom deficient in orthography or grammar. He disliked not the labour of seeking the words, he was unacquainted with, in his lexicon; and though he did not comprehend the full meaning and spirit of the author he read, he could tell the English of every word in his lesson, and trace it through all its grammatical variations. In short, he underwent every kind of literary labour, without weariness or discontent. After all the necessary forms of education, he at length entered into the profession of the law.

Velox, one of the contemporaries of Patients, was fond of learning, and desirous of excelling in it; but he was of a quick apprehension, he was capable of construing a passage at one view, which would cost Patients an hour's application. He, therefore, never read his lesson over twice, but diverted his fancy with the perusal of light modern publications, several volumes of which he would devour in a day.

Great hopes were entertained of the future eminence of so lively a genius. He went to the university, flattered by his friends, and elate with confidence in his own powers, but it soon appeared, that he who submitted to so little labour, while under authority, entirely relinquished study, when at his own disposal.

Plato, Aristotle, and Epictetus, remained untouched on the shelves; but the works of Fielding, Richardson, Smollet, together with those of every modern dramatic writer, were constantly on his table. If at any time he deigned to cast an eye over Coke upon Littleton, it was with the same levity and precipitation with which he read a monthly magazine. When at last he was called to the bar, and the time was come when

he was to make his way to eminence by dint of merit, he found himself as much a stranger to the laws of England as an inhabitant of Otaheite. Chagrined by disappointment, and weary of learning, which he had never rationally pursued, he gave up all thoughts of rising in the world, and retired to a small estate in the country, where he lived and died an honest sportsman. Patients, in the meantime, though he did not reach the top of his profession, yet, from his known integrity and abilities as a counsellor, he was always supplied with a number of briefs, by which he acquired an affluent fortune, and lived universally respected as a man of untainted honour, strong sense, and profound learning.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN.

[The following is an original. It will excite, it is presumed, no ordinary degree of attention. It will be read by some with eagerness, because it is from the pen of Dr. Franklin; and, in the opinion of his disciples, it is no superstition to venerate every thing from him, as a precious relic. It will be read by others, as a curious specimen of the doctor's *liberality* of sentiment on religious subjects. Many will be captivated and deceived by the blandishments of a plausible and affected benevolence; and the few will discern, at once, the germ of deism, the embryo of rancour against church establishments, the feverish symptoms of a male-content; and those daring doctrines, 'at which both the priest and philosopher may tremble.']

Philadelphia, June 6, 1753.

SIR,

I received your kind letter of the 2nd instant, and am glad that you increase in strength; I hope you will continue mending till you recover your former health and firmness. Let me know whether you still use the cold bath, and what effect it has.

As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more service to you. But if it had, the only thanks I should desire is, that you would always be equally ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance, and so let good offices go round, for mankind are all of a family.

For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favours, but as paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the least direct return. And numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. The kindnesses from men I can, therefore, only return on their fellow-men, and I can only shew my gratitude for those mercies from God, by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our creator. You will see in this my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting, as you suppose, to merit heaven by them. By Heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree, and eternal in duration: I can do nothing to deserve such rewards. He that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve Heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit; now much more such happiness of heaven. For my part, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to desire it; but content myself in submitting to the will and disposal of that God who made me, who has hitherto pre-

served and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he will never make me miserable, and that even the afflictions I may at any time suffer shall tend to my benefit.

The faith you mention has, doubtless, its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I endeavour to lessen it in any man. But I wish it were more productive of good works than I have generally seen it: I mean real good works—works of kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit; not holiday keeping, sermon reading or hearing, performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the deity. The worship of God is a duty, the hearing and reading of sermons may be useful, but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit. Your great master thought much less of these outward appearances and professions than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the doers of the word to the mere hearers, the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands, to him that professed his readiness, but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable though orthodox priest and sanctified Levite: and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he declares they shall in the last day be accepted, when those who cry Lord, Lord, who value themselves on their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; which implied his modest opinion that there were some in his time so good, that they needed not to hear him even for improvement; but now a days we have scarce a little parson that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to set under his petty administration; and that whoever omits them, offends God. I wish to such more humility, and to you health and happiness, being

Your friend and servant,
(Signed)

B. FRANKLIN.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

[Continued.]

The Balade of Charitie is an imitation of the most beautiful and affecting of our Saviour's parables, the good Samaritan. The poetical descriptions are truly picturesque. We feel the horror of the dark cold night; we see the big drops fall, and the full flocks driving o'er the plain; the welkin opens, and the yellow lightning flies; the thunder's rattling sound moves slowly on, and, swelling, bursts into a violent crash, shakes the high spire, &c. The note which accompanied this pastoral to the publisher of the 'Town and Country Magazine,' is dated Bristol, July 4. 1770, only a month before his death. 'If the glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible, the sentiment, description, and versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.' In addition to the internal proofs that it was a composition of the day, the following stanza, in which he alludes to his own deserted situation, carries melancholy conviction to the mind that it was the composition of Chatterton.

Look in his glommed face, his spright therescanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how, withered, forwynd, dead!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed manne!
Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is charitie and love aninge highe elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The smaller pieces are not without merit. There is much elegant satire in the two Epistles to Canynge prefixed to *Ælla*; and some strokes of pleasantry in the *Storie of Canynge*.

The poems contained in the *Miscellanies* and *Supplement*, acknowledged by Chatterton to be his own composition, have been thought inferior to those which he produced as written by Rowley. If there is any inequality, at least the same hand appears in both. Imagination in a young mind is not always just. Rowley has his faults as well as Chatterton; but both collections contain an imagery of the same sort. If some of Chatterton's avowed pieces are scarcely to be inspected with all the severity of criticism, it should be remembered, that the poems attributed to Rowley are by no means uniformly excellent. It should also be remembered, that Chatterton lavished all his power on the counterfeit Rowley, with whom he intended to astonish or deceive the world; that the pieces he produced as written by him, were composed with one uniform object in view, and in a state of leisure and repose. 'In his own character,' says Mr. Croft, 'he painted for booksellers and bread, in Rowley's for fame and eternity.' Considerable allowance ought to be made for the exercises of his infantine years; for the incorrect effusions of momentary resentment; for a few lines thrown together in a playful mood to please an illiterate female, or to amuse a school-fellow, and perhaps not less for the hasty and involuntary productions of indigence and necessity, constructed for a magazine, and calculated for the sole purpose of procuring a subsistence.

His *Miscellanies* contain the same even and flowing versification as the others, the same strokes of uncommon spirit and imagination, and, in general, display the same premature abilities. 'Nothing in Chatterton,' says Lord Orford, 'can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flights, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most common-place imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescences of the same ungovernable impulse, which,ameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollett, or Junius; and if it failed most in what it affected most, to be a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed.'

In the *Elegy on Thomas Philips*, of Fairford, probably his old master, there are some descriptive stanzas not unworthy of the author of *Ælla*, and the incomparable chorus of *Goddwyn*.

Pale rugged winter bending o'er his tread
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light, congeal'd and dead;
His robe, a tinge of bright ethereal blue:

His train, a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor;
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctur'd vest,
Was ever changing to a different hue:
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew, &c.

That he was capable of writing on a religious subject, with great appearance of devotion, is evident from his *Ode on Resignation*, first published in 'Love and Madness,' in which we scarcely know, whether most to admire the piety

of the sentiments, or the beauty of the poetry. The last stanza is eminently beautiful.

His *African Eclogues*, though unconnected and unequal, contain some excellent lines; the following occur almost at the beginning of the first, and are animated, expressive, and harmonious:

High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,
Loud on the the concave shell the lances rung;
In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
The youths of Banny's burning sands advance;
Whilst the soft virgin panting looks behind,
And rides upon the pinions of the wind.

The simile in the second eclogue, beginning, *So when arriv'd at Gaigra's highest steep, &c.* is not perfectly correct; but the liveliness of the description evinces a most vigorous imagination.

Of the poem *On Happiness*, inserted in 'Love and Madness,' Mr. Croft tells us, 'that Catcott, talking one day with Chatterton about happiness, Chatterton said, he had never yet thought on the subject; but that he would. The next day he brought Catcott these lines, and told him they contained his creed of happiness.' The poem, consisting of upwards of a hundred lines, is undoubtedly irreligious; but it bears the strongest marks of genius, sagacity, and acuteness, and convinces us of the great extent and variety of his abilities.

The poem, called *Apostate Will*, written when he was eleven years and almost five months old, appears to have been aimed at somebody who had formerly been a Methodist, and was lately promoted in the Established Church. It shows the early turn and bent of his genius to satire, which was his fort, if any thing can be called his fort who excelled in every thing he undertook; and that he was then no stranger to the works of Bingham, Young, and Stillingfleet, which were probably among the books of divinity, mentioned in his sister's letter.

The *Consulad*, a political piece, written at Bristol, and in the highest strain of party scurrility, has some strokes of satire in a superior style. The introductory lines are animated and poetical. The *Prophecy*, written apparently a short time after, is in the best style of Swift, and appears to be the genuine effusion of that enthusiastic love of liberty, which generally takes possession of young and sanguine dispositions.

The satire of Chatterton has the poignancy and sometimes the coarseness of Churchill. Dryden and Pope seem to have been his models for versification; but he has more of the luxuriance, fluency, and negligence of Dryden, than of the terseness and refinement of Pope.

In his *Saxon Poems*, written in the style of Ossian, he has not improved upon an indifferent model. They are full of wild imagery and inconsistent metaphor, with little either of plot or of character to recommend them.

Of the prose compositions of Chatterton, the *Adventures of a Star*, the *Memoirs of a Sad Dog*, the *Hunter of Oddities*, *Tony Selwood's Letter*, &c. display considerable knowledge of what is called the town, and demonstrate the keenness of his observation, and his quickness in acquiring any branch of knowledge, or in adapting himself to any situation. A considerable fund of reading in *Magazines*, *Review*, &c. which Mr. Warton observes, 'form the school of the people,' had prepared him well to exercise the profession of a periodical writer.

Antiquities, however, constituted his favourite study, and in them his genius always appears to the greatest advantage; even the most humorous of his pieces, *Tony Selwood's Letters*, derives its principal excellence from his knowledge of ancient customs. In the *Christmas Games*, which are acknowledged to be his own, and in his *Essay on Sculpture*, there is much of that peculiar

learning in British antiquities, which was necessary to lay the foundation of Rowley's poems. His Will, written before he left Bristol, throws much light on his real character, his acquaintance with old English writers, and his capability of understanding and imitating old French and Latin inscription, not indeed grammatically, but sufficient to answer the purposes to which he often applied this knowledge. From this writing, it appears, that he would not allow David to have been a holy man, from the strains of piety and devotion in his Psalms, because a great genius can affect any thing, that is, assume any character and mode of writing he pleases. This is an answer from Chatterton himself, to one argument, and a very powerful one, in support of the authenticity of Rowley's poems. The pieces signed Asophides, do not appear to be Chatterton's. He almost always signed himself D. B. the initials of his first Latin signature, Dunhelmus Bristolensis. The story of Maria Friendless, which Chatterton himself sent to the 'Town and Country Magazine,' probably for the sake of obtaining an immediate and necessary supply of money, is almost a literal transcript of the Letter of Misella in the 'Rambler.'

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Swinburne in his amusing, and instructive Travels through Spain, has related an anecdote, which contains a good example of Spanish shrewdness. 'We were dining, during the noon tide hour, under a large tree before the door of one of the *Siete molinos* by the side of a brook. The miller and his neighbours, were very civil, and furnished us with every thing necessary for our repast, one of the most delicious I ever made. The old and young formed a circle round us, while we devoured our cold ham and turkey. As I perceived one of the young fellows smile and look very arch, I told him I hoped he was not scandalized at our eating meats in Lent, as we were allowed that liberty, as travellers. No, no, replied he, not I indeed; for I know you belong to a happy set of people with—whom to day is always the *holiday*, and to morrow the *vigil and fast*.'

The British Critics thus review a catchpenny pamphlet, and employ a style of contempt, which would be very useful in this country, and check perhaps an inundation of nonsense.

A new code for gentlemen, in which are considered, God and Man's natural rights and social duties, will, law, opinion, religion and reason, adversity prosperity; on duelling, marriage and concubinage; gaming and intoxication Politics and eternity; by Dr. Bemetsreider. 8vo. 1s.

All these important subjects are discussed in the space of twenty three pages, and all too for the small price of a Shilling. The author, it seems, has heretofore been a musician; but that failing, he has taken up the trade of an author. We fear he will find the latter quite as poor a business as the former; and we earnestly recommend the said Dr. Bemetsreider to look out for some other employment.

The most striking feature of the face, and that to which we most frequently direct our view, is the eye. This is the chief seat of expression. At this window, the soul is often seen in her genuine character, even when the Porter below, the tongue, is endeavouring to persuade us that she is not within, that is, otherwise employed, or that she is quite a different person. Smiles and sadness display themselves partly at

the mouth; the former by raising, the latter by depressing the corners of it; and yet we might in many cases mistake a laughing, for a weeping countenance, if we did not see the eye. Indeed this little organ whether sparkling with joy or melting in sorrow; whether gleaming with indignation, or languishing in tenderness, whether glowing with the steady light of deliberate valour, or sending forth emanations of good will and gratitude is one of the most interesting objects in the whole visible universe. There is more in it, than shape, motion, or colour; there is thought and passion, there is life and soul; there is reason and speech.

King William III, says, Lord Orford, had so little regard for men of letters and wit, that when St. Evremont was introduced to him, the King said coldly 'I think you were a major General in the French service!'

In 'good King Charles's, jovial days,' when the most extravagant wit had like the 'loyalty' of the time 'no harm in't,' it is recorded that when a gentleman drank alady's health as a toast, by way of doing her still more honour, he frequently threw some part of his dress into the flames. In this proof of veneration to the ladies, his companions were obliged to follow him, by consuming the same article, whatever it might be. One of the friends of Sir Charles Sedley after dinner at a tavern, perceiving he had a very rich lace cravat on, when he named the lady to whom honour was due, made a sacrifice of his cravat, and Sir Charles and the rest of the company were all obliged to follow his example. Sir Charles bore his loss with great composure observing, that it was a good joke, but that he would have as good a frolic some other time. On a subsequent day, the same party being assembled, when Sedley had drank a bumper to the health of some beauty of the day, he called the waiter, and ordering a *tooth drawer* into the room, whom he had previously stationed for the purpose, made him draw a decayed tooth, which had long plagued him. The rules of good fellowship clearly required that every one of the company should lose a tooth also; but they hoped he would not be so unmerciful as rigidly to enforce the law. All their remonstrances, however, were vain, and each of his companions successively, *multa gemens*, was obliged to put himself into the hands of the operator.

The useful reading of the Editor of the Walpole paper has furnished him with the following sensible extract, which we will insert together with his sensible commentary 'In the life of Akenside, Johnson has given a faithful and correct delineation of a modern democrat.—He certainly retained an unnecessary and outrageous zeal for what he called, and thought *Liberty*; a zeal, which sometimes disguises from the world, and not rarely from the mind, which it possesses, an envious desire of plundering wealth or degrading greatness; and of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, an impetuous eagerness to subvert and confound with very little care what should be established!—a more perfect portrait of a Jacobin disorganizer of the present day, can not possibly be drawn than is contained in the above sketch of the character of Akenside.

The celebrated Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, calls the period from the last years of Elizabeth to the death of James, 'the best age of English literature.'—"I know (says he) it is now an inveterate custom to sneer at the name

of James; and that every willing thinks himself competent to scoff at his witches, his tobacco blasts, and his dog *Stenie*: But the age I have mentioned produces something better than all these; and among the rest, great masters of a style, pure, copious, elegant, nervous, flowing, light, airy, and harmonious.'

DOMESTIC DAY OF DRYDEN.

The accurate and laborious Edmund Malone, Esq. in a elaborate life of a great poet, prefixed to a late invaluable edition of his prose writings, after informing us, that even the *domestic* day of such a man cannot be uninteresting, adds, Dryden usually devoted his mornings to the composition of his various works. The hour of dinner, even in the latest period of his time, did not exceed two o'clock, and plays began at four in the afternoon. Between three and four o'clock, he repaired to the coffee-house, and there a great part of the evening was spent. Addison, says Pope, passed each day alike, and much in the same manner, as Dryden did. Dryden employed his mornings in writing; dined *en famille*, and then went to Will's; only he came home earlier *o' nights*. In Addison's time, it was customary, at about seven or eight o'clock, to retire from the coffee-house to the tavern, where wine and frequently pipes and tobacco, were immediately called for; and in an hour or two afterwards they supped, and then again circulated the bottle.

DOMESTIC DAY OF ADDISON.

Addison, as Pope related to Mr. Spence, studied all the morning, then met his party at Button's Coffee-house, dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night. I was, says Pope, 'of the company for about a year, but I found it too much for me. It hurt my health and so I quitted it. Addison's chief companions before he married Lady Warwick, were Steele, Budgell, Carew, D'Avenant, and Colonel Brett. He used to breakfast with one or other of them at his lodgings in St. James' place, dine at taverns with them, then to Button's, and then to some tavern again for supper in the evening; and this was the usual round of his life.

A man convicted at the last Surry Assizes, for stealing pewter pots, was sentenced to be publicly whipped from the prison gate Horsemonger-lane, through the Borough, and back again. Having no money to fee the hangman, to soften the lash of justice, he at last hit upon an expedient. In the prison there were several halfquartern gin measures, the tops of which he broke off, and deposited in a leather pocket he had previously cut from his breeches, tied it up, and when the executioner came to conduct him to receive his punishment, the culprit, in his way to the cart's tail, slipped the pretended purse into his hand, exclaiming—'there are nine half crowns, 'tis all I have in the world pray be merciful.' The hangman took the bribe with a smile, and bade him keep up his spirits for he should not be hurt. The cart then proceeded, and the consequence was, that the *deceitful* returned very little the worse for the flagellation. Upon being delivered into the hands of the prison-keeper, he burst into a loud laugh, and when asked what made him so merry? he related the manner in which he had bribed his chastiser, adding, that it would ever be a subject of mirth, when he reflected how he had outwitted the hangman.

[London paper.

It seems to be proved, by the engravings which the french have lately published from the ruins of Egyptian Thebes, that the elements of the beau-

tiful in Grecian architecture are not so entirely the invention of the Greeks as has been hitherto imagined. The temples of Thebes present bases, shafts and capitals, which the Greeks appear to have only imitated and improved in the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian column. The Egyptians, not the Greeks, were the inventors.

AN ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH ACHE,

(From vol. 4 of Burn's Poems.)

My curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums along.
And thro' my lugs gies munny a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like reeking engines.
When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholick squeezes;
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan;
But thee—thou hell of all diseases.
Ay mocks our groan!
Adown my beard the slavers trickle!
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the gieglets keckle,
To see me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup.
Of a' the monstrous human dools,
Ill hearts, daft bargains, cutty stools
Or worthy friends rak'd in the mools,
Sad sight to see!
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
Thou bear'st the gree
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,
Whence all the tones of misery yell,
And ranked plagues their numbers tell
In dreadful raw
Thou, Tooth Ache, surely bearst the bell,
Among them a'!
O, thou grim, mischief making chiel,
That jars the notes of discord squeel,
Till daft mankind aft dance and reel
In gore a shoe thick;
Gie a' the faes of Scotland's weal
A towmond's tooth ache.

Some jocular sportsman, in a Charleston, S. C. paper, thus challenges the jockies of the turf. 'Dumbe, an aged horse, will run against any horse mayor or gelding, in the state, up hill, for fifty guineas, provided it be allowed that Dumbe have a hickory after him.'—If the same indulgence be likewise exerted towards the mayor, and the sportsman's horse should have other failings besides being *Dumbe*, we think the challenger will lose his bet.

A modest Poet who has lately advertised a rhyming pamphlet on some of the political topics of the day, humbly hopes that 'no good patriot will refuse nine pence for his poem.' We think the bard a little too sanguine in his expectations of the patronage of *Patriotism*. Many a good patriot is not worth nine pence, either morally, or arithmetically considered.

A Mr. Edwards, a respectable Dyer, of Sherard-street, Golden-square, was interred on Tuesday sc'n night at Lambeth Church. By his will he directed that his funeral procession should stop at the Magpies, in Bridge-street, Westminster, and the mourners be regaled with a gallon of porter, which they were to drink at the door of the house; they were then to proceed on a long trot along the bridge to Jolly Sawyers, in Lambeth Walk, there to have another gallon of beer; from thence to the grave, where, after his interment, a pint of gin was to be drank by them over his grave, wishing him a pleasant journey. The request was literally complied with.

[Lon. paper.]

About a fortnight ago, two persons in the neighbourhood of Uindale, near Cockermouth,

for a wager of half a crown (with a set of their acquaintances) swallowed (and by fair mastication) *thirty six salt herrings*, and drank *three pecks of ale* (Winchester measure) within the space of an hour! N. B. The cook, being a humourist, fried the last moiety of the herrings in *half a pound of candles!*

[ibid.]

LITERARY.

It has long been lamented by the literary world, that the celebrated author of *Clarissa* and *Grandison* had forbidden his Correspondence to be published in the lifetime of his children, unless they should be obliged to resort to them as a course of fortune. The recent death of Mrs. Anne Richardson, of Suffolk, having removed the force of that injunction, those interesting remains are now about to meet the public eye, though the medium of Mr. Phillips, who, we understand, has given Mr. Richardson's descendants *twelve hundred guineas* for the manuscripts.

[Lon. paper.]

The ridiculous affectation of *refined* humanity, and the monotonous drawl of Charlotte Smith's and *Rolin* Southey's sonnets are justly laughed at in the following sarcasm.

Poor grunting animal, that all the day,
Plods dull and mopish round my uncles yard
Ah me, it strike's me that thy lot is hard,
For thou dost droop thy care, thy hairs are grey.
Thy humid eyes look wet—Ah wretch ill starr'd—
What sorrowing sadness seems to mark thy way
While every pleasure is from thee debarr'd
Nor frolic rapture bids thy heart be gay.
Poor grunting Swine, full much I grieve to view
Thy groping snout, enslav'd with iron cold,
For thou must feel, and feel with sorrow to
What yet thy peaceful tongue has never told.

Adiau, poor Pork, again I sigh, adieu,
My teare fast fall—they fall, alas, for you.

Waller has written four lines in praise of Tea, which it is strange Dr. Johnson, the greatest tea tippler of his time did not extol.

The muses friend, tea does our Fancy aid
Repress those vapours, which the head invade
And keeps that Palace of the Soul serene
Fit, on her birth day to salute a Queen.

A Painter being employed to represent the Cherubim and Seraphim in a country Church, made them with very long melancholy faces, and being asked the reason for so doing by the rector of the parish, answered, 'I have your own words for the propriety of it, have I not heard you say, a thousand times that Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry.'

Mr. Malone, in summing up the praises of Sir Joshua Reynolds, has the following memorable passage. "He has one claim to commendation which I think it my duty particularly to mention, I mean the praise to which he is entitled for the Rectitude of his Judgment, concerning the pernicious doctrines, that were made the basis of that Revolution, which took place in France not long before his death. Before the publication of Mr. Burke's Reflections on that subject, he had been favoured with a perusal of that excellent work, and was lavish of his encomiums upon it. He was, indeed, never weary of expressing his admiration of the profound sagacity, which saw in their embryo state all the evils with which this country was threatened by that tremendous convulsion, he well knew how eagerly all the wild and erroneous principles of government attempted to be established by the pretended philosophers of France, would be cherished and enforced by those turbulent and unruly spirits among us, whom "no king could govern and no God

could please," and long before that work was written, frequently avowed his contempt for those "Adam wits," who set at nought the accumulated wisdom of ages, and on all occasions are desirous of beginning the world a-new. He did not live to see the accomplishment of almost every one of the predictions of the prophetic and philosophical work alluded to. Happily for himself, he did not live to participate of the gloom, which has saddened every virtuous bosom, in consequence of all the civilized states of Europe being shaken to their foundations, by those 'troublers of the poor world's peace,' whom Divine Providence has been pleased to make the scourge of human kind.

The reason why the name of God is not mentioned in oaths, administered according to the republican fashion, is extremely obvious. It would imply, that government had taken a particular private opinion under its protection, and preferred it to all others, which is inconsistent with the republican principle of the indifference of all opinions. Besides, it would wound the tender consciences of those who chuse to believe, that there are twenty Gods, or no God at all.

The manager of a company of strolling players was once severely reprehending one of his performers for stupifying himself by drinking quart after quart of porter, and threatened, if he did not break himself of the habit, to discharge him, as an unfit person. The man promised he would not be guilty of the like again. However the manager walking out one morning, found his penitent at a little public house, sitting over a glass of ale. 'So, Sir,' lays he, 'I thought you promised me to leave this habit of intoxication.' 'Indeed,' replies the man, 'so I have in a great measure.'

One of the ancients, and certainly not the greatest fool of his tribe, used, whenever he was deliberating on any grave or state affairs, to consult his wife, hear her advice, and then made it an invariable rule to act diametrically opposite to the opinion of the lady. This procedure suggests a good rule for construing the 'Aurora.' Let the good people, who pore, or who yawn over that paper, whenever they have finished their valuable morning's work, believe the very reverse of every Aurora position. There cannot be imagined a shorter, or more direct road to political truth.

A young sophimore, more notorious for his amours than his attention to the muses, courted a fair dame by the name of Sally Love. As soon as this came to his provident guardian's ears, he wrote him an affectionate letter advising him to quit her as soon as he could with honour, and then court an alliance with Sal-lust.

DOMESTIC DAY OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The detail of his domestic day, says EDMOND MALONE, will not be unacceptable. He usually rose about 8 o'clock, breakfasted at 9, and was in his painting room before 10. Here he generally employed an hour on study, or on the subordinate parts of whatever portrait happened to be in hand; and from 11, the following five hours were devoted to those, who sat for their pictures: with occasionally short intervals, during which he sometimes admitted the visits of a friend. Such was his love of his art, and such his ardor to excel, that he often declared he had, during the greater part of his life, laboured as hard with the pencil, as any mechanic working at his trade for bread. About two days in each

week during the winter, he dined abroad; once, and sometimes oftener, he had company at home by invitation; and during the remainder of the week he dined with his family, frequently with the addition of two or three friends. In the evenings, when not engaged by the academy, or in some public or private assembly, or at the theatre, he was fond of collecting a few friends at home, and joining in a party at whist, which was his favourite game. The marked characters of his table was, that though there was always an abundant supply of those elegancies, which the season afforded, the variety of the courses, the excellence of the dishes, or the flavour of the Burgundy, made the least part of the conversation; though the appetite was gratified by the usual delicacies; and the glass imperceptibly and without solicitation, was cheerfully circulated, every thing of this kind appeared secondary and subordinate, and there seemed to be a general though tacit agreement among the guests, that **MIND SHOULD PREDOMINATE OVER BODY**; that the honours of the turtle and the haunch, should give place to the feast of wit, and that, for a redundant flow of wine, the flow of soul should be substituted.—Of a table, thus constituted, with such a host and such guests, who would not wish to participate?

ON VISITING DUNDRENNAN ABBEY,*

INSCRIBED TO MISS A. S.

BEGUILING the sorrows of life's chequer'd day,
With toil-beaten footsteps and slow,
O'er the cloud-covered mountains of Scotia I stray,
And mark the sweet scenes as I go.
Enraptur'd, I muse o'er the time-mouldering towers,
Where Valour heroic with beauty was fir'd,
Where music to charm them exhausted her powers,
And the Bard's storied song wing'd with pleasure the hours,
While Nature his numbers inspir'd.
Dundrennan! thy moss-crust'd ruins I hail,
And with reverence enter thy door!—
No longer thy monks with night-vigils are pale,
Instructed in mystical lore.
No longer the song of devotion ascends,
Nor the sigh of repentance is heard thro' the gloom;
Nor the way-weary pilgrim at evening bends,
To give thanks to the Hearer of pray'r who defends
From storms him who has not a home!
Oft have I revolv'd on the days that are gone,
And Time's mouldy records survey'd,
When dread Superstition ascended the throne,
And prostrate the nations obey'd!
In deep leaden slumbers was seal'd Learning's eye;
By Ignorance, Science in fetters was bound;
Truth languish'd; and Genius beheld with a sigh
Her wild flowers expos'd to a cold wintry sky,
Which scatter'd their leaves on the ground!
Yet in midst of the gloom darts a transient ray,
When pity afforded relief;
And wip'd the sad tear of misfortune away,
And sooth'd the pale victim of grief.
These rude-sculptur'd walls once received with a tear
Their Queen, lovely Mary, who fled from the foe
With a heart torn with anguish, an eye wild with fear,
And death close behind her!—a prospect how dread!
To finish her measure of woe!
"Unfortunate Mary! why wilt thou depart?
Why, why to Elisabeth fly?—
Compassion's warm glow never melted her heart,
Nor the sweet tear of pity her eye!
Her cold frozen bosom's the thorn of deceit;
She proffers protection in hopes to betray!
For thee all the woes of confinement await,
And from the damp dungeon thou'rt led to thy fate
From which thou wouldst hurry away!
Now Time's iron hand has demolish'd these walls,
In story so often renown'd;
'Mongst the night-weeds the turreted battlement falls

* It was in this abbey that Mary Queen of Scotland first halted, when flying from the unfortunate battle of Langside.

And Ruin stalks grimly around!—

Here, the ill-boding owl her lone dwelling maintains,

And with her hoarse notes teaches Nature to sigh,

And fills with affright wakeful Silence, who reigns

When night's sable mantle envelopes the plains,

And the star twinkles dim in the sky!

To these scenes, Meditation my wand'ring guide,

Where the daughters of Beauty are laid;

And the brave sons of Freedom, who conquer'd or died,

When the foe dar'd their country invade!—

There Nature proclaims, neither Beauty's bright eye

Nor Valour from death's cruel empire can save!

And the moment is swiftly approaching, when I,

Who now o'er the ruins of Time heave the sigh,

Forgotten shall sleep in the grave!

Inverleithen.

J. N.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The subsequent poem, ascribed to Thomas Moore, Esq. is not in any collection of his published works. It is thus introduced by an English friend, and the Editor is highly pleased to present to his readers a beautiful and new acquaintance.]

The invisible girl is an acoustical deception. From a glass globe, suspended in the midst of a room, and having no apparent communication with any thing else, a female conversed with the spectators in four different languages, and played upon the piano forte: her breath might even be felt. Had the ensuing lines no external sign, by which to discover their author, the internal evidence would justify their being ascribed to the elegant translator of Anacreon.]

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

They try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you are not a daughter of Ether and Light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms,
Who dance upon rainbows, and ride upon storms;
That, in short, you're a woman, your lip and your breast

As mortal as ever were tasted, or prest!

But I will not believe it....no, science, to you
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu;
Still flying from nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior for mortals below
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.

Oh! who, that has ever had rapture complete,
Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet;
How rays are confin'd, or how particles fly
Thro' the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh.
Is there one, who but *once* would not rather have known it,

Than written with Hervey whole volumes upon it?

No, no....but for you, my invisible love,
I will swear you are one of those spirits that rove

By the bank, where at twilight the poet reclines,
When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
And the magical fingers of Fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue:

Oh! whisper him then 'tis retirement alone
Can hallow his harp, or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And, like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears.
Sweet agent of mystery! how I should love
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
Forever to have you invisibly nigh,
Inhaling forever your song and your sigh.

Mid the crowds of the world, and the murmurs of Care,

I could sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,

And turn with delight from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you!

O come and be near me; forever be mine;
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As pure, as of old, was imagin'd to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell!
And oft at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart is weigh'd down and the eye-lids are light

You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,

Such as angel to angel might whisper above!

Oh spirit!....and then could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known,
The voice of the ONE upon earth, who has thinn'd
With her essence forever my heart and my mind;
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,

An exile, and weary, and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment her voice on my ear,

I will think at that moment my Cara is near;
That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,

And kisses my eye-lid and sighs on my cheek;
And tells me the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope of our heaven is nigh!
Sweet spirit, if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour.
And let Fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, Fancy, and Care may smile for me still!

This delicious poem, of which Goldsmith or Sheridan might have been proud, has an additional interest here from this circumstance that the *invisible lady* is now uttering *dulcet breath* to the enraptured listeners of Philadelphia. We believe, however, that this is an old device, perhaps, with some new embellishment. In the sixty-second chapter of the second part of Don Quixote, which describes *La aventura de la cabeza encantada*, there is played off, in the house of Don Antonio Moreno, a similar deception, which cajoles the Don, and almost staggers the Squire. "En esto mandóle la mano Don Antonio se la pasó por la cabeza de bronce, y por toda la mesa, y por el pie de jaspe, sobre que se sostenia, y luego dixo: Esta cabeza, señor Don Quixote, ha sido hecha, y fabricada por uno de los mayores encantadores, y hechizeros, que hatenido el mundo; que creo era Polato de nacion, y discipulo del famoso Escotillo de quien tantas marivallas se cuentan. el qual estuvo aqui en mi casa y por precio de mil escudos, que le di, labró esta cabeza que tiene propriedad y virtud de responder à quanta cosas al oydo le preguntaren: quando rumbos, pinto caracteres, observo astros. miro puntos, finalmente la sacó con la perfeccion que veremos mañana, porque los viernes esta muda y oy que los es nos ha de hazer esperar hasta mañana: en este tiempo podrá vuesa Merced prevenirse de lo que querra preguntar, que por experiencia sé, que dice verdad en quanto responde. Admirado quedo Don Quixote de la virtud, y propriedad de la cabeza y es tuvo por no creer a Don Antonio pero por ver quan poco tiempo avia para hazer la experiencia, no quiso dizerle ostra cosa, sino que le agradecia el averse descubierto tan gran secreto."....See the whole narrative in the immortal work of Cervantes. It will be perceived in the sequel that this sagacious Head, like the Invisible Lady, makes correct responses, *apparently* without a prompter. The reader will smile at the easy explanation of this necromantic enigma. In the well prepared lessons of the concealed magician, he will perceive the history of juggling in every age, from the oracle at Delphi, to the conjurations of Crabtree in Peregrine Pickle. He will, moreover, enjoy the sly satire of the ironical Spaniard, upon human credulity, and the exquisite sneer at the prudent caution, or habitual bigotry of the officers of the Holy Inquisition.

[Note, by the Editor

Mr. OLIVER OLDSCHOOL,

SIR,

In the annexed, We have endeavoured to catch some of the style of Mr. M. G. Lewis, in his ballads. If you think the imitation worthy a place in your paper, please to insert it. "Affairs of this world," take up so much of our attention, that we have hardly time to steal from the "busy stage" long enough to fashion a sentence into rhyme. However, we do not intend becoming bankrupts in verse at present.

Your very humble servants,
DACTYL & COMMA.

Cambridge.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. DACTYL AND
COMMA.

THE MANIAC.

SAY, who is the man, who on yon dizzy height,
Where rocks upon rocks stretch up from the
sight;

As wander'g there lately, I view'd,
His arms o'er his breast, in anguish he press'd
And to the pale moon, rolling o'er, he address'd
His wild eyes, as all frantic he stood.

A skin o'er his shoulders, the maniac had drawn,
And he sought a cold cave at the sight of the
dawn.

There alone all the long day to spend.
But when darkness had spread her black veil o'er
his head,

Oh! then would he start and leave his rush bed,
His wild steps to the plain would he bend.

There 'mid the dank grass, which wav'd to the
breeze,

Would he lay himself down beneath the lone
trees,

And gaze on the stream which ran by.
Sometimes he would lave his cold hand in the
wave,

Then start at the shriek, which the boding owl
gave,
And answer each breeze with a sigh."

His name is mad Osric, when youth smil'd
around,

In gait none could his equal be found,
He welcom'd each morn with a song,
Where'er he appeared, joy and pleasure were
heard,

His smiles, and his cheerfulness had him en-
deared,
To all the gay swains of the throng.

He saw the fair Elfa, the maid soon he lov'd,
She heard his fond vows, his passion approv'd,
And vow'd she would wed him alone:

The friends were invited; the feast was provided,
And at hand was the day which could have
decided,
And made him and Elfa but one.

And now, as together they wandered along,
Heard the lark's jocund tune or the thrushes
blythe song,

And gaily the circling hours flew.
Sudden dark gloomy clouds wrapp'd the skies in
black shrouds,

And the roaring of thunder a tempest forbodes,
And rudely the whistling winds blew.

Now blacker and blacker, the clouds hover round,
And loud o'er their heads the rough thunders
sound,
And the earth wide re-echoes their roar:

As the light'nings now play'd, a flash struck the
maid,

The shaft wing'd by fate—but too surely sped
And—repose Osric never knew more.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Though love is a Proteus who from time immemorial
has possessed the power of assuming every possible
shape, and although lovers and poets seem to have
exhausted every resource of nature and art, to
exhibit, and even to disguise him under a variety of
forms; yet, I think you will acknowledge that in
the following lines he has put on a dress entirely new.
An amorous poem in the style and form of a Check
upon the Bank, is, I confess, what I never before
had had an idea of, until I lately found the follow-
ing in a collection of Italian songs. It is probably
the production of some Genoese or Venetian lover,
who had more credit with the bank of Cupid than
with that of St. Mark's, or St. George's. In this
financial age, it will perhaps, be found to suit the
meridian of other countries as well as that of
Italy. I therefore take the liberty of sending it to
you for publication, together with an attempt at
an imitation, which I am sorry does not come up,
as much as I could wish, to the spirit of the origi-
nal.

MERCATOR.

ORIGINAL.

*Banco delle mie pene
Pagate al caro bene
Mille sospiri ogn' or:
Dite che sono in conto
Di quello che ti deve
Il povero mio cor.*

IMITATION.

*Bank of my am'rous pain
Pay to my charming swain,
One hundred thousand kisses:
Which to account you'll carry
Against the time we marry
Value in future blisses.**

EULOGIUM ON RUM.

BY J. SMITH.

ARISE! ye pimpled, tipling race, arise!
From ev'ry town and village tavern come!
Shew your red noses, and o'erflowing eyes,
And help your poet chaunt the praise of Rum.
The cordial drop, the morning dram, I sing,
The mid-day toddy, and the evening sling.

Hail, mighty Rum! and by this general name
I call each species....whisky, gin, or brandy:
(The kind is various....but the effect the same;
And so I choose a name that's short and
handy;

For, reader, know, it takes a deal of time,
To make a crooked word lie smooth in rhyme.)

Hail, mighty Rum! thy song-inspiring merit
Is known to many a bard in these our days:
Apollo's drink, they find is void of spirit....
Mere chicken broth....insipid as their lays:
And, pleas'd, they'd give a riv'let....aye a sea
Of tuneful water, for one quart of thee!

Hail, mighty Rum! how wond'rous is thy pow'r!
Unwarm'd by thee, how would our spirits
fail,

When Dark December comes, with aspect sour,
And sharp as razor, blows the northern gale!
And yet thour't grateful in that sultry day,
When raging Sirius darts his fervent ray.

* It will be observed that the original is the Gentleman's check in favour of the Lady, and the imitation is the Lady's check, which she gives him in return.

Hail, mighty Rum! to thee the wretched fly:
And find a sweet oblivion of their woes;
Lock'd in thy arms, as in the grave, they lie—
Forget their kindred—and forgive their foes.
And Lethe's stream, (so much extoll'd by some,
In ancient times) I shew'dly guess, was Rum.

Hail, mighty Rum! what can thy power with-
stand!

E'en lordly Reason flies thy dreadful face:
And health, and joy, and all the lovely band
Of social virtues, shun thy dwelling place:
(For in whatever breast it rears its throne,
Like Turkish monarchs, Rum must rule alone.)

When our bold fathers cross'd the Atlantic
waves,

And here arrived....a weak defenceless band...
Pray what became of all the tribes so brave...
The savage owners of this happy land?
Were they sent headlong to the realms below,
"By doom of battle?" friend, I answer no.

Our fathers were too wise to think of war;
They knew the woodlands were not quickly
past:

They might have met with many an ugly scar....
Lost many a foretop....and been beat at last.
But Rum assisted by his son, Disease,
Performed the business with surprising ease.

And would our western brethren be less proud,
or,

In other words, throw by their gun and drum,
For ducks and squirrels, save their lead and pow-
der,

And send the tawny rogues some pipes of
rum....

I dare predict, they all would gladly suck it;
And ev'ry mother's son soon kick the bucket.

But lo! the ingratitude of Adam's race?
Tho' all these clever things to rum we owe....
Gallons of ink are squirted in his face;
And his bruised back is bang'd with many a
blow;

Some hounds of note have rung his funeral knell,
And ev'ry puppy joins the gen'ral yell.

So have I been (the simile is fine—
And wonderfully pat....though rather old)
When rising Phœbus shot his rays benign,
A flock of sheep come skipping from the fold;
Some restless sheep cries baa: and all the
throng,
Ewes, rams, lambs, wethers, bellowing pour
along.

But fear not, Rum, thro' fiercely they assail,
And none but I, the bard, thy cause defend,
Think not thy foes....tho' num'rous....shall pre-
vail,

Thy pow'r diminish, or thy being end.
Tho' spurn'd from table, and the public eye,
In the snug closet safely shalt thou lie.

And oft, when Sol's proud chariot quits the sky,
And humbler Cynthia mounts her one horse
chair,

To that snug closet shall thy vot'ry fly;
And, rapt in darkness, keep his orgies there;
Lift the full bottle, joyous, to his head,
Then, great as Cæsar, reel sublime to bed.

* This alludes only to Jersey, Pennsylvania, &c.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
FOR THE EDITOR,
BY HUGH MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 25.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

[Continued.]

So versatile, so extensive, so commanding was his genius, that he forged history, architecture, and heraldry. He wrote also a 'Manks Tragedy,' which, if his forgeries had met with a more favourable reception than they did, he would doubtless have produced as an ancient composition. With the ardour of true genius, he aspired

—petere inde coronam,
Unde nullæ prius velarint tempora musæ.

The reputation of Chatterton does not rest solely on those works which he acknowledged as his own. His fairest claim to immortality is founded on the poems attributed to Rowley, which it seems now to be generally acknowledged were really of his own composition. The controversy which their publication excited is brought to an issue. The generality of the learned, since they were put in the plain track of inquiry, have acquiesced in the decision of the advocates for Chatterton's title. The conscious silence of the defenders of their antiquity sufficiently shows that little can be opposed to the proofs brought in support of his title to them.

A state of the controversy which, both on account of its novelty and its merit, is the most curious and extraordinary, which, since the days of Bentley and Boyle, has divided the literary world, claims a place in the life of Chatterton; and the reader will not be inclined to consider it as unimportant, nor deem it unworthy of such particular and elaborate discussion, when he peruses a list of the publications on both sides, and perceives that it has been honoured with the attention of gentlemen of the first erudition in the republic of letters, and reflects, that its determination affects not only the reputation of Chatterton, but 'the great lines of the history of English poetry.'

On the side of the question which asserts the authenticity of the poems, are the names of Langhorne (Monthly Review, 1777), Milles (Commentary, &c. 1782), Bryant (Observations, &c. 1782), Greene (Strictures on Malone, Warton, &c. 1782), Matthias (Essay on the Evidence, &c. 1782), and the author of 'Observations on Rowley, and Remarks on Tyrwhitt's Appendix,' 1782. The Gentleman's Magazine, 1777, was on the same side. The Critical Review, 1777, gave extracts, but no opinion. Dr. Gregory (Life of Chatterton, 1789), gives an abstract of the arguments on both sides, but no verdict of his own. He leans to the same side; but his candour and modesty exempt him from being considered as a partizan.

The publications of Dr. Milles and Mr. Bryant have been justly considered, not only as the most voluminous, but as the first, in point of earning and ingenuity, on this side of the question. Langhorne himself, a poet, 'on first opening his poems,' concluded 'that they were mock ruins.' Upon the testimony of Mr. Catcott, &c. he pronounced them 'the original productions of Rowley, with many alterations and interpolations by Chatterton.' Mr. Matthias has delineated the leading objects of the controversy with great accuracy, perspicuity, and elegance. Though he himself espouses the authenticity of the poems, yet his book, having so strongly and faithfully represented the arguments on the other side of the question, is more calculated to overthrow than to confirm his own opinion. The objection is too forcible for the answer.

The arguments which the advocates of Rowley advance, are the asseverations of Chatterton, whom they themselves calumniate as 'unprincipled,' and who indeed contradicted himself in the very outset of his adventure; the testimonies of his friends, who thought him incapable of writing the poems; partial quotations from the poems, for a display of antiquated words and obscure expressions; quotations, still more partial, from one or two old English poets, in order to show how possible it was for them to produce now and then an harmonious coincidence of words; and the incompetency of Chatterton, to both as his genius and acquired knowledge, to this literary fraud.

'They who are willing, says Dr. Milles, to think Chatterton's time and abilities equal to all that is attributed to him, must consider the great compass and variety of knowledge necessary to qualify him for so extensive a forgery. He must have been conversant, to a certain degree, with the language of our ancient poets, with the meaning and inflexion of their words, and with the rules of grammar which they observed. He must have formed a vocabulary from their books, which must have been previously read and understood by him, as the groundwork of his imitation, and undoubtedly the most difficult part of the undertaking.'

To the truth of these observations an advocate for Chatterton may in a great degree subscribe, without being convinced that he was unequal to the task in question. Chatterton was an extraordinary instance of prematurity of abilities, such as Wotton, Barretier, Psalmanazer, Crichton, Servin, &c. Common glossaries and dictionaries, Speght, Kersey, Bailey, &c. furnished him with most of the obsolete terms which he has introduced, and common histories, Geoffry of Monmouth, Hollinshed, Fox, Fuller, Camden, &c. with most of the facts he has alluded to.

The leading object of Mr. Bryant's work is to prove, that Chatterton could not be the author of the poems; because, in a variety of instances, he appeared not to understand them. There is something specious in this plea; but the learned writer has egregiously failed in his proofs. He has invented 'meanings never meant,' and discovered allusions never intended; and, deluded

by his own fancy, has made the most whimsical hypothesis the ground of his argument; so that because Chatterton did not anticipate his conjectures, he must be ignorant of Rowley's meaning! This is to make the error, in order to correct it. Chatterton undoubtedly mistook the meaning of several words; but the mistake equally concerns the poet and the glossarist. Mr. Bryant would confine every mistake, both as to words and things, to the last; and put a list of upwards of fifty terms to 'demo.' his proposition; but his reasonings, in almost every instance, are futile, and his inferences forced and unnatural. Speght, Kersey, and Bailey, in whom Chatterton confided, will explain the whole.

The observations of Mr. Matthias on the power of genius, and what he calls the *capability* of the English language, carry little force or conviction with them. His example is Homer. The case of Rowley and Homer is exceedingly different. We have real ground to proceed on when we speak of the poetry of Rowley's age; but nothing better than imaginary, when speaking of the age of Homer. The ancients were convinced that Homer had some models to guide him; and it is highly reasonable to suppose it. But the point in dispute is not, whether Rowley might not have been superior to every other poet of his day, but whether there is any ground in reason to suppose, or whether experience will warrant the supposition, that he should be essentially and almost totally different in language, in mode of composition, in harmony, in metre, in allusions, in references, in observations, in sentiment, and in every thing that falls within the compass of what is called taste, from not only a few, but from all the writers of his own and of every preceding age? The defenders of Rowley must assent to this proposition in its fullest extent; a proposition to which the mind almost instinctively revolts, and which the experience of mankind universally contradicts.

Among the advocates of Chatterton are the names of Tyrwhitt (Appendix to the octavo edition of Rowley, 1777, and Vindication of the Appendix, 1782), Croft (Love and Madness, 1780), Scott (Gentleman's Magazine, 1777, and Poetical Works, 1782), the Earl of Orford (Two Letters printed at Strawberry-hill, 1779), Badcock (Monthly Review, 1782), Warton (History of English Poetry, vol. 2. and Inquiry, &c. 1782), Malone (Cursory Observations, 1782); Gray, Mason, Hayley, Pye, Preston, Percy, Mickle, Headly, Johnson, Knox, Dyer, &c. The Critical Review, 1782, and Gentleman's Magazine, 1782, joined the party, which denies the authenticity of the poems.

The publications of Mr. Warton, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Malone, and the masterly critique of Mr. Badcock, have deservedly been considered as the first, in point of consequence, on this side of the question, and indeed decisive of the controversy.

'Insignificant as it may seem, says Mr. Warton, the determination of this question AFFECTS THE GREAT LINES OF THE HISTORY OF POETRY,

AND EVEN OF GENERAL LITERATURE. If it should at last be decided that these poems were really written so early as the reign of King Edward IV, the entire system that hath been framed concerning the prepossession of poetical composition, and every theory that has been established on the gradual improvement of taste, style, and language, will be shaken and disarranged.

The first serious objection which occurs against the authenticity of the poems, is, that Chatterton never could be prevailed upon to produce more than four of the originals, the Challenge to Lydgate, the Song to Ælla, and Lydgate's answer, contained in one parchment, and the account of W. Canynge's Feast, the Epitaph on Robert Canynge, and part of the Story of W. Canynge; the whole not containing more than 124 verses. If he had been in possession of the original manuscripts of Ælla, Battle of Hastings, &c. what should have hindered his producing them? If he wished to give credit to his pretensions, how could he better have effected his purpose than by showing his originals? What could have been his motive for destroying them, upon the supposition of his having possessed them? This question was never answered. The fact was, Chatterton confined his attempts at forging manuscripts to smaller pieces; but in these he failed. How much more would he have failed in poems of any considerable length? The attempt was too daring even for his adventurous pen.

The first parchment, containing 66 verses, has since been lost, but there can be no difficulty in pronouncing it a forgery, as the correspondence itself, between Lydgate and the supposed Rowley, is plainly fictitious. Dr. Milles says, 'that the hand in which the story of Canynge is written is somewhat different from the Account of Canynge's Feast,' and Mr. Tyrwhitt adds, 'that the hand in which the Epitaph on Robert Canynge is written, differs entirely from both.' They could not both, therefore, have been written by Rowley. The archetype of the fac simile of Canynge's Feast is evidently a forgery. It contains no species of hand-writing that ever existed in any age, and could only have been read by the person who wrote it.

The very existence of any such person as Rowley is questioned, and upon good grounds. He is not so much as noticed by William of Wyrcestre, who lived about the supposed time of Rowley, was himself of Bristol, and makes frequent mention of Canynge. 'Bale, says Lord Orford, who lived near two hundred years nearer to Rowley than we, and who, by unwearied industry, dug a thousand bad authors out of obscurity,' has never taken the least notice of such a person; nor yet Leland, Pitts, or Tanner, nor indeed any other literary biographer. That no copies of any of his works should exist, but those deposited in Redcliffe church, is also an unaccountable circumstance not easy to be surmounted. The manner in which they are said to have been preserved is improbable. That title deeds, relating to the church, or even historical records, might be lodged in the muniment room of Redcliffe church is sufficiently probable; but that *poems* should have been consigned to a chest with six keys, kept in a private room, with title deeds and conveyances, and that these keys should be intrusted, not to the heads of a college, or any literary society, but to aldermen and church-wardens, is a supposition replete with absurdity; and the improbability is increased, when we consider that these very papers passed through the hands of persons of some literature, of Chatterton's father in particular, who had a taste for poetry, and yet without the least discovery of their intrinsic value.

No writings, or chest, deposited in Redcliffe church, are mentioned in Mr. Canynge's will, which has been carefully inspected; nor any books, except two, called 'Ligers cum integris legenda,' which he leaves to be used occasionally in the choir, by the two chaplains established by him.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANY.

PECULIARITIES OF THOMAS DAY, ESQ.

[Miss Anna Seward, to whom the lovers of polite literature, are indebted for many elegant specimens of poetry, has recently been employed in prose composition, and has written a biography of the late Dr. Darwin, and a criticism upon the most popular of his poems. Among many interesting anecdotes, in the front pages of this biography, we find some curious circumstances relative to the life and philosophic adventures of Thomas Day, the eccentric author of Sandford and Merton. With a distinct voice, we call the attention of our readers to this article, because it artlessly describes the ridiculous and pernicious effects of those wilful systems, which have of late been so much admired by all the atheists, deists, jacobins, innovator philosophic jugglers, and desperate projectors of the new school. It shows, with the force of mathematical demonstration, that all their whimsies are not only at warfare with common sense and continued experience, but with private and public felicity. Their schemes of education ossify the heart, and pollute the imagination. They make men rogues, and women whores. Their short cut to morality is only a new, and more direct road to the gallows; and as for their maniac Politics, whether they appear simpering in the hypocritical shape of democratic constitutions, or ferocious and bloody, like the grim Moloch of Jacobinism, they are of so low, so flagitious, so abominable a character, that a constant combat should be maintained against them, not only with the force of argument, but with the force of the valiant, with all the poignancy of pens, and ALL THE SHARPNESS OF SWORDS.]

About the year 1765, came to Lichfield, from the neighbourhood of Reading, the young and gay philosopher, Mr. Edgeworth, a man of fortune, and recently married to a Miss Ellars of Oxfordshire. The fame of Dr. Darwin's various talents allured Mr. E. to the city they graced. Then scarcely two and twenty, and with an exterior yet more juvenile, he had mathematic science, mechanic ingenuity, and a competent portion of classical learning, with the possession of the modern languages. His address was gracefully spirited, and his conversation eloquent. He danced, he fenced; and, winged his arrows with more than philosophic skill; yet did not the consciousness of these lighter endowments abate his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge.

After having established a friendship and correspondence with Dr. Darwin, Mr. Edgeworth did not return to Lichfield till the summer of the year 1770. With him, at that period, came the late Mr. Day, of Bear-hill, in Berkshire. These young men had been fellow-students in the university of Oxford. Mr. Day was also attracted by the same celebrated abilities, which, five years before, had drawn his friend into their sphere. He was then twenty-four, in possession of a clear estate, about twelve hundred pounds per annum.

Mr. Day looked the philosopher. Powder and fine clothes were, at that time, the appendages of gentleman. Mr. Day wore not either. He was tall and stooped in the shoulders, full made, but not corpulent; and in his meditative and melancholy air a degree of awkwardness and dignity were blended. We found his features interesting and agreeable amidst the traces of a severe small-pox. There was a sort of weight upon the lids of his large hazle eyes; yet when he declaimed,

....."Of good and evil
"Passion, and apathy, and glory, and shame,"

very expressive were the energies gleaming from them beneath the shade of sable hair, which, Adam-like, curled about his brows. Less graceful, less amusing, less brilliant than Mr. E. but more highly imaginative, more classical, and a deeper reasoner; strict integrity, energetic friendship, openhanded bounty, sedulous and diffusive charity, greatly overbalanced, on the side of virtue, the tincture of misanthropic gloom and proud contempt of common-life society, that marked the peculiar character, which shall unfold itself on these pages. In succeeding years, Mr. Day published two noble poems, The Dying Negro, and The Devoted Legions; also Sandford and Merton, which by wise parents is put into every youthful hand.

Mr. Day dedicated the third edition of the Dying Negro to Rousseau. That dedication has every force and every grace of eloquence. The sentiments are strongly characteristic of their writer except in the philippic against American resistance just commenced when the address to Rousseau was composed. Generous indignation of the slave trade, practised without remorse in the southern colonies of North America, induced Mr. Day to refuse them all credit for the patriotic virtue of that resistance to new and unconstitutional claims which threatened their liberties.

In the course of year 1770, Mr. Day stood for a full-length picture to Mr. Wright of Derby. A strong likeness and a dignified portrait were the result. Drawn as in the open air, the surrounding sky is tempestuous, lurid, and dark. He stands leaning his left arm against a column inscribed to Hamden. Mr. Day looks upwards, as enthusiastically meditating on the contents of a book, held in his dropped right hand. The open leaf is the oration of that virtuous patriot in the senate, against the grant of ship-money demanded by king Charles the first. A flash of lightning plays in Mr. Day's hair, and illuminates the contents of the volume. The poetic fancy, and what were then the politics of the original, appear in the choice of subject and attitude. Dr. Darwin sat to Mr. Wright about the same period. That was a simple contemplative portrait, of the most perfect resemblance.

The circumstances of Mr. Day's disposition, habits, and destiny were so peculiar, as to justify digression from the principal subjects of these pages.

Their author would deem it inexcusable to introduce any thing fabulous; to embellish truth by the slightest colouring of fiction, even by exaggerating singularity, or heightening what is extraordinary;....but when realities are of a nature to interest and to amuse in a collateral branch of the memoir, the reader will not be displeased to turn from its principal personage, distinguished rather by wonderful endowment than by uncommon occurrences, while the picture of his friend's more eventful story passes before their eyes.

Mr. Day's father died during his infancy, and left him an estate of twelve hundred pounds per annum.

Soon after his mother married a gentleman of the name of Philips. The author of this narrative has often heard Mr. Day describe him as one of those common characters, who seek to supply their inherent want of consequence, by a busy, teizing interference in circumstances, with which they have no real concern.

Mrs. Philips, jointured with three hundred pounds a year out of her son's estate, was left his sole guardian, or united with another person in the trust, whom she influenced. Herself, influenced by such a husband, often rendered uncomfortable the domestic situation of a high-

spirited youth of genius. We may well suppose he impatiently brooked the preceptive impertinence, and troublesome authority of a man whom he despised, and who had no claim upon his obedience, though he considered it as a duty to pay some outward respect to the husband of his mother.

She frequently repined at the narrowness of her jointure, and still oftener expressed solicitude lest Mr. Philips, who had no fortune of his own, should lose in the decline of life, by losing her, all comfortable subsistence. It was Mr. Day's first act on coming of age, and into possession of his estate, to augment his mother's jointure to four hundred, and to settle it upon Mr. Philips during his life. This bounty to a man who had needlessly mortified and embittered so many years of his own infancy and youth, evinced a very elevated mind. That mind also had been wounded by the caprice of a young lady, who 'claimed the triumph of a lettered heart,' without knowing how to value and retain her prize. Before her fickleness became indisputable, he wrote the following beautiful elegy,

Yet once again in yonder myrtle bowers,
Whence rose-lipp'd zephyrs, hovering shed
perfume,
I weave the painted radiance of the flowers,
And press coy Nature in her days of bloom.

Shall she, benignant, to the wondering eyes
Of the lone hermit all her charms unfold?
Or, gemm'd with dew, bid her gay florets rise
To grace the rustic master of the fold?

Shall these possess her bright, her fragrant store,
These snatch the wreath, by plastic Nature wove?
Ner wanton summer yield one garland more
To grace the bosom of the nymph I love!

For she shall come; with her each sister grace,
With her the kindred powers of harmony,
The deep recesses of the grove shall trace,
And hang with flowers each consecrated tree.

Blithe Fancy too shall spread her glittering plumes
She loves the white cliffs of Britannia's isle,
She loves the spot, where infant Genius blooms,
She loves the spot, where peace and freedom smile,

Unless her aid the mimic queen bestow,
In vain fresh garlands the low vales adorn;
In vain with brighter tints the florets glow,
Or dewdrops sparkle on the brow of morn.

Opens not one blossom to the spicy gale,
Throws not one elm its moss-wreath'd branches wide;
Wanders no rill through the luxuriant vale,
Or, glist'ning, rushes down the mountain side,

But thither, with the morning's earliest ray,
Fancy has wing'd her ever-mazy flight,
To hymn wild carols to returning day,
And catch the fairest beams of orient light.

Proud of the theft she mounts her lucid car,
Her car the rainbow's painted arch supplies;
Her swift wing'd steeds unnumber'd loves prepare,
And countless zephyrs waft her through the skies.

There while her bright wheels pause in cloudless air,
She waves the magic sceptre of command,
And all her flattering visions, wild as fair,
Start into life beneath the potent wand.

Here, proudly nodding o'er the vale below,
High rocks of pearl reflect the morning ray,
Whence gushing streams of azure waters flow,
And tinge the trickling herbage on their way.

These, cull'd from every mountain every plain;
Perennial flowers the ambient air perfume;

Far off stern Boreas holds his drear domain,
Nor chains the streams, nor blights the sacred bloom.

Through all the year, in copse and tangled dale,
Lone Philomel her song to Venus pours,
What time pale Evening spreads the dewy veil,
What time the red Morn blushes on the shores.

Illusive visions! O, not here—not here,
Does Spring eternal hold her placid reign;
Already Boreas chills the altering year,
And blasts the purple daughters of the plain.

So fade my promis'd joys!—fair scenes of bliss,
Ideal scenes, too long believ'd in vain,
Plung'd down and swallow'd deep in Time's abyss!
So veering chance and ruthless fates ordain.

Thee, Laura, thee, by fount, or mazy stream,
Or thicket rude, unpress'd by human feet,
I sigh, unheeded, to the moon's pale beam;
Thee, Laura, thee, the echoing hills repeat.

O! long of billows wild, and winds the sport,
Seize, seize the safe asylum that remains!
Here truth, love, freedom, innocence resort,
And offer long oblivion to thy pains.

When panting, gasping, breathless, on the strand
The shipwreck'd mariner reclines his breast,
Say, shall he scorn the hospitable hand,
That points to safety, liberty and rest?

But thou, too soon forgetful of past woe,
Again would'st tempt the winds, and treacherous sea;
Ah! shall the raging blast forget to blow,
Shall every wintry storm be hush'd for thee?

Not so! I dread the elemental war,
Too soon, too soon the calm, deceitful flies;
I hear the blast come whistling from afar,
I see the tempest gathering in the skies.

Yet let the tempest roar!—love scorns all harms,
I plunge amid the storm, resolv'd to save;
This hour, at least, I clasp thee in my arms,
The next let ruin join us in the grave.

The above verses imply some perfidy, or disappointment experienced by the lady to whom they are addressed. She probably accepted Mr. Day's addresses in resentment, and afterwards found she had not a heart to give him. This is no uncommon case; and it is surely better to recede, even at the church-porch, than to plight at its altar the vow of unexisting love, which no effort of the will can implant in the bosom. It has been observed, that marriage is often the grave of love, but scarcely ever its cradle; and what hope of happiness, what hope of a blessing on nuptials, which commence with perjury!

Even at that period, 'when youth, elate and gay, steps into life,' Mr. Day was a rigid moralist, who proudly imposed on himself cold abstinence, even from the most innocent pleasures; nor would he allow an action to be virtuous, which was performed upon any hope of reward, here, or hereafter. This severity of principle, more abstract and specious, than natural or useful, rendered Mr. Day sceptical towards revealed religion, though by no means a confirmed deist. Most unlike Doctor Johnson in those doubts, he resembled him in want of sympathy with such miseries as spring from refinement and the softer affections; resembled him also, in true compassion for the sufferings of cold and hunger. To the power of relieving them he nobly sacrificed all the parade of life, and all the pleasures of luxury. For that mass of human character which constitutes polished society, he avowed a sovereign contempt; above all things he expressed aversion to the modern plans of female education, attributing to their influence the fickleness which had stung him. He thought it,

however, his duty to marry; nursed systematic ideas of the force of philosophic tuition to produce future virtue, and loved to mould the infant and youthful mind,

Ever despicable in Mr. Day's estimation were the distinctions of birth, and the advantages of wealth; and he had learnt to look back with resentment to the allurements of the Graces. He resolved, if possible, that his wife should have a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy. So might she be his companion in that retirement, to which he had destined himself; and assist him in forming the minds of his children to stubborn virtue and high exertion. He resolved also that she should be simple as a mountain girl, in her dress, her diet, and her manners; fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines.... There was no finding such a creature ready made; philosophical romance could not hope it. He must mould some infant into the being his fancy had imaged.

With the late Mr. Bicknel, then a barister, in considerable practice, and of taintless reputation, and several years older than himself, Mr. Day lived on terms of intimate friendship. Credentials were procured of Mr. Day's moral probity, and with them, on his coming of age, these two friends journeyed to Shrewsbury, to explore the hospital in that town for foundling girls. From the little train, Mr. Day, in the presence of Mr. Bicknel, selected two of twelve years each; both beautiful; one fair, with flaxen locks, and light eyes; her he called Lucretia. The other, a clear, auburn brunette, with darker eyes, more glowing bloom, and chusnut tresses, he named Sabrina.

These girls were obtained on written conditions, for the performance of which Mr. Bicknel was guarantee. They were to this effect; that Mr. Day should, within the twelve-month after taking them, resign one into the protection of some reputable tradeswoman, giving one hundred pounds to bind her apprentice; maintaining her, if she behaved well, till she married, or began business for herself. Upon either of these events, he promised to advance four hundred more. He avowed his intention of educating the girl he should retain, with a view to making her his future wife; solemnly engaged never to violate her innocence; and if he should renounce his plan, to maintain her decently in some creditable family till she married, when he promised five hundred pounds as her wedding portion.

Mr. Day went instantly into France with these girls; not taking an English servant, that they might receive no ideas, except those which himself might choose to impart.

They teized and perplexed him; they quarrelled, and fought incessantly; they sickened of the small-pox; they chained him to their bed-side by crying, and screaming if they were ever left a moment with any person who could not speak to them in English. He was obliged to sit up with them many nights; to perform for them the lowest offices of assistance.

They lost no beauty by their disease. Soon after they had recovered, by crossing the Rhone with his wards in a tempestuous day, the boat overset. Being an excellent swimmer he saved them both, though with difficulty and danger to himself.

Mr. Day came back to England in eight months, heartily glad to separate the little squabblers. Sabrina was become the favourite. He placed the fair Lucretia with a chamber milliner. She behaved well, and became the wife of a respectable linen-draper in London. On his return to his native country, he intrusted Sabrina to the care of Mr. Bicknel's mother, with whom she resided some months in a country village, while he settled

his affairs at his own mansion-house, from which he promised not to remove his mother.

It has been said before, that the fame of Dr. Darwin's talents allured Mr. Day to Lichfield. Thither he led, in the spring of the year 1770, the beauteous Sabrina, then thirteen years old, and taking a twelve month's possession of the pleasant mansion in Stowe Valley, resumed his preparations for implanting in her young mind the characteristic virtues of Arria, Portia, and Cornelia. His experiments had not the success he wished and expected. Her spirit could not be armed against the dread of pain, and the appearance of danger. When he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms she did not endure it heroically, nor when he fired pistols at her petticoats, which she believed to be charged with balls, could she help starting aside, or suppress her screams.

When he tried her fidelity in secret-keeping, by telling her of well-invented dangers to himself, in which greater danger would result from its being discovered that he was aware of them, he once or twice detected her having imparted them to the servants, and to her play-fellows.

She betrayed an averseness to the study of books, and of the rudiments of science, which gave little promise of ability, that should, one day, be responsible for the education of youths, who were to emulate the Gracchi.

Mr. Day persisted in these experiments, and sustained their continual disappointment during a year's residence in the vicinity of Lichfield. The difficulty seemed to lie in giving her motive to exertion, self-denial, and heroism. It was against his plan to draw it from the usual sources, pecuniary reward, luxury, ambition, or vanity. His watchful cares had precluded all knowledge of the value of money, the reputation of beauty, and its concomitant desire of ornamented dress. The only inducement, therefore, which this artless girl could have to combat and subdue the natural preference, in youth so blossoming, of ease to pain, of vacant sport to the labour of thinking, was the desire of pleasing her protector, though she knew not how, or why he became such. In that desire, fear had greatly the ascendant of affection, and fear is a cold and indolent feeling.

Thus, after a series of fruitless trials, Mr. Day renounced all hope of moulding Sabrina into the being his imagination had formed; and ceasing to behold her as his future wife, he placed her at a boarding school in Sutton-Coldfield, Warwickshire. His trust in the power of education faltered; his aversion to modern elegance subsided. From the time he first lived in the Vale of Stowe, he had daily conversed with the beautiful Miss Honora Sneyd of Lichfield. Without having received a Spartan education, she united a disinterested desire to please, fortitude of spirit, native strength of intellect, literary and scientific taste, to unswerving truth, and to all the graces. She was the very Honora Sneyd, for whom the gallant and unfortunate Major Andres's inextinguishable passion is on poetic, as his military fame and hapless destiny are on patriot, record. Parental authority having dissolved the juvenile engagements of this distinguished youth and maid, Mr. Day offered to Honora his philosophic hand. She admired his talents; she revered his virtues; she tried to school her heart into softer sentiments in his favour. She did not succeed in that attempt, and ingenuously told him so. Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, one year younger than himself, was very pretty, very sprightly, very artless, and very engaging, though countless degrees inferior to the endowed and adorned Honora. To her the yet love-luckless sage transferred the heart, which Honora had with sighs resigned. Elizabeth told Mr. Day

she could have loved him, if he had acquired the manners of the world, instead of those austere singularities of air, habit, and address.

He began to impute to them the fickleness of his first love; the involuntary iciness of the charming Honora, as well as that for which her sister accounted. He told Elizabeth, that, for her sake, he would renounce his prejudices to external refinements, and try to acquire them. He would go to Paris for a year, and commit himself to dancing and fencing masters. He did so; stood daily an hour or two in frames, to screw back his shoulders, and point his feet; he practised the military gait, the fashionable bow, minuets, and cotillions; but it was too late; habits, so long fixed, could no more than partially be overcome. The endeavour, made at intervals, and by visible effort, was more really ungraceful than the natural stoop, and unfashionable air. The studied bow on entrance, the suddenly recollected assumption of attitude, prompted the risible instead of the admiring sensation; neither was the showy dress, in which he came back to his fair one, a jot more becoming.

Poor Elizabeth reproached her reluctant but insuppressive ingratitude, upon which all this labour, these sacrifices had been wasted. She confessed, that Thomas Day, blackguard, as he used jestingly to style himself, less displeased her eye than Thomas Day, fine gentleman.

Thus again disappointed, he resumed his accustomed plainness of garb, and neglect of his person, and went again upon the continent for another year, with pursuits of higher aim, more congenial to his talents and former principles. Returning to England in the year 1773, he saw that spring, Miss Honora Sneyd united to his friend Mr. Edgeworth, who was become a widower; and in the year 1780, he learned that his second love of that name, Miss Elizabeth Sneyd was also, after the death of Honora married to Mr. Edgeworth.

It was singular that Mr. Day should thus, in the course of seven years, find himself doubly rivalled by his most intimate friend; but his own previously renounced pursuit of those beautiful young women, left him without either cause or sensations of resentment on their account.

From the year 1773 this hitherto love-renounced philosopher resided chiefly in London, and amid the small and select circle which he frequented there, often met the pretty and elegant Miss Esther Mills of Derbyshire, who, with modern acquirements, and amongst modish luxuries, suited to her large fortune, had cultivated her understanding by books and her virtues by benevolence. The again unpolished stoic had every charm in her eyes,

"She saw Othello's visage in his mind."

But from indignant recollection of hopes so repeatedly baffled, Mr. Day looked with distrust on female attention of however flattering semblance; nor was it till after years of her modest, yet tender devotion to his talents and merit, that he deigned to ask Miss Mills, if she could, for his sake, resign all that the world calls pleasures; all its luxuries, all its ostentation. If, with him, she could resolve to employ, after the ordinary comforts of life were supplied, the surplus of her affluent fortune in clothing the naked, and feeding the hungry; retire with him into the country, and shun, through remaining existence, the infectious taint of human society.

Mr. Day's constitutional fault, like poor Cowper's, seemed that of looking with severe and disgusted eyes upon those venial errors in his species which are mutually tolerated by mankind. This stain of misanthropy was extremely deepened by his commerce with the world, restrained as that commerce had ever been. Sati-

ous, and discerning, it was not easy to deceive him, yet in a few instances, he was deceived by the appearance of virtues congenial to his own:

"For neither man, nor angel can discern
"Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
"Invisible, except to God alone."

To proposals so formidable, so sure to be rejected by a heart less than infinitely attached, Mr. Mills gladly assented; but something more remained. Mr. Day insisted, that her whole time should be settled upon herself, totally out of this present or future controul; that if she grew tired of a system of life so likely to weary a woman of the world, she might return to that wild any hour she chose, fully empowered to resume its habits, and its pleasures.

They married, and retired into the country about the year 1780, according to the best recollection of the author of these memoirs. No carriage; no appointed servant about Mrs. Day's person, no luxury of any sort. Music, in which she was a distinguished proficient, was deemed trivial. She banished her harpsichord and music-books. Frequent experiments upon her temper, and her attachment, were made by Mr. Day, whom she lived but to obey and love. Yet these she often wept, but never repined. Her wife, bound in the strictest fetters, as to the incapacity of claiming separate maintenance, or made more absolute sacrifices to the most imperious husband, than did this lady, whose independence had been secured, and of whom nothing was demanded as a duty.

Thus Mr. Day found, at last, amid the very class he dreaded, that of fashionable women, a part whose passion for him supplied all the requisites of his high-toned expectations.

Some eight or ten years after his marriage, the life of this singular being became, in its meridian, a victim to one of his uncommon systems. He thought highly of the gratitude, generosity, and sensibility of horses; and that whatever they were disobedient, unruly, or vicious, it was owing to previous ill usage from men. He had reared, fed, and tamed a favourite foal. When it was time it should become serviceable, disdaining to employ a horse breaker, he would use it to the bit and the burden himself. He was not a good horseman. The animal disliking his new situation, heeded not the soothing voice to which he had been accustomed. He plunged, threw his master, and then, with his heels, struck him on the head an instantly fatal blow. It was said that Mrs. Day never afterwards saw the sun; that she lay in bed, into the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day, and only rose to stray alone through her garden, when night gave her sorrows congenial gloom. She survived this adored husband two years, and then died, broken-hearted, for his loss.

Ere the principal subject of this biographic tract is resumed, the reader will not be sorry to learn the future destiny of Sabrina. She remained at school three years; gained the esteem of her instructress; grew feminine, elegant, and amiable. This young woman proved one of many instances that those modes of education, which have been sanctioned by long experience, are seldom abandoned to advantage by ingenious system-mongers.

When Sabrina left school, Mr. Day allowed her fifty pounds annually. She boarded some years near Birmingham, and afterwards at Newport, in Shropshire. Wherever she paid visits, she secured to herself friends. Beautiful and disinterested, she passed the dangerous interval between sixteen and twenty-five, without one reflection upon her conduct, one stain upon her discretion. Often the guest of Dr. Darwin, and

other of her friends in Lichfield, esteem and affection formed the tribute to her virtues.

Mr. Day corresponded with her parentally, but seldom saw her, and never without witnesses. Two years after his marriage, and in her twenty-sixth year, his friend, Mr. Bicknel, proposed himself; that very Mr. Bicknel, who went with Mr. Day to the Foundling Hospital at Shrewsbury, and by whose suretyship for his upright intentions the governors of that charity permitted Mr. Day to take from thence that beautiful girl, and the young Lucretia.

Mr. Bicknel, high in practice as a barrister, was generally thought an advantageous match for Sabrina. More from prudential, than impassioned impulse, did she accept his addresses, yet became one of the most affectionate, as well as the best of wives. When Mr. Day's consent was asked by his *protegee*, he gave, it in these ungracious words: 'I do not refuse my consent to your marrying Mr. Bicknel; but remember you have not asked my advice.' He gave her the promised dower, five hundred pounds.

Mr. Bicknel, without patrimonial fortune, and living up to his professional income, did not save money. His beloved wife brought him two boys. When the eldest was about five years old, their father was seized with a paralytic stroke, which, in a few weeks, became fatal. His charming widow had no means of independent support for herself and infants. Mr. Day said he would allow her thirty pounds annually, to assist the efforts which he expected she would make for the maintenance of herself and children. To have been more bounteous must surely have been in his heart, but it was not in his system. Through the benevolent exertions of Mr. Harding, Solicitor General to the Queen, the sum of eight hundred pounds was raised among the gentleman of the bar for Mrs. Bicknel and her sons; the interest to be the mother's during her life, and the principal, at her decease, to be divided between her children.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 19th instant, William Savery, a much esteemed member of the Society of Friends. He was a man, whom the most censorious could not censure, whose manners, mild and affable, endeared him to his friends; whose dignified, yet unassuming, deportment, rendered him respectable among his contemporaries, and whose talents, stimulated by a laudable zeal for the welfare of his fellow creatures, frequently gained him the applause of admiring crowds. Endowed with a mind noble and generous, possessing too a heart of philanthropy, he was peculiarly useful during the calamities occasioned by the Yellow Fever in Philadelphia; with undaunted serenity he visited the haunts of contagion, sought out distress, and endeavoured, by disinterested exertion, to calm the tide of woe. The sick he comforted with Christian counsel, and the poor he relieved from a fund committed to his care by the humanity of his fellow-citizens. He lived till the age of 55, a character of exemplary piety, a preacher and practiser of Christian principles. Great and many were his exertions for the diffusion of the Gospel, not only in this, but in foreign countries. His loss will be lamented as long as his name shall be remembered.

Why grieve ye thus? ye who his loss deplore;
Is he not gone from wretchedness and pain?
Lo! happy now in you empyreal heav'n,
Loudly his maker's goodness he adores.
Is it not folly then to weep his exit?
And long, with heartfelt unavailing sighs,
Mourn a friend gone, for whom death had no terrors!

Save, save your grief for those who need it more,
And weep, if you must weep, when sinners die;
Virtue no sobbing needs, she was his friend:
Each day, each hour, she hope and comfort gave,
Richly rewarding his laborious care,
Year after year to spread her influence far. H

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Children begin among themselves with a democracy, where every one is master. Immediately and naturally quarrelling with one another, they soon acquiesce in a Monarchy. One distinguishes himself from the rest either by greater genius, strength, or dexterity, in their little diversions. To him many submit, and hence an absolute, or energetic government.

The Spaniards have a very curious proverb, which forcibly expresses their love, or their fear of Great Britain,

Con todo el mundo guerra
Y paz con Ynglaterra.

Which, as our Bible translators say, '*being interpreted*' signifies Peace with England and war with all the world.

At Oviedo, says an elegant writer and observing traveller through Spain, I went into the cell of father Feyjoo, and conversed with those who had revered him living. I examined the features of his bust, but this having been taken when the clay was no longer animated, it was from his works alone that I could form any judgment of his mind. All who are conversant with these, will agree with me in thinking him, for general literature, the first writer in the Spanish nation.

Shakspeare composed his comedies with the carelessness of a gentleman who wrote at his ease, and gave his audience the first flowings of his fancy, without any dread of criticism. Those were times, in which the poet indulged his genius without restraint; he stood alone, and supereminent, and wanted no artificial scaffold to raise him above the heads of his contemporaries.

Shakspeare might vault his Pegasus without a rein; mountains might rise, and seas roll in vain before him; nature could neither stop nor circumscribe his career.

Duane has been labouring, for some years, to find an *individual* of the Jacobin Genus, who can write. His efforts, far from being successful, are so abortive, that but few of his retainers can even read.

In the novel of "Mordaunt" the ingenious Dr. Moore, observes, in his wonted happy manner, that 'Those who marry, in spite of dislike, or difference will frequently by *habit* acquire a kind of affection for each other, just as those, who cannot afford *claret*, take *port*, or perhaps *porter*; which though unpalatable at first, becomes less and less so by patience and perseverance, and at last tolerably suits their taste.

Those, on the other, hand, who despising all other considerations, marry from love, and separate soon after from hatred, may be compared to people, who are so fond of *claret*, that, without thinking of the price, indulge in excesses, which create disgust and remorse.

But the author adventurously adds, I am so framed that if I should venture on matrimony at all, I am convinced I would choose to risk the fate of the *claret drinkers*.

The present fashionable criterion for judging of the moral and intellectual qualities of a man, is not his countenance but his dress. There goes a *sly close dog*, (says one) his hands are always in his pockets. That's an *open-hearted generous fellow*, (says another) he never buttons his waist-coat.

David, the celebrated French painter, has realized a fortune of 20,000*l*. This is the true mode of substantiating shadows.

The battle of Monmouth is fresh in the memory of every one. General LEE, who commanded the advance of the American army, from some cause, not yet developed, had beaten a retreat, and met the intrepid WASHINGTON, marching to his support, with the whole line of the army. General WASHINGTON, with surprise, immediately accosted him with, "What is the reason of this extraordinary retreat?" "Sir, replied LEE, your troops will not fight British Grenadiers." WASHINGTON immediately retorted, "Sir, you never tried it."

The Duchess of Devonshire, while waiting in her carriage one day in the streets of London, observed a Dustman, with a short pipe in his hand, looking at her. Having gazed a few seconds with intenseness, he broke into a smile, and said 'Lord love your Ladyship, I wish you would let me light my pipe at your eyes.' Her grace took it in good part, and was so pleased with the whimsical frankness of the compliment, that when any thing civil is said to her, she often remarks 'Very well; but nothing like the Dustman.'

The following Parody was written before Mr. Jefferson sent for Tom Paine from France; and at a time when, from his extreme intemperance it was supposed he would soon become a victim to disease. We have copied it from a Newburyport Herald, printed in the year 1801. [Repertory.

ANTICIPATED ELEGY.

A parody on Tom Bowline.

The following elegiac stanzas are supposed to be sung at Paris, by one of Tom Paine's brother Bacchanalians, soon after the philosopher sinks into his 'eternal sleep.'

Here the fam'd sot lies—poor Tom Ranter,
The darling of our crew!
No more he'll hug his dear decanter,
For brandy brought him too!

His face was of the manliest beauty,
With carbuncles beset;
Faithful with us he did his duty,
And kept his ashes wet.

Tom never from his club departed,
His prowess was so rare,
Tho' often led, or homeward carted,
In toping he was fair.

And then he'd swear and write so clever!
Sedition was his fort;
But *Common Sense* is fled forever,
Since Tom is turn'd to dirt!

Yet shall poor Tom not be forgotten,
For Monticello's sage
Shall rank him, though with tipplers rotting,
The wisest of the age.

Thus brandy has in vain consign'd him
To death's unkind arrest—
For, while an infidel's behind him,
His memory will be blest!

The known shortness of life, as it ought to moderate our passions, may likewise, with equi-

propriety, contract our designs. There is not time for the most forcible genius, and active industry, to extend its effects, beyond a certain sphere. To project the conquest of the world is the madness of mighty princes; to hope for excellence in every science, has been the folly of literary heroes; and both have found at last, that they have panted for a height of eminence, denied to humanity, and have lost many opportunities of making themselves useful and happy, by a vain ambition of obtaining a species of honour which the eternal laws of Providence have placed, beyond the reach of man.

It is always pleasing to observe how much more our minds can conceive, than our bodies can perform; yet it is a duty, while we continue in this complicated state, to regulate one part of our composition, by some regard for the other. We are not to indulge our corporal appetites with pleasures, that impair our intellectual vigor, nor gratify our minds with schemes, which we know our lives must fail in attempting to execute. The uncertainty of our duration ought at once to set bounds to our designs, and add incitement to our industry; and when we find ourselves inclined either to immensity in our schemes, or sluggishness in our endeavors, we may either check or animate ourselves, by recollecting, with the father of physick, *that art is long, and life is short.*

Tune—'THE ISLAND.'

If the French have a notion
Of crossing the ocean,
Their luck to be trying on dry land;
They may come, if they like,
But we'll soon make 'em strike
To lads of the tight little Island.
Huzza for the boys of the Island—
The brave volunteers of the Island!
The fraternal embrace
If foes want in this place,
We'll present all the arms in the Island!

They say we keep shops,
To vend broad cloth and slops,
And of merchants they call us a sly land;
But, tho' war is their trade,
What BRITON'S afraid
To say he'll ne'er sell 'em the Island?
They'll pay pretty dear for the Island;
If fighting they want in the Island,
We'll shew 'em a sample,
Shall make an example,
Of all who dare bid for the island.

If met they should be
By the boys of the sea,
I warrant they'll never come nigh land;
If they do, those on land
Will soon lend 'em a hand
To foot it again from the Island.
Huzza! for the King of the Island;
Shall our father be robb'd of his Island?
While his children can fight,
They'll stand up for his right,
And their own, to the tight little Island.
[London paper.]

EPIGRAM.

Imitated from the French, by Mr. P. Dodd.

ON THE DEATH OF A SPENDTHRIFT.

His last great debt is paid—poor Tom's no more!
Last debt! Tom never paid a debt before.

A Parody on Parodies.

.....I do remember a Poet;
At this chandler's shop he dwells; whom late I noted,
With many a pilfer'd line, and quaint conceit,
 wooing Apollo; haggard were his looks.
Pale want and misery had skeleton'd his bones,
And in his garret hung some ballads new,
A Grub-street elegy, and dying speech,
Most pitifully worded; on a scarce propp'd shelf
A Shakspeare mutilated, old magazines,

Pamphlets, reviews, a mort of newspapers,
Newfangled epigrams, impromptus, satire sharp,
A vast collection of spoil'd printer's sheets,
Lay, without order, yet made up a show.
Noting this mixture strange, to myself I said,
An if a man did lack a birth-day ode,
Or Sonnet pen'd to his mistress's e. e. brow,
That well might wake the critic's sharp belay,
Here lives a half starv'd wight would do it him;
Not being Sunday, he is sure at home.

The modern French style of writing is totally different from those pure models, which are to be found in her early writers. Fustian nonsense and bombast are the natural language of upstarts, mountebanks, ruffians and pillagers. The new men of regicide *naturally* talk in the tone of butchers, shoe blacks, chimney sweepers, and lacqueys, because each individual, whether a murderous Marat, or a limping Le Paux, whether a three coloured director, or a Harlequin First Consul *must* use the gross gibberish, the mother tongue of every low bred rebel. Nothing can be truer than the assertion of a great Statesman on this subject. Edmund Burke, whose political truths will 'flourish in immortal youth' when cart-loads of French, Jacobin Constitutions have been projected in vain, assures us 'that State Papers in the modern style of French bureaux are mere *fanfaronades*, *things*, which have much more the air, and character of the saucy declamations of their *clubs*, than the tone of regular office.'

In Carlyle's specimen of Arabian Poetry, may be found the following odd thought at the expense of an Invalid, too solicitous for the preservation of his health.

ON A VALETUDINARIAN.

So careful is Isa and anxious to last,
So afraid of himself is he grown
He swears, through *two* nostrils the breath goes
too fast
And he's trying to breath through but *one*.

ODE TO EVENING.

Hail, meek eyed maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves;
As homeward bent, to kiss his prattling babes,
Jocund, he wistles thro' the twilight groves!
When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.
The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bow'rs and cooling caverns ran,
Return to trip in wanton ev'ning dance;
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.
To the deep wood the clam'rous rocks repair,
Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene;
And from the sheep coat and fresh furrow'd field
Stout Ploughmen meet to wrestle on the green.
The Swain that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep and length'ning shadow spies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm refreshing hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.
Now ev'ry passion sleeps; desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever restless Pride;
And holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad ambition's storms subside.
O modest evening! oft let me appear
A wand'ring vot'ry in thy pensive train;
List'ning to ev'ry wildly warbling note
That fills with farewell sweet thy dark'ning plain.

A FRAGMENT,

[Addressed to James Corrie, Esq. of Liverpool, on his edition of the works of Robert Burns, for the benefit of the widow and family of that immortal Bard.]
See plenty exults, in her green waving blade,
As the light breeze sweeps gently along,
And labor reclines in the soft easy shade,
Where the Redbreast awakes his sweet song.

How beauteous the landscape, when summer is drest
With a census of roses so gay;
But ah! when shall *Scotia* with pleasure be blest,
Since her *Burns* sleeps so cold in the clay!
Expands not thy breast, when the sounds of delight
Are heard in the still hour of eve;
When the villagers sport by the moon's silver light,
The day's wasting cares to relieve?
His too was the rapture such scenes could impart,
As the rustic maids chaunted his lay,
For benevolence strung the fine cords of his heart,
But that heart now lies cold in the clay!
From his country's blue hills, while the sun's golden beam
Gives life to all nature around,
Or thro' her lone glens winds the serpentine stream,
Shall the voice of the poet resound:
When love, with light heart, steals unseen to the bower,
His strains shall fresh transport convey;
For his spirit shall reign in that dear blissful hour,
Tho' his body lies cold in the clay!
Fancy wove the rich web of his vision divine,
With the rays of the soft blushing morn;
His path nature strew'd with her wild flow'rs so fine,
And the dew, trembling, hung on the thorn.
The painted trout leapt from the smooth gliding *Ayr*,
The lambskins danc'd sporting away,
While his lyre breath'd the notes that the soul could ensnare—
But now he lies cold in the clay!
And still o'er the mountain, and through the deep vale,
As he sung of his *Scotia* so dear,
Want hung by his footsteps, to tell her sad tale
For his *Jane* and her offspring were near.
Ye fathers who feel, and ye sons who can love,
Your regard to his orphans display;
And with *Corrie's* warm heart your kind sympathy prove,
Since the Minstrel sleeps cold in the clay.

WHIMSICAL POETICAL CROSS-READINGS.

The candles purloined last Saturday night—
Tis shrewdly suspected will all come to light.

A good dose of salts and a gentle rotation—
To take out the stains—in a soil'd reputation.

Return'd from their travels to see foreign parts—
Fresh oysters and lobsters transported in carts.

Two hampers of porter, five casks of salt petre—
Set to music by Handel, in excellent metre.

My servant took with him when he ran away—
Ten acres of woodland, besides corn and hay.

Fine fat and sleek cattle are seen in each street—
In climbing a wall, they lost all their feet.

Restorative Balsam with Essence of Mustard—
May be had gratis—in exchange for good custard.

To be let, or sold, in a fine situation—
My own dearest jewel—with a lost reputation.

A snow storm, with thunder and lightning, 'tis said—
Fell down the chimney, and roll'd into bed.

Good Rock and Turk's Island salt may be had—
To keep in his senses, a man who's run mad.

One morning, a cabbage appeared to my view—
Full three yards and a half—I think it was blue.

In our paper of Monday, we said in great haste—
A fire broke out which consum'd all our paste.

A pedlar came travelling by with his pack—
Containing ten white men, a squaw, and a black.

The speaker did say, but not in his chair—
You dunces attend to the chaplain at prayer.

Mr. Hayley has announced a life of Romne the painter, to be compiled from materials bequeathed to him by that gentleman for that purpose.

Temperance is a virtue, which the Spaniards show with other southern nations, for wine is so inflammatory in regions exposed to the heat of the sun, that, instead of an agreeable warmth and a flow of ideas, it would produce fever, misery and madness. In these countries, the body is so much exhausted by the influence of heat, that the *siesta* or short sleep in the middle of the day becomes a necessary resource of nature, and is by habit continued even in winter.

The following extract exhibits a beautiful picture of the amiable temper of ADDISON, and an enchanting specimen of his sweetest stile.

When I look into the frame, and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction than that tenderness and concern, which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments, which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty and success, that can be conferred on a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings, as is vested in himself, and in his own private property. By this means, every man, that does himself any real service does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of Fortune and Power that I was never born to. There is nothing, in particular, in which I so much rejoice as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties and distresses. And because the world does not supply instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together in a narrow compass the great occurrences and events, that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time, which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man who has deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of Prejudice and Envy, breaking out with lustre and shining forth in all the splendor of success, I close my book and am an happy man for a whole evening.

'Qui n'a pas vue Paris n'a rien vu!' 'He that has not seen Paris has seen nothing!' So said M. du Hautpas, speaking in the triumph of his heart, as he approached his window, in the *Cul-de-sac des Babillardes*, to take in the *chemise* his wife had hung out to dry!

An Englishman is surprised to see the show which a Frenchman can make with a little money. Give a poor fellow, who has neither coat, shoe nor stocking, a few livres, and he will make himself a beau for the Boulevards.

A person, who related it to me, witnessed the following scene:

One evening, company came in unexpectedly at the lodgings of an officer. 'Bless me,' exclaimed the mistress of the house, 'what shall I do—they are my intimate friends. I know they will expect to stay to supper, and I have absolutely nothing to give them.'

A maid, who had lived with her from infancy, which, as a result of the feudal system used to be common in France, seeing the distress of her mistress, and possessing, in a high degree, the faculty of making much of a little, asked her mistress what money she had? 'Oh,' replied the lady, 'none scarcely: I have only a fifteen

Sous piece, and three liards: less than ten pence. 'Give it me quickly,' said the maid.

Away the girl went, and presently the table was brought, the clean cloth was spread, the silver forks and spoons arranged, bread, butter, a *Neufchatel* cheese, a salad, two plates thinly strewn with strawberries, and a ragout of something like bare bones covered the board. The show was quite respectable, an appearance of many things though there was nothing to eat; and the girl, with great apparent vexation, blamed herself for her negligence: 'she had been so forgetful and the shops were now all shut: it was shameful of her! Her lady was the most hospitable lady on earth: it was no fault of hers, for her strict orders were to be always well provided.'

GAZETTES OR NEWSPAPERS.

Monsieur de Saintfoix, in his historical Essays on Paris, gives this account of their introduction.

Theophrastus Renaudot, a physician of Paris, picked up news from all quarters, to amuse his patients; he presently became more in request than any of his brethren; but as a whole city is not ill, or at least don't imagine itself to be so, he began to reflect at the end of some years, that he might gain a more considerable income by giving a paper every week, containing the news of different countries. A permission was necessary; he obtained it, with an exclusive privilege, in 1632. Such papers had been in use for a considerable time at Venice, and were called *Gazettes*, because a small piece of money, called *Gazetta*, was paid for reading them. This is the origin of our *Gazette* and its name. About ten years afterwards, they were common in England by the name of *Mercuries*.

Mr. Gifford we understand is engaged in writing a life of Buonaparte.

TRUE RESIGNATION.

WHEN Colin's good damè, who long held him a tug,

And defeated his hopes by the help of the jug,
Had taken too freely the cheeruping cup,
And repeated the dose till it laid her quite up;
Colin sent for the doctor; with sorrowful face,
He gave him his fee, and he told him her case,
Quoth Galen, I'll do what I can for your wife;
But indeed she's so bad, that I fear for her life.
In counsel there's safety—e'en send for another;
For if she should die, folks will make a strange
pother,

And say that I lost her, for want of good skill—
Or of better advice—or, in short, what they will.
Says Colin, your judgment there's none can dispute;

And if physic can cure her—I know your's will do't.

But if, after all, she should *happen to die*,
And they say that you kill'd her—I'll swear 'tis
a lie;

'Tis the *husband's* chief business, whatever ensue,
And whoever finds fault—I'll be shot if I do.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'M' is solicited to crop frequently the flowers of Poetry. In the intervals of domestic duty it is more illustrious for a woman to peruse the brilliant and the useful, than to flaunt in public places, or to cheapen fans.

Ah, friend, to dazzle let the *vain* design,
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine.

It is the constant endeavor of the Editor that this paper should abound with original communications, and he is always as studious as possible of variety. But it is impossible always to be new

and various. Readers must remember the infant state of letters in this country; that many tastes are to be gratified, and that numerous and often jarring articles press upon the printer. The statesman looks for official documents and political arguments; the quidnunc for news, the poet for harmonious verse, the Lounger for paragraphs, the moralist for REASON, TRUTH and NATURE, and the wit for MERRIMENT. All these expectants cannot be gratified *at once*. But each in order shall find something adapted to his particular taste or habits. Let him, therefore, who is disappointed this week, wait till the next, and, peradventure, we may make him atonement. Let him remember, with a slight variation of the words of Lord Coke, that 'albeit he cannot at any one day, do what he can, reach the particular object of his curiosity, yet at some other day, in some other place, his wishes may probably be realized.'

We are happy to comply with the request of H. The memorial of Talents and Worth is always precious to the Editor.

'A Fragment' in the manner of STERNE is under consideration. The author has certainly much of the quaintness, wit, and eccentricity of the original. Of the fire of fancy, and brightness, without smoke, he makes a brilliant display. But we fear that some licentious allusions will offend 'their worships and their reverences,' yet though prudes would at least *pretend* to be offended with his sauciness, yet they could not deny him the praise of humour, and they would exclaim with Pope upon Sir John Vanbrugh.

'How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit.'

ORIGINAL POETRY. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO A ROSE-BUD.

Ah why so tardy, timid Rose!
Thy opening beauties to display?
Ah why within their mossy cell
So long thy shrinking petals stay?

Full many a morn, and many an eve,
Thy gently swelling bud I've seen,
And fondly strove, with many a kiss,
To wake thee from thy bad so green.

When scarcely form'd you first appear'd,
I mark'd thee with a lover's eye,
And doom'd thee to an envied fate—
On Delia's breast to live and die.

Spring's gladd'ning smile now gilds the plain,
And chases Winter's frowns away,
To thee, O Rose! she fondly calls,
And pours on thee her warmest ray.

Already doth her gladd'ning smile
My Delia's glowing beauties grace,
Already hath her pencil bright
Ting'd with its radiant hue her face.

With that same hue, O happy Rose!
She longs thy velvet leaves to tip,
And breathe on them the same perfume
She breath'd on Delia's dewy lip.

Near thee the lately waken'd bees,
Anxious to taste thy fragrance, stay,
With me thy promis'd bloom they wait,
And murmur chide thy long delay.

Then haste, and with impatient step,
When next to mark thy growth I walk,
Then let me see thy blushing head
Bend with its dewy weight thy stalk. Q. V.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
TO A CARVER.

BARILLA.

Skillin, lo! a belle of taste
Seems along the street to haste;
Shall I stop her, while you strike,
If not exactly, something like?
"If you please, but she's a wit,
Extremely difficult to hit;
A thing that varies every tide,
And chiefly to the moody side.
She calls, and, faith I don't know how,
Smooths every wrinkle on my brow;
Begs me to rest, the chissel takes,
Touches and such expression wakes,
That, baffled in my fav'rite art,
I take new lessons from her heart.

She gives each feature of her face
A most inimitable grace,
Whene'er her favourites appear
Within her humour's atmosphere.
With care, when arrogance is nigh,
Unsheaths the satire of her eye;
And darts such ridicule around,
That every hypocrite confounds.

Invite her home, such sport and laughter!
The ceiling cracks, and shakes the rafter.
In merry mood quick fly her jokes,
Rebounding thro' the room of folks;
With such an uproar of high glee,
Of mirth, and jest, and jollity,
Just as she please to give the pitch,
That each old knitter drops a stitch;
The workmen run, the tools all drop,
The fire goes out, the jack-wheels stop.

So lovely, yet so strange a creature,
The woman love, yet long to beat her;
Conceive her frolics are improper,
Yet know not how the deuce to stop her;
For she will, whene'er she please,
Set every woman more at ease;
And when a thousand pictures shown,
Make each enamour'd of her own.
Are follies by her hand uncover'd?
A thousand beauties are discover'd;
For she will sponge the peccant part,
And touch no fibre of the heart.

She oft, where sober maidens spend
The Sunday night by candle-end
Will sit, while half an hour goes round,
Some text of Scripture to expound;
With saintly visage thence retire
To some mean hovel's charcoal fire,
Undress the children, tend the sick,
Recruit and trim the watcher's wick.
At midnight contemplative walk,
With lovers, kittens, planets, talk,
Then, so unruffled glide to bed,
That spiders weave around her head.
Now, just for exercise and air,
To full assemblies will repair;
Be flutter'd round by belles and beaux,
And dance till Peter's herald crows.
Then, when she meditates no harm,
Take some young fellow by the arm,
When he begins to sigh and pray,
Pities and puffs the fool away;
Whips in the stage, and takes a jaunt
To some delightful country haunt;
Passes an hour among the grain,
And whirls a comet back again.

If hundreds do her form adore,
Her wit demands a thousand more;
And other thousands will confess
Her sweet, bewitching, soft address;

Assert she is, what none denied,
Good-humour's self, personified;
And place a million round her stand,
She thrills electric through the band;
Nay, circle men from pole to pole,
She'd mesmer-magnetise the whole.

Grave sages, if she pass the door,
Spring from their metaphysic lore,
Throw out a signal for her wit,
(Forever ready, ever light),
To flash among the mystic haze,
And kindly light them thro' the maze.
If, on some classic work intent,
His stock exhaust, invention spent,
She bursts upon him ere he think,
Upsets his pipe upon his ink,
Pats with familiar hand his cheek,
And joins the hearty laugh at Greek:
Or, not to dissipate his theme,
Threadles her needle, mends a seam,
Brushes the cobwebs from the tome,
And is, in every sense, at home.

For poets, thoughts and words combines,
Faster than they can shape their lines;
Teaches them curiously to match
In various tissue every patch;
Cover each bare thread with a gem,
Gloss o'er the whole, and fringe the hem;
That when they think the suit complete,
Polish'd and graceful, fine and neat,
Moves her magnetic fingers o'er it,
It looks, as tho' a critic tore it,
For every spangle seeks its kind,
And leaves a cavity behind.

Angelo's genius, howe'er great,
To wood could ne'er her form translate;
And 'twere an easier task to grave
A Phryne rising from the wave.
For as her motion, so her mein,
Extremes will seldom fix between;
For with the scene her humours change,
Adjust her features or derange;
And, catch them steady by surprise,
Her soul comes peeping thro' her eyes,
And, still resolv'd to disappoint,
Puts the whole figure out of joint;
With grave or mimic air untwines
The whole geometry of lines.
So let her pass—a jolly wench!
The next may sit upon the bench,
Rest easy, be at leisure view'd,
While every lineament is hew'd;
For no man, till her spirit's fled,
Will dare to carve Barilla's head.

ANALASKI.

SELECTED POETRY.

[In looking into 'Ellis's Specimens,' we find among the minor poems of Sir John Davies, the following good likeness of a Lounger. Human nature is nearly the same in every age. *Fuscus* in the reign of JAMES, and Pope's *Paridel* in that of Queen Anne, are twin brothers of a yawning family. Mental vacancy is as common on the banks of the Schuylkill, as on the banks of the Thames; and every reflecting reader, as he peruses the following extract from an obsolete poet, will imagine that he is describing the life and adventures of some of the young men of Philadelphia.]

Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will,
Yet, in the course of life, that he doth lead,
He's like a horse, which turning round a mill,
Doth always in the self-same circle tread.

First, he doth rise at ten; and at eleven
He goes to Gyl's, where he doth eat till one;
Then sees a play till six, and sups at seven;
And after supper straight to bed is gone.

And there till ten next day he doth remain;
And then he dines; and sees a comedy;
And then he sups, and goes to bed again:
Thus *'round he runs, without variety:*
Save that, sometimes, he comes not to the play,
But falls into a *brothel* by the way.

HORACE BOOK I. ODE 22.

TO ARISTIVS FUSCUS.

The guiltless life, the unsullied heart,
Need not the dire envenomed dart
That speeds from Moorish bows,
Whether o'er Caucasus we stray,
O'er torrid Syrtes take our way,
Or where Hydaspes flows.

For late, when through my Sabine shade,
In careless mood too far I stray'd,
By gentlest passions charm'd,
And sung of Lalage and love,
A wolf rush'd swiftly from the grove,
But fled me, though unarmed.

Such his dread form, portentous size,
None like in martial Daunia lies,
Where ample forests spread;
None fiercer springs from Juba's land,
Where, nurtur'd in the parching sand,
The prowling Lion's bred.

Then place me where no Summer breeze
Cheers the dull soil, revives the trees,
Or in the pathless wilds
Where Phebus darts his fiercest fire;
Still shall my heart the nymph admire,
Who sweetly speaks, and sweetly smiles.

SONNET.

From the Portuguese of Camoens.

Lives there a wretch who would profanely dare
On Love bestow a tyrant's barbarous name,
And, foe to every soft delight, proclaim
His service slavery; its wages care?
Forever may he prove it so, and ne'er
Feel the dear transports of that generous flame,
For him no maiden smile, nor melting dame
The silent couch of midnight bliss prepare.
For much he wrongs the gentlest best of pow'rs,
Whose very pangs can charm, and torments
please,
Whom long I've known, and in whose angriest
hours
Such rapture found, as I would not forego,
No, not forego, for all the dead cold ease
Which dull Indifference could e'er bestow.

* This is a strong phrase to express the wearisome sameness of lazy life. To toil after pleasure, which is not relished when caught; to pace, like a blind ass in an olive mill, the insipid round of fashion; to go into company, and yet be in solitude; and to gaze at the most interesting objects with a foolish face of apathy, are the characteristics of many an 'Ennui.'
[Note by the Editor.]

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 26.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 94.

Sic bona librorum.....
Copia. Hor.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

OF the many endowments, which nature has bestowed on man, I know of none which is productive of more real delight, and which, therefore, ought to inspire more gratitude, than a taste for reading. The author of the quotation, which introduces this essay, seems to have enjoyed this pleasure in no common degree, for he has more than once expressed his feelings and his wishes with all the eloquence of a Roman. Thus he thinks if the Gods will only grant him health, and sufficient fortune to secure him from anxiety as to the hour which is passing over him, his books will give him contentment and equanimity. The austere Christian may condemn the presumption of him, who supposes tranquillity of mind to be in his own power. It certainly does militate somewhat against the doctrines of Christianity, but it is consonant with the principles of the age in which Horace flourished, and appears, particularly, to be a tenet of the sect to which he belonged. As far, however, as human agency can avail, books will be found to possess great efficacy in dispelling the gloom of discontent, in brightening the brow with cheerfulness, in lifting up the discontented countenance, and in solacing the pungency of grief. Every profession, however laborious, must have some intervals of leisure, and I envy not the disposition of him who must spend his time in perfect indolence. We learn from Locke, and every one's experience will confirm the truth of the remark, that the mind of a waking person is never wholly vacant—that it always thinks. But what can be the employment of him who has not previously stored his mind with proper materials of thought by reading? He must be confined, like philosopher Godwin's 'dull man,' to mere observation of the shops he sees in walking, and the acquaintance he meets. So negative a kind of existence we might presume every one would wish to avoid. Yet how many (*ne pour la digestion*, as Bruyère would call them) do we daily see, who, after finishing the business of the day, very contentedly sit down to dissipate the time which intervenes before the morrow in cards and frivolous conversation with uneducated girls, or quickly retire to that state which the

ancients wisely supposed to be not very remote from death. When we know how fruitful a resource we possess against an ennui so distressing, an indolence of mind so degrading, is it not wonderful to reflect how few there are who enjoy it?

Books are not only valuable as a source of amusement, but they may be esteemed as our best instructors, next to experience, in life. Oral advice loses its influence by a variety of causes. The teacher's delicacy too often prompts him to spare the feelings of him who has rendered himself obnoxious to reproof; and the pupil, in return, will condemn the precepts of one, whose moral character he may not think superior to his own. But that advice which is presented to us by the pen of the moralist is divested of all personal considerations. He need not be penurious of reproof, who knows not whom it will offend, nor will his pride be wounded, who, in the obscurity of his closet, has none to witness his disgrace. Ethological works constitute a sort of altar, before which the student may confess himself, and no one will know his frailties; if he turn not away from the vestibule, he may become virtuous before the world shall know he was vicious.

He who has a taste for literature, and a 'copia librorum,' may be said to possess an extensive circle of acquaintance. He has it in his power to select his company from all parts of the world, and even, like the wandering Jew, unite the most distant ages. He may enjoy the bliss of Paradise, and sail in the holy ark of Noah, or the magnificent barge of Cleopatra. He may be free and equal, and experience disgrace and neglect, such as Socrates did in the democracy of Athens; or he may enjoy honour and patronage with Horace and Virgil under the Monarchy of Augustus. He may talk of fanaticism and bigotry, rebellion and murder, with Cromwell and Hamden, or of Honour, Loyalty, and Patriotism with Falkland and Montrose. His power, like that of the magician, is unbounded. His friends will come with alacrity at his call; nor will they be displeased if they be dismissed with the most frigid indifference. They will converse with him on any subjects, and inform him on all.

It is the peculiar advantage of this enjoyment that it is not indebted to either time or place for the fascination it possesses. Whether the student trim his midnight lamp amid the tumult and smoke of the city, or

—patula recubans sub tegmine fagi.

his pleasure is still the same.

I cannot but laugh at the weak mind which affects to be governed either in the disposition to read, or the facility to compose, by the vicissitudes of the atmosphere. I may be told that Milton, and other equally celebrated authors, will become the subject of this ridicule. Far be it from me to arrogate to myself this unpleasant office. All men have their little affectations and foibles, and literary men are not exempt from the common condition of humanity. But I can-

not admit that the genius of these men was either elevated by a clear sky, or depressed by a clouded one. Some of their most valued productions may have been inspired at particular seasons,* and they have thence believed, or their biographers have endeavoured to impress upon the world the opinion, that those seasons were most propitious to the exertion of their intellect.

In order to increase not only the benefit, but the pleasure of reading, every student should be tolerably skilled in criticism. It is a false notion that the art of criticism is the art of discovering faults—it is that which enables us to discern and relish the beauties of an author. Let the student peruse with attention the critical works of Johnson and Blair, (*quales et quantos viros!*) and he will afterwards read with increased pleasure.

Much has been said of the pernicious effects of novels; but I am not inclined to join in the popular clamour against these elegant offsprings of the imagination. I would suffer all young persons, nay encourage them, in reading novels, until about the age of seventeen or eighteen. About this time the judgment has arrived at such a state of maturity, as to be able to discern the imperfections, and reject the pernicious doctrines with which, it is to be lamented, these works do too plentifully abound. By first putting these fascinating works into his hand, which enchain the attention, without fatiguing the mind, the student will insensibly acquire a taste for reading, which he will never lose. I have no fear that this sort of reading will induce him to neglect all others. I repeat, that time will alter it. Besides, the pages of many of our novelists are so many mirrors of nature,† in which every one who reads may see himself reflected—they will aid him to correct his faults, and cherish his latent virtues.

I had intended to introduce some remarks on the danger of reading in a desultory manner, and without reflection, but I will content myself with referring those, who may feel interested in the subject, to the essay which was given in the 24th number of the Port Folio, and close this with a short quotation, which will have more weight than any thing I could say.

Milton, although a republican, and a subverter of order in government, was yet a poet, and well knew the value of order and reflection in study. His opinion of the value of the incessant perusal of books, without exercising the mind in digest-

* Milton himself seems to allude to this disposition of the mind in his elegy, 'In adventum veris,' which has lately been well translated by one of the correspondents of the Editor of the Port Folio:

.....an at nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Iugenique mihi munere veris adest?

† To such men as Richardson, Fielding, and Smollet, how justly may we apply the words of Suidas, in his treatise de vet. auct. 'He was the scribe or secretary of nature, dipping the pen into mind.'

in their contents, is thus expressed in his *Paradise Regained*:

"A many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

SEDLBY.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

[Continued.]

To account for Chatterton's extensive acquaintance with old books, out of the line of common reading, Mr. Warton observes, that the Old Library at Bristol, was, during his life-time, of universal access, and Chatterton was actually introduced to it by the Rev. Mr. Catcott, who wrote on the Deluge, the brother of Mr. George Catcott, the pewterer. He adds, that Mr. Catcott, the clergyman, always looked on Chatterton's pretensions with suspicion, and regarded the poems, which he attributed to Rowley, as the spurious productions of his own pen.

Chatterton's account of Canynge, &c. as far as it is countenanced by William of Wrycester, (that is, as far as it respects his taking orders, and paying a fine to the King), may be found in the epitaph on Master Canynge, still remaining to be read by every person, both in Latin and English, in Redcliffe church; which, indeed, appears to be the authority that William of Wrycester himself has followed.

Chatterton's account also of Redcliffe steeple, is to be found at the bottom of a print of that church, published in 1746, by one John Halfpenny, 'in which, says Mr. Tymwhitt, was recounted the ruin of the steeple in 1446, by a tempest and fire.'

As to the old vellum, or parchment, on which Chatterton transcribed his fragments, Mr. Malone observes, that 'at the bottom of each sheet of old deeds, (of which there were many in the Bristol chest), there is usually a blank space of about four or five inches in breadth; and this exactly agrees with the shape and size of the longest fragment which he has exhibited, viz. eight and a half inches long, and four and a half broad. Mr. Ruddall attests that Chatterton practised experiments to give the ink and parchments which he produced the colour and the stain of antiquity.'

In point of style, composition, sentiment, and versification, the poems of Rowley are infinitely superior to every other production of the century which is said to have produced them.

It was easy for Chatterton to copy ancient words, but it was by no means so easy for him to copy ancient style. Here lies the main defect in the imposition; and by this, and this alone, the controversy may be fairly decided to the satisfaction of every person of taste and judgment. The old words, thickly laid on, form an antique crust on the language, which at first view imposes on the view; but which, on examination, appears not to belong originally to it. It was on the better to cover the imposition; but, in the process of imposition, it is overloaded with disguise, and discovers itself by the very means which were designed to hide it. The language is too ancient for the date of the poems. It is only necessary to refer the reader to the 'Paston Letters,' published by Sir John Fenn, to the 'Nut-brown Maid,' to the 'Prophecies,' printed at London in 1533, all works coeval with the supposed Rowley, to convince him that the language was at that time

completely different from Chatterton's forgery. The papers of state in the reign of Henry VI, are as modern and good English as those of Henry VIII. It is not the language of any particular period, or particular province. The words are Saxon and Anglo-Saxon, and Scottish and English. We have provincial terms of the north and of the south; we have Chaucer, and Pope, and Skelton, and Gray, and that frequently within the short compass of a single verse. The diction and versification are at perpetual variance. He borrowed his ancient language, not from the usage of common life, but from lexicographers, and copied their mistakes. He has even introduced words which never made a part of the English language, and which are evidently the coinage of fancy, analogy, or mistake.

The style is evidently modern. Our old English poets are minute and particular; they do not deal in abstraction and general exhibition, but even in the course of narration or description dwell on realities. But the counterfeit Rowley adopts ideal terms, and artificial modes of telling a fact, and too frequently falls into metaphor, metaphysical imagery, and incidental personification. The poems of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries abound in unnatural conceptions, strange imaginations, capricious extravagancies, and even the most ridiculous inconsistencies. But Rowley's poems present us with no incongruous combinations, no mixture of manners, constitutions, usages, and characters. They contain no violent or gross improprieties. One of the striking characteristics of old English poetry is, a continued tenor of disparity. In Gower, Chaucer, and Lydgate, elegant descriptions, ornamental images, &c. bear no proportion to pages of languor and mediocrity, affected conceits of expression, dull and trite reflections, or tedious and unadorned narratives. The poems of Rowley are uniformly good. They are the productions, not only of genius, but of taste; a taste which could not possibly have been acquired of a sudden, or by any spontaneous efforts, or by a penetration or feeling which anticipated the improvements of a polished age, but by an intimate acquaintance with the manners and sentiments of the present times, and a diligent study of the best productions of our modern poets.

'These poems exhibit, says Mr. Warton, both in connection of words and sentences, a facility of combination, a quickness of transition, a rapidity of apostrophe, a frequent variation of force and phrase, and a firmness of contexture, which must have been the result of a long establishment of the arts and habits of writing. The versification is equally vigorous and harmonious; and is formed on a general elegance and stability of expression. It is remarkable that whole stanzas sparkle with that brilliancy which did not appear in our poetry till towards the middle of the present century. The lines have all the tricks and trappings, all the sophistications of poetical style, belonging to those models, which were popular when Chatterton began to write verses.'

'If a modern corrector,' he adds, 'has been at work, he has apparently been so very busy, as to leave but little or none of the original. His file has worn what it polished. If the poetry before us could have been only corrected or interpolated by parts, I believe there will be no difficulty in drawing the line of distinction between the respective property of Rowley and Chatterton; for such corrections and interpolations appear to consist, not only in words and hemistichs, but in a suite of stanzas, in pages of considerable length, and such as have been the favourite of the public, and have been distinguished for their poetical beauties.'

There appears in these poems none of that learning which peculiarly marked all the compositions of the 15th century. Our old poets are perpetually confounding Gothic and Classical allusions, knight-errantry and ancient history, sculpture and romance, religion and chivalry. Ovid and Saint Austin are sometimes cited in the same line. A studious ecclesiastic of that period would give us a variety of useless authorities from Aristotle, from Boethius, and from the fathers; and the whole would have been interspersed with allusions to the old romances: the round table, with Sir Launcelot, and Sir Tristram, and Charlemagne, would have been constantly cited. Poems from such an author would have occasionally exhibited prolix devotional episodes, mingled with texts of scripture, and address to the saints and Blessed Virgin, instead of apostrophes to such allegorical divinities, as Truth, and Content, and others of Pagan original.

The metre of the old English poetry is totally different from that of Rowley. The stanza in which the majority of these poems are written, consists of ten lines, the two first quatrains of which rhyme alternately, and it closes with an Alexandrine, no example of which occurs in Chaucer, Lydgate, or Gower. Spenser extended the octava rima of Chaucer to nine lines, closing with an Alexandrine, to which Prior added a tenth. This last, of which examples have been multiplied, was Chatterton's model. Mr. Warton observes, that the unvaried and habitual exactness of the modulation of the final Alexandrine, in the poems of Rowley, excludes their claim to antiquity. 'Had the supposed Rowley,' he adds, 'written Alexandrines, he would have exceeded Spenser, and equalled Dryden, in the music of versification.'

Notwithstanding the affectation of ancient language, the tinsel of modern phraseology may, in too many instances, be detected. Such phrases as *puerilitie; before his optica; blameless tongue; the authoure of the piece; vessel wreckt upon the tragic sand; proto-sleyn;* &c. could not be the language of the fifteenth century. We find also a number of modern formularies and combinations, 'systers in sorrow;' 'Ah, what availde,' 'Oh, thou, whate'er thie name,' &c. with a number of compound epithets, such as, 'guile-depynted; nome-depynted; blodde-steyned; swift-berved; gore-red; super-hallie, &c. and other terms of expression and allusions evidently modern.

To these may be added some anachroisms, such as the art of *knitting stockings*, alluded to in the tragedy of *Ælla*, which was utterly unknown in the reign of Edward IV, and a great variety of particular and appropriate imitations of modern poets. Such coincidences as the following are so palpable, that it seems to be out of the power of prejudice itself to evade the inference which arises from them.

O for a muse of fire! *Shak. Hen. V.*

O forr a spryte al feere! *Ælla.*

His beard all white as snow,
All flaxen was his pole, *Hamlet.*

Blacke his cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte his rode as the sommer snowe. *Ælla.*

And tears began to flow. *Dryd. Alex. Feast.*

And teares beganne to flowe. *Syr C. Bawdin.*

No, no, he is dead,
Gone to his death-bed. *Hamlet.*

Mie love is dedde,
Gone to his deathe-bedde, *Ælla.*

Unhousell'd, unanointed, unannealed.
Hamlet. Pope's Edit.

Unburled, undelyvre, unespyte. *Goddwyn.*
Their souls from corpses *unaknoll'd* depart.
Bat. of Hast. p. 1.

The gray goose wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wet. *Chevy Chase.*

The gray goose pyneon that thereon was sett
Eftsoons wyth smoking crymson blood was wet.
Bat. of Hast.

With such a force and vehement might
He did his body gore,
The spear went through the other side,
A large cloth yard and more.
Chevy Chase.

With thilk a force it did his body gore,
That in his tender guts it entered,
In veritie a full cloth yard or more.
Bat. of Hast.

Clos'd his eyes in endless night. *Gray's Bard.*

He clos'd his eyne in everlastynge nyghte.
Bat. of Hast.

Of the forms of composition adopted by the supposed Rowley, such as Odes, Eclogues, Discoursing tragedies, &c. not one example could be found in England in the fifteenth century. Plays, if any existed, were nothing more than a ballad, or solitary recital, without plot or dialogue, and incapable of representation.

The similarity of manner, language, versification, &c. in the poems said to have been written by Canynge, Sir Thybbot Gorges, John Iscam, and John, Abbot of St. Augustine, who is said to have died in 1215, is an objection to their authenticity. If Rowley possessed a talent of writing melodiously, unknown to his contemporaries, it is not easy to conceive how he could communicate to his friends the same miraculous endowment. All Rowley's friends write like his spirit; their lines are equally harmonious, and the versification has the same suspicious cast of modern manufacture. Sir Thybbot Gorges sings with the ease and airiness of a poet, who has only antiquity in the spelling of his name.

Mie husbände, Lord Thomas, a forrester boulder,
As ever clove pyne or the baskette, &c.

Dynge Maistre Canynge is a poet so much like the *gode priest*, that Dr. Milles, like a true commentator, supposes that 'Rowley might give his friend and patron the credit of the performance.' The same pen undoubtedly produced what is called Canynge's, &c. as well as what is called Rowley's—but that pen was Chatterton's.

Such is the conclusion which the present writer has formed, from an examination of the arguments on both sides of this curious literary question. He hesitates not to declare, that his opinion of the authenticity of the poems is on the side of those who support the title of Chatterton. Mr. Warton and Mr. Tyrwhitt have convicted them of being spurious, by technical criterions. He esteemed it, therefore, a part of his duty to arrange them with the compositions of a modern era. But, though he cannot entertain a doubt but that they were written by Chatterton, yet he means not to dictate to others. He has expressed his dissent from the opinion of those who defend their authenticity, without being influenced by the authority of names. He has stated his observations as they rose in his mind, from a consideration of the facts, without being influenced by the force of names. He has expressed his feelings as they came to his

who, though he respects the study of antiquities, dislikes the blind prejudices of the mere antiquary. It was impossible for him to peruse a statue of this controversy, without smiling at the delusion and gravity of those learned gentlemen, who have all their lives dealt in uncouth lore, and not in our classic authors, nor have perceived that taste had not developed itself in the reign of Edward IV. The question, in his opinion, is as much a matter of taste as it is of learning, and is more to be decided by internal evidence, than by external facts. The man of taste, who has a moderate at least, if not a critical knowledge of the compositions of our poets from Chaucer to Pope, feels every argument on this head to be decisive, by an emotion which is superior to all laboured reasonings, but which, nevertheless, every reason and every examination, still more strongly serve to support. It is the taste in the poems of the supposed Rowley that will forever exclude them from belonging to the period in which, it is said, they were written. Superiority of genius could not possibly have produced any thing so perfect and refined, in language, structure, and sentiment, as those poems, by any native effort of its own, unassisted by preceding improvements, and independent of all models; for poetry, like other branches of literature and science, has its gradual accessions, is influenced by the condition of society, assumes accidental and arbitrary forms, and is subject to new and peculiar modifications.

It is not, says Dr. Warton, from the complexion of ink or of parchment, from the information of contemporaries, the tales of relations, the recollection of apprentices, and the prejudices of friends, nor even from Domesday Book, pedigrees in the heralds office, armorial bearings, parliamentary rolls, indentures, episcopal registers, epitaphs, tomb-stones, and brass plates, that this controversy is to be finally and effectually adjusted. Our argument should be drawn from principles of taste, from analogical experiments, from a familiarity with ancient poetry, and from the gradations of composition. Such a proof, excluding all imposition, liable to no deception, and proceeding upon abstracted truth, will be the surest demonstration. A man, furnished with a just portion of critical discernment, and in the meantime totally unacquainted with the history of these poems, is sufficiently, perhaps more properly, qualified to judge of their authenticity. To such a person, unprepared and unprejudiced as he is by any previous intelligence, and a stranger to facts, let the poems be shown. I can easily conceive to which side of the question he will incline. Nor will he afterwards suffer his opinion to be influenced by reports. External arguments, such at least as have hitherto appeared, may be useful, but they are not necessary. They will hang out lights sometimes false, and frequently feeble. In the present case, external arguments have seldom served to any other purpose than to embarrass our reasoning, to mislead the inquisitive, and to amuse the ignorant.

At the shrine of Chatterton some grateful incense has been offered by the most elegant and pathetic poets of our nation. Mr. Pye, the present poet laureat, thus speaks of Chatterton, in his elegant and classical poem on the Progress of Refinement.

Yet as with streaming eye the sorrowing muse
Pale Chatterton's untimely urn bedews,
Her accents shall arraign the partial care
That shielded not her son from cold despair.

Mr. Preston, an elegant poet of a neighbouring kingdom, has distinguished Chatterton among the 'martyrs of the lyre,' in his pathetic 'Epistle to a Young Gentleman, on his having addicted himself to the Study of Poetry.'

Behold yon shade! he bears an antique roll,
With many a scutcheon clad and many a scroll!
'Tis he, the wond'rous youth of Bristowe's plain,
Who pour'd in Rowley's garb his solemn strain;
A stripling scarcely, and yet more than man;
His race was ended ere it well began.
Th' indignant spirit tower'd o'er little men;
He look'd thro' nature with an angel's ken,
And scorn'd, with conscious pride, this petty stage,
The tardy homage of a thankless age.
The furies wrung his agonizing soul,
And desperation mix'd the Stygian bowl.

The following lines in Mr. Hayley's excellent 'Essay on Epic Poetry,' are uncommonly animated and poetical.

If changing time suggest the pleasing hope
That bards no more with adverse fortune cope;
That in this alter'd clime, where arts increase,
And make our polish'd isle a second Greece;
That now, if poesy proclaims her son,
And challenges the wreaths by fancy won;
Both fame and wealth adopt him as their heir,
And liberal grandeur makes his life her care;
From such vain thoughts thy erring mind defend,
And look on Chatterton's disastrous end.
Oh, ill-starr'd youth, whom nature form'd in vain,
With powers on Pindus' splendid height to reign!
O dread example of what pangs await
Young genius struggling with malignant fate!
What could the muse, who fir'd thy infant frame
With the rich promise of poetic fame;
Who taught thy hand its magic art to hide,
And mock the insolence of critic pride;
What could her unavailing cares oppose,
To save her darling from his desperate foes;
From pressing want's calamitous controul,
And pride, he fever of the ardent soul;
Ah, see, too conscious of her failing power,
She quits her nursing in his deathful hour!
In a chill room, within whose wretched wall
No cheering voice replies to misery's call;
Near a vile bed, too crazy to sustain
Misfortune's wasted limbs, convuls'd with pain,
On the bare floor, with heaven-directed eyes,
The hapless youth in speechless horror lies!
The poisonous vial, by distraction drain'd,
Rolls from his hand, in wild contortion strain'd;
Pale with life-wasting pangs, its dire effect,
And stung to madness by the world's neglect,
He, in the presence of the dangerous art,
Once the dear idol of his glowing heart,
Tears from his harp the vain detested wires,
And in the frenzy of despair expires!

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The attention of the public has lately been much excited, by the impressment of some British seamen, by order of the captain of the Cambrian frigate, on board the British letter of marque Pitt, as is alleged, within the jurisdiction of New-York. The lively sensibility which has been displayed by our citizens, in regard to a supposed infraction of neutral rights, is highly honourable to them. Fortunate would it be for the honour and the interests of our country, if a portion of the same sensibility could be infused into those who administer it. What wrongs, what insults have we suffered, because our government had not a spirit to resent and redress them! How has our flag been degraded, our citizens insulted, and their best rights disregarded and violated, because our government had not the courage, or was afraid of the expense of defence and protection! Hence the destruction of the navy, which had been created and nurtured, and was growing up to an honourable and useful utility, under our former rulers: hence too, as a consequence of this, the destruction and loss of one of our most valuable frigates, and, what to every man of feeling is ten thousand times worse, the slavery of hundreds of our brave

tars, who are pining in chains and wretchedness which they had never known but for the *permy* saving wisdom of our very economical rulers: hence too the heavy expense of ransoming these brave and unfortunate men, unless indeed our government (which is not unlikely) may think their ransom too expensive, and leave them the alternative of lingering out their tedious lives in exile and wretchedness, or of ending their misery by self destruction. Hence too our tame and humiliating submission to the shutting of the port of New-Orleans, contrary to our natural rights, and to treaty; and our encumbering ourselves since, in order *peaceably* to regain this natural and admitted right, with an enormous increase of our national debt, and an increase of territory, which will ere long dis sever these states, and involve us in civil war and bloodshed. All these, and a thousand other evils, have flowed from the economy and the cowardice of our government; and now we are exposed to the insults and the injuries of the smallest armed vessel that may visit our sea-ports. Our ships of war, except the few that are on distant service, are sold, or rotting in the *philosophical worm dock* at Washington. Our forts and arsenals are tumbling into decay and ruin; our military is reduced to a handful of soldiers, scarcely sufficient for the defence of any single post in the territory. All this proceeds from the *economical and pacific* foibles of the *hero of Carter's mountain*. 'Tis thus the coward avoids personal danger by throwing away his sword. He knows that the brave man will not attack him with weapons unarmed, and he seeks safety by suffering himself to be kicked and cuffed, and licking the feet of his enemy. Shame, shame, to the American name! The spirit of *WASHINGTON* blushes at our pusillanimity!—But it is not the fault of the people; they have as much spirit and as much courage as the nation from whom they have descended.—It is the government that is in fault. Instead of being foremost to redress our wrongs, and protect our rights, our government is the last to do either. Hence they go unredressed and unprotected, and the people are left to the vain and unprofitable task of intemperate abuse and resentment, which may some day or other hurry us into a situation very different from our wishes. It is our wish that the government should, in all instances, by manly actions, as well as firm resolutions, repel the aggressions of all nations, without favour or partiality, and to whatever consequences it may tend. Such is the policy, and such the interest of our government.

With respect to the right of the British to transfer her seamen, within the jurisdiction of a neutral country, from one of her armed ships to another, and that without compromising the peace or disturbing the tranquillity of the neutral, we think much may be said in favour of it. Nations in amity uniformly aid and assist each other, in subjecting their mariners to the laws and regulations of their respective governments. Offences committed on board of the ships of one government, within the jurisdiction of another, and not involving an actual breach of the peace, but relating to the good order and discipline of the ship, are always, at least by comity, if not by the law of nations, reserved for punishment in the country to which the offender belongs. Our courts of admiralty will not interfere in a contract between a foreign captain and his seamen, but uniformly lend the aid of their process to compel the seaman to remain with the foreign ship, and to seek redress, if he has been injured, from the nation to which he belongs. The same of foreign vessels in our ports are uniformly delivered up to their commanders to be dealt with according to the laws of their own nation. In the year 1793, the government of New-York

aided and assisted the French minister in endeavouring to apprehend Galbaud, Tanguy, and others, in order to their being forcibly carried on board their ships, whence they had deserted, to be subjected to the laws of France. If then we recognize the laws of a foreign government, within our own jurisdiction, in some cases, it would be difficult to shew why the commander of the Cambrian frigate had not the right, which he contended for, of impressing British seamen on board a British letter of marque, which is warranted by the laws of England, and transferring them to a public armed vessel, where their services were wanting? This is not levying troops in a neutral country, nor increasing the force of the belligerent: it is merely a new disposition of that force; and as well might the change of a helmsman or boatswain on board the ship of a belligerent, in a neutral port, be objected to.

We say nothing, as to the alleged obstruction of the execution of the health law of New-York, nor, if such obstruction was effected, shall we pretend to justify it. It is to be remembered that we speak only of cases where the peace of neutral citizens is not disturbed, for whenever that shall happen, it is the duty as well as the right of the neutral to interfere, and to enforce its laws for the preservation of peace and order.

We hope that our citizens will not be led into intemperate conduct or remarks on this subject. It is a matter for the government to settle, and we could wish, (but we dare not hope), that the American government will take it into consideration, if necessary enter into a fair discussion of it, and, if we have been insulted, and our rights infringed, demand suitable reparation. And we may depend upon the justice and the magnanimity of the British government that she will enter into the discussion with us with temperance and dignity, and if we have been wronged, will do all that one independent and friendly nation can require of another, under such circumstances.

MISCELLANY.

[The following apologue, from the French of Voltaire, was translated, at the request of the Editor, by a friend and a scholar, who has rendered it in a style more elegant and faithful to the spirit of the original than any version we have seen of European origin. This article is an ingenious satire upon the vaunts of philosophy, and presents a striking picture of the magnificent promises and despicable performance of that inconsistent animal, man. From the story we have rescinded one sentence, in which the ignorance, flippancy, and irreligion of the author appear in the form of a paltry joke against the received opinions of the Christian world on the subject of angelic nature.]

MEMNON OR HUMAN WISDOM.

Memnon conceived one day, the chimerical project of being perfectly wise. There are few men, who have not sometimes cherished a similar delusion.—Memnon said to himself, to be truly wise and consequently perfectly happy, it is only necessary to subdue the passions; than which nothing is more easy. In the first place, I will never love the sex; for at the sight of a perfect beauty, I will say to myself; those cheeks, will be one day furrowed by age; those beautiful eyes will be bordered with red; that round and prominent bosom will become flat and pendant; that beautiful head will be stripped of its golden tresses. Thus shall I have always present to my imagination, that now beautiful form ravished by the ruthless hand of time of all its graces, and perfections; and surely I shall be then fortified against its fascination.

In the second place, I will be always sober: I may be tempted by a sumptuous entertainment, by

delicious wines, by the seduction of company: but I shall represent to myself the consequences of excess, a heavy head, a stomach surcharged, the loss of reason, of health and of time, I will then eat only to preserve life; my health will be always equal, my ideas pure and luminous. All this is so easy, that there is no merit in its performance.

Afterwards, said Memnon, it is necessary to devote some attention to my fortune; my desires are moderate; my property is securely lodged with the receiver general of the Finances of Nineveh. I have an ample sufficiency to live in independence: That is the greatest of blessings. I shall never be subjected to the cruel necessity of making my court: I shall envy no one, nor will any envy me. This also is perfectly easy. I have friends, continued he, I shall preserve them, because they can have no cause of contention with me. I shall never be at variance with them, nor they with me. In that there is no difficulty.

Having thus formed his little plan of wisdom in his chamber, Memnon looked from the window; He saw two women walking in the shade of the Palm Trees, near his house. One was ugly and thoughtless, the other was young, handsome, and appeared to be greatly distressed. She sighed, the tears flowed down her beautiful cheeks, and rendered her more graceful. Our sage was moved, not by the beauty of the Lady, (he disdained such weakness) but by the affliction which she suffered. He came down, and approached the young Ninevite with the intention of consoling her with wisdom. This beautiful person recounted to him with the most pathetic naivete, all the injuries which she suffered from a pretended uncle, the artifices by which he had deprived her of a fortune which she had never possessed and all that she had to dread from his violence. You appear to me so excellent a counsellor, said she that would you condescend to come home with me and examine my affairs, I am confident you could extricate me from the cruel embarrassment in which I am involved. Memnon hesitated not to follow her, for the purpose of sagely examining her affairs, and of giving her good advice.

The afflicted lady conducted him into a perfumed chamber, and placed him near her on a sofa, on which they sat opposite to each other with their legs crossed. The lady spoke with downcast eyes, from which tears sometimes escaped, and which when raised always met those of Memnon. Her conversation was always full of tenderness, which redoubled whenever they looked upon each other. Memnon took the greatest interest in her affairs, and felt the strongest desire to oblige a person so well bred and so unfortunate. During the heat of conversation, they insensibly changed their positions. Their legs were no longer crossed. Memnon in counselling her approached so near, and gave her advice so full of tenderness, that neither of them could any longer converse on business.

Thus were they situated when the uncle arrived; he was armed from head to foot, and threatened his niece and the sage Memnon with instant death: the latter who escaped from him well knew that a large sum would purchase pardon. Memnon was obliged to give all he had. A man was fortunate in those times to escape at so cheap a rate; America was not then discovered, and afflicted ladies were far less dangerous than now.

Memnon ashamed and in despair returned to his house. He there found a billet of invitation to dinner with some of his intimate friends. If I remain at home, said he, my unfortunate adventure will engross my thoughts, I shall not eat, and sleepless will ensue; it is better to enjoy a

frugal-repast with my intimate friends. In the charms of their society, I shall forget the follies of the morning. He goes to the rendezvous; his dejection is apparent. His friends force him to drink to dissipate his melancholy. The moderate use of wine is a remedy for the diseases of mind and body.—Thus does the sage Memnon think, and he becomes intoxicated. After the repast, play is proposed. A moderate game with friends is a polite amusement. He plays; they win from him all the money in his purse, and four times as much on his word. A dispute arises relative to the game; one of his intimate friends throws a dice-box at his head, and deprives him of an eye. The sage Memnon is carried home in a state of intoxication, without money and with but one eye.

He throws himself on his couch; and as soon as the fumes of the wine he had imbibed are dissipated, he sends his valet to procure some money from the Receiver General of the Finances of Nineveh, to pay his intimate friends: he is informed that his debtor had that morning committed a fraudulent act of bankruptcy which reduced an hundred families to beggary. Memnon transported with rage, goes to court with a plaister on his eye and a petition in his hand, to demand of the King, justice against the bankrupt. In the salloon he meets several ladies, who with an air of ease wore hoops of the circumference of twenty four feet. One of them, who was slightly acquainted with him, looking askance at him, cried, ah the horrid creature! Another more intimately acquainted with him, said; good evening, Mr. Memnon; in truth, Mr. Memnon, I am extremely happy to see you; à propos, Mr. Memnon, why have you lost an eye? And she passed without waiting his answer. Memnon concealed himself in a corner, and waited for an opportunity of throwing himself at the feet of the Monarch. That opportunity presented itself. Thrice he kissed the earth, and presented his petition. His gracious Majesty received him very favorably, and gave the petition to one of his eunuchs; that he might communicate to him its contents. The satrap draws Memnon aside, and with an air of hauteur and smile of contempt, thus addressed him: Are you not a ridiculous blind man, to appeal to the King in preference to me; and still more ridiculous, to dare to ask justice against an honest bankrupt, whom I honor with my protection and who is the nephew of one of my mistresses's chamber maids! Abandon this pursuit, my good friend, if you have a wish to preserve your remaining eye.

Memnon having thus in the morning renounced the sex, intemperance, gaming, quarrels, and above all the court, had before the close of the day, been deceived and robbed by a beautiful lady, had been intoxicated, had gambled, quarrelled, lost an eye, and had been at court an object of contempt and ridicule.

Petrified with astonishment, and oppressed with grief, he returns to his mansion. He wishes to enter, but he finds bailiffs, employed by his creditors, in the act of plundering his house of its furniture. He throws himself almost lifeless under a palm tree; he then meets the beautiful lady whom he had seen in the morning, walking with her dear uncle; discovering Memnon with a plaister on his eye, she burst into a violent fit of laughter. Night came; Memnon reclined on a bed of straw near the walls of his house. He was attacked by a violent fever; during its action upon his exhausted frame, he slept, and a celestial spirit appeared to him in a dream.

Who art thou? cried Memnon. Thy good Genius, replied the other. Restore me then my eyes, health, my fortune, my wisdom, said Memnon. He then recounted the misfortunes, which had in a day deprived him of all these.

Those are adventures, said the spirit, which never happen to us in the world, which we inhabit: And what world do you inhabit? said the afflicted man. My country, said the spirit, is five hundred millions of leagues from the Sun in a little Star near Sirius, which thou seest from here.—The delightful country! said Memnon: what you have there no base woman who deceive a poor man, no intimate friend, who wins his money and put out his eye, no Bankrupts, no Satraps, who while denying you justice sneer at you? No, said the inhabitant of the Star, nothing of that kind. We are never deceived by women, because we have none; we are not intemperate, because we eat not; we have no bankrupts, because with us, there is neither gold nor silver; it is impossible to put out our eyes, because we have not bodies fashioned like yours; and Satraps never do us injustice, because in our little star there is perfect equality.

Memnon then said; my lord without women and without dinner, how do you pass your time? In watching said the genius, over the other globes, which are confided to your care; and I come to console you. Alas! said Memnon, why did you not come last night, to prevent me from committing so many follies? I was with thy eldest brother Hassan, said the celestial being. He is more to be pitied than thou.—His gracious Majesty the king of the Indies, at whose court he had the honour to be, ordered both his eyes to be put out for a trifling indiscretion, and he is now in a dungeon loaded hands and feet with chains. It is worth while, said Memnon to have a good genius in a family! One brother has lost an eye, the other is deprived of both, one is on a bed of straw, the other in prison! Thy lot, replied the spirit, will change. It is true that thou shalt always be deprived of one eye, but with that exception, thou shalt always be sufficiently happy, provided thou never conceivest the silly and vain prospect of being perfectly wise. Perfect wisdom is then unattainable? cried Memnon. It is unattainable, replied the other, as perfect skill, perfect strength, perfect power, perfect happiness. Even we are strangers, to those perfections. There is a globe were all these things are found; but in the hundred thousand millions of worlds which are scattered though space, there are different degrees of perfection. There is less wisdom and pleasure in the second than in the first, less in the third than in the second and so on to the last, where every one is completely mad. I much fear, said Memnon, that our little terraqueous globe is precisely the Beldam of the universe of which you speak. Not exactly so, said the spirit; but almost: every thing should be in its proper place. But, said Memnon, certain poets, certain philosophers are wrong in saying that 'whatever is, is right.' Considering the arrangement of the whole universe, said the ætherial Philosopher, they are perfectly right. Ah! replied poor Memnon I will not believe that, until I shall have recovered my Eye.

PLEASURES OF READING AND CONVERSATION.

From Dr. Aikin's Letters.

At the head of all the pleasures which offer themselves to the man of liberal education, may confidently be placed that derived from books. In variety, durability, and facility of attainment, no other can stand in competition with it; and even in intensity it is inferior to few. Imagine that we had in our power to call up the shade of the greatest and wisest men that ever existed, and obliged them to converse with us on the most interesting topics—what an inestimable privilege should we think it! how superior to all common enjoyments! But in a well furnished library we, in fact, possess this power. We can

question Xenophon and Casar on their campaigns make Demosthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonstrations from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress. We can at pleasure exclude dulness and impertinence, and open our doors to wit and good sense alone. It is needless to repeat the high commendations that have been bestowed on the study of letters by persons, who had free access to every other source of gratification. Instead of quoting Cicero to you, I shall in plain terms give you the result of my own experience on this subject. If domestick enjoyments have contributed in the first degree to the happiness of my life, (and I should be ungrateful not to acknowledge that they have) the pleasures of reading have beyond all question held the second place. Without books I have never been able to pass a single day to my entire satisfaction: With them, no day has been so dark as not to have its pleasure. Even pain and sickness have for a time been charmed away by them. By the easy provision of a book in my pocket, I have frequently worn through long nights and days in the most disagreeable parts of my profession, with all the difference in my feelings between calm content and fretful impatience. Such occurrences have afforded me full proof both of the possibility of being cheaply pleased, and of the consequence it is of to the sum of human felicity, not to neglect minute attentions to make the most of life as it passes.

Reading may in every sense be called a cheap amusement. A taste for books, indeed, may be made expensive enough; but that is a taste for editions, bindings, paper and type. If you are satisfied with getting at the sense of an author in some commodious way, a crown at a stall will supply your wants as well as a guinea at a shop. Learn, too, to distinguish between books to be perused and books to be possessed. Of the former you may find an ample store in every subscription library, the proper use of which to a scholar is to furnish his mind, without loading his shelves. No apparatus, no appointment of time and place, is necessary for the enjoyment of reading. From the midst of bustle and business, you may in an instant, by the magick of a book, plunge into scenes of remote ages and countries, and disengage yourself from present care and fatigue. 'Sweet pliability of man's spirit, (cries Sterne, on relating an occurrence of this kind in his Sentimental Journey) that can at once surrender itself to illusions, which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments!'

The next of the procurable measures that I shall point out to you is that of conversation. This is a pleasure of higher zest than that of reading; since in conversing we not only receive the sentiments of others, but impart our own; and from this reciprocation a spirit and interest arise which books cannot give in an equal degree. Fitness for conversation must depend upon the store of ideas laid up in the mind, and the faculty of communicating them. These, in a great degree are the results of education and the habit of society; and to a certain point they are favoured by superiority of condition. But this is only to a certain point; for when you arrive at that class in which sensuality, indolence, and dissipation, are fostered by excess of opulence, you lose more by diminished energy of mind, than you gain by superior refinement of manner and elegance of expression. And, indeed, there are numbers of the higher ranks among us, whose conversation has not even the latter qualities to recommend it; but to poverty of sentiment adds the utmost coarseness of language and behaviour. There is a radical want of sense in debauchery, which even

in the most elevated conditions of all, communicates the taint of vulgarity. To hear the high bred party loudly contending in the praises of their dogs and horses, and discussing gambling questions, in termixed with grosser topics, you could not possibly discover by the style and matter, whether you were listening to the masters above, or the grooms below. It is by no means unfrequent to find the *best company* the *worst conversation*. Should your character and situation forever exclude you from such societies, you need not repine at your loss. It will be amply compensated by the opportunities you are likely to enjoy of free intercourse with the most cultivated and rational of both sexes, among whom decency of manners, and variety of knowledge will always be valued, though very moderately decorated with the advantages of fortune.

I would not, however, inculcate too fastidious a taste with respect to the subject and style of conversation, provided it possess the essentials of sound sense and useful knowledge. Among those who have enjoyed little of the benefit of education, you will often find persons of natural sagacity and a turn for remark, who are capable of affording both entertainment and instruction. Who would not wish to have been acquainted with *Franklin* when a journeyman printer, even though he had never risen to be one of the most distinguished characters of the age? Information indeed, may be procured from almost any man in affairs belonging to his particular way of life; and when we fall into company from which little is to be expected with regard to general topics, it is best to give the conversation a turn towards the technical matters with which they may be acquainted, whence some profit may be made out of the most unpromising materials. *Man*, too, in every condition, is a subject well worthy of examination, and the speculatist may derive much entertainment from observing the manners and sentiments of all the various classes of mankind in their several occupations and amusements.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Quiet solitude, pleasant fields, serene weather, purling streams, and tranquillity of mind, seem to be absolutely essential to the poet, without which he could scarcely accomplish any work of permanent lustre. Yet nothing is better known in the annals of literature, than that many immortal works have been composed in sickness, in sorrow, in decrepitude, in chains, and in a prison. Such is the elasticity of the soul that, oftentimes when apparently bowed down to the earth, it will rise with a bound to heaven. In a state of utter blindness, *MILTON* found *Paradise Lost*, and in a state of mournful distraction, *COWPER* translated *HOMER*.

It is astonishing how soberly and considerably even wise men allow themselves to become intoxicated with the notion of our superior and almost exclusive fitness for *liberty*, knowledge of it, and security in its possession. The false idea of our own liberty, and the still falser idea of the liberty of all other nations, renders us very fierce, stubborn, and unteachable.

The Gazelles of the Asiatics often abound with the spirited figure of *Iteration*. The following, to an unknown fair, from *Khakani*, will afford the reader an example. It is beautifully rendered by Mr. J. M. Good, the recent and admirable translator of *Solomon's Songs*. The lyrics of every country, both sacred and profane, have been as attentive to this beauty as the

pastoral poets. It occurs in a great variety of the Psalms, and other poetical parts of the Bible.

Who art thou? say: with cypress shape,
Soft, jasmine neck, but flinty heart;
Tyrant, from whom 'tis vain to 'scape,
O tell me who thou art?

I've seen thy bright narcissus eye,
Thy form no cypress can impart:
Queen of my soul! I've heard thee sigh—
O tell me who thou art?

Though vales with hyacinths be spread,
I've sought thee trembling as the hart;
O rose bud, nipp'd! thy sweets were fled,
Tell me, tell me who thou art?

Wine lights thy cheeks; thy steps are snares,
Thy glance a sure destructive dart;
Say, as its despot aim it bears,
What fatal bow thou art?

Thy new moon brow the full moon robs,
And bids its fading beams depart;
Tell, then, for whom each bosom throbs,
What torturer thou art?

Drunk with thy wine, thy charms display,
Thy slave *Khakani* bails his smart,
I'd die to know thy name!—then say
What deity thou art?

We understand that an alliance offensive and defensive is talked of between America and Algiers. It has always appeared a very grievous thing that these two republics should ever put at one another. They understand the rights of men on the Barbary shore as well as they are understood on the banks of the Potomac, and *Christianity is not a part of the law of the land* here, any more than in any of the *Mahometan* or *Pagan* territories.

SOMETHING CURIOUS, BUT NOT WONDERFUL.

At the Mayor's Court, now sitting, William Duane was indicted for an assault and battery on Joseph Scott; the former no less a personage than the celebrated Paddy Duane, successor of poor Benjamin Franklin Buche, and an Irish connection, "BY THE MOST DEAR AND ENDEARING TIES," of the descendants of Dr. Franklin; the latter also an Irishman, secretary to several democratic ward meetings, successor of John L. Leib, as clerk to the democratic common council of this city, editor, compiler, and publisher of a work intitled 'the United States Gazetteer,' celebrated for its accuracy and usefulness, and supposed author of the preface to that renowned work, and to which our readers will do well instantly to refer as a specimen of this *Scott-Irishman's* abilities in composition, &c.

An affair of honour between two individuals of such high and notorious character, was calculated to excite much of the sensibility of the by-standers.

The Scott asserted, on oath, that he had been to a democratic ward meeting, at the *Beehive* in South Fourth-street; that on his return from thence, without any previous notice, or any expectation 'of the like,' Duane gave him a kick, from behind, near his seat of honour, and followed it up with a blow, which brough him 'WITH ALL HIS WEIGHT' upon the pavement: that, after some moments, he rose, and Duane gave him another blow; that further violence was prevented by the interference of third persons; that his ankle was much strained by his fall, and he had given no provocation to justify the outrage. Scott's statement was confirmed by the evidence of Moore and Henderson, except as to the kick, which they did not see.

The defendant (*Mister Duane*), denied that he kicked Scott, but confessed that he had struck him, and proceeded to state 'for why' he had struck him: he alleged that attempts had been made to excite political divisions, by representing that he (*Mister Duane*) was inimical to Irishmen; that Scott, in his correspondence with a HIGH INFLUENTIAL CHARACTER, (whose name he would not preface. By coupling it with Scott's) had so represented him (*Duane*) that, if he had any bias, any body, who read the public papers, would see it was the other way; that he was proud of having an Irish heart, and was as good an American as any in the country, having been born here; that he had determined to chastise Scott, and just for this reason, because he was too contemptible to be treated in any other way; that he was a debased and degraded man, of bad character and low vices, &c. (the court interrupted him by stating that personal remarks were improper): he repeated much of what he had before stated, and was proceeding to say that for such conduct he would again chastise Scott, but was again stopped by the court's remarking that such threats were improper.

He put several questions to the witnesses, who agreed that they did not see him kick Scott; he asked one of them, Henderson, whether, upon the oath he had taken, he believed him (*Duane*) capable of kicking Scott from behind? The court declared the question improper, as it related to matter of opinion only. The by-standers doubted whether his question related to physical capability, or to the incapability which is imposed by a high and refined sense of honour, of striking assassin-like, from behind, without giving notice to your enemy; and yet that could not be very important to the defendant, as it was fully proved that he struck Scott from behind, without giving notice, although the witnesses did not see him kick. Duane asked Moore, whether he did not know that Scott, in his correspondence with a high influential character, had alleged certain things, derogatory to his character? Moore doubted the propriety of such a question, but at length said that Scott, in his letters to the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, had made certain inquiries, &c. The court thought it irrelevant, and stopped the witness.

Scott asked permission to make a few observations in reply: he declared that Duane had told a DOWNRIGHT LIE (he was checked by the court); that he would defy him to shew that in his correspondence, with that high political character, he had said any thing derogatory to his [*Duane's*] character.

The court fined the defendant 12 dollars.

What think you, Americans, of a correspondence between Joseph Scott, and Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States?

From the Farmer's Cabinet we copy the following burlesque on the vulgar form of epistolary writing.

This opportunity I take
To write to you to let you know
That I am well; and, for your sake,
I hope these lines will find you so.

Thro' God's kind care, prais'd be his name,
This precious blessing I enjoy;
And may he still vouchsafe the same
Till life's last hour, without alloy.

Your letter I receiv'd last night,
And read the same with pleasure vast;
It gave me such profound delight,
As set my heart to beating fast.

'Tis long since I have seen your face,
And absence fills my heart with pain;
Ah! must I run thro' life's sad race,
And ne'er set eyes on you again!

News is so scarce, I've none to tell,
Except, (which sure must give you joy),
That all our friends are wond'rous well,
And aunt Jemima's got a boy.

I can at present write no more;
So must conclude for want of breath;
Remaining still, as heretofore,
Your loving uncle's son till death.

The following sprightly song has been lately introduced on the French stage. We hope that some votary of taste and tobacco will translate it in the gay measure of the original.

Contre les chagrins de la vie,
Que l'on crie *ad hoc, ad hac*,
Moi je me crois digne d'envie,
Avec *ma pipe de tabac* (bis)
Aujourd'hui, changeons de manie,
De boussole en d'almanac,
Moi je prefere fille joie,
Même a ma pipe de tabac (bis).

Les soldats baillent sous la tente,
Les matelots sur le tillac,
Bientôt ils ont l'ame contente,
Avec *leur pipe de tabac* (bis).
Mais des qu'ils trouvent une belle,
Aussitôt le cœur fait tictac,
Et l'amant oublie auprès d'elle,
Jusqua sa pipe de tabac (bis).

Je tiens cette maxime utile,
De ce fameux monsieur de Crac,
En campagne, comme à la ville,
Faisant l'amour et le tabac. (bis)
Quand ce grand homme alloit en guerre,
Il portoit dans son petit sac,
Le doux portrait de sa bergere,
Avec sa pipe de tabac. (bis)

CANZONET.

Spring, in gay and frolic hour,
Deck'd my love from many a flower,
Bade young hyacinths diffuse
On her locks their scented dews;
Plac'd the violets darker dyes
In her all imperial eyes.
Made her glowing cheek display
Roses just their prime attaining,
But reserv'd the buds for staining
Lips, as fresh and firm as they!

Dear one, he whose amorous suit,
Fain would turn thy blooms to fruit;
Does he merit thus from thee
Piercing thorns of cruelty?

The necessity of setting the world at a distance from us when we are to take a survey of ourselves, has sent many from high stations to the severities of monastic life; and indeed every man, deeply engaged in business, if all regard to another state be not extinguished, must have the conviction, though, perhaps, not the resolution of Valdesso, who, when he solicited Charles the Fifth to dismiss him, being asked, whether he retired upon disgust, answered that he laid down his commission, for no other reason, but because there ought to be some time for sober reflection, between the life of a soldier and his death.

There are few conditions, which do not entangle us with sublunary hopes and fears from which it is necessary to be, at intervals, disencumbered, that we may place ourselves in his presence, who views effects in their causes and actions in their motives; that we may, as Chillingworth expresses it, consider as if there were no other beings in the world, but God and ourselves; or, to use language yet more awful 'may commune with our own hearts, and be still.' Death says Seneca falls heavily upon him who is too much known to himself and too little to himself and Posterity, a man who had not learned the early lessons of Literature, that he had not

of our own hearts of so much importance, that he recommended it in the epitaph on his tomb. Let every one therefore 'examine himself,' a precept, which the wisdom and virtue of all ages have concurred to enforce; a precept, dictated by philosophers, inculcated by poets, and ratified by saints.

THE BRITISH SAILOR.

BY THE LATE DR. CROSSFIELD.

Liquid mountains roll,
Shake from your heads the hoary spray;
Ye cannot daunt the Seaman's soul,
Though danger spreads the pathless way.

Vivid lightnings flash
Blow tempest, bellow thunder dire,
The Seaman braves the dreadful crash,
Though billows to the clouds aspire.

Rise, pointed rocks, arise,
Assaulted by the soaming surge;
Sailors your flinty sides despise,
When friendship, love, and honour urge.

Roar thundering cannons, roar,
Death-dealing bullets whistle round;
Let Cowards wish themselves on shore,
A British Sailor loves the sound.

Europeans must be excessively diverted at the circumstance in the history of our Cis-Atlantic *Gentlemen*, which could give occasion for the following earnest and imploring request, from the Managers of the Theatre in the Capital of the United States. In every play bill, now issued, *Gentlemen* are respectfully requested not to smoke any cigars within the wall of the Theatre. One of the Empresses of Russia, in a Gothic assembly room, ordered a paper to be affixed, in which, it was hoped, that 'no lady would get drunk with Brandy, after 11 o'clock.'

Epitaph in the north aisle of the church at Tottenham high-cross, near London.

Sacred to the memory of Michael Massey, Esq. who departed this life December 18, 1779, aged 79.

If for the meed of aged worth
Friendship can spare a tear;
Reader, observe this silent earth,
And pay that tribute here.

[Oldfield and Dyson's hist. of Tottenham.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE;

IN THE MANNER OF C. SMART.

Since nature first gave me a soul,
And breath'd the fond flame in my breast,
My heart boasts of many a hole,
And my head has oft ach'd for its rest.

When I'd scarce left my slobbering bib,
And my petticoates pester'd my gait,
I talk'd of the tender so glib,
That I soon pick'd me up a fond mate.

On a pilgrimage I did n't roam
With peas in my sandals to Mecca,
Bitter picking I sound nearer home,
In the kisses of amorous Becca.

But as suns and new seasons came round,
Now strutting in trowsers and jacket,
I left bonny Bec with a bound,
With Joanna the jolly to smack it.

But witness how fickle the flame,
The passion, though fierce, over soon is,
I suppose some may think me to blame,
That I could not help loving my Eunice.

But Eunice I found grew too fond,
And soon 'gan to fail in my fancy,
And scarce was I well of the wound,
When my heart would for none pant but Nancy.

Once I verily ventur'd to say,
That Ann should be always my déary.
Till an arrow, well aim'd, came one day,
From the languishing eyes of my Mary.

This *penchant's* now cooling quite fast,
And perhaps in a month it will fail,
And what lass will enchain me at last,
The tongue of time only can tell.

EPIGRAM.

Tempt but the fair with *pieces ten*,
If *naughty*—she'll consent t'ye
But if she's *chaste*—excuse her then.
She yields not—under *twenty*.

One morning last week, the following curious circumstance took place at Manchester: A tradesman suspecting a criminal correspondence betwixt his wife and a certain journeyman with a wooden leg, who wrought next door, went early that morning to the journeyman's room, and having surprised them together, deliberately carried away his wife's clothes and the journeyman's wooden leg, leaving the lovers to hop off at their leisure—the one *naked*, the other without a leg!

[Lon. paper.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The ironical oration from a learned and orthodox friend, shall be inserted in our next. We have perused this academical exercise with an attention, which did not tire, and with a smile, which was never languid.

Mr. Moore's minor poems have been extolled even by the zealots of criticism. They shall receive every honour, which is in the Editor's power to confer. The translator of ANACREON, like his countrymen, Parnell and Goldsmith, is endowed with the enchanting privilege of expressing the warmest and tenderest thoughts, in a style at once brilliant, and simple, like the wild flower of the mountains.

'Senex' shall be treated with that respect which age and experience demand.

'Time honored' is a venerable title; and in the effusions of Senex, we discover the moderation and good sense, but neither the garrulity, nor the imbecility of an *old man*.

'Fortunate Senex, hic inter flumina nota
Et fontes sacros frigis captabis opacum.'

If 'Philaxian' possess any more of the manuscripts of Mr. Hoyland, it will be very agreeable to the Editor to be the herald of productions of such ingenuity.

The letter from an *ancient Gentleman*, and a faithful friend; is most soothing to the Editor. Cheap praise from ordinary characters, and men of dim discernment and shallow judgment is easily obtained; and, in the estimation of all, who despise a vulgar popularity, is of no worth. But the commendation of one, who himself is constantly worthy of commendation, is 'sterling and salutary panegyric, and the most grateful homage to the human heart.

'Erat enim laus jucunda laus, quæ ab his
procedit, qui non in laudem vixerunt. Cicero.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Don Esteban Manuel de Villegas has used the Latin metres with great success in Spanish. The following ode to Zephyr is in the Horatian Sapphic. The version is by Mr. Southey.

Dulce vecino de la verde selva,
Haesped eterno del Abril florido,
Vital aliento de la madre Venus,
Z'eñro blando!

Si de mes ansias el amor supiste;
Tu, que las quejas de mi voz Uevaste,
Oye: no temas, y a mi Ninfa dile,
Dile, que muero.

Filis un tiempo mi dolor sabia,
Filis un tiempo mi dolor voraba,
Quisome un tiempo; mas agora temo
Temo sus iras.

Afi los dioses con amor paterno,
Asi los cielos con amor benigno,
Nieguen al tiempo, que feliz volares
Nieve a la tierra.

Jamas el peso de la nube parda,
Quando ama ecc la elevada cumbre,
Toque tus hombros, ni su mal granizo,
Hicra tus alas.

TRANSLATION.

TO ZEPHYR.

Thou, who dost love to wander in the woodlands,
Thou, who with April lovest to disport thee,
Hear me, O thou, the vital breath of Venus,
Hear me, O Zephyr!

If thou hast ever heard my sighs of anguish,
If thou hast ever heard my plaint of passion,
Hear now, and fly to that beloved damsel,
Tell her I perish.

There was a time when Phillis knew I lov'd her,
There was a time when Phillis, too, could pity;
Past is that time, and now, alas! I tremble,
Dreading her anger.

So may the Heavens, with their love benignant,
So may the high gods with their love paternal,
Suffer no snow to chill thee, as at evening
Gaily thou sportest.

So may no dark cloud, pregnant with the tem-
pest,
Pour its rude waters heavy on thy plumage;
So may the hard hail never bruise thy pinions;
Go, gentle Zephyr!

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following translation of the well known dialogue between Horace and Lydia, was made by the celebrated Gilbert Wakefield. Few versions surpass it in energy, accuracy, or ease.]

HORACE.

While I, belov'd, enjoy'd thy charms,
Nor dar'd a youth, more favour'd, fling
Round thy fair neck his clasping arms,
I liv'd more blest than Persia's King.

LYDIA.

While glow'd thy breast with Lydia's flame,
Nor Chloe turn'd thy wandering eye;
Illustrious then was Lydia's name,
Not Ilia's self so blest as I.

HORACE.

My Chloe now enslaves my heart,
Her lyre, her tongue, enchanting fair!
I e'en from life itself could part,
If Fate my lovely maid would spare.

LYDIA.

Thurinus now calls me his own,
Bound in soft chains of love and truth:
E'en twice could I my life lay down,
If Fate would spare my charming youth.

HORACE.

Once more should Venus gracious prove,
Should those fond looks and smiles return?
Lie quench'd the torch of Chloe's love,
And Lydia's with fresh vigour burn?

LYDIA.

Tho' bright he be as brightest star,
Thou, angrier than the tossing sea,
And changing still, and light as air,
I fain would live and die with thee.

[The following excellent old song, as it is justly stiled by the Bishop of Dromore, is preserved in David Lloyd's memoirs of those that suffered in the cause of CHARLES I. Lond. fol. 1668. p 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and who was still living, with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned, but it is ascribed to Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.]

Beat on, proud billows; Boreas blow;
Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest proof.
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are
calm,
Then strike, affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me;
While a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite.

I, while I wish'd to be retir'd,
Into this private room was turn'd;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burn'd,
Or, like the sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty;
The pelican her wilderness;
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, stoics, we see,
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm,
I as my mistress' favours wear;
And still, to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron shackles there.
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up,
Like some high prized margarite,
Or, like the great Mogul or Pope,
Am cloister'd up from public sight:
Retirement is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as

Here, sin, for want of food must starve
Where tempting objects are not seen,
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep Vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but I'm kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking to have made his purpose sure
By a malicious, friendly knife,
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit for what is meant,
Mischievous oft proves favour by the event.

When once my Prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shews no loyal heart,
When Kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my King,
Neither in person, nor in coin,
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have, not mine:
My King from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart?

Have you not seen the Nightingale,
A prisoner-like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are traces, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immur'd, yet I can chirp and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my King!

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser parts immur'd,
While loyal thoughts do still repair,
To accompany my solitude:
Although rebellion do my body bind,
My King alone can captivate my mind.

THE BUTTERFLY AND BEE.

TO FLAVIA.

See, Flavia, see that fluttering thing,
Skim round yon flower, with sportive wing,
Yet ne'er its sweets explore;
While wiser the industrious bee
Extracts the honey from the tree,
And hives the precious store.

So you, with coy, coquetish art,
Play wanton round your lover's heart,
Insensible and free;
Love's balmy blessing would you try,
No longer sport a butterfly,
But imitate the bee.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY JOHN MAXWELL,

NO. 23, N. 100, ST. JOHN'S LANE, E.C. 4.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 27.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 95.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

HOW evanescent is pleasure, how fleeting are the moments of terrestrial bliss! Such were the reflections that pervaded my mind, after spending an evening in the enjoyment of which every emotion, which can do honour to a man, was summoned to acknowledge the transcendency of the fair sex over my own. You must know, Mr. Saunter, that I am a fellow of that society, to each member of which, ladies attach the epithet of 'Old Bachelor,' but, with whatever justice the application may be made, in conjunction with my associates, I never could concur in opinion with them. It is, indeed, true that I have already passed the climacteric of thirty-five, and the majority of our club are on the verge of dissolution, if wrinkles may be considered as emblematic of old age. But as unexpected love has effected a total conversion of my former disrespect into the most implicit acquiescence in his divine will, and having sent a letter of resignation, whereby I expect an honourable discharge from the drudgery of the society, I will confidentially give some faint idea of the scene of dissoluteness, which is the invariable accompaniment of our periodical conventions, with this sole restriction, that, when you relate the story to others, my name may be deposited among the secrets of your heart, as the disclosure of our proceedings would bring inevitable disgrace on the author. No one is admissible as a member until the blooming epoch of twenty-five; for our worthy president has declared it to be his opinion, that if the zest for connubial pleasures is weak at that age, a life of celibacy is always the consequence. Moreover, it is enjoined on each individual, to secure the present members, and interest himself in obtaining new ones, by sedulously militating against the estate of matrimony, and, in order thereto, they hold as an incontrovertible axiom, that as liberty and free will are the greatest blessings this side of heaven, the true enjoyment of them can only be obtained by preserving the source of action independent of a wife's authority. It has been customary for the club to meet every evening, and at the motion of the president a few bottles of old Madeira and a proportionable quantity of cigars have been the right necessity to relax the mind after the fatigues of the day, and to dispose

it for the more speedy and effectual dispatch of business. But as this impost would become peculiarly oppressive to any one of us, it has been judged expedient to assemble alternately at each other's house, so that now a regular circuit is established, and at the adjournment of every meeting, the next place for convention is proclaimed, in an audible voice, by the secretary. Whenever a member intends to leave the society, which, by the by, is very seldom, it is reckoned incumbent on him in honour, to send, by a safe conveyance, a letter expressive of his intention, enclosing a valedictory, and requesting that his name may be effaced from the list of subjects to our laws; this is always granted, as an advocate of Hymen is an object of ignominy, and the everlasting detestation of the club is the sure lot of such an adventurer. More could be said of this doleful group, but, not wishing to wound the feelings of modesty, by a detail of circumstances which could not be recited but with a mixture of levity, I will leave to the intuitive reader to judge, whether the deceitful fawnings of a profligate and meretricious woman can, in the course of a whole life, afford that pleasure, much less happiness, which the love of an affectionate wife can, in one moment create.

The evening, before alluded to, was spent in all the rapture which a man, sensible to the charms of a seraphic woman, could possibly enjoy. While sitting by her, my cares were allayed, the expansive powers of my mind were circumscribed by meditations, of which the object, on whom my eyes continued fixed, was the efficient; in fine, I thought nothing remained to realise my happiness, but the hand of her, who now possessed my undivided affection. After returning home, I endeavoured to assuage the contending passions of my soul by retiring to rest; but the narcotic balm of night, you may suppose, contributed but little to accomplish it. In this delirium I had a fair opportunity of estimating the anomalies of time, and of confirming the aphorism which heads this paper; the evening glided off like a phantom, but why every moment should be protracted now, I was unable, in the partial derangement of my senses, to decide. I knew I was in love, and determined to take advantage of the blissful passion, by declaring to the lady the sentiments of my heart. This I have since done, and received, in return, an assurance of equal affection, and her consent to an union shortly to be celebrated.

Now, Mr. Saunter, is it possible that men, whose breasts are susceptible of the happiness I only anticipate, can prefer the sordid pleasures of drinking and gaming, to the sweet enjoyments found only in the society of a virtuous consort. She is the counterpart of her maker, the true solace of her husband's care and anxiety. I find now, though too late for redemption, that ten years have been irrecoverably lost: for all that remains from the toils of that time are a broken constitution and emaciated person, the effects of riot and self-gratification, both of which I find re-

covering their pristine vigour, since my iniquitous practices have been superseded by worthier considerations. If my intentions had been laudably devoted to marriage in my youthful days, perhaps the misrepresentations of my confederates, who in vain wish to influence my conduct at this moment, would have produced a recantation, and on that account I will intercept their vile attempts, by giving timely admonitions to those young men, who have not yet enlisted under the flag of celibacy. Nothing is so desirable to a minor as free agency, and nothing so enchanting and fallacious as the prospects of lasting pleasure, painted by this club, to ensnare those who they think can be made the dupes of artifice. Without recurring to argument, let facts, attested by ocular demonstration, suffice to shew the apparent exuberance of a single life. Visit the resorts of these votaries of pleasure, these adepts in debauchery; observe how, under the garb of tranquillity, they conceal a mind lacerated by uncasiness and vexation, a sickly body, nearly consumed by dissipation; seldom employed, they seek entertainment by referring to their common anodyne; unaccustomed to opposition, no one can thwart their will, without incurring manifest displeasure; seldom in the company of ladies, they know not the dignity attached to them, their presence becomes irksome, their conversation disgusting. These are the chief occurrences in their lives, and such are the gratifications which may be expected from an observance of the exaggerated histories of those, who, from the good they do society, may be considered in a state of nonentity. Having been privy to the projects of the club, out of whose grasp I have been luckily extricated, I trust this relation will attract general attention, that their infectious example may not prove destructive to so many worthy men. But on a reversal of the picture, I find myself incapacitated to draw an exact delineation; yet from reasonable surmises, and trite observations, my pen shall form such transcripts of the married state, as the narrow limits of my ideas on this subject can justify.

Marriage is not only permitted by nature and respected by her subjects, but commanded by the express injunction of Providence; it is not solely a choice, but a duty we owe the Omnipotent and our country, to propagate mankind under the sanction of their holy ordinances. What sight can infuse such pleasure into the mind of a beholder, as the mutual love and unanimity of sentiment, existing between man and wife? In vain may the mischief-maker attempt to excite domestic faction, in vain may the slanderer seek food to quench his hellish desire. Stern defiance is impliedly bade to every extrinsic oppression, and has pledges of eternal affection. A healthy progeny is reared to administer consolation when the decline of life brings on its concomitant debilities. While one is attending to the concerns of business, the other, conducting the affairs of the family, anxiously inculcates into the tender minds of their innocent children, the strict honour of the father, and inviolate virtue of the mother.

The condolence of one is the sweetest and most acceptable antidote for the solicitude of the other. Thus, in one continued series of unaffected and uninterrupted bliss, their time passes merrily away, until age and infirmity predicts impending immortality, when their children's happiness affords a welcome passport to eternal felicity.

Having thus contrasted the two critical scenes of our existence, the alternative I leave for every man. But, for my own part, I know not what plea could imply a justification for the criminal conduct I have hitherto been guilty of, neither could I now, Mr. Saunter, reconcile it to myself, if the prospect of approaching happiness with my lovely Emilia did not yield ample compensation for the troubles, which, as an 'old bachelor,' I have certainly undergone. However, in the course of a month, I hope to settle my difficulties, by exclaiming, with as much elation as my name-sake in the play, 'I am married!...I am married.'

SOLUS.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

Section 1.....Of the difference of character between the eloquence of Demosthenes and that of Cicero, and of the relations of the one and of the other, with the people of Athens and that of Rome.

We have heard Demosthenes in the two kinds of eloquence, the judiciary and the deliberative, and we have seen that in both his logic was equally irresistible, and his movements of the same impetuosity. Cicero proceeds, in general, in a different manner: he bestows much on preparations; he seems to economise his forces by multiplying his materials; he neglects none of them, not only of those which might serve his cause, but even of those which serve only to the glory of his art; he is unwilling to lose any thing, and is not less occupied with himself than his causes. It was no doubt for this reason that Fenelon, whose discernment is so delicate, preferred Demosthenes, as marching more directly to his object. Quintilian, on the contrary, appears to prefer Cicero; and it is obvious that between two orators of such superiority, the preference is rather an affair of taste, than of demonstration. Such has ever been my manner of thinking, concerning this kind of parallels, so often introduced into conversation and literary discussions. I have always thought that the most important consideration was, not to decide a pre-eminence, which must forever be problematical, from the weight of motives so nearly equal on one side and the other, and the vanity of understandings; but to seize and appreciate correctly the distant characters and particular merits of both.

I had always preferred Cicero, and I prefer him still, as a writer; but since I have seen deliberative assemblies, I have thought I perceived that the manner of Demosthenes would, perhaps, be there more powerful in its effects than that of Cicero.

Observe that the one and the other are no longer for us but writers; we hear them not: we read them; they are no longer present to persuade us; but to please us. Philip and Eschines, Antony and Catiline, have been estimated long ago; it is Cicero and Demosthenes whom we judge, and their difference in the point of view is important; for the Greeks and

the Romans the cause was the first object of consideration, and after that the orator. Both had the same success, and exercised the same empire over the souls of men; but at this day, I readily conceive that Cicero, who has all sorts of mental powers, and every species of style, must be more generally relished than Demosthenes, who has not such advantages. Cicero is before his readers; he gives them a greater variety of enjoyments; he may carry the prize; before hearers none could prevail over Demosthenes, because, on hearing him, it is impossible not to pronounce him in the right: and certainly this is the first object of the Art of Oratory.

May we not, further, observe other motives of disparity, drawn from the difference of governments; and of the character of the people with whom they had to act. There was in Athens but one single power, that of the people: it was an absolute democracy, such as Rousseau would prescribe exclusively for all small states: he believed it impracticable in large ones, and indeed there never had been any example.

The people of Athens were volatile, impatient of application, delighted with indolence, idolators of pleasure, confident in their power, and their ancient glory. It was necessary they should be forcibly impressed; and although the manner of Demosthenes was, no doubt, the result of the natural qualities of his talents, it must have been also modified to a certain point by the knowledge he had of his hearers; and this study was too important to escape a man of so excellent an understanding as his. He meditated, therefore, principally to strike powerfully upon this inattentive multitude, well knowing that if he gave them time to breathe, if he permitted them to occupy their attention upon the charms of his style, and the beauties of his diction, all was lost. The Athenians were capable of forgetting all that he said to them, while they were indulging in ecstasies at his phrases, and making a parade of their good taste, by admiring or criticising his. He knew it so well, that at the end of the Philippic, which I have translated, and which excited great applauses, he addressed to them these last words, 'Ah! applaud not the orator, but do what he advises; for I cannot save you by my words: you must save yourselves by your actions.'

Accordingly, when he had drawn the people into his vortex, he had done every thing: they charged him on the spot to draw up the decree, according to the ordinary formulary, which recorded for the orator both the honour and the danger of it: *By the advice of Demosthenes, the people of Athens ordains and decrees, &c.* We have yet a multitude of these decrees preserved in the historians and orators of Greece.

It was not so in Rome: there was a concurrence of powers, and a complication of various interests to be managed. Although the sovereignty resided, in fact, in the people, without being theoretically established, as it has been among the moderns, the habitual government belonged to the senate, except upon occasions when the tribunes carried an affair before the assembly of the people, and caused a plebiscitum to be passed, and in this case the senate itself was subjected to it. For any thing that they called a law, it was necessary to unite the consent of the people and the senate; and hence those frequent divisions between the two orders, in which the people had almost always the advantage, and, which is more remarkable, were almost always in the right. But that which proves that the theory of the sovereignty of the people was not very clearly understood, is that all the public acts were headed by *Senatus Populusque Romanus*, which was an inconsistency; the princi-

ples required that they should say, *Populus Senatusque Romanus*. But this difference between the sovereignty and the government was never sufficiently developed, but in the writings of Locke; and it was from them that Rousseau borrowed it, in his treatise on the Social Contract.

Affairs were then frequently treated at the same time in the senate and before the people; and the difference of the auditory must produce a variation of the eloquence. Again, there were citizens so powerful, that they made alone, by their particular credit, a considerable weight in the balance of public deliberations; and the orator ought to have regard to all these considerations.

The Roman people were much more serious, more considerate, more regular, more moral, than those of Athens. We may even say, that of all the free people of antiquity, there is not one who can be compared to them. They have given examples, without number, of that moderation, which does not seem to be attainable by any multitude, whose movements have ordinarily so much the less of regularity, as they have in themselves a greater force, and we know that moderation is nothing else but the just measure of all the affections, of all the duties, and of all the virtues. That which is rare in an individual, must be more so in a mass of men. Yet this is what we see, without interruption, in the Roman people, and which shews them, to observing eyes, as particularly destined to command over others. This truth, which might give a new face to the Roman history, if it were written at this day, by some one, who should unite the eloquence of the ancients with the philosophy which they have often wanted, is not very commonly perceived, because that all the Latin historians have more or less partiality for the senate. It was, undoubtedly, a very wise assembly, especially in their external policy, in which their passions did not predominate, at least before the period of their corruption; but in the interior government it would be easy to prove that the people displayed frequently much more of justice and virtue than they. Where shall we find, for example, any people resembling the Romans when their army quitted its camp, on the report of the death of Virginia, (the first individual crime of the decemviral tyranny, as it was the last), entered Rome, with their ensigns displayed, without committing the slightest violence, contented themselves to re-establish the legitimate authorities, to bring Appius before the tribunals; and when he is condemned, received his appeal to the people, although he himself had abrogated that right of appeal?

This people was lofty, and had reason to be so; they felt their own force, and abused it not; this is genuine energy: it is with this that great things are performed.

Corruption reigned in Rome in the time of Cicero; but it is just to acknowledge, that it was infinitely more sensible among the great than among the people. The immorality of principles had not been supported in the tribune of harangues. It was sometimes in the senate, and discovered itself frequently in their conduct. But at no time would the pride of the people, and the Roman severity, have accommodated itself to the bitter and humiliating reproaches, which Demosthenes addressed to the Athenians. Cato alone permitted himself sometimes, and they pardoned him on account of his acknowledged stoicism. They respected his virtue, without esteeming his politics, which, in fact, were but indifferent. He rendered little service to his country, because he wanted that moderation, of which I spoke a little while ago, and which Tacitus calls 'temeritas sapientis.' Cicero

rendered very great services to his country during his whole life, and merited the appellation of the Father of his Country. I recollect to this purpose, that a man, who apparently knew nothing of Cicero, but what he learned in his class at school, and was ignorant of the Cicero of history, said to me one day, when I was making his panegyric: '*Pho! pho! your Cicero was but a moderate.*' It was not, however, under that character that the Triumvirs assassinated him, I replied, but perhaps it was because they did not know at Rome the faction of moderates.

According to these observations, we shall not be surprised at the two prevailing characters in the deliberative eloquence of Cicero, insinuation and ornament: insinuation, because he had to manage, wheter in the senate, before the people, or in the tribunals, a crowd of cautions, which were unknown to Demosthenes; ornament, because that the politeness of style, which was not introduced at Rome till after the conquest of Greece, was a sort of attraction, which made itself felt more sensibly, in proportion as all the arts of taste and of luxury became more fashionable at Rome. In the midst of enjoyments of every kind, those of the mind and of the ear were become a real passion. A great importance was attached to diction, especially in the tribunals, where the pleadings were prolonged for the amusement of the judges, more than for their instruction.

Cicero, therefore, devoted himself extremely to elegance and harmony. He knew that they considered it as a feast to hear him in the Forum; that all his discourses were taken down in the senate, by the same method which we employ at this day, by Tachygraphes, whom they named in Latin, and Notarii and Librarii. Thus, although elocution was equally regarded by the Greeks and the Romans, as the most essential and the most difficult part of the art of oratory; because they comprehended in it, in the language of the rhetoricians, not only all the figures of diction, which are the ornaments of it, but all the figures of thought, which are the soul of it; I conceive that Cicero might have employed more care than Demosthenes, in what is called the finish of details, and that he had sought for the splendor and richness of expression, in proportion to what was expected of him. This is so true, that those who picqued themselves as lovers of Atticism, reproached Cicero with being too ornamental; and Quintilian, his passionate admirer, thought himself obliged to vindicate him on this point, and to refute those pretended Attics, who, in reality, went too far. Atticism consisted, chiefly, in a great purity of language, an entire banishment of all affectation, and a certain noble simplicity, which must have the ease of conversation, though it was, in fact, much more supported and elevated: it was in this that Demosthenes excelled. But this simplicity excluded not ornaments naturally introduced, as these delicate critics pretended, who would have rendered the diction meagre and naked by their zeal to make it simple. This simplicity excluded nothing but affectation; and Cicero never affected any thing. In him every thing flows naturally from its source, and if he does not appear, like Demosthenes, to forget himself altogether as an orator, that the public man alone may be seen, he knows how to conceal his art, and you perceive it only by the enchantment which his elocution obliges you to feel.

The gravity of the deliberations in the senate, necessarily different from those of the people, always somewhat tumultuous, did not commonly admit of all that vehemence, all that multiplicity of movement, which was necessary to Demosthenes to fix the attention and the interest of the

Athenians. Accordingly the Philippics of Cicero are generally much less lively than those of the Greek orator. The second, which is the strongest of them all, was never pronounced: it is not of the same character with the others: it is a violent invective against Antony, in answer to that which the Triumvir had vomited against him, in his absence, in full senate. In the others, which had for their object a declaration against Antony as an enemy of his country, and to authorise Octavius to make war against him, Cicero had not so many obstacles to overcome as Demosthenes. The senate, or at least a great majority of them, were against Antony, and there was nothing to do, but to direct their measures, and inspire them with firmness and resolution, and to excite their confidence, instead of the distrust which they might have of Octavius. Cicero did whatever he pleased, and drafted all the decrees.

If he approaches sometimes, in the deliberations of the senate, the vehemence of Demosthenes, it is when he had declared enemies before him, such as Catiline, Clodius, Piso, or Vatinius. He reserved the thunders of his eloquence for the judiciary trials; there he had before him a career proportioned to the abundance and variety of his powers. There was the triumph of his talents. But even in this department he differs from Demosthenes, in this, that the latter marches always directly to his enemy, always cutting and slashing, whereas Cicero lays siege in form, seizes on all the avenues, and, employing his discourse as he would command an army, surrounds his enemy on all sides, and finally crushes him. But before we enter into the detail of his works, we must see what the Roman eloquence had been before him.

[To be Continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

[CONCLUDED.]

Nor have the critical writers been backward in commendation of Chatterton.

Mr Warton speaks of him as 'a prodigy of genius,' as 'a singular instance of prematurity of abilities.' He adds, that 'he possessed a comprehension of mind, and an activity of understanding, which predominated over his situation in life and his opportunities of instruction.' And Mr. Malone 'believes him to have been the greatest genius that England has produced since the days of Shakspeare.' Dr. Gregory, to whom, in the course of this narrative, the present writer has had many obligations, says, 'he must rank, as an universal genius, above Dryden, and perhaps only second to Shakspeare.' Mr. Croft is still more unqualified in his praises. He asserts, that 'no such human being at any period of life, has ever been known, or possibly ever will be known.' He runs a parallel between Chatterton and Milton; and asserts, 'an army of Macedonian and Swedish mad butchers indeed fly before him; nor does my memory supply me with any human being, who at such an age, with such disadvantages, has produced such compositions. Under the Heathen mythology, superstition and admiration would have explained all, by bringing Apollo on earth; nor would the god ever have descended with more credit to himself.'

The testimony of Dr. Knox ('Essay' 144), does equal credit to the classical taste and amiable benevolence of the writer, and the genius and reputation of Chatterton.

'When I read the researches of those learned antiquaries who have endeavoured to prove that the poems attributed to Rowley were really writ-

ten by him, I observe many ingenious remarks in confirmation of their opinion, which it would be tedious, if not difficult, to controvert; but I no sooner turn to the poems, than the labour of the antiquaries appears only waste of time, and I am involuntarily forced to join in placing that laurel, which he seems so well to have deserved, on the brow of Chatterton.

'The poems bear so many marks of superior genius that they have, deservedly excited the general attention of polite scholars, and are considered as the most remarkable productions in modern poetry. We have many instances of poetical eminence at an early age; but neither Cowley, Milton, nor Pope, ever produced any thing while they were boys, which can justly be compared to the poems of Chatterton. The learned antiquaries do not indeed dispute their excellence. They extol it in the highest terms of applause. They raise their favourite Rowley to a rivalry with Homer; but they make the very merit of the works an argument against the real author. It is possible, say they, that a boy could produce compositions so beautiful and so masterly? That a common boy should produce them is not possible; but that they should be produced by a boy of an extraordinary genius, such a genius as was that of Homer and Shakspeare; such a genius as appears not above once in many centuries; though a prodigy, is such an one as by no means exceeds the bounds of rational credibility.

'That Chatterton was such a genius, his manners and his life in some degree evince. He had all the tremulous sensibility of genius, all its eccentricities, all its pride, and all its spirit. Even his death, unfortunate and wicked as it was, displayed a haughtiness of soul, which urged him to spurn a world, where even his exalted genius could not vindicate him from contempt, indignance, and contumely.

'Unfortunate boy! short and evil were thy days, but thy fame shall be immortal. Hadst thou been known to the munificent patrons of genius—

'Unfortunate boy! poorly wast thou accommodated during thy short sojourning among us;—rudely wast thou treated,—sorely did thy feeling soul suffer from the scorn of the unworthy; and there are at last, those who wish to rob thee of thy only meed, thy posthumous glory. Severe too are the censures of thy morals. In the gloomy moments of despondency, I fear thou hast uttered impious and blasphemous thoughts, which none can defend, and which neither thy youth, nor thy fiery spirit, nor thy situation, can excuse. But let thy more rigid censors reflect, that thou wast literally and strictly but a boy. Let many of thy bitterest enemies reflect, what were their own religious principles, and whether they had any, at the age of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen. Surely it is a severe and an unjust surmise, that thou wouldst probably have ended thy life as a victim of the laws, if thou hadst sincerely finished it as thou didst; the very act by which thou durst put an end to thy painful existence proves that thou thoughtest it better to die than to support life by theft or violence.

'The speculative errors of a boy who wrote, from the sudden suggestions of passion or despondency, who is not convicted of any immoral or dishonest act in consequence of his speculations, ought to be consigned to oblivion. But there seems to be a general and inveterate dislike to the boy, exclusively of the poet; a dislike which many will be ready to impute, and, indeed not without the appearance of reason, to that insolence and envy of the little great, which cannot bear to acknowledge so transcendent and commanding a superiority in the humble child of want and obscurity.

'Malice if there was any, may surely now be at rest; for 'Cold he lies in the grave below.' But where were ye, O ye friends to genius, when, stung with disappointment, distressed for food and raiment, with every frightful form of human misery painted on his fine imagination, poor Chatterton sunk in despair? Alas! ye knew him not then, and now it is too late,—

For now he is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

So sang the sweet youth, in as tender an elegy as ever flowed from a feeling heart.

'In return for the pleasure I have received from thy poems, I pay thee, poor boy, the trifling tribute of my praise. Thyself thou hast emblazoned; thine own monument thou hast erected. But they whom thou hast delighted, feel a pleasure in vindicating thine honours from the rude attacks of detraction. Thy sentiments, thy verse, thy rhyme, all are modern, all are thine. By the help of glossaries and dictionaries, and the perusal of many old English writers, thou hast been able to translate the language of the present time into that of former centuries. Thou hast built an artificial ruin. The stones are mossy and old, the whole fabric appears really antique to the distant and the careless spectator; even the connoisseur, who pores with spectacles on the single stones, and inspects the mossy concretions with an antiquarian eye, boldly authenticates its antiquity; but they who examine without prejudice, and by the criterion of common sense, clearly discover the cement and the workmanship of a modern mason.'

'O! Genius,' elegantly apostrophizes Mr. Dyer, in his humane and sensible 'Dissertation on Benevolence,' 1795, 'art thou to be envied or pitied? Doomed to form expectations the most sanguine, and to meet with disappointments the most mortifying? To indulge towards others the most generous wishes, to receive thyself the most illiberal treatment? To be applauded, admired, and neglected? To be a friend to all, befriended often by none? Oh, thou creative, discriminating power, source of inexpressible delights, and nurse of unknown sensibilities, that perpetuate distress. Fancy shall embody thy form, and often visit the grave of Chatterton, to drop the tear of sympathy over that ingenious, unfriended, and unfortunate youth!'

MISCELLANY.

A STUDY FROM NATURE.

[The following article relates to a circumstance not infrequent at Rome, and sometimes, as the Editor has been credibly informed, occurring, in England, to the young painters in the Royal Academy.]

Returning one day from my usual excursions, I met, in the Strada del Corso, Onofrio Cazales, the sister of the person, part of whose house I occupied, attended by an elderly lady, her relation. This circumstance would have had nothing in it remarkable, had I not each day observed that at the same hour, in the same place, I was equally fortunate, for Onofrio was reckoned among the most beautiful women of Rome. At my approach she drew aside her veil, and, with a smile that did not entirely discourage my inclination to address her, gave me the salutation of the morning—Where are your steps directed, signora? I cried. She made me no answer, and would have proceeded, but I detained her, and, repeating my question, asked permission to accompany her in her walk. 'No, signior, she replied, the object of my errand is such, that I fear were I to communicate it, I should, in the eyes of an Englishman, not only be deemed reprehensible, but lose all claims to that innate modesty, which,

however customs or prejudices may differ among nations, should ever be cherished in the female breast.' I lamented to her the double vexation I experienced in being denied the pleasure of attending her, and having my curiosity raised on a subject that she seemed averse to satisfy me upon. 'Well then, said she, if you are really anxious to know the cause of my matin excursions, I will to-morrow acquaint you with it.' Saying this, she waved her hand in token of a present adieu, and I, not a little disappointed, returned home. Anxious to hear the explanation she had promised, I took care on the following day to renew the subject. 'To tell you the truth then, signior, she replied, I have been selected by an eminent painter, at present in this city, as an object worthy of representing the Venus of Annibal Carrachi, which he prefers copying from life, rather than from the original painting. This custom is not unusual in Rome, and with the consent of my friends, and accompanied by a relation, I attend this artist for a pecuniary consideration, which is of essential service to my family.' 'And can the modest Onofrio really, for any consideration, consent to license the inquisitive regard of vulgar eyes, by exposing to view charms that no one can contemplate with indifference, and which must have the power to inspire even the studious artist, while portraying them, with sensations of admiration and delight, dangerous to the efforts of his pencil, and the steadiness of his ideas?' 'Undoubtedly, returned Onofrio, the painter I attend has not the most distant idea of violating decency or good manners; his character depends on the strictest observance of delicacy and decorum. Thus, you see, I am in every respect protected. Necessity and custom do away that which might otherwise be prejudicial to my character, and I trust, even in your eyes, I shall stand acquitted.' You have at least, said I, laid your cause before a partial judge, and since I can attach no degree of error to any action, which is influenced by a mind devoid of evil, I would no more condemn Onofrio for offering her beautiful figure as a model for study to the painter, than the uninstructed Indian, who, following only nature's laws, feels that outward forms can add nothing to the native modesty that dwells within her breast.

How far Onofrio may stand excused in the eyes of my fair country-women, I know not, but, I will venture to affirm, there is no Englishman who would not, like me, have exculpated the fair Roman, when she pleaded her own cause.

[Wolff's Sketches.

FROM THE LOUNGER.

One of the pleasures of which the idle are deprived, is that of relaxation from business. Those whom intricate and weighty affairs embarrass and fatigue, talk with envy of the leisure of the unemployed, of the bliss of retirement. But in their hours of occasional amusement, they know not the grievance of listless days, and months and years of idleness; nor, when they pant for rest from their labours, are they aware that it is from labour alone that rest acquires its name, and derives its enjoyment.

When, in the course of my usual walk, I passed the other morning through the place where but a few days before I had met so many busy faces, and been jostled by so many hurried steps; when I saw the court door shut, and heard no hum within; I confess it struck me with a melancholy sort of feeling. But the first lawyer whom I encountered had a smile of satisfaction on his countenance, and congratulated himself on the suspension of those labours which last week he said had lain so heavy on him. 'You

are free from that plague,' said he; 'you have no session or term time.'—'But you forget, my friend, that I have no vacation.'

I contrive however, to get through the no business of my life with tolerable satisfaction; and if at any time an hour hangs heavy on me, I do not carry my misfortune into the streets, but like decent beggars, keep my distresses at home, and am relieved by the private contribution of the humane and the charitable.

It is not so with every one who labours under the afflicting hand of time. When I had got a little futher on my accustomed walk I was caught in a shower and took shelter in the house of an acquaintance in Prince's street. As I passed the coffee house and confectioner's shop, I was struck with compassion at the sight of the many vacant and melancholy faces which appeared at the doors and windows. It was but a little after mid day, and consequently the gentlemen to whom these faces belonged had a great while to look forward to the hour when they could with propriety pull of their boots, and dress for the business of the table. The weather did not permit of their getting rid of this interval by a gallop, which one of the happiest expedients for the purpose in the world, as it removes the headach of yesterday's dinner, gets thro' the time till the dinner of to day, and gives an appetite for enjoying that meal when it comes. But my poor friends in Prince's street had no hope of getting through the tedious interval in the society of their horses; they had before them the dismal prospect of spending three long hours in their own company or that of their fellow sufferers; and, after all, of sitting down to dinner with muddy heads, and squeamish stomachs.

'Mentem mortalia tangunt,' says the Poet. The distresses incident to humanity are the great nourishers of moral speculation. The mortals of Prince's street touched my mind, and I could not think, without a great degree of commiseration, of the difficulty they would find in passing the time till the arrival of that important era in the history of the day—the hour of dinner. The more I reflected, the more I was distressed on their account: For I suspect that it is not only when the morning is rainy that our gentlemen of fashion find their time heavy. The languor and restlessness which are so frequently to be observed united in their looks and behaviour, are too evident symptoms of this quotidian disorder, this malady of time, under which they have the misfortune to labour.

To say the truth, in spite of our complaints and the shortness of life, yet four and twenty hours returning every day are by far too much for persons who have no other object but amusement. It is almost impossible to continue longer in bed than eleven hours; few people are able to lie more than eight or nine. Here, then, upon the most moderate calculation, we have at least thirteen hours to be filled up every day by people who have nothing to do but to be amused. Now although a chace, a bottle of wine, a dance, and some other expedients, to which these gentlemen have recourse, may give occasional filips to their spirits, yet it is not in man, no even in a man of fashion, to be both idle and comfortable for thirteen hours together, day after day.

There seems to be here an incongruity which is not observable anywhere else in the works of Nature. All the other animals have their duration pretty well adjusted to the purposes for which they seem to have been intended, or to their capacity for filling up the time allotted to them with tolerable satisfaction. The gay fluttering tribe of butterflies, who have no other business under the sun but pleasure, do not live long enough to have any languid intervals, or fits of the vapours. Geese, on the other hand

are very long lived: But then it is to be observed, that geese undertake the important and laborious task of rearing a family every season; they have likewise many enterprising excursions to make both by land and water in search of their food and besides, they can fill up their leisure hours agreeably by means of two very fortunate circumstances, their power of commanding sleep, when they please, and their talent for conversation. By these means, geese, when they are saved from the hand of the poulterer, are able to go on to a respectable old age, without ever being at a loss how to kill the time.

But men of fashion are an anomaly in the creation. Indeed, to adjust matters, one of two things is necessary; either to abridge the duration of their life, or else to improve their means of enjoying it.

With regard to the first method of abridgement, I humbly conceive, that if, from the time when our men of fashion break loose from their parents and preceptors, with the full command of money or credit, they were to sink quietly to rest in the course of nature at the end of a twelvemonth, their life would be pretty nearly sufficient for all they have to do. They would not fail within that space to run round the whole circle of pleasure again and again, which is evidently what they consider as the chief end of man. At the same time, they would be seasonably delivered from the insipidity of pleasure, when it becomes too familiar, from the unhappy devices which they fall upon to diversify their amusements, and to saunter away a tedious lifetime. Many of our young men of fashion seem to be sensible of the justness of this observation, for they do what they can to get the better of their constitution, and to abridge their life to a duration more suitable to the use which they make of it.

In this attempt, however, they are not always sufficiently expeditious; and, at any rate, it is always extremely unpleasant; most men of fashion, like most other men however disagreeable or useless they may find their lives, not chusing to die as long as they can easily avoid it. It would therefore be more acceptable, if it were possible to supply them with some means of passing more tolerably the thirteen or fourteen hours which they cannot lose in sleeping.

Here to be sure a moralist might assume a high tone of declamation, and call on those gentlemen to remember the duties which their country requires. He might tell them, that the eyes of mankind were directed to their conduct, and expected, from their station and fortune, examples of active and disinterested patriotism. He might tell them, that, if they were willing to take a share in the legislature, or if the happy season of peace gave them no opportunity to display their martial talents and gallantry in the field, yet they could not be at a loss for occasions to display their activity and enterprize by employing their wealth and influence to diffuse civilization and comfort, industry and good morals, among all ranks of their fellow citizens. He might tell them, that from such occupations they would derive the most honourable, heartfelt, and lasting pleasures, and be followed with the gratitude, the blessing of thousands. He might likewise intreat them to consider the opportunities which their riches and leisure afforded them of extending their researches into science, and encourage them with the prospect of utility and reputation united with the most interesting and endless amusement. He might also point out the delightful relaxation from their labours and solace to their carés which literature would afford them; he might tell them how much it would contribute at once to polish and elevate the character, and how admirably it would super-

sede those frivolous or pernicious entertainments in which they waste their hours.

But it would be cruel to harrass the poor gentlemen with these school declamations. The employments here pointed out require not only temporary exertions, but also continued industry, which we can scarcely expect from them. All that can be attempted with any reasonable hope of success, is to find some occupations which are more innocent, but which require no greater labour than the bottle or the gaming table, than low profligacy or treacherous intrigue.

Now, I have known several idle persons who contrived to amuse the vacant intervals between breakfast and dinner, and between that and supper, in a very inoffensive manner. According as the weather and season permitted, they employed all the first part of the day either in angling, shooting, hunting, or skating. When they could not go abroad with comfort, they always contrived work at home; such as weaving nets, plaiting lines, dressing fishing flies, cleaning guns, looking after the horses, and playing on the fiddle. In this manner, with the help of the newspaper, dressing for dinner, and now and then a game at whist or backgammon for a trifle in the evening, I have known some persons of no great fortune, who spent their time in the country from year's end to year's end, without much extraordinary sleeping, without much extraordinary yawning, without much extraordinary drinking, without doing any harm, and even without thinking on the amusements of the town.

I should therefore imagine, that the men of fashion, considering the accurate attention which it is proper for them to pay to their dress, and the superior advantages which they enjoy from the amusements of the town, excursions to watering places, and trips to the Continent, might contrive to occupy their time without hanging out their melancholy faces at coffee house doors or confectioners' shops, without exposing their own fortunes to be pilfered, or trying to pilfer others, at the gaming table, without weakening their constitutions, or injuring their fellow creatures. It is true, their occupations would frequently be rather more insipid and less respectable than might be wished. But since by some unaccountable irregularity in Nature the lives of men of fashion, although they have so much less to do than other men, are prolonged to fifty or sixty years; they might unquestionably contrive, by a succession of these little occupations, to pass thro' this long term far less uncomfortable, than by dividing their time between down right idleness, intemperance, and vice.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORATION ON THE ABSURDITY OF GOOD-BREEDING IN A REPUBLIC.

It is a well known maxim in politics, that as there are different forms of government in different countries, so each particular form requires some laws and customs, peculiar to itself. In countries, for example, subject to monarchical government, where a distinction of ranks is essential to the good of the state, the laws may oblige a father of a certain fortune and station to leave the greatest part of his estate to his eldest son: but who would say that such a regulation would be proper in a republic? wherein we certainly adhere more closely to the law of nature, by dividing inheritances equally among the children, without regard to age or sex. In the former of these governments, there must be an order of nobility, and different degrees of honour hereditary in certain families: in the

latter, it may be deemed expedient to withhold titles of honour, as tending to stimulate ambition, and to destroy that equality upon which it is founded.

And accordingly, these and many other similar distinctions have not escaped the observation, I will not say of our politicians only, but of the people of these United States in general. But, unless my self-partiality deceive me, it has not hitherto occurred to any philosopher, politician, or statesman, before myself, to remark, that what is commonly called good breeding is, in fact, a relic of monarchical government, and ought not to be countenanced in any well ordered republic. This assertion, I am sensible, may, at the first view, appear somewhat extraordinary; yet if this candid and enlightened audience will favour me with their usual indulgence, I do not despair of demonstrating it, in such a way, as will meet with their entire approbation.

That Good Breeding derives its origin from monarchical government, might be inferred from the very words by which we usually express it; the common language of mankind being, as the learned have well observed, a proof of the common sense of mankind. Do we not commonly call *Good Breeding Courtesy*, and even *Courtliness*? both which terms are evidently derived from the word *court*, which denotes the place where a monarch resides. But although there is, in my opinion, great weight in this circumstance, yet I shall not rest my cause solely upon it: but, making use of that species of reasoning which is termed in the schools *argumentum ad judicium*, proceed to draw my arguments from the nature of things.

And that what I shall say upon this important subject may be the better understood; I will begin by defining what is meant by good breeding. According to Dr. Beattie, whose authority I hope will not be disputed, 'Good breeding consists in showing by our looks and behaviour, that we respect our company, and that their happiness and convenience is the chief thing we have in view.' (See Elements of Moral Science, Dublin edition, page 170.) So then! to be well bred, we must shew by our looks and behaviour, that the happiness and convenience of others is the chief thing we have in view! But is this either natural or reasonable? Natural, I am sure, it is not; and therefore not reasonable. For I appeal to the feelings of every person in this assembly, whether it be not natural to him to consult his own happiness in the first place, and to desire that it should be rather well with himself than with another. So universal, indeed, is this experience, that, in *Latin*, it is a common proverb, *Ego met sum proximus mihi*; or, as we express it in English, 'Every man is nearest a-kin to himself.' Well then, suppose a man to show, by his looks and behaviour, that the happiness and convenience of others is the chief thing he has in view: either he is sincere in this exhibition, or he is not: if he is sincere, his conduct is unnatural; if he is not, he is a hypocrite. So that, in either case, there is, in this exercise of Good Breeding, nothing that we can commend, and much to censure. In a monarchical government, indeed, where there are different ranks and degrees of men; where some are superiors, and others inferiors, a man may think himself obliged, in point of prudence, to pay some court to those, whom he perceives to be thus elevated above him, and on whom he may conceive that he in some measure depends: hence courtesy; hence all those studied forms of deference and respect on the one hand, and of obliging condescension, forsooth, and affability on the other. But in a republic, where all men are equal, and where each man is a sovereign, it is obvious that there can be no foundation for such a practice.

It is true that in a book, whose authority is, indeed, most sacred, there is a precept, which enjoins, "that in honour we prefer one another. But who does not know, that there are many Christians who do not seem to think themselves bound to observe every precept contained in that sacred volume. And if they observe some things which it enjoins, though they neglect others; it is plain that it will do them some good, and not be useless: it is the very end for which the scriptures were written, that they might do us some good and not be useless: therefore they who obey some of the precepts contained in the scriptures, though they neglect others, comply with the very end for which they were written.

But let us see, whether, in imitation of some learned divines, we cannot explain this passage by comparing it, agreeable to their practice, with some others of a similar import. In the same sacred volume we are instructed to 'give honour to whom honour is due'; meaning, no doubt, that we should give honour to whom honour is due, and to no others. By parity of reasoning, we are to give preference to those to whom preference is due, and to no others. But in a republican government, all men are equal; and where all are equal, there can be no preference due to any one, and consequently, there is none to be given: but where no preference is given; or, in other words, where we do not 'in honour prefer one another'; there can be no such thing as Good Breeding: therefore in a republic there can be no such thing as good Breeding. Nothing surely can be more plain, clear and convincing, than this reasoning; and of course it is evident, that the text in question cannot refer to persons living in a republican, but to such only as are subject to monarchical, government.

Away then with all those groundless ideas of courtesy, respect, deference, and I know not what; which are quite foreign to our situation and circumstances. And on the contrary, let it be the chief care of every individual among us to assume such a look and demeanour, as shall the most unequivocally demonstrate that he looks upon no man to be superior to himself, and no man's convenience to be so much consulted as his own.

Entertaining, as I do, these sentiments, it gives me no small pleasure, as often as I walk the streets of this great metropolis, to observe the deportment of my fellow citizens. One droll fellow sticks a segar in his chaps, and puffs out the tobacco smoke, mixed with the effluvia from his lungs in the face of every one he meets; another, who was silent whilst at a distance, begins to hum a tune as he approaches you; a third whistles; and another consults his convenience in a way which I shall not mention: as if each were resolved to convince you, as is fit, that he has no respect for you, and that he regards nothing, but himself and his own gratification. But I shall perhaps be told, that the practices which I commend are confined to blackguards only, and to the lowest of the vulgar. This I am very ready to admit; that is, I admit that the practices I have mentioned are confined to those who are called blackguards, or at least to those whom one could not, without a breach of propriety, call gentlemen. But I am not for admitting such invidious distinctions. And besides, who does not know that every true democrat is in the habit of contending that these very persons are they who ought, properly speaking, to be termed *the people*; and that gentlemen and men of education should be regarded with jealous eyes, well watched, and kept in proper subjection.

But, be this as it may, I am very happy to find, that it is not among those only, who are termed *the vulgar*, that the practice of Good

Breeding begins to be discontinued. No one surely will presume to deny that the medical students of this university are gentlemen. And yet any one, who has attended a medical lecture, must have observed that at least one half of these GENTLEMEN come into the presence of their professor, and attend upon the instruction which he gives, with their hats on; some munching apples, even as they are entering; whilst others, that their minds may not be wholly unoccupied during the discourse, indulge themselves either in the cracking of nuts, or in expressing, by an easy process, its aromatic juice from that far famed Indian herb, generally known by the name of tobacco. Some, indeed, I know there are who allege, that, as the professor appears with his hat off before them, and addresses them with his hat off, a sense of common decency should induce them to take off theirs in return. But I beg leave to be of a different opinion. For are not the professors the servants of the students, just in the same manner as his excellency the governor, or the president of the United States, is the servant of the people? And if so, is it not fit that these servants, like all other servants, should pay to their masters a degree of attention, which they are not intitled to expect in return.

Having mentioned the university, it might well be deemed an unpardonable omission, were I not to fortify my cause still further by an appeal to the example of—I wish I could say *all*, but I may certainly be allowed to say *some*—of you, my quondam school-fellows. Who does not know, that, as often as the schools are dismissed, it is your practice to break out with hideous shrieks and screams that may be heard over the whole neighbourhood. As an enemy to Good Breeding, I will exhort you to continue in this practice, to which you have long been accustomed. And if any of your professors, or other teachers, should chance to be on the pavement, let not this circumstance impede your career, *caveat viator*. Upon such occasions, they have one part to act; and you another: it is your part to dash on, and theirs to keep out of your way.

And here I am almost tempted to exclaim with Cicero '*adhuc video omnia constare*.' My doctrine, I think, I have fully proved: and moreover I have also shown that among many of our fellow-citizens there exists a disposition very favourable for its reception. But, although my experience of human life has not as yet been very considerable, it has, however, been sufficient to convince me that the same arguments do not produce the same effects on all minds. Some bigots there always have been, and perhaps always will be, in society, who are backward in adopting new maxims, and who value themselves for being, as they love to express themselves, of the OLD SCHOOL. By these I may, probably, be asked, of what use this doctrine is; and whether, if Good Breeding were rejected, our intercourse with each other would be more easy and agreeable. Such questions I abhor: as proceeding from a cold imagination. For if the value of doctrines is to be estimated by their utility, what would become of many of those beautiful speculations, which have occupied the minds of philosophers in both ancient and modern times. What, for example, is the use of materialism, or the doctrine, which teaches us that the soul is not a distinct substance from the body? What is the use of the doctrine of necessity, whether it be considered as a doctrine in philosophy, or religion? Of what use was it to deny, as Bishop Berkeley and David Hume have done, the existence of matter; and to assert that the sun and moon, the sea and the mountains, men and other animals, and, in a word, the whole universe, has

no existence but in the mind that perceives it? And lastly, of what use are the modern doctrines of Godwin and others, which teach that a man should not prefer his own to a foreign country, or his nearest relations to strangers of equal merit. No, my respected audience, every man who possesses no other faculty than that of *judgment*, can value a doctrine for being useful; but to invent and propagate such theories, as those I have mentioned, requires no small degree of *genius*: now every body knows that genius has ever been accounted a much higher faculty of the mind than mere judgment: as much, therefore, as genius is superior to judgment, so much are those theories in metaphysics, politics, religion, and the sciences in general, which have no use, superior to those which are useful.

Conceiving, therefore, that my position is fully established, and that there can be no reasonable objection made to it; I submit what has been said, without any farther defence, to your superior judgment.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It appears that a Mr. Chouteau, said to be 'a French gentleman of the first respectability,' is now on his way to the city of Washington, with twelve warrior Indian chiefs, men and boys, on a visit to the president of the United States. This Monsieur Chouteau, it seems, has long monopolised the trade of the Osage nation of Indians, to which these chiefs belong, and has been prevailed upon by Captain Lewis to accompany them on this visit to an illustrious warrior, and sachem.

It is a great consolation to the people of the United States, that capt. Lewis is succeeding so well, in the very important object of his expedition. Not knowing precisely what he was going about, it was natural enough that we should grumble and be discontented at the appropriation of many thousands of dollars to defray his expenses, &c. but, notwithstanding all the secrecy and reserve which the administration have observed upon this subject, the truth has at last come out. This Monsieur Chouteau has been persuaded by captain Lewis to come all the way from the Osage river (500 miles up the Missouri), accompanied by twelve warriors, men and boys, besides several young French gentlemen, the whole party travelling, without doubt, at the expense of the United States, to enrich the president's cabinet with a DEAD TOAD. This toad is said to be of the form of a land tortoise, very flat, covered with scales, of a dark grey colour, a short tail, and a head like that of a buffalo, (mammoth probably) with six horns; and what is more wonderful than all, it lived a long time with Mons. Chouteau, on no other nourishment but a little water, but then it died.

Captain Lewis' success is, we must admit, very encouraging; and we doubt not that he will meet with many other curious toads, which will be acceptable to our philosophical executive, and should he go far enough, may perhaps come up at last with the great bull mammoth himself. To be sure it will cost us some more money, but then the treasury is full, and what a great curiosity the great bull mammoth would be!

We hope the public will be favoured by the National Intelligencer with the talks of the chiefs, and Mr. Chouteau and Mr. Jefferson, over this dead toad; and we doubt not that the mammoth cheese will be distributed liberally among the warriors, that Monsieur Chouteau will be permitted to continue in the enjoyment of his monopoly, and that the young French gentlemen will all be admitted into the Military Academy, even

if we native Americans must be dismissed to make room for them. Gentlemen who have deserved so well, should not be disappointed, and it has long been our rule, and it is the rule of politeness, to give to *strangers* in preference to those *who are at home*.

MR. PITT.

We have the high authority of GIBBON for praising a man when he no longer dispenses the favours of the Crown. The writer of the following character certainly never owed, and never can owe, any obligation to Mr. PITT. The likeness will be admitted to be accurate; and it will soon be discovered, that the powers of the Author were fully equal to his subject. The few PERSONAL traits, were necessary to confirm the portrait of the MIND—neither, however, could be misapplied.

"He contemns trivial honours, and disdains, even in great things, to act a second part. He is slow in action, and adverse to exertion, except when great honour may be obtained, or great actions are to be performed: not busied about many things, but confined to those which are GREAT and SPLENDID.

"He is as open in his hatred as in his friendship; for concealment is the part of fear; he regards TRUTH more than opinion, and shews himself manifestly in his words and actions, declaring his mind with full freedom, which indicates both his own love of truth, and his contempt for the opinions of others: but this openness of character is liable to one exception, for he is much given to *irony*, dissembling his merits before the vulgar, who are unworthy to appreciate them.

"He can show undue complaisance for no one's humors, except those of his friends, for flattery is a low and servile vice. He is not prone to admire, for he deems nothing great. He is not mindful of injuries, which his magnanimity teaches him to despise. He has no man's panegyrist or slanderer; he talks not of himself, nor does he blame others, nor speak ill even of his ENEMIES, except when their insolence excites his indignation.

"His gait is slow; his tone of voice grave; his pronounciation firm. Haste and rapidity betoken too much solicitude. He therefore is seldom in haste, who deems few things worthy of his pursuit; nor is he often eager who thinks few things of importance: quickness and sharpness of voice proceeding from earnestness and eagerness."

Thus far the author of our portrait of Mr. PITT. But accurate as it is, it was written without personal knowledge. The man might derive some features from the character, the character nothing from the man. Not to keep the reader too long in suspense, we have made ANTIQUITY delineate Mr. PITT for POSTERITY. The writer is ARISTOTLE, and these are the characteristics of MAGNANIMITY!!

[See *ETHICS*, B. 4. Chap. 3.

It is calculated, that the trade in Newspapers alone, annually amounts to the sum of one million sterling for the whole British Empire. The total yearly value of the trade in Newspapers, Reviews, Magazines, Pamphlets, Engravings, other books of all sorts, paper, and all kinds of Stationer's goods, is, for the whole Empire, not less than four millions sterling.

A singular instance of love at first sight occurred last week in *Clarges street*. A Gentleman passing though it in his chariot, early in the evening, was struck with the appearance of a girl, washing the steps of a door-way:—he

stopped, and having entered into five minutes conversation with her, persuaded this *Nymph of the Mop* to step into the carriage with him, in her *dripping state*, and the next morning conveyed her in better trim to church, and married her!

[*Lon. paper.*

Capt. TIPPETT is appointed to the command of the *Pretty Lass*, engaged by Government as a hired vessel.—It is no wonder that a *Pretty Lass* should have a *Tippet*.

[*Id.*

TO A LADY, WHO HAD A SCAR ON HER BREAST.

Oh! tell not me her heart is cold,
Soft, soft as Venus' dove;
Her heart the gentlest wish can hold,
Her heart is made for love.

For on her breast I chanc'd to spy
A scar from Cupid's dart;
A nest, where little Cupids lie
In ambush for the heart!

Oh! if to touch that hallow'd place
My happy lips might dare,
I would not wake a single Grace,
Or Love, that nestles there.

Should on my lips one love remain,
Fast clinging like a bee;
Sweetest, I'll kiss thy breast again,
And give him back to thee.

TRANSLATION FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA.

With simplest fare my cloth is spread;
Nor gold nor silver grace my board;
No tapestry round this humble shed
Enthrones in state its purple lord.

My friend, a soul at ease is mine,
I boast to serve a gentle muse;
And o'er my roof the clustering wine
Pours for that friend its mellow juice.

ANOTHER.

Loving, I was belov'd, and I enjoy'd:—
Still with strong tide my ready passions flow;
But who the lover, or the love,
Or where the theft—the powers above,
And you, my goddess, only know.

ANOTHER.

'Twas she—'twas she, the gentle maid,
At eve, beneath the myrtle shade,
Kiss'd me with moist and pulpy lip:
Even yet that rich, ripe, rapturous kiss,
That balmy breath and nectar'd bliss,
Feast of the gods! I seem to sip!
Love's honied draughts can never cloy:
But ah! it seems of passion tost,
Now, now, my madd'ning soul is lost,
Drunk with the mighty joy.

O tell me no more of the fir-shaded hill,
Where Contentment securely might grow;
Nor mention the murmur'ing sound of a rill,
Which bubbles so sweetly below.

The grove's smiling verdure no longer can please,
Though so gay and enchantingly fair;
Nor reason talk down a fond bosom to ease,
That is tortur'd with love and despair.

A wound, which the hand or the head may endure,
A relief from the lancet can find;
But say, what physician can e'er hope to cure
A latent disease of the mind!

In vain all the force and extent of his art
The medical blockhead applies;
For beauty will ever reign over the heart,
Till nature deprive us of eyes.

EPIGRAM.

As Will along the floor had laid,
His lazy length in solemn show,
You're ill, quoth Sal, I'm sore afraid
Indeed says Will, I'm rather low.

FRIENDLY COUNSEL.

When Foote to George Coleman his patent had sold,
One morn, he by chance up the Haymarket stroll'd,
Took a peep at his quondam Palæstrum, and there he
The new manager found in a pleasant quandary.
'We're rehearsing, says George, 'Thé Upholsterer'

to-day, sir;
And, of all your old troop, he who personates Razor,
Who should gape till he sets in a roar all the house,
Will not open a mouth fit to swallow a mouse;
From morning to noon, and from evening to dawn,
I've been at him, but, zounds! I can't make the dog
yawn.'

Sam look'd grave 'as a judge—' Coly, give me your
hand!
I'm your friend, you shall soon see his grinders expand:
Go, read your new comedy† to him, d'ye hear?
And I'll bet you ten pounds that he'll yawn for a year.'

How I love the festive boy
Tripping wild the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage
Smiling though the veil of age
And, when'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears
Age is on his temples hung
But his heart, his heart is young!

[Moore's Anacreon.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The biography of Chatterton, which has of late so much occupied our attention, is now concluded, and we cannot dismiss so interesting an article, without again exhorting every youth of genius and strong passions to meditate upon the habits, the fortune, and the fate of one of the most extraordinary characters of which the annals of literature make any mention. In this day's paper his character is fairly and faithfully delineated; and while admiring mortals mourn over his misfortunes, and regret his errors, let them gaze at the perennial column of his fame, and say this monument of genius was industriously and perseveringly erected by puerile hands, struggling with Poverty, with Pride, with Disappointment, and with Death.

In our department of Polite Literature, the article, which so learnedly and elegantly analyses the oratorical works of CICERO challenges the attention of every classical scholar.

We entreat 'ITHACUS' to correspond, as often as his liberal leisure will allow, and upon any topic, which his good taste may adopt, or his excursive fancy find.

In our next, we shall publish something, of an exquisite polish, from the pen of THOMAS MOORE, Esq. one of the politest scholars of Great Britain, who has emulated the Grecian graces of Anacreon, and who has warbled the songs of Festivity and Love, in a mode so faithful to feeling, and so responsive to taste, that WALLER himself is not more, enchanting.

The Oration upon the absurdity of Good Breeding in a republic was actually delivered, on a recent occasion, by a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. The Editor will not omit this opportunity of expressing his cordial approbation of an ingenious satire, which so justly and so poignantly assails one of the shameful and savage effects of a form of government, and a system of manners, more execrable than even the canting commonwealth of Cromwell, or the grim despotism of Algiers.

* A farce by Arthur Murphy, the humour of which is chiefly confined to the character of Razor, a gossiping barber, who entertains the audience with gaping and grimace.

† The Man of Business, which Coleman had recently published.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

VERNAL ADDRESS TO W.

Clad in the varied robe of May,
Fair Spring unveil'd the humid hours,
O'er hills and meads, and valleys gay,
Her verdant path was strew'd with flowers:
But ah! my timid bosom beats
When nature opes her treasur'd sweets.

Charms, which deride the gloss of art,
In friendship's purest form were given;
And closely to my beating heart
I clasp'd the precious boon of heaven,
With whisper soft, and aspect mild,
'Twas nature that my heart beguil'd.

The lily pale, and blushing rose,
Their balmy odours breathe around,
And where the tepid zephyr blows
The drooping willow sweeps the ground:
But memory saddens every view,
And all is ting'd with sorrow's hue.

For lo! in yonder shelter'd scene,
The cherub Peace securely dwelt;
And tender Love, with brow serene,
Embosom'd all the bliss I felt:
How sweet its fragrance, and how fair,
Thy filial fondness can declare.

Yet he, who points the diamond's ray,
And bade the gold of Ophir shine,
Whom Evangelic hosts obey,
(Enthron'd in majesty divine.)
'Twas nature's God who taught my heart
With all created joys to part. E

SELECTED POETRY.

[In a very scarce miscellany, intitled 'Davison's Poems, or a poetical rhapsodie, divided into sixe bookes, the fourth impression, newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the reader, Lond. 1621, 12mo.' the following poem is found. It is intitled 'The Lye,' and is reported to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh, the night before his execution. Of this tradition the evidence does not appear full nor satisfactory, but the ballad, inspired by whatever muse, is the sarcastic language of a disappointed man, and sometimes, in vigorous verse, conveys useful truth.]

Goe, soule, the bodies guest,
Upon a thanklesse arrant,
Feare not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant.
Goe, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lye.

Goe, tell the court it glowes,
And shines like rotten wood;
Goe, tell the church it shoves
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others actions;
Not loved, unless they give,
Not strong, but by their factions:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending:

And, if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion;
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how she falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwisenesse:
And, if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

Tell physicke of her boldnesse;
Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldnesse;
Tell law it is contention:
And, as they yield reply,
So give them still the lye.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindnesse;
Tell justice of delay:
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell arts, they have no soundnesse,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools, they want profoundnesse,
And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie;
Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pitie;
Tell virtue least preferreth:
And if they doe reply,
Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Although to give the lye
Deserves not less than stabbing,
Yet, stab at thee who will,
No stab the soule can kill.

ON THE EXILE AND DEATH OF OVID.

FROM THE LATIN OF POLITIAN.

And finds the Roman bard a foreign grave
Where Euxine rolls the inhospitable wave!
Thy bard, O Love, by rudest hands inhum'd,
Sleeps he near Ister's gelid stream entomb'd!
Those charities, the Getan fierce supplies,
Which Rome, unblushing, to her son denies!
Far from his natal soil—ye Muses, say
What sympathies his dying pangs allay?
On the bland couch who bids his limbs repose?
Who, with sweet converse charms his lingering woes?

Tries with officious hand the salient vein?
Or with emollients, hastes to assuage his pain?
With death suffus'd, who closes now his eye,
And bending o'er him marks his panting sigh?
Ah! none—detain'd in regions far remov'd,
Each fond associate, and each friend belov'd.
Ah! none—the ill fated husband's—father's care,
His spouse—his offspring, Rome forbids to share.

Say, can the rude Sarmatian, school'd to steel
His savage breast, say can he learn to feel?
Of haggard aspect, who insatiate drains
Life's reeking current from his courser's veins;
'Neath those froze locks that shade his tangled
brow,

Say, can that hollow eye with mercy glow?
—Blush, Romans, blush;—lo! Goths his fate de-
plore,
And pity meets him on that dreary shore:
His fate—those rocks that heard him, erst, com-
plain,
And brutes, no longer fierce, that mark'd his
pain.

See Venus, hastening from her favour'd isle,
Bids her plum'd flutterers light his funeral pile.
Then, when the self-exhausted flames decline,
His whitening ashes to their vase consign,
And thus inscribe the stone—'Lo here he lies,
Who sung Love's wiles, solicitudes and joys.'—
Herself ambrosial odours sprinkling round.
Thrice, and four times, bedews the hallow'd
ground.

Ye too, Pierian maids! with plaintive strains
Beyond my flight, embalm your bard's remains.

[The low simplicity of the following ballad, will prob-
ably, render it acceptable to the village wooer.]

Did ever swain a nymph adore,
As I ungrateful Nanny do?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
Or ever broken heart so true?
My cheeks are wet with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd did e'er I stray,
Or linger, when she bid me run?
She only had the word to say
And all she wish'd was quickly done:
I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,
Did I not rise by break of day?
Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,
If Robin in his barn had hay?
Tho' to my fields they welcome were,
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,
I cheerfully did gave her two;
And I her lambs did safely keep
Within my folds in frost and snow:
Have they not there from cold been free?
But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,
'Twas I that did her pitchers fill?
Full as they were, I brought them home?
Her corn I carried to the mill;
My back did bear the sack, but she
Will never bear the sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I gave,
I'm sure they always had the best;
Within this week, her pigeons have
Eat up a peck of peas at least.
Her little pigeons kiss, but she
Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
And Nanny still on Robin frown?
Alas, poor wretch, what shall I do,
If Nanny do not love me soon?
If no relief to me she'll bring,
I'll hang me in her apron string.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

[No. 28.]

VOL. IV.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 96.

*Loquax—gracili modulante Thalia,
Atque ut araneoli, tenuem formavimus orsum.*
VIRGILII Culex.

A new and very witty correspondent has sent me the following mock criticism, which, far from plagiarising from the page of CANNING, has very happily emulated his celebrated analysis of the nursery ballad, 'The queen of hearts, she made some tarts,' &c.* I should be unjust to my brother Lounger, if I omitted to insert, that, in his private letter to me, he very modestly states that he recollects an essay on a similar subject, but is not conscious of the servility of an imitation; and that if either its length, or its nature, render it improper for insertion, the Editor may, without ceremony, like the shepherd of the divine poet,

Loquem stipulam crepetantibus ammis.

The article in question shall not be put to this fiery trial, and Mr. Saunter himself would deserve to be *singed*, should he burn a single sentence which Genius has given to Mirth.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

AMONG critical writers it is a common remark, that the fashion of the times has often given a temporary reputation to performances of very little merit, and neglected those, much more deserving of applause. This circumstance renders it necessary that some person of sufficient sagacity to discover and to describe what is beautiful, and so impartial as to disregard vulgar prejudices, should guide the public taste, and raise merit from obscurity. Without arrogating to myself these qualities, I shall endeavour to introduce to the nation a work, which, though of considerable elegance, has been strangely overlooked by the generality of the world. The performance to which I allude, has never enjoyed that celebrity to which it is entitled, but it has of late fallen into disrepute, chiefly from the simplicity of its style, which, in this age of luxurious refinement, is deemed only a secondary beauty, and from its being the favourite of the

young, who can relish, without being able to illustrate, its excellence. I rejoice that it has fallen to my lot to rescue from neglect this inimitable poem; for, whatever may be my diffidence, as I shall pursue the manner of the most eminent critics, it is scarcely possible to err. The fastidious reader will doubtless smile when he is informed that the work, thus highly praised, is a poem consisting only of four lines; but as there is no reason why a poet should be restricted in his number of verses, as it would be a very sad misfortune if every rhymers were obliged to write a long as well as a bad poem; and more particularly as these verses contain more beauty than we often find in a poem of four thousand, objections to its brevity should cease. I must at the same time acknowledge that at first I doubted in what class of poetry it should be arranged. Its extreme shortness, and its uncommon metre, seemed to degrade it into a ballad, but its interesting subject, its unity of plan, and, above all, its having a beginning, a middle, and an end, decide its claim to the epic rank. I shall now proceed, with the candour, though not with the acuteness, of a good critic, to analyse and display its various excellencies.

The opening of the poem is singularly beautiful.

Jack and Gill.

The first duty of the poet is to introduce his subject, and there is no part of poetry more difficult. We are told by the great critic of antiquity that he should avoid beginning 'ab ovo,' but go into the business at once. Here our author is very happy: for instead of telling us, as an ordinary writer would have done, who were the ancestors of Jack and Gill, that the grandfather of Jack was a respectable farmer, that his mother kept a tavern at the sign of the Blue Bear; and that Gill's father was a justice of the peace, (one of the quorum), together with a catalogue of titles and aunts, he introduces them to us at once in their proper persons. I cannot help accounting it, too, as a circumstance honourable to the genius of the poet, that he does not in his opening call upon his muse. This is an error in which Homer and almost all the epic writers afterwards have fallen; since by thus stating their case to the muse, and desiring her to come to the assistance, they necessarily presupposed that she was absent, whereas there can be no sign of inspiration than for a muse to be unasked. The choice too of names is not unworthy of consideration. It would doubtless have comported to the splendor of the poem to have ended the heroes with long and sounding titles which by dazzling the eyes of the reader, might prevent an examination of the work itself. These aditious ornaments are justly disregarded by our author, who by giving us plain Jack and Gill has dared to rely on extrinsic support. In his choice of appellations he is however judicious. Had he, for instance, called the first character John, he might have given him more dignity but he would not so well harmonise with his neighbour, to whom in the course of

the work, it will appear, he must necessarily be joined. I know it may be said, that the contraction of names savours too much of familiarity, and the lovers of proverbs may tell us that too much familiarity breeds contempt; the learned, too, may observe, that Prince Henry somewhere exclaims, 'Here comes lean Jack. here comes bare bones,' and that the association of the two ideas detracts much from the respectability of the former. Disregarding these cavils, I cannot but remark that the lovers of abrupt openings, as in the Bard, must not deny their praise to the vivacity, with which Jack breaks in upon us.

The personages being now seen, their situation is next to be discovered. Of this we are immediately informed in the subsequent line, when we are told,

Jack and Gill
Went up a hill.

Here the imagery is distinct, yet the description concise. We instantly figure to ourselves the two persons travelling up an ascent, which we may accommodate to our own ideas of declivity, barrenness, rockiness, landiness, &c. all which, as they exercise the imagination, are beauties of an high order. The reader will pardon my presumption, if I here attempt to broach a new principle which no critic, with whom I am acquainted, has ever mentioned. It is this that poetic beauties may be divided into *negative* and *positive*, the former consisting in the mere absence of fault, the latter in the presence of excellence; the first of an inferior order, but requiring considerable critical acumen to discover them, the latter of a higher rank, but obvious to the meanest capacity. To apply the principle in this case, the poet meant to inform us that two persons were going up a hill. Now the act of going up a hill, although Locke would pronounce it a very complex idea comprehending person, rising ground, trees, &c. &c. is an operation so simple as to need no description. Had the poet, therefore, told us how the two heroes went up, whether in a cart or a waggon, and entered into the thousand particulars which the subject involves they would have been tedious, because superfluous. The omission of these little incidents, and telling us simply that they went up the hill, no matter how, is a very high negative beauty. These considerations may furnish us with the means of deciding a controversy, arising from a variation in the manuscripts; some of which have it *a hill*, and others *the hill*, for as the description is in no other part local, I incline to the former reading. It has, indeed, been suggested that the hill here mentioned was Parnassus, and that the two persons are two poets, who having overloaded Pegasus, the poor jaded creature was obliged to stop at the foot of the hill, whilst they ascended for water to recruit him. This interpretation, it is true, derives some countenance from the consideration that Jack and Gill were in reality, as will appear in the course of the poem, going to draw water, and that there was such a place as

* See the 'Microcosm,' an ingenious periodical paper by the E. onians.

Hippocrene, that is a *horsepond*, at the top of the hill; but, on the whole, I think the text, as I have adopted it, to be the better reading.
[To be Continued.]

POLITE LITERATURE.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 2.

Of the Roman Orators who preceded Cicero, and of the beginnings of this Orator.

Cicero, in his treatise of celebrated orators, where they maintain a dialogue with Atticus and Brutus, after having spoken of the Greeks who distinguished themselves, in eloquence, from Pericles to Demetrius Phalerius, who, with a great deal of merit, began, however, to introduce some alteration in the purity of the Attick taste, and marked the first degree in the decline of it, comes to those of the Romans, who, from the earliest times of the republic, had made themselves a name by the talent of speaking. He traces an enumeration, extensive enough to give us an idea, how this art had been a long time cultivated, without making any remarkable progress down to the time of Cato, the Censor, and to the Gracchi; the only ones whom he characterises in a manner to give us a great idea of them; not indeed that of perfection, (they were yet far from it), but that of genius not yet guided by art nor polished by taste. Vehemence and pathos, were the characteristics of Gracchi; gravity and energy, those of Cato: but all the three wanted still that elegance and harmony, that art of arranging words, and constructing periods, which occupy so great a space in the art of oratory, not less obliged than poetry, to regard the ear as the way to the heart. The Gracchi appear to have been in the number of those who were first instructed in the literature of the Greeks, which then began to be known in Rome. History informs us, that they owed this instruction, at that time very rare to the excellent education which they received from their mother Cornelia. But the Latin language, was not yet brought to perfection. This was not effected till the seventh century of Rome, at the epocha when Anthony, Crassus, Scaevola, Sulpitius, and Cotta flourished, all of whom we have seen make a great figure in the dialogues of Cicero, concerning the orator. The eulogium he makes of them is founded partly on a tradition which was easily preserved among so many auditors and judges; for several of them had written nothing, and those of them whose works were in the hands of Cicero, have not escaped the injuries of time. We know nothing of them but by the honorable testimony which he records in their favour. So that the whole history of Roman eloquence, and all the monuments of their orators which remain to us, are included in the writings of Cicero.

When he first appeared in the career of oratory, Hortensius held the first rank in it. He was called the prince of the bar. Cicero, in the first step which he took, encountered this illustrious adversary, had the glory to contend with him advantageously, and to merit his esteem and his friendship. But, he himself informs us, and his known impartiality renders him worthy of credit, that Hortensius, did not support his reputation to the end. He perceived not, that the splendor and ornaments which were the principal merit of his discourses, his action more suitable for the theatre than that for the tribunals, all those seductions which had excited the applauses of his youth, were less conformable to a more mature age; when more important qualities are expected, to give his sentiment all the weight and all the dignity which belongs to ex-

perience. Hortensius was seen to decline, in proportion as Cicero rose. This unequal competition, cast a cloud upon their connection. Cicero thought he had reason to complain of him in the time of his exile, which, however, did not hinder him from paying at his death, the tribute of regret, which so good a citizen as he, could not refuse to the merit of a rival, and to the interest of the state, which had so often united them in the same party.

The fairest triumph which he obtained over him, was in the affair of Verres, of which I propose to speak in detail. But it is necessary, for the glory of our orator, to observe beforehand, that in this cause, as in many others which he undertook, there was as much courage necessary to engage in it, as there was of honour in succeeding in it. It occurred in times of trouble and of corruption: intrigue, influence, power, frequently prevailed in the tribunals over equity. Frequently the oppressor was so powerful, that the oppressed could not obtain a defender. This had occurred, for example, in the prosecution against Roscius of Ameria, who, in those times, when the proscriptions of Sylla had silenced all the laws; had been despoiled of his fortune by two of his relations, who had murdered his father, although he was not in the number of the proscribed, and who, fearing that the son would reclaim his property, had dared to charge him with the assassination which they had committed, and instituted against him an accusation of parricide. They were supported by the credit of Crisogon, who had shared in the spoils. This was a freedman of Sylla, all powerful with his master, who was then dictator. None of the lawyers had dared to expose himself to the resentment of an enemy so formidable. Cicero, at the age of six and twenty, had this noble boldness. Full of that indignation which injustice inspires, and which a timid prudence too often damps in the age of experience, but which kindles the blood of a young man well born; transported also, perhaps, by that ardor to distinguish himself, one of the happiest attributes of youth, he, alone, dared to speak, when all the world was silent: a resolution so much the more astonishing, as it was the first public cause which he pleaded. Those were called public causes which were carried before the senators, or the Roman knights, and were distinguished from private causes, which were tried in the inferior tribunals.

Another merit, not less admirable, is, that he displayed in his pleadings, all that address and all that reserve, which courage does not ways possess. In attacking Crisogon with the force of which he was capable, and in rendering him as odious as possible, he preserves to Sylla all imaginable management, and takes part which is always the most prudent. When we contend against authority, that of suppositing that it is uninformed, and even that it could be informed. We are ignorant what was the event of this prosecution; but we know that little time afterwards, he had still the same conscience, and defended the right of certain cities Italy, to the citizenship of Rome, against an oppressive law of Sylla, which took it away from them. Plutarch, who wrote more than a century after Cicero, believes that his voyage into Greece, and his absence for two years, had for their motive, not the necessity for restoring his health as he gave out; but an apprehension of the resentment of Sylla. This opinion of Plutarch is contradicted by other testimonies much more authentic, from which we learn, that Cicero gained a year at Rome after the prosecution of Crisogon. The noble and courageous conduct which marked his entrance to the bar, was afterwards one of the most pleasing recollections that

his old age. He speaks of it to his son with complacency, and cites to him, his own example as a lesson to all those who devoted themselves to the same profession; and who ought to be well convinced, that nothing is more proper, to merit for them early the public consideration, than such generous sacrifices which defy all danger when the question is, the protection of innocence. This is the sentiment which animates him in the accusation against Verres. It is true, that in this cause, he had great advantages. He was in the vigour of age, and in the career of honors. He had exercised the quaestor in Sicily with reputation, and had been designated as Edile. The Roman people, charmed with his eloquence, and convinced of his virtue, lavished their favours upon him on all occasions. Public applauses followed him wherever he went; but it is not less true, that in attacking Verres, he had great difficulties to overcome. Verres, guilty as he was, felt himself supported by the credit of a man that was most powerful in Rome. The grandees, who regarded it as one of their rights, to enrich themselves, in the government of the provinces, by the most crying extortions, made a common cause with him, and saw nothing in the punishment which threatened him, but an example to be dreaded by them. They employed all possible means to screen him from the severity of the laws. Cicero, to whom the Sicilians had addressed their complaints, as to the natural protector of this province, since he had been quaestor in it, was gone upon the spot to collect the testimonies which he wanted against the accused. He had requested three months and an half for this journey; but he learned that they were intriguing to draw out this affair into length, and until the following year, when M. Metellus was to be praetor, and Q. Metellus, and Hortensius, consuls. These were the very defenders of Verres, and such concurrence of circumstances would have furnished them with too many means of saving him. Cicero made so much diligence, that his information was all obtained in fifty days. He returned to Rome at a moment when they least expected him, and considering that his pleadings might take up a great number of audiences, and consume much precious time, he made them proceed directly to the examination of witnesses, and pronounced only one discourse, in which, upon every fact alleged he cited the witnesses whom he presented to his adversary, Hortensius, who was appointed to interrogate them. The proofs were so clear, the dispositions so decisive, the murmurs of the Roman people, who were present, were heard with so much violence, that Hortensius, thunderstruck, dared not to speak in opposition to the evidence, but advised Verres not to stand the trial, but to exile himself from Rome. When we read in Cicero the detail of his atrocious and innumerable crimes, any one of which alone would have merited death, we feel an indignation that the Roman jurisprudence, worthy of commendation in so many respects, had more respect for the title of a Roman citizen, than for that distributive justice, which proportions the punishment to the fault, and permitted that every citizen who condemned himself to banishment, should be regarded as sufficiently punished. Verres, nevertheless, had a miserable end but his crimes were only the occasion, not the cause of it. After having led in exile, a miserable life, abandoned and despised, he returned to Rome in the time of the proscriptions of Octavius and Antony; but having had the imprudence to refuse to the latter, the beautiful vases of Corinth, and the admirable Greek statues, which were the relics of his depredations in Sicily, he was placed in the number of the proscribed, and Verres perished like Cicero.

This was the only time that this great man, who was occupied incessantly in the defence of the accused, came forward as an accuser; and it is with this interesting remark, that he begins his first oration against Verres. The unexpected turn which this affair took, was the cause, that of seven harangues of which it is the subject, the two first only were pronounced. Cicero wrote the others, to leave a model of the manner in which an accusation ought to be pursued and supported in all its parts. The two last, commonly considered as master pieces, have for their object, the one, the robberies and rapines of Verres, the other his cruelties and barbarities. One is remarkable for the riches of the details, the variety and pleasantry of the narrations; for all that art which the orator employs to prevent satiety in relating a crowd of pillages, whose foundation is always the same; the other is admirable for its vehemence and pathos, and for all the springs he sets in motion to excite pity in favour of the oppressed, and indignation against the guilty. It is of this last, that I have thought it my duty to translate a few passages: while they make us feel the eloquence of the orator, they have moreover for us, the precious advantage of giving us an idea of the arbitrary power exercised by the Roman governors, in the provinces, confided to them; and of the horrible abuse which they too often committed, when the corruption of manners had prevailed over the wisdom of the laws. It is, in casting our eyes over these pictures, so disgusting to humanity, that in spite of all the splendor with which the Roman grandeur strikes the imagination. We render thanks to Heaven for the annihilation of a power so naturally tyrannical, that to whatever extremity she carried it, it was absolutely necessary to suffer until upon the expiration of the government, they might go to Rome to solicit a satisfaction, uncertain, feeble, tardy, which could not expiate the crimes, nor redress the wrongs. It is for this reason, that without attending to discourses relative to private causes, whose details cannot interest us on their own account, I have chosen all the examples with which I choose to recite, in those harangues in which the public interest is implicated, and eloquence and history combine together to instruct and affect us.

[To be Continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

[By that malignant tribe, who are naturally envious of the good fortune of those, who by chance or merit have acquired the favour and protection of greatness, the muse and memory of William Whitehead have been assailed with furious rancour. Because he was Poet Laureat to a Prince it has been thought necessary by the tools of faction to deny him his merit as a writer, and his independence as a man. Every grumbling patriot, every witting of opposition has endeavoured to tarnish his reputation and pluck the laurel from his brow. From the *specimens*, from the polished severity of Junius down to the gross abuse of the *spur-gall'd hackney*, this amiable poet has experienced all the varieties of invective. He has been ridiculed by some, and cursed by others; but sneers and banter and execration have had their brief reign, and it is time for TRUTH and REASON to vindicate their sway. From a careful perusal of his works, and from the subsequent honest record of his life it manifestly appears that he was neither a court parasite, nor a dull versifier. His 'Odes,' the peculiar object of much false and malignant criticism, are often very spirited and elegant specimens of Lyric Poetry. To the sarcasms of Churchill, who was probably biassed by the notorious John Wilkes, we may boldly oppose the better judgment of Gray. Mr. Mason too, who had acquired a right to decide, declared that he found, to the poet's honor, more variety of sentiment and expression than could be expected from the uniformity of his topics from which he composed in compliance with the forms of his office. I persuade myself, continues Mr. Mason, the reader must agree with me in thinking that no court poet ever had fewer courtly

stains, and that his page is, at the least, as white as Addison's.]

William Whitehead was born in the parish of St. Botolph, Cambridge, in February 1714-15. He was the second son of Richard Whitehead, a baker, who lived in the parish of St. Botolph, and who in that capacity, served in the neighbouring College of Pembroke-Hall. He was of a very careless disposition, attending little to business, and employing his time chiefly in ornamenting, rather than cultivating, a few acres of land near the neighbouring village of Grantchester, which still goes by the name of Whitehead's Folly. At his death, he left considerable debts which his son very honourably discharged, by the profits arising from his theatrical productions. His mother was a very amiable, pious, prudent, and exemplary woman. Their eldest son, John, who was born fifteen years before the poet, was educated for the church, and by the interest of Mr. Bromley, afterwards Lord Montfort, obtained the living of Pershore, in the diocese of Worcester. They had also one daughter, who died in infancy.

He received the first rudiments of his education at some common school in Cambridge; but at the age of fourteen, he was removed to Winchester having obtained a nomination into that college, by means of Mr. Bromley, July 6, 1728.

At school, according to the information of Dr. Balguy, he was always of a delicate turn; and though obliged to go to the hills with the other boys, he spent his time there in reading either plays or poetry, and was also particularly fond of the 'Atalantis,' and other books of private history in character. He very early exhibited his taste for poetry; for while other boys were contented with showing up twelve or fourteen lines, he would fill half a sheet, but always with English verse. At sixteen he wrote a whole comedy. In the winter of the year 1732, he is said to have acted a female part in the 'Andria,' under Dr. Norton's direction. It is certain, that he acted Marcia in the tragedy of 'Cato,' with much applause.

In 1733, the earl of Peterborough, having Pope at his house, near Southampton, carried him to Winchester, to show him the college, &c. The Earl gave ten guineas, to be disposed of in prizes among the boys, and Pope set them a subject to write upon, viz. Peterborough. Prizes of a guinea each were given to six of the boys, among whom Whitehead was one. The remaining sum was laid out for other boys, in subscriptions. Pine's Horace, then about to be published.

He never excelled in writing epigrams, nor did he make any considerable figure in Latin verse though he understood the classics very well, and had a good memory. He was, however, employed to translate into Latin the first epistle of the 'Essay on Man;' and the translation is still extant in his own hand. Dobson's success in translating Prior's 'Solomon,' had put this project into Pope's head; and he set various persons to work upon it.

His school-friendships were usually contracted, either with noblemen or gentlemen of large fortune, such as Lord Drumlanrig, Sir Charles Douglas, Sir Robert Burdett, Mr. Tryon, Mr. Munday of Leidenham, and Sir Bryan Broughton, to whom, after he removed to Oxford, he sent a poeticalistle from Winchester. The choice of these pens was imputed by some of his school fellows to vanity, by others, to prudence; but it might be owing to his delicacy, as this would make him less disgusted with the coarser manners of ordinary boys.

He was school-tutor to Mr. Wallop, afterwards Lord Arlington father to the present Earl of Portsmouth. He enjoyed, for some little time, a

lucrative place in the college, that of propositior of the hall.

He had not resided at Winchester above two years, before his father died. However, by his own frugality, and what small assistance his mother could give him, he was enabled to continue at school till he could appear a candidate for an election to New college.

At the election, in September 1735 he was treated with singular injustice; for, though the force of superior interest, he was placed so low on the roll, that it was scarcely possible for him to succeed to New College. Young, several years before, experienced the same fate.

Being now superannuated, he left Winchester of course, deriving no other advantage from the college than a good education, which he gratefully acknowledges, in the beautiful elegy addressed To the Reverend Dr. Lowth, on his 'Life of William of Wykeham.'

From the same fount, with reverence let me boast,
The classic streams with early thirst I caught,
What time, they say, the muses revell'd most,
When Bigg presided, and when Burton taught.

Two months after his disappoinment at Winchester, he removed to the place of his nativity, where the peculiar circumstances of his being the orphan son of a baker of Cambridge, gave him an unquestionable claim to one of the scholarships, founded at Clare-Hall, by Mr. Thomas Pyke, of that trade and town. His mother accordingly admitted him a sizer of this college, under the tuition of Messrs. Curling, Goddard, and Hopkinson, November 26 1735; and the scholarship, though it amounted only to four shillings a-week, was in his circumstances a desirable object.

The notice which Pope had taken of him at school, prevented the inferiority of his station from being any hindrance to his introduction into the best company. The ease and the natural politeness of his manners, added to an agreeable and pleasing countenance, would also facilitate the reception of a young man, who had only his ingenuity to recommend him. It was likewise very fortunate for him to find many persons who have since figured highly in the literary and great world, contemporary students in the university. Among the number of his immediate contemporaries were the honourable Charles Townshend, doctor Powell, doctor Balguy, doctor Ogden, doctor Stubbing, and doctor Hurd, the present bishop of Worcester, with all whom he contracted a particular intimacy.

The poetical faculties of Whitehead now began to make a rapid progress; and he has himself explained the cause, in his Elegy to doctor Lowth. He insinuates that he thought it rather fortunate than otherwise, that he was not removed from Winchester to Oxford, on account of the society of such men as it was his felicity to find contemporary students at Oxford.

And sure in Granta's philosophic shade,
Truth's genuine image beam'd upon my sight,
And slow-eyed reason lent her sober aid,
To form, deduce, compare, and judge aright,
Yes, ye sweet fields! beside your osier'd stream,
Full many an Attic hour my youth enjoy'd,
Full many a friendship form'd, life's happiest dream,
And treasur'd many a bliss which never cloy'd.

The first pieces he published, were verses on public occasions, the Marriage of the Prince of Wales, in 1736, inserted in the Cambridge Gratiulations. They little excel the prize-verses he wrote at school, which have but little merit, if we deduct from them that of mere easy versification, which he seems to have acquired by sedulously imitating Pope's manner. Neither his fancy nor judgment appear to have risen in any degree equal to what in common progress might be expected from a mind, which, a very few years after, exhibited both these qualities so strikingly.

Among the many pieces written at that early period, the Vision of Solomon is the only one that seems to indicate the future poet.

This, perhaps, would not have been the case, had he taken the versification of Spenser, Fairfax, Milton, and poets similar to them, for his model, rather than the close and condensed couplets of Pope; for in that way of writing, his fancy would have developed itself earlier, and perhaps have obtained greater strength and powers of exertion. But though he had read Spenser in his childhood with avidity, and was fully capable, as appears by the vision of Solomon, of catching his manner; yet the fashion of the time led him to exercise himself in that mode of composition, which was then esteemed the best. He began to write verses first before the school of Milton rose in emulation of the school of Pope, and had even become an author before Collins, Akenside, Gray, Warton, Mason, and some others had diffused just ideas of a more perfect species of poetry, by substituting fiction and fancy, picturesque description and romantic imagery, for wit and rhyme, sentiment and satire, polished numbers, sparkling couplets, and pointed periods.

In 1741, he published his beautiful epistle On the Danger of writing Verse, with which he only first commenced a poet. It exhibited such a specimen of elegant versification, such close and condensed expression, so much sense, enlivened with all the fancy the didactic species of its composition would admit, that it obtained general admiration, and was highly approved by Pope himself, of whose preceptive manner it is surely one of the most happy imitations extant.

In June 1742, he was elected fellow of Clare-Hall, about a year before he commenced master of arts. His mother dying in April before, had not the satisfaction of seeing her son thus fixed in a situation which was probably the height of her ambition. Yet his irreproachable conduct, as a collegiate, his great proficiency as a scholar, and his rising reputation as a poet, must have sufficiently removed her fears concerning his future advancement. To her, and indeed to both his parents, he seems always to have born the truest filial affection, as appears from the first of his epistolary poems To the honourable Charles Townsend, and the Verses to his Mother, on her Birth-day, which place his moral qualities in a pleasing light. A mother who impressed upon her son that early sense of a God and a Providence, which he retained through life, affords an example worthy of imitation.

In 1743, he published *Atys and Adrastus*, a pleasing and pathetic tale, taken from Herodotus, in which, with equal judgment, though not with equal force, he copied the narrative style of Dryden, in his "Fables."

The same year, he published an epistle in the manner of Ovid, from Ann Bullen to Henry the Eighth, in which, though he made a judicious use of the queen's original letter, and in his own additions preserved a true characteristic unity with it, yet it cannot with justice be ranked high among the numerous productions of this kind.

His next poem was his *Essay on Ridicule*, which also appeared in 1743. This is a studied performance, the parts of it put together with much care, and that chain of reasoning preserved in it, which the subject seemed to demand. In the edition of 1774, some lines at the conclusion of the poem, which he thought authorized too free a use of his talent, are omitted. In its first state, he had neither mentioned the name of Swift nor of Pope publicly, because he did not think either of them had employed it with sufficient reserve. Yet he had there held Lucian, Cervantes, and Addison as legitimate models. But in the last edition, the palm of just ridicule is given to Addison alone.

The publication of this poem was soon after followed by *Nobility*, an Epistle to the Earl of Ashburnham, written also in happy imitation of Pope's manner. This poem, for what reason is not known, he did not insert in either of the editions of his works.

During the time of his being an under graduate, he lived a very studious life, observing the strictest frugality possible, that he might be the less burdensome to an affectionate mother. After taking a very creditable degree, and being emancipated from those mathematical studies for which young men of his tribe seldom have much relish, he wrote rapidly, though not carelessly, for the press; but this rapidity, as it did not continue through life, probably arose at the time, rather from a laudable desire of self-maintenance, than any undue eagerness for poetic fame.

Possessed of a fellowship, it was now his intention to take orders, and with that view, he prepared himself for the church; but shortly afterwards, a circumstance occurred, which led him to defer putting this design into practice, and in the end occasioned his relinquishing the idea altogether.

The late Earl of Jersey was making inquiries after a proper person to take the private tuition of his second son, now become his only hope, from the death of his elder brother; on which account probably he durst not trust him to the dangers of a public education, as his constitution appeared to be very delicate. Fortunately for the young Viscount, Whitehead was recommended to his father, by Mr. Commissary Graves, as a person fully qualified for this important charge. His recommendation was successful; and Whitehead, when the offer was made, did not hesitate to accept it. He therefore in 1745, removed to the earl's house in London, where he was placed upon the most liberal footing. He had also the care of a young friend of the family, now general Stephens, who was brought up with lord Villiers, as the companion of his studies.

At Michaelmas, 1746, he resigned his fellowship, in compliance with lord Jersey's inclination, who wished him, while he continued in his family, not to take orders, which the statutes of Clarehall would have obliged him to do.

Having now many intervals of leisure for his own favorite studies, he employed himself almost entirely in dramatic compositions. He hewed an early talent, not only for writing in the way, but for acting. On his coming to town he wrote a ballad farce, intitled *The Edinburgh kilt*, in which the young pretender is the principal character. It was not represented, and is still MS.

But he soon attempted higher things, and began a tragedy, called the *Roman Father* on the subject of Corneille's "Horace," which was produced on the stage at Drury lane, February 24, 1750, and obtained the just approbation of repeated and numerous audiences. He inscribed it, when printed, to the honorable Thomas Villiers, afterwards earl of Clarendon. It has been so frequently exhibited with applause and has shown so many actors and actresses to advantage that it is almost unnecessary to say any thing more concerning it, than that it surely is a great improvement on one of the great Corneille's best tragedies, and may be ranked among the best of the dramatic pieces of this age. It is an improvement of Corneille's play only. The radical defect of the story is not absolutely removed; and after the Curiatii are killed the fable still drags, yet not in any degree as it does in the French tragedy. With respect to the unity of action and of time, the piece is not defective. In point of character, energy and discrimination truly

point of style, considered only with respect to its effect upon the stage, it is well calculated for the actor's delivery. It is not perhaps sufficiently elevated for the closet; but there are, in general, more poetical beauties in his dramatic verse, than in that of Corneille.

In 1751, he published his *Hymn to the Nymph of Bristol Spring*, written in the manner of those classical addresses to heathen divinities, of which the *Hymns of Homer and Callimachus* are the archetypes. This poem is essentially different in point of style and manner from any of his other productions. The frequent summer excursions which he made to Bristol, with the earl of Jersey and his lady, furnished him with the subject; and the translations of Prior, as well as the poems of Armstrong and Akenside, then in general estimation, directed his taste to the manner in which that subject might best be treated.

He had before written a little fanciful burlesque poem, intitled the *Sweepers*, which has less of parody, and more of invention than the "Splendid Shilling" of Philips. In this ludicrous, and the other serious poem, he shows himself possessed of an ear well-attuned to that variety of pause and of cadence, which are as essential to the structure of blank verse as rhyme itself is to that species of heroic numbers, to which it gives its name.

The same year, he wrote the beautiful stanzas on *Friendship*, to a friend who had blamed him for leading a dependent life, and for not taking orders, or entering upon some stated profession. This delicate poem contains his own vindication, and is written with all the careless ease, but with more of elegance than we usually find in similar productions of Prior. It paints, in amiable colours, the character and feelings of the writer, which gives it a charm superior even to the singular felicity of its diction. Yet this latter quality must ever secure it the approbation of all those readers, who can admire pleasing sentiments, expressed with the purest simplicity.

Many other little epistolary compositions flowed with equal ease from his pen at this period, such as the *Epistles to Mr. Cambridge, Mr. Garrick, and Mr. Hoadly*, and some *Tales* in the manner of Montaigne and Gay.

When Moore began "The World," in 1753, Whitehead, among others, gave his assistance, and contributed the 12th, 19th, and 58th numbers.

In 1754, he collected his works into a volume, 12mo, among which he inserted his *Fatal Constancy*, or *Love in Tears*, a sketch of a tragedy in the high heroic taste, which made part of Foote's farce of "The Diversions of the Morning."

At the time of arranging that volume, he was engaged in preparing for the stage his tragedy *Creusa*, which was exhibited at Drury Lane Theatre, April 20, 1754, with considerable applause, though not so much as it merited. He inscribed it, when printed, to lord Villiers, now earl of Jersey. It showed the abilities of his favorite actress, Mrs. Pritchard, who performed the part of *Creusa* to great advantage; and as Garrick and Mossop also took parts in it, the performance was so perfect, that it was hardly possible for it not to succeed in the representation; yet it has seldom been revived, though it shows the dramatic powers of Whitehead to more advantage than the *Roman Father*, which takes its turn in the course of theatrical exhibitions. The play is founded on the Ion of Euripides, but the plot is extremely heightened, and admirably conducted; nor has there perhaps ever been a more genuine and native simplicity introduced into dramatic writing than that of *Ilyssus*, bred up in the service of the gods, and kept unacquainted with the vices of mankind. Whoever compares the two dramas, will readily allow, that to alter a story of so very fabulous a kind, in which the

intervention of Pagan divinities, appear so necessary, into a probable action, and also where a connected train of natural circumstances resulting one from another, leads to an affecting catastrophe, must have been a work of extreme difficulty. This Whitehead has very successfully achieved. There is hardly a single tragedy of English manufacture in which the three unities are more accurately observed. The language of Creusa is also more elevated than that of the Roman Father; the catastrophe results naturally from the action that precedes it, but it does not satisfy. The crime of the queen, as she so very unwillingly consents to the poisoning of Ilyssus, seems hardly great enough to merit capital punishment. Euripides, who knew her much more criminal, suffers her to exist to the end, and by making Ion attempt to avenge on his unknown mother the crime she had been guilty of, in attempting to poison him, her unknown son, produces an incident truly theatrical. Whitehead, by not admitting this double project of parricide into his plan, has perhaps decreased the theatrical effect, of which the Greek poet had furnished him with the example, and which, had he improved upon it, as he has on all the other incidents of the Ion, might have made the last act much more perfect. It is certain, however, that for this purpose, the preceding plot of the whole piece must have been differently constituted.

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The ensuing letter to the Editor of a literary journal published in London, and conducted by scholars of celebrity, will convince the lovers of polite literature, who honour the Port Folio with a perusal, that the youthful lays of the celebrated Mr. Moore, even when published under the disadvantage of being the posthumous work of an anonymous writer, attracted the attention, and solicited the praise of the most scrupulous. We do not, however, and we know that our friend, Mr. M. does not, subscribe to the opinion of the Critic, respecting Waller. But the Editor owes it to an amiable man and a most accomplished scholar, to declare that the ensuing commendation is but a just tribute to one, who has unquestionably, in all his writings, attained the true secret of fine writing, and, like Addison, Goldsmith, Parnell, Prior, and La Fontaine, can unite highly polished elegance to archly smiling simplicity.]

The spirit of true poesy has been so long laid among the tombs of our literary fathers, that even the apparition of Genius is, and ought to be considered, in our days, highly 'miraculous.' The little volume containing the poetical works of the late T. Little, Esq. is a phenomenon of this kind. The editor, in a very ingenious preface, abounding with classical remark and polite criticism, gives a brief account of the author, who, as it appears, was his particular friend, and a young man of the most ardent sensibility and refined passion. His eulogium on Catullus is elegant and accurate; but I do not coincide in the too favourable opinion he seems to entertain of the 'sentimental levity, the *grata protervitas* of a Sedly.' The amatory writers of an earlier date were certainly more fanciful, and, at the same time, more natural; I shall only instance the names of a Randolph, or a Drayton, poets, with whose works I doubt not that Mr. Little himself was particularly intimate. To those I do not scruple to add Suckling, as much superior in delicate simplicity to his more famous contemporaries. In describing the warmer emotions of the heart, there is a chastity of expression required, which can alone give a durability of colouring to performances of a nature generally evanescent, or at least liable to decay with their subject. Who, at this period of comparative purity, is delighted with the mythological extravagance of Waller, or the polished pedantry

Lansdown? Their admirers are departed with our grandfathers, or only exist in maiden-aunts, and antiquated beauties who, happily, know very little of the matter. As for the so much celebrated elegies of Hammond, they are, though modern, even less sufferable; the stiff, affected exercises of a school-boy, not the spontaneous and animated effusions of a lover; and I can hardly determine, whether even the mad flights of the Della-crusca tribe, wild and inconsistent as they are, may not be more appropriate to the delineation of those sentiments which owe their very birth to the temporary frenzy of an overheated heart, and, sometimes, of an overheated head. Though some may style this apathy, it is certainly the apathy of reason; and cannot be refuted by the chimerical enthusiasms of any metaphysical inamorato, from the time of Petrarch himself to the present. After this short digression, I shall enter more minutely into a detail of the pieces which so forcibly demand our attention, first pointing out their peculiar characteristics.

Although they may, casually, betray the inconsiderate levity and effervescence of youth, they are, generally, correct and finished; there is much versatility of measure, but the diction and style are uniformly splendid. The playful archness of Matt. Prior has been, in some places, happily imitated, as in the lines, beginning 'Yes, I think I once heard of an amorous youth,' &c. in the song, p. 39; in the 'Kiss;' and in 'Fanny of Timmol.' Many poems, of a more sublime or affecting order, remind us of that simple sweetness which Langhorne once so frequently evinced. The 'Shield' is nothing inferior to the best of Gray's minor odes, and, consequently, will admit of no sort of comparison with the monstrous productions of the day, for which the editor expresses a commendable distaste. 'It screams for the guilt of days that are past,' is awfully true, and worthy of a poet, as is likewise,

While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night.'

The song, p. 115, is infinitely beautiful, and contains much real wit, blended with exquisite tenderness. I shall present it as a specimen:

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow
Its look is so shifting and new,
The oath I might take on it now,
The very next glance would undo!
Those babies that nestle so sly,
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye,
Such as your's, may be off in a shot!
Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Tho' each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose!
Or a sigh may disperse from that flower
The dew and the oath that are there,
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
To lose them so sweetly in air!
But clear up the the heav'n of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they must be both broken together!

It would be easy to produce specimens of similar excellence, but I forbear to trespass upon the limits of your miscellany, and remain,

Yours, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The phrase 'Enlightened government of France,' made use of in the late message of the President, has given rise to various constructions. The friends, as well as foes of the present administration, are left to conjecture the idea Mr. Jefferson meant it should signify. Though *enlightened* is not a very vague term, yet one half of the community seem to be in the dark respecting the intention of the author in making use of it. If it had been applied to an individual it would doubtless mean a man of an enlarged and well informed mind, possessing correct and extensive views of things; and we see no reason why the same signification should not be attached to it when applied to a government. But we cannot believe, or rather we hope that Mr. Jefferson did not mean to insinuate anything commendatory of the mode, or the administration, by which the affairs of France are conducted. If he did, it is a sentiment at which the minds of nine-tenths of his enlightened fellow-citizens revolt. The First Consul of France is undoubtedly a despot. In the language of scripture, 'having no law, he is a law unto himself.' The idea he has of justice or religion, is, in the one case, what he deems the aggrandisement of his country, and in the other what current circumstances may require. For a curious specimen of the former let the reader turn to the treaty between France and Spain, at the close of the 4th article, he will find written as follows: 'and the First Consul shall give as an indemnity to the king of Tuscany, the country of Piombono, which belongs to the king of Naples;' or in other words, for some favour I have received of *Paul*, I will give him the coat, which is the property of *Peter*.

In 'Ramah Droog, or wine does Wonders' a comic opera from the pen of the lively Cobb, we find the following tolerable specimen of dramatic wit. "Chellingoe, a retainer at an East India Court, asks Liffey, an honest Hibernian, if he ever heard the titles of the *Rajah*. The Irishman replies in the Negative. Chellingoe then informs him, that "He is the Mighty Monarch the Mahah Rajah, Surooj Seing; that is, the son of the lion, brother to the Son and Moon, and cousin to all the Stars in the Firmament." On which Liffey exclaims, 'what blessed weather you must have in this country, if he and his relations are on good terms together. I suppose a foggy day, or a dark night, is a sure sign of a quarrel in the family!'

Smoke Jacks are now vending in London, which, in the eloquent language of the maker, are on an entire new principle, applicable to all chimnies, will go years without once oiling, and will roast any number of joints, with or without spits. It is to be lamented, that, in addition to these wonderful properties of these marvellous smoke jacks, it could not have been said, that they would roast, without fire, and furnish dinners, without meat.

The United States Gazette observes that a Steer is advertised as having strayed away from Georgetown college. It is mentioned that a description of the animal is given, but that nothing is said about the proficiency he has made in his studies. It is probable that the government of the College having discovered him to be a mere calf, have rusticated him.

A Gentleman, speaking of those who marry pretty wives, said, that in six months a beautiful woman became ugly to her husband; and, what was worse, she continued beautiful to others.

Don Francisco Destuniga said of a lady, who was just married, and who, though very ugly, had a great fortune, that her husband had taken her by the weight, and paid nothing for workmanship.

The following humorous ode to Packwood, the man of razors, may be applied to Hopkins, who whether *acute* or *blunt* himself, certainly communicates sharpness to others.

Thou, who hast set at nought the grinders stone,
And rendered absolute the barber's hone:
Who, to a blunted penknife dost impart
The razor's keenness—such thy magic art
Oh, Packwood! smoothly could my verse begin
And finish, as thy strop has left my chin,
Thy praise on zephyrs' gentle wing should float
From Cornwall to the house of John o Croat.

When Cook, whose well-earn'd fame shall ne'er decay,
O'er southern climes pursued his vent'rous way,
A knife once shav'd an Otaheitan chief,
'Twas a knife, tar, that gave his chin relief;
Oh, Packwood! then had generous Britain known
Thy matchless arts she fondly calls her own,
The chief had danced for joy, nor car'd to stop
Rich with the present of thy paste and strop.

To victors, then, shall praise sublime be paid
For ruthless deeds, who whet the glittering blade:
The meed of verse shall Philip's son attain;
Or Cæsar wake the bard's heroic strain,
And Packwood live unsung; who gives to steel
A blameless edge 'tis almost bliss to feel!
For wit and razors will 'tis said, I ween,
Both pain us least, when exquisitely keen.

Ye, who have calmly felt the razor stray
Adown your cheeks, as Packwood smooth'd the way,
So smooth'd the way that hunters have not fear'd,
While bent on speed, to mow the bristly beard;
Ye sons of fashion, ever smart and sleek,
Ye sons of toil, who shave but once a week,
Stroke all your happy chins, your voices raise
A grateful chorus in your Packwood's praise.

And ye, alas! unblest, who joyless trace
A tedious progress on a pensive face,
As in the faithful glass too oft ye view
What blood-stain'd tracks the ill strop razor drew....
To Grace Church-street repair with half a crown,
For ease a monarch might the whole lay down.
Then spare your torrid chins, to Packwood haste,
And prove the virtues of his strop and paste.

The following extract from Sir Philip Sydney, will show why the attempt failed to naturalize in *England the *hexameter* of the Romans.

First shall virtue be true and beauty counted a blemish
'Ere that I leave with song of praise her praise to solemnize.
O no, no, worthy shepherd, worth can never enter a title
Where proofs justly do teach, thus matcht, such worth to be nought worth.
Let not a puppet abuse thy sprite, king's crowns do not help them
From the cruel head ach, nor shoes of gold do the gout heal:
And precious couches full oft are shakt with a fever.

Winstanley, in his account of Abraham Fraunce.
As soon as sun beams could once peep out from the mountains
And by the dawn of day had somewhat lighted Olympus,
Men, whose lust was law, whose life was still to be lusting,
Whose thriving thieving, convey'd themselves to a hill top
That stretch'd forward to the Heracleotica entry
And moult of hilus, looking thence down to the main sea
For seafaring men, but seeing none to be sailing
They knew 'twas bootless to be looking there for booty

* I have read somewhere, I believe in Dr. Beattie's very entertaining and useful Theory of Language, that Wallis, the famous grammarian, thus translated a Latin hexameter.

Quid faciam? moriar! et Amyntam perdet Amyntas?
in an English one
What shall I do? shall I die? shall Amyntas murder Amyntas?

Lord Orford in his Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, ascribes a very curious line to queen Elizabeth, who we may all remember, was in the habit of studying the ancients. Her majesty is supposed to be describing the peculiarities of some of the Latin poets.

Persius a crab staff, bawdy Martial, Ovid a fine wag

[Note by the Editor.]

The following will produce a smile on the face of every author, who remembers his indolence, and on the face of every Printer and Bookseller, who remembers his vexation at delay, and the procrastination of literary cares.

'Dryden's happy disposition of mind was, however, sometimes disturbed and ruffled by the importunity of his bookseller; on whom during the latter period of his life, he depended for a considerable part of his subsistence, and whose demands for what, in the technical language of the Printing house, is called *Copie*, he was not always able to satisfy.' [Malone's new Life of DRYDEN.]

From the letters, which passed between Tonsen and Dryden, we find that they had occasionally some slight bickerings, which however, do not seem to have produced any lasting ill will on either side. Booksellers, as the subordinate agents of literature might be expected to possess some of that softness of manners, which letters generally impart to those who cultivate the liberal arts; but by him, who is to live by the sale of books, I fear a book is considered merely as an article of trade; and the most learned or ingenious treatise ever written, when viewed in a commercial light too often appears only a volume, consisting of a certain number of sheets of paper, by the sale of which a profit is made. I may add that the conduct of traders in general, in the last century, was less liberal and their manners more rugged, than at present. [ibid.]

OBITUARY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IMPERIAL HONOUR'S awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed.

This morning, the mournful intelligence of the death of Major-General ALEXANDER HAMILTON has saddened this city, and will long afflict the nation. He was killed by the Vice-President of the United States in a duel, fought on the Jersey shore, on the morning of the 11th of July. Whether General Hamilton was, or not, a victim to private malignity, fomented by party rancour, his untimely death will be permanently regretted by every American, who remembers the signal services, both in the cabinet and in the field, which this accomplished scholar, this valiant soldier, this sagacious STATESMAN, has rendered to a country, which, without his courage and counsels, would have long since mouldered into insignificance, or mad-dened into anarchy.

From various and well supported testimony it appears, that the cause of this fatal duel was a letter, some time since published, in which it was stated that General H. had said in conversation, he thought Col. Burr a dangerous man, and who ought not to be trusted. This letter, originally printed in Albany, was afterwards republished in New-York. Col. Burr, in the close of the month of June, wrote to Gen. Hamilton, requesting whether he had ever uttered any thing like the expressions attributed to him. The General replied that he had no remembrance of the conversation alluded to, and as no particular expressions were indicated in the letter, he could not undertake to say whether he had or had not held such a conversation, but that if Col. B. would specify any particular discourse, or state any particular words, they should be instantly either avowed or disavowed. Col. Burr replied that it was not in his power to specify the particular conversation; but insisted that General Hamilton should declare, whether he ever had, in any conversation, whatever, used any expressions, derogatory to the character of Col. Burr. To this comprehensive and peremptory demand General Hamilton declared he was not bound to answer, but expressed his willingness at once frankly to

or disavow any particular conversation, which might be specified. Dissatisfied with this, Col. B. replied, that unless General Hamilton gave him a direct answer, he must fight him. General H. declared this improper, that he could give no other answer, and, therefore, must accept the challenge. But as his services had been engaged in several important causes before a court, then in session, he could not immediately fight, but, on the rising of the court, he would inform Col. Burr of the time of meeting. All this passed about a fortnight ago. General Hamilton then fulfilled, as usual, his duty as an advocate, on Monday made his will, on Tuesday attended at his office, was apparently serene and cheerful, and gave several elaborate law opinions. On Wednesday, at the dawn, he repaired to Hoboken, in New-Jersey, to meet Colonel Burr. On the way General Hamilton declared to his friend and second, that he should not fire at the challenger, nor had the slightest wish to molest him.

General H. received the fire of his antagonist, fell, pronounced himself a dead man, and being conveyed to the house of a friend at Greenwich, he immediately requested that Bishop Moore might be sent for. Meanwhile, he was attended by Mr. Mason of the Dutch church, with whom he conversed on the topic of his approaching dissolution, EXPRESSED HIS FIRM BELIEF IN CHRISTIANITY, and his fervent hope of forgiveness, THROUGH THE MERITS AND MEDIATION OF OUR BLESSED REDEEMER. He then added if he could receive the HOLY SACRAMENT, he thought he could die in tranquillity.

During the conversation, Mr. Mason wished that general H. would bear testimony against the practice of duelling, which would be a crowning service to those, which he had already rendered to his country. The general replied, that no man more abhorred the practice, and at his death it would be discovered, he had left a solemn Protest against a custom so ferocious and unprincipled. He then assured Mr. Mason that for a long period, he had been convinced nothing would appease his antagonist, and though he had strenuously and sincerely endeavored it was impossible to shun the encounter.

When the Bishop arrived, general Hamilton fervently expressed his gratitude to the weeping prelate, and again declared, that the doctrines of our religion enabled him to meet death with fortitude, and that if he could receive the sacrament, resignation would ensue, as he cherished a lively and holy hope of the mediation of GOD OUR SAVIOUR. The Bishop immediately administered the sacrament, and from that moment, the general averred himself happy.

On the 12th, at 2 o'clock, he died, surrounded by a multitude of sorrowing friends, anxiously surveying one, so dearly loved, and so fatally lost.

Solemn, beyond description, was the closing scene of his life. In the morning, he requested that his friends would be present at a conversation between him and the Bishop. General Hamilton then declared, with solemnity, that when he went to the field, he had determined not to fire at Col. Burr, that he retained against him no malice, that he was dying in peace with all men, and, he hoped, with his God; that he was perfectly reconciled to death, though he knew his friends would deplore its manner, which he did himself; as both from religious and political reasons, he held duelling in detestation.

The Bishop then prayed with the Christian sufferer, and if aught could have changed the Decree of Providence, it would have been these pious orgies, so fervent and so pathetic. All present on their knees and with many tears, implored heaven to bless, and preserve their friend.

While the rest were absorbed in grief, the general alone appeared tranquil. His intrepid soul

was unappalled at the approach of death, and calmly bidding his friends farewell he intreated them not to mourn, for he was happy. He retained his senses to the last, and expired without a groan.†

Thus has perished, in the prime of life, and in the midst of his usefulness, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the man of exalted sentiments, and extensive views, whose theories guided the statesman, whose eloquence influenced senates, whose delicacy might have polished courts, and whose versatile talents blessed mankind. He has fallen, not in the course of nature, not jeopardizing his life in the high places of the field, but by a private and petty hand, and his perplexed and sorrowing country makes the pathetic interrogatory of the royal Psalmist:

KNOW YE NOT THAT THERE IS A GREAT MAN, FALLEN THIS DAY IN ISRAEL?

In the POLITICAL REGISTER, a new and excellent paper, conducted by WILLIAM JACKSON, Esq. of this city, we find a character of general HAMILTON so tersely, energetically, and beautifully expressed, that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing it, as most honourable to the head and the heart of the author.

Thus hath fallen, prematurely fallen, the HERO, to whose military ardour and accomplishments America confessed the highest obligations; the CIVILIAN, from whose luminous and correct mind proceeded that invaluable commentary on the Constitution of the United States, which essentially contributed to insure its adoption; the STATESMAN, to whose talents we are indebted for the organization of our finances, and the establishment of our public credit; the JURIST and the SCHOLAR, whose combination of intellectual powers formed the boast and ornament of our country; the PATRIOT, who gave, with glowing zeal, to that country, the unceasing efforts of his superior mind;—and the MAN, who, endeared to his friends by every tender and ennobled quality of the heart, received, in return, the truest affection, and the most respectful esteem.

† Upon opening the General's will, there was found enclosed in it a letter to his wife, written on the 4th inst. in which he tells her, that he had endeavoured, by all possible means, to avoid this duel, but that he found it impossible, unless by acting in a manner, which would justly forfeit her esteem. That he should certainly fall, and she should receive that letter, after his death. He begs her forgiveness for being the cause of so much pain to her, and earnestly entreats her to bear herself up under that load of grief, with which she would be overwhelmed, placing a firm reliance on a kind Providence, who would never desert her.

The friends of general Hamilton have joined in a request to Gouverneur Morris to deliver an oration at his funeral to-morrow. He has promised to do so, if he can sufficiently conquer his feelings. The funeral is to be to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[This brilliant specimen of the poetical powers of one, not more admired by his friends for the elegance of his literature, than for the goodness and glow of his heart, was written while the author was at Bermuda, that Summer island, which his favourite Waller has made to "live in description, and look green in song." Mr. Moore being in company with a lady of the place, she playfully proffered him a ring. He gallantly replied in the following gallant verses.]

THE WEDDING RING.*

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

The author of "Little's Poems," and the translator of ANACREON.

No—Lady!—Lady!—keep the ring,
Oh! think how many a future year
Of placid smile and downy wing
May sleep within its holy sphere.

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
Tho' love hath ne'er the mystery warm'd,
Yet Heaven still sheds some soothing beam,
To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But then that eye!...that burning eye!
O! it doth ask, with magic power,
If Heav'n can ever bless the tie,
Where love enwreaths no genial flower.

Away....away....bewildering look!
Or all the boast of virtue's o'er;
Go....hie thee to the sages book,
And learn from him to feel no more.

I cannot warn thee....every touch
That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much....
O! quite as much, as thou dost mine.

Yet stay, dear love!...one effort yet;
A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
The light that leads my soul astray.

Thou say'st that we were born to meet,
That our hearts bear one common seal;
O! Lady....think how man's deceit
Can seem so sigh, and feign to feel!

When o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
Like day-beams thro' the morning air,
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
The feeling, ere it kindled there;

The sympathy I then betray'd,
Perhaps, was but the child of art;
The guile of one, who long hath play'd
With all those wily nets of heart.

O! thou hast not my virgin vow....

Tho' few the years I yet have told,
Can'st thou believe, I live till now,
With loveless heart, or senses cold?

No....many a throb of bliss and pain,
For many a maid my soul hath prov'd;
With some, I wanton'd warm and vain,
While some I truly, dearly lov'd!

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
To theirs hath been as fondly laid;
The words to thee I warmly say,
To them have been as warmly said.

Then scorn at once a languid heart,
Which long hath lost its early spring;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
And....keep the ring, O! keep the ring.

Enough....now turn thine eyes again....
What! still that look....and still that sigh!
Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
O no....and, I confess, nor I!

While thus to mine thy bosom lies,
While thus our breaths commingling glow,
'Twere more than woman to be wise,
'Twere more than man to wish thee so.

Did we not love so true, so dear,
This lapse, could never be forgiven....
But....hearts so fond! and lips so near!

Give me the ring, and now....O Heaven!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The ensuing gratulatory verses, by the same author, are in a tone of gaiety, which can only be exceeded by that ardour of social affection, so characteristic of the sensibility of genius.]

SONG

On the birth-day of Mrs.

Written in Ireland.

Of all my happiest hours of joy,
And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full, and every eye
Has kindled with the beams of pleasure,

* Printed from the author's manuscript.

Such hours as this I ne'er was given,
So dear to friendship, dear to blisses;
Young Love himself looks down from Heaven,
To smile on such a day as this is!

Then, O my friends, the hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

O! banish every thought to night,
Which could disturb our soul's communion;
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
We'll even for once forget the Union.

On that let statesmen try their powers,
And tremble o'er the rights they'd die for;
The union of the soul be ours,
And every union else we sigh for!

Then, O my friends, &c.

In every eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing;
From every soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy, in friendship glowing.

O! could such moments ever fly!
O! that we ne'er were doom'd to lose 'em!
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.

But, O! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love,
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

For me, whate'er my span of years,
Whatever sun may light my roving;
Whether I waste my life in tears,
Or live, as now, for mirth and loving!

This day shall come with aspect kind,
Wherever fate may cast your rover;
He'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that's over.
Then, O my friends, &c.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PARODY OF POPE'S PROLOGUE TO CATO.

To catch the eye by sawning tricks of art,
To wake the passions, and to wound the heart;
To make each pretty coxcomb sigh and moan,
Act like a dunce, and think himself undone;
For this fair Celia first assum'd her airs,
And drew, from half-slain pedants, floods of tears;
Gay beaux no more their pretty faces kept,
But gaz'd on Celia's charms, and sigh'd, and wept.
Fair Celia scorns by common airs to move
Her suitor's fondness, or the courtier's love;
To pity love would much ill breeding show,
And wounded lovers well deserve their woe.
Tears now shall flow from some more noble cause,
Such tears as coquets shed o'er faded gauze;
She makes each breast with love's hot passion rise,
And calls forth rolling tears from coxcomb's eyes;
Beauty contest in her fair shape she draws,
How Juno look'd, and godlike Venus was;
No common object Celia now displays,
But what with rapture each fond top surveys.
A coquet smiling at her happy fate,
And gaining plaudits from each empty pate.
While thus she gives to each fond lover laws,
What bosom beats not for his own dear cause?
Who sees her move, but wonders at each air?
Who hears her laugh, and does not think her fair?
E'en when proud Anna, 'midst a splendid train,
The silks of India, and the gold of Spain,
Ignobly proud, and impotently great,
Expos'd her sable features, drawn in state,
While thus in pomp and splendor Anna past,
All joy was banish'd, and each face o'er cast

Her triumph ceas'd; scorn shot from every eye,
And haughty Anna past unheeded by;
But Celia's beauties soon attract the throng,
And, Celia, Celia, falter'd on each tongue;
This last of beauties every fop ador'd,
And charming Celia dwelt every word.
Coxcombs, attend! be charms like these approv'd,
And let your icy hearts, for once, be mov'd.

HANTONIA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[The following trifles from a modern poet are what the Italians style *conceiti*, the grace of them is lost in the translation. If they are inserted in the Port Folio, it is requested that room may be found for the original, with the expectation that some happier hand may give the playful grace which it possesses. But the most skilful will in vain seek a substitute for *fancinletto*, &c. The captivating suavity, the elegant softness of those *conceiti* in Italian, cannot be rendered in our ruder tongue.]

AMORE PITTORE.

Un di sorpreso, O Fille,
Vii Amor fancinletto,
Che squarciata la benda alle pupille,
Pingera attento inanri cavaletto:
Ma quando mi appresai
Al pittore novello,
Dopiamente sorpreso rimirai,
Che un dardo era il penello,
La tela era il mio core,
Ela tua imago dipingera Amore.

TRANSLATION.

LOVE A PAINTER.

Some days ago, with great surprise,
I saw a little love, dear maid!
He'd torn the bandage from his eyes,
And on his knee a pallet laid.
But my surprise was doubly great,
When I approach'd the painter's seat,
And saw his pencil was a dart,
The canvas he employ'd my heart,
And thy sweet image painted by his art.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[From the manuscript stores of a friend and amateur, we derive the following. It has a strong resemblance to the lively and caustic style of John Trumbull, Esq. If the author of *M'Fingal* woos in such a mode as this, every muse, if not every maid, ought to be propitious.]

A POETICAL LETTER,

FROM LOVE-SICK JACOB TO COY NANCY.

To thee, dear Nancy, thee my sweeting,
Poor prisoner Jacob sendeth greeting:
Whereas, so pleas'd the pow'rs above,
I'm fall'n desperately in love;
For Cupid took a station shy
In one bright corner of your eye,
And from his bow let fly a dart,
Which miss'd my ribs, and hit my heart.
Pierc'd thro' and through, and passing further,
Put all my insides out of order.
Nor this the only plague, I found
Love enter'd at the viewless wound;
As mice into a cheese will creep,
Through a small chink, and entering deep,
While all without looks fair and well.
They leave the cheese an empty shell:
Unlucky Jacob, full of smart,
Entreats you to return his heart;
Or else, to ease his ceaseless moan,
Make an exchange, and send your own.
O Nancy! thee I love more fully
Than ever Hudibras lov'd Trulla;
Nor Aeneas of old, nor Dido,
Could love one half so hot as I do.
I hold my Nancy more a goddess,
Than Venus fair, or Dian modest:
Throughout the world thy glories shine,
Nor hath the sun such powers as thine.

Thy looks make fair or cloudy weather;
Thy beauty keeps the world together,
And should a drought e'er come again,
Should you but frown, I know 'twould rain.
For you the earth produces flowers,
For you clouds drop in lovely showers;
Fruits only grow that you may eat,
And pigs and calves to find you meat.
Your charming smiles, which we observe,
Should you withhold the world would starve;
Earth would withhold her wonted store,
And plums and peaches be no more.
O Nancy! could you once but love me,
How mighty glad poor Jacob would be;
Nor time, nor fate, our love should sever,
I'd stick to you like wax forever.
Come love me, Nancy, for I tell you,
I am a pretty clever fellow;
And you must think so too, for (why?)
No one can tell so well as I.
Here follows then, without objection,
The rent-roll of poor Jack's perfection:—
Know then, all womankind, that I,
(When straight), am nearly six feet high;
Whence, by plain reasoning, it appears
I'm one of nature's grenadiers:
Yet I (to whisper this between us)
Serve only in the wars of Venus.
I'm brown, and one good thing (observe) is,
I have black hair, ma'am, at your service.
Of wit I brag not, yet with brains
Enough to walk in when it rains—
To know the odds 'twixt cheese and chalk,
And tell a handsaw from a hawk;
To cane a man that should abuse me,
And hang myself if you refuse me.
Now some, who judge of folks by book,
Tell me I have a hanging look.
You must direct me which to choose,
The gallows rope, or marriage noose:
I must, (as you and fate incline)
Hang round your neck, or hang by mine;
Your frowns or smiles can make or break me,
So Nancy! or the d...., must take me.
I have some faults, my foes will bawl,
But I've forgiven myself for all;
And so I'm ne'er the worse, I fancy,
If you can think so too, my Nancy;
And while I doat thus on your charms,
Pardon and take me to your arms;—
E'en as the pope (their sins forgiven)
Sends all his servants safe to heaven;
Unless they miss the way to glory,
And stop to dine at Purgatory.
Let Venus, and let Cupid hear,
And all the pow'rs by which we swear,
If you for better, and for worse,
Will take poor Jacob to be yours,
My love shall last so long, no doubt,
Eternity shall first run out;
And be so great (when I unfold it)
Immensity shall stretch to hold it.
And when death comes, in fire and thunder,
To cut the marriage knot asunder,
I'll hold you spite of wind and weather,
Death's dart shall nail us both together.
Then yield, my fair, and with me take up,
And I'll be yours, while I am Jacob.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE.

A pupil of the Esculapian school
Was just prepar'd to quit his master's rule:
Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,
But that he then had learnt it seven years.

Yet think not that in learning he was cheated—
All that he had to study still
Was, when a man was well or ill,
And how, if sick, he should be treated.

One morn he thus address'd his master:
'Dear Sir, my honour'd father bids me say,
If I could, now and then a visit pay,
He thinks, with you,
To notice how you do,
My business I might learn a little faster.

'The thought is happy,' the preceptor cries;
'A better method he could scarce devise;
So Bob, (his pupil's name), it shall be so,
And, when I next pay visits, you shall go.'

To bring that hour, alas! time briskly fled.
With dire intent,
Away they went,
And now behold them at the patient's bed.

The master-doctor solemnly perus'd
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mus'd,
Look'd wise, said nothing,—an unerring way,
When people nothing have to say.

Then felt his pulse, and smelt his cane,
And paus'd and blink'd, and smelt again,
And briefly of his corps perform'd each motion:
Manœuvres that for death's platoon are meant;
A kind of *make ready* and *present*,
Before the full discharge of pill and potion.

At length the patient's wife he thus address'd:
'Madam, your husband's danger's very great;
And, what will never his complaint abate,
The man's been eating oysters, I perceive,'
'Dear! you're a witch, I verily believe,'
Madam replied, and to the truth confess'd.

Skill so prodigious Bobby too admir'd;
And home returning, of the sage inquir'd
How these same oysters came into his head?
'Psha! my dear Bob, the thing was plain—
Sure that cap ne'er distress thy brain!
I saw the shells lie underneath the bed.'

So, wise by such a lesson grown,
Next day Bob ventur'd forth alone,
And to the same sufferer paid his court—
But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,
Return'd the stripling minister of death,
And to his master made this dread report:

'Why, sir, we ne'er can keep that patient under—
Zounds! such a maw I ne'er came across!
The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,
For d—me if he hasn't eat a horse!

'A horse!' the elder man of physic cried,
As if he meant his pupil to deride—
'How came so wild a notion in your head?'
'How! think not in my duty I was idle;
Like you, I took a peep beneath the bed,
And there I saw a saddle and a bridle!'

EPIGRAM

On the marriage of an ancient maiden to a tall and athletic clergyman.

Blest, says the sacred text, are those,
That on the prop of faith rely:
Sabina heard this truth, and chose
A pillar of divinity.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 29.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1804.

THIS PAPER IS CONSECRATED

TO

THE MEMORIAL

OF

ALEXANDER HAMILTON,

OF WHOSE AFFLICTED COUNTRY, DEEPAVED OF HER
BRIGHTEST, GREATEST, AND MOST STEADFAST
HOPE, IT MAY BE APPROPRIATELY SAID, IN THE
WORDS OF AN ELOQUENT ANCIENT:

Quæ cum magna modis inultis miranda videtur,
Gentibus humanis regio, visenda fertur,
Rebus opima bonis, multa munita virum vi,
NIL tamen HOC babuisse VIRO PRÆCLARIUS in se
Nec SANCTUM MAGIS ET MIRUM CARUMQUE videtur.

TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.

THE shocking catastrophe which has recently
occurred, terminating the life of ALEXANDER
HAMILTON, and which has spread a gloom over
our country, that will not be speedily dissipated,
demands that the circumstances which led to it, or
were intimately connected with it, should not be
concealed from the world. When they shall be
truly and fairly disclosed, however some may
question the soundness of his judgment on this
occasion, all must do justice to the purity of his
views, and the nobleness of his nature. It will
only here be added, that the authenticity of the
documents, and the accuracy of the information,
which we have at last obtained, are beyond any
question; and must put an end to all mistake or
misrepresentation.

The following is the correspondence that pas-
sed between General Hamilton and Col. Burr,
together with an explanation of the conduct,
motives, and views of General Hamilton, written
with his own hand the evening before the meet-
ing took place, and only to have been seen in the
deplorable event that followed.

No. I.

New-York, June 18, 1804.

SIR,

I send for your perusal a letter signed Charles
D. Cooper, which, though apparently published
some time ago, has but very recently come to
my knowledge. Mr. Van Ness, who does me
the favour to deliver this, will point out to you
that clause of the letter to which I particularly
request your attention.

You must perceive, sir, the necessity of a
prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or de-
nial of the use of any expressions which would
warrant the assertions of Dr. Cooper. I have
the honour to be your obedient servant,

A. BURR.

General HAMILTON.

No. II.

New-York, June 20, 1804.

SIR,

I have maturely reflected on the subject of
your letter of the eighteenth inst. and the more
I have reflected, the more I have become con-
vinced that I could not, without manifest im-
propriety, make the avowal or disavowal which
you seem to think necessary. The clause pointed
out by Mr. Van Ness is in these terms, "I could
detail to you a still more despicable opinion which
Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr." To en-
deavour to discover the meaning of this declara-
tion, I was obliged to seek in the antecedent
part of this letter for the opinion to which it
referred, as having been already disclosed: I
found it in these words, "General Hamilton and
Judge Kent have declared, in substance, that they
looked upon Mr. Burr to be a dangerous man, and
one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of
government."

The language of Dr. Cooper plainly implies,
that he considered this opinion of you, which he
attributes to me, as a despicable one, but he af-
firms that I have expressed some other, still
more despicable; without, however, mentioning to
whom, when, or where. 'Tis evident that the
phrase 'still more despicable' admits of infinite
shades, from very light to very dark. How am
I to judge of the degree intended; or how shall
I annex any precise idea to language so in-
definite?

Between gentlemen, despicable and more despi-
cable are not worth the pains of a distinction;
when, therefore, you do not interrogate me, as to
the opinion, which is specifically ascribed to me, I
must conclude, that you view it as within the
limits, to which the animadversions of political
opponents upon each other may justifiably ex-
tend, and consequently as not warranting the
idea of it which Dr. Cooper appears to entertain.
If so, what precise inference could you draw, as
a guide for your conduct, were I to acknowledge
that I had expressed an opinion of you still
more despicable than the one which is particular-
ized? How could you be sure that even this
opinion had exceeded the bounds which you
would yourself deem admissible between politi-
cal opponents?

But I forbear further comment on the embar-
rassment, to which the requisition you have made
naturally leads. The occasion forbids a more
ample illustration, though nothing could be more
easy than to pursue it.

Repeating that I cannot reconcile it with pro-
priety to make the acknowledgment or denial
you desire, I will add that I deem it inadmissible
on principle, to consent to be interrogated as to
the justness of the inferences which may be
drawn by others from whatever I may have said
of a political opponent in the course of a fifteen
years competition. If there were no other objection
to this is sufficient, that it would tend to ex-
pose my sincerity and delicacy to injurious im-
putations from every person, who may at any
time have conceived the import of my expressions
differently from what I may then have intended

or may afterwards recollect. I stand ready to
avow or disavow, promptly and explicitly, any
precise or definite opinion, which I may be
charged with having declared of any gentle-
man. More than this cannot fitly be expected
from me; and especially it cannot be reasonably
expected that I shall enter into an explanation
upon a basis so vague as that which you have
adopted. I trust, on more reflection, you will see
the matter in the same light with me. If not
I can only regret the circumstance, and must
abide the consequences.

The publication of Dr. Cooper was never seen
by me after the receipt of your letter. I have
the honour to be, &c

Col. Burr.

A. HAMILTON.

No. III.

New-York, June 21, 1804.

SIR,

Your letter of the 20th instant has been this
day received. Having considered it attentively
I regret to find in it nothing of that sincerity and
delicacy, which you profess to value.

Political opposition can never absolve gentle-
men from the necessity of a rigid adherence to
the laws of honour, and the rules of decorum. I
neither claim such privilege, nor indulge it in
others.

The common sense of mankind affixes to the
epithet, adopted by Dr. Cooper, the idea of dis-
honour. It has been publicly applied to me
under the sanction of your name. The question
is not, whether he has understood the meaning
of the word, or has used it according to syntax,
and with grammatical accuracy; but, whether
you have authorised this application, either di-
rectly, or by uttering expressions or opinions
derogatory to my honour. The time 'when' is
in your own knowledge, but no way material to
me, as the calumny has now first been disclosed
so as to become the subject of my notice, and as
the effect is present and palpable.

Your letter has furnished me with new reasons
for requiring a definite reply. I have the honour
to be, sir, your obed't,

A. BURR.

General Hamilton.

On Saturday, the 22d of June, Gen. Hamilton.
for the first time, called on Mr. P. and commu-
nicated to him the preceding correspondence.
He informed him, that, in a conversation with
Mr. V. N. at the time of receiving the last letter,
he told Mr. V. N. that he considered that letter
as rude and offensive, and that it was not possi-
ble for him to give it any other answer, than
that Mr. Burr must take such steps as he might
think proper. He said farther, that Mr. V. N.
requested him to take time to deliberate, and
then return an answer, when he might possibly
entertain a different opinion, and that he would
call and receive it. That his reply to Mr. V. N.
was, that he did not perceive it possible for him
to give any other answer than that he had men-
tioned, unless Mr. Burr would take back his last
letter, and write one which would admit of a
different reply. He then gave Mr. P. the letter

hereafter mentioned, of the twenty-second of June, to be delivered to Mr. V. N. when he should call on Mr. P. for an answer, and went to his country house.

The next day General Hamilton received, while there, the following letter.

No. IV.

JUNE 23, 1804.

SIR,

In the afternoon of yesterday, I reported to Colonel Burr the result of my last interview with you, and appointed the evening to receive his further instructions. Some private engagements, however, prevented me from calling on him till this morning. On my return to the city, I found upon inquiry, both at your office and house, that you had returned to your residence in the country. Lest an interview there might be less agreeable to you than elsewhere, I have taken the liberty of addressing you this note, to inquire when and where it will be most convenient to you to receive a communication. Your most obedient and very humble servant,

W. P. VAN NESS.

General Hamilton.

Mr. P. understood from General Hamilton that he immediately answered, that if the communication was pressing, he would receive it at his country house that day, if not, he would be at his house in town the next morning at 9 o'clock. But he did not give Mr. P. any copy of this note.

No. V.

New-York, June 22, 1804.

SIR,

Your first letter, in a style too peremptory, made a demand, in my opinion, unprecedented and unwarrantable. My answer, pointing out the embarrassment, gave you an opportunity to take a less exceptionable course. You have not chosen to do it, but by your last letter, received this day, containing expressions *indecorous* and improper, you have increased the difficulties to explanation, intrinsically incident to the nature of your application.

If by a "definite reply," you mean the direct avowal or disavowal, required in your first letter, I have no other answer to give, than that which has already been given. If you mean any thing different, admitting of greater latitude, it is requisite you should explain.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

ALEX. HAMILTON.

Aaron Burr, Esq.

This letter, although dated on the twenty-second of June, remained in Mr. P.'s possession until the twenty-fifth, within which period he had several conversations with Mr. V. N. In these conversations Mr. P. endeavoured to illustrate and enforce the propriety of the ground general Hamilton had taken. Mr. P. mentioned to Mr. V. N. as the result, that if colonel Burr would write a letter, requesting to know, in substance, whether, in the conversation to which Dr. Cooper alluded, any particular instance of dishonourable conduct was imputed to colonel Burr, or whether there was any impeachment of his private character, general Hamilton would declare, to the best of his recollection, what passed in that conversation: and Mr. P. read to Mr. V. N. a paper containing the substance of what general Hamilton would say on that subject, which is as follows:

No. VI.

"General Hamilton says he cannot imagine what Dr. Cooper may have alluded to, unless it were to a conversation at Mr. Taylor's, in Al-

bany, last winter, (at which Mr. Taylor, he, and Gen. H. were present). Gen. H. cannot recollect, distinctly, the particulars of that conversation so as to undertake to repeat them, without running the risk of varying, or omitting what might be deemed important circumstances. The expressions are entirely forgotten, and the specific ideas imperfectly remembered; but, to the best of his recollection, it consisted of comments on the political principles and views of Col. Burr, and the results that might be expected from them in the event of his election as governor, without reference to any particular instance of past conduct, or to private character."

After the delivery of the letter of the 22d, as above mentioned, in another interview with Mr. V. N. he desired Mr. P. to give him, IN WRITING, the substance of what he had proposed on the part of general Hamilton, which Mr. P. did in the words following—

No. VII.

"In answer to a letter properly adapted to obtain from Gen. Hamilton a declaration whether he had charged Col. Burr with any particular instance of dishonourable conduct, or had impeached his private character, either in the conversation alluded to by Dr. Cooper, or in any other particular instance to be specified,

He would be able to answer consistently with his honour, and the truth, in substance, that the conversation to which Dr. Cooper alluded, turned wholly on political topics, and did not attribute to Col. Burr any instance of dishonourable conduct, nor relate to his private character; and in relation to any other language or conversation of General H. which Col. Burr will specify, a prompt and frank avowal or denial would be given.

On the 26th June Mr. P. received the following letter:—

No. VIII.

SIR,

The letter which you yesterday delivered me, and your subsequent communication, in Col. Burr's opinion, evince no disposition on the part of Gen. Hamilton to come to a satisfactory accommodation. The injury complained of and the reparation expected, are so definitely expressed in Col. Burr's letter of the 21st inst. that there is not perceived a necessity for further explanation on his part. The difficulty that would result from confining the enquiry to any particular times and occasions must be manifest. The denial of a specified conversation only, would leave strong implications that on other occasions improper language had been used.—When and where injurious opinions and expressions have been uttered by Gen. Hamilton must be best known to him, and of him only will Col. Burr enquire. No denial or declaration will be satisfactory, unless it be general, so as wholly to exclude the idea that rumours derogatory to Col. Burr's honour have originated with General Hamilton, or have been fairly inferred from any thing he has said. A definite reply to a requisition of this nature was demanded by Col. Burr's letter of the 21st inst. This being refused, invites the alternative alluded to in Gen. Hamilton's letter of the 20th.

It was required by the position in which the controversy was placed by Gen. Hamilton on Friday last, and I was immediately furnished with a communication demanding a personal interview. The necessity of this measure has not, in the opinion of Col. Burr, been diminished by the general's last letter, or any communication which has since been received. I am consequently again instructed to deliver you a message, as soon as it may be convenient for you to receive it. I beg therefore you will be so good as to inform

me, at what hour I can have the pleasure of seeing you.

Your most obed't and very humble servt.

W. P. VAN NESS.

Nathaniel Pendleton, Esq.

June 26th.

No. IX.

26th June, 1804.

SIR,

I have communicated the letter which you did me the honour to write to me of this date to General Hamilton. The expectations now disclosed on the part of Col. Burr, appear to him to have greatly extended the original ground of inquiry, and instead of presenting a particular and definite case for explanation seem to aim at nothing less than an inquisition into his most confidential conversations, as well as others, through the whole period of his acquaintance with Col. Burr.

While he was prepared to meet the particular case fairly and fully, he thinks it inadmissible that he should be expected to answer at large as to every thing that he may possibly have said, in relation to the character of Col. Burr, at any time or upon any occasion. Though he is conscious that any charges which are in circulation to the prejudice of Col. Burr have originated with him, except one which may have been so considered, and which has long since been fully explained between Col. Burr and himself—yet he cannot consent to be questioned generally as to any rumours which may be afloat derogatory to the character of Col. Burr without specification of the several rumours, many of them probably unknown to him.

He does not however, mean to authorize any conclusion as to the real nature of his conduct in relation to Col. Burr, by his declining so loose and vague a basis of explanation, and he disavows any unwillingness to come to a satisfactory, provided it be an honorable accommodation. His objection is, the very indefinite ground, which Col. Burr has assumed, in which he is sorry to be able to discern nothing short of predetermined hostility. Presuming, therefore, that it will be adhered to, he has instructed me to receive the message which you have it in charge to deliver. For this purpose I shall be at home and at your command to-morrow morning from eight to ten o'clock.

I have the honour to be respectfully,

Your obedient servant.

NATHANIEL PENDLETON.

William P. Van Ness, Esq.

No. X.

SIR,

The letter which I had the honour to receive from you, under date of yesterday, states among other things, that in General Hamilton's opinion, Col. Burr has taken a very indefinite ground, in which he evinces nothing short of predetermined hostility, and that Gen. Hamilton thinks it inadmissible that the enquiry should extend to his confidential as well as other conversations. In this Col. Burr can only reply, that secret whispers traducing his fame, and impeaching his honour, are, at least, equally injurious with slanders publicly uttered. That Gen. H. had at no time, and in no place, a right to use any such injurious expressions; and that the partial negative he is disposed to give, with the reservations he wishes to make, are proofs that he has done the injury specified.

Col. Burr's request was in the first instance, proposed in a form the most simple, in order that Gen. Hamilton might give to the affair that course to which he might be induced by his temper and his knowledge of facts. Col. Burr trusted with confidence, that from the frankness of a soldier and the candour of a gentleman, he

might expect an ingenuous declaration. That if, as he had reason to believe, Gen. H. had used expressions derogatory to his honour, he would have had the magnanimity to retract them; and that if, from his language, injurious inferences had been improperly drawn, he would have perceived the propriety of correcting errors, which might thus have been widely diffused. With these impressions, Col. Burr was greatly surprised at receiving a letter which he considered as evasive, and which in manner he deemed not altogether decorous. In one expectation, however, he was not wholly deceived, for the close of Gen. Hamilton's letter contained an intimation that if Col. Burr should dislike his refusal to acknowledge or deny, he was ready to meet the consequences. This Col. Burr deemed a sort of defiance, and would have felt justified in making it the basis of an immediate message. But as the communication contained something concerning the indefiniteness of the request; as he believed it rather the offspring of false pride than of reflection, and as he felt the utmost reluctance to proceed to extremities, while any other hope remained, his request was repeated in terms more explicit. The replies and propositions on the part of Gen. Hamilton have in Col. Burr's opinion been constantly in substance the same.

Col. Burr disavows all motives of predetermined hostility, a charge by which he thinks insult added to injury—He feels as a gentleman should feel, when his honour is impeached or assailed, and without sensations of hostility or wishes of revenge, he is determined to vindicate that honour at such hazard as the nature of the case demands.

The length to which this correspondence has extended only tending to prove that the satisfactory redress, earnestly desired, cannot be obtained, he deems it useless to offer any proposition except the simple message which I shall have the honour to deliver.

I have the honour to be, with great respect,
Your obedient and very humble servant.
W. P. VAN NESS.

Wednesday morning,
June 27th, 1804.

With this letter, a message was received, such as was to be expected, containing an invitation, which was accepted, and Mr. P. informed Mr. V. N. he should hear from him the next day as to further particulars.

This letter was delivered to Gen. H. on the same evening, and a very short conversation ensued between him and Mr. P. who was to call on him early the next morning for a further conference.—When he did so, Gen. Hamilton said he had not understood whether the message and answer were definitively concluded or whether another meeting was to take place for that purpose between Mr. P. and Mr. V. N. Under the latter impression and as the last letter contained matter that naturally led to animadversion, he gave Mr. P. a paper of remarks in his own hand writing to be communicated to Mr. V. N. if the state of the affair rendered it proper.

In the farther interview with Mr. V. N. that day, after explaining the causes which had induced Gen. Hamilton to suppose that the state of the affair did not render it improper, he offered this paper to Mr. V. N. but he declined receiving it, alleging that he considered the correspondence as closed by the acceptance of the message that he had delivered.

Mr. P. informed Mr. V. N. of the inducements mentioned by Gen. Hamilton in those remarks, for the postponing the meeting until the close of the Circuit: and as this was uncertain Mr. P. was to let him know when it would be convenient.

On Friday the 6th of July, the Circuit being closed, Mr. P. gave this information, and that Gen. Hamilton would be ready at any time after the Sunday following. On Monday the particulars were arranged and the public are but too well acquainted with the sad result.

The paper above alluded to is as follows:—

No. XI.

Remarks on the letter of June 27, 1804.

Whether the observations on this letter are designed merely to justify the result which is indicated in the close of the letter, or may be intended to give an opening for rendering any thing explicit which may have been deemed vague heretofore, can only be judged of by the sequel. At any rate it appears to me necessary not to be misunderstood. Mr. Pendleton is therefore authorised to say that in the course of the present discussion, written or verbal, there has been no intention to evade, defy or insult; but a sincere disposition to avoid extremities if it could be done with propriety. With this view G. H. has been ready to enter into a frank and free explanation on any and every object of a specific nature; but not to answer a general and abstract inquiry, embracing a period too long for any accurate recollection, and exposing him to unpleasant criticisms from or unpleasant discussions with any and every person, who may have understood him in an unfavourable sense. This (admitting that he could answer in a manner the most satisfactory to Col. Burr) he should deem inadmissible, in principle and precedent, and humiliating in practice. To this therefore he can never submit. Frequent allusion has been made to slanders said to be in circulation. Whether they are openly or in whispers they have a form and shape, and might be specified.

If the alternative alluded to in the close of the letter is definitively tendered, it must be accepted; the time, place, and manner to be afterwards regulated. I should not think it right in the midst of a Circuit Court to withdraw my services from those who may have confided important interests to me, and expose them to the embarrassment of seeking other counsel, who may not have time to be sufficiently instructed in their cause. I shall also want a little time to make some arrangements respecting my own affairs.

The following paper, in the hand writing of Gen. Hamilton, was inclosed with his will and some other papers, in a packet addressed to one of his executors, which was of course not to have been delivered but in case of the melancholy event which has happened. As it contains his motives and reflections on the causes that have led to this fatal catastrophe it is deemed proper to communicate it to the public.

No. XII.

On my expected interview with colonel Burr, I think it proper to make some remarks explanatory of my conduct, motives, and views.

I was certainly desirous of avoiding this interview, for the most cogent reasons.

1. My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling, and it would ever give me pain to be obliged to shed the blood of a fellow creature in a private combat forbidden by the laws.

2. My wife and children are extremely dear to me, and my life is of the utmost importance to them in various views.

3. I feel a sense of obligation towards my creditors, who in case of accident to me, by the forced sale of my property, may be in some degree sufferers. I did not think myself at liberty as a man of probity, lightly to expose them to this hazard.

4. I am conscious of no ill will to colonel Burr,

distinct from political opposition, which, as I trust, has proceeded from pure and upright motives.

Lastly, I shall hazard much, and can possibly gain nothing by the issue of the interview.

But it was, as I conceive, impossible for me to avoid it. There were *intrinsic* difficulties in the thing, and *artificial* embarrassments, from the manner of proceeding on the part of colonel Burr.

Intrinsic, because it is not to be denied, that my animadversions on the political principles, character, and views of colonel Burr, have been extremely severe, and on different occasions, I, in common with many others, have made very unfavourable criticisms on particular instances of the private conduct of this gentleman.

In proportion as these impressions were entertained with sincerity and uttered with motives and for purposes, which might appear to me commendable, would be the difficulty (until they could be removed by evidence of their being erroneous) of explanation or apology. The disavowal required of me by colonel Burr, in a general and indefinite form, was out of my power, if it had really been proper for me to submit to be so questioned; but I was sincerely of opinion, that this could not be, and in this opinion, I was confirmed by that of a very moderate and judicious friend whom I consulted. Besides that colonel Burr appeared to me to assume, in the first instance, a tone unnecessarily peremptory and menacing, and in the second, positively offensive. Yet I wished, as far as might be practicable, to leave a door open to accommodation. This, I think, will be inferred from the written communications made by me, and by my direction, and would be confirmed by the conversations between Mr. Van Ness and myself, which arose out of the subject.

I am not sure, whether, under all the circumstances, I did not go further in the attempt to accommodate, than a punctilious delicacy will justify. If so I hope the motives I have stated will excuse me.

It is not my design, by what I have said to affix any odium on the conduct of colonel Burr, in this case. He, doubtless, has heard of animadversions of mine which bore very hard upon him; and it is probable that as usual they were accompanied with some falsehoods. He may have supposed himself under a necessity of acting as he has done. I hope the grounds of his proceeding have been such as ought to satisfy his own conscience.

I trust, at the same time, that the world will do me the justice to believe, that I have not censured him on light grounds, nor from unworthy inducements. I certainly have had strong reasons for what I have said, though it is possible that in some particulars, I may have been influenced by misconstruction or misinformation. It is also my ardent wish that I may have been more mistaken than I think I have been, and that he, by his future conduct, may shew himself worthy of all confidence and esteem, and prove an ornament and blessing to the country.

As well because it is possible that I may have injured colonel Burr, however convinced myself that my opinions and declarations have been well founded, as from my general principles and temper in relation to similar affairs—I have resolved, if our interview is conducted in the usual manner, and it pleases God to give me the opportunity, to reserve and throw away my first fire, and I have thoughts even of reserving my second fire—and thus giving a double opportunity to col. Burr to pause and to reflect.

It is not, however, my intention to enter into any explanations on the ground. Apology from principle, I hope, rather than pride, is out of the question.

To those who, with me, abhorring the practice of duelling may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples, I answer that my *relative* situation, as well in public as private, enforcing all the considerations which

constitute what men of the world denominate honour, imposed on me (as I thought) a peculiar necessity not to decline the call. The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs, which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice, in this particular.

A. H.

On the foregoing letters and papers, the Editor will make no comment. He submits them to the heart and understanding of every reader.

WILL.

In the name of God, Amen, I, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, of the city of New-York, Counsellor at Law, do make this my Last Will and Testament, as follows:

First. I appoint John B. Church, Nicholas Fish, and Nathaniel Pendleton, of the city aforesaid, Esquires, to be executors and trustees of this my will, and I devise to them, their heirs and assigns as joint tenants and not as tenants in common, all my estate real and personal whatsoever, and wheresoever, upon trust at their discretion to sell and dispose of the same, at such time and times, in such manner, and upon such terms, as they the survivors and survivor shall think fit, and out of the proceeds to pay all the debts which I shall owe at the time of my decease; in whole, if the fund be sufficient, proportionably, if it shall be insufficient, and the residue, if any there shall be, to pay and deliver to my excellent and dear wife Elizabeth Hamilton.

Though if it should please God to spare my life, I may look for a considerable surplus out of my present property: yet if he should speedily call me to the eternal world, a forced sale, as is usual, may possibly render it insufficient to satisfy my debts. I pray God that something may remain for the maintainance and education of my dear wife and children. But should it, on the contrary happen, that there is not enough for the payment of my debts, I entreat my dear children, if they, or any of them should ever be able, to make up the deficiency. I without hesitation commit to their delicacy a wish, that is dictated by my own. Though conscious that I have too far sacrificed the interests of my family to public avocations, and on this account have the less claim to burthen my children, yet I trust in their magnanimity to appreciate, as they ought, this my request. In so unfavourable an event of things, the support of their dear mother, with the most respectful and tender attention, is a duty, all the sacredness of which they will feel. Probably her own patrimonial resources will preserve her from indigence. But in all situations they are charged to bear in mind that she has been to them, the most devoted and best of mothers.

In testimony whereof, I have herunto subscribed my hand, the 9th day of July, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and four.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared as and for his last will and testament, in our presence, who have subscribed the same in his presence, the words J. B. Church being above interlined.

DOMINIC F. BLAKE,
GRAHAM BURRELL,
THO. B. VALLEAU.

New-York, Surrogate's Office, ss
July 16th, 1804.

I do hereby certify the preceding to be a true copy of the original will of Alexander Hamilton, deceased, now on file in my office.

SILVANUS MILLER, Surrogate.

The above statement, containing the facts that led to the interview between General Hamilton and Col. Burr, studiously avoided mentioning any particulars of what passed at the place of meeting. This was dictated by suitable considerations at the time, and with the intention, that whatever it might be deemed proper to lay before the public, should be made the subject of a communication. The following is, therefore, now submitted.

In the interviews that have since taken place between the gentlemen that were present, they have not been able to agree in two important facts that passed there—for which reason nothing was said on those subjects, in the paper lately published, as to other particulars, in which they were agreed.

Mr. P. expressed a confident opinion that Gen. Hamilton did not fire the first; and that he did not fire at all at Col. Burr. Mr. V. N. seemed equally confident in opinion that General Hamilton did fire first—and, of course, that it must have been at his antagonist.

General Hamilton's friend thinks it to be a SACRED DUTY he owes to the memory of that exalted man, to his country, and his friends, to publish to the world such facts and circumstances as have produced a decisive conviction in his own mind, that he cannot have been mistaken in the belief he has formed on those points—

1st. Besides the testimonies of bishop Moore, and the paper containing an express declaration, under General Hamilton's own hand, inclosed to his friend in a packet, not to be delivered but in the event of his death, and which have already been published, General Hamilton informed Mr. P. at least ten days previous to the affair, that he had doubts whether he would not receive and not return Mr. Burr's first fire. Mr. P. remonstrated against this determination, and urged many considerations against it, as dangerous to himself, and not necessary in the particular case, when every ground of accommodation, not humiliating, had been proposed, and rejected. He said, he would not decide lightly, but take time to deliberate fully. It was incidentally mentioned again at their occasional subsequent conversations, and on the evening preceding the time of the appointed interview, he informed Mr. P. he had made up his mind not to fire at Col. Burr the first time, but to receive his fire, and fire in the air. Mr. P. again urged him upon this subject, and repeated his former arguments. His final answer was, in terms that made an impression on Mr. P's mind which can never be effaced, "My friend, it is the effect of a RELIGIOUS SCRUPLE, and does not admit of reasoning; it is useless to say more on the subject, as my purpose is definitively fixed."

2d. His last words, before he was wounded, afford a proof that this purpose had not changed. When he received his pistol, and after having taken his position, he was asked if he would have the hair spring set—His answer was, "not at this time."

3d. After he was wounded, and laid in the boat, the first words he uttered, after recovering the power of speech, were, (addressing himself to a gentleman present, who perfectly well remembers it) "Pendleton knows I did not mean to fire at Col. Burr the first time."

4th. This determination had been communicated, by Mr. Pendleton, to that gentleman that morning, before they left the city.

5th. The pistol that had been used by General Hamilton, lying loose over the other apparatus in the case, which was open; after having been some time in the boat, one of the boatmen took hold of it to put it into the case, General Hamilton observing this, said, "Take care of that pistol—It is cocked—It may go off and do mischief." This is also remembered by the gentleman alluded to.

This shows that he was not sensible of having fired at all. If he had fired, previous to receiving the wound, he would have remembered it, and, there-

fore, have known that the pistol could not go off but, if afterwards, it must have been the effect of an involuntary exertion of the muscles, produced by a mortal wound, in which case he could not have been conscious of having fired.

6th. Mr. P. having so strong a conviction that if General Hamilton had fired first, it could not have escaped his attention, (all his anxiety being alive for the effect of the first fire), and having no reason to believe the friend of Col. Burr was not sincere in the contrary opinion, he determined to go to the spot where the affair took place, to see if he could not discover some traces of the course of the ball from General Hamilton's pistol. He took a friend with him the day after General Hamilton died, and, after some examination, they fortunately found what they were in search of. They ascertained that the ball passed through the limb of a cedar tree, at an elevation of about twelve feet and an half, perpendicularly from the ground, between thirteen and fourteen feet from the mark on which General Hamilton stood, and about four feet wide of the direct line between him and Col. Burr, on the right side; he having fallen on the left. The part of the limb through which the ball passed was cut off and brought to this city, and is now in Mr. Church's possession.

No inferences are pointed out as resulting from these facts, nor will any comments be made. They are left to the candid judgment and feelings of the public.

BISHOP MOORE'S LETTER.

Thursday Evening, July 12, 1804.

MR. COLEMAN,

The public mind being extremely agitated by the melancholy fate of that great man, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, I have thought it would be grateful to my fellow-citizens, would provide against misrepresentation, and, perhaps, be conducive to the advancement of the cause of Religion, were I to give a narrative of some facts which have fallen under my own observation, during the time which elapsed between the fatal duel, and his departure out of this world.

Yesterday morning, immediately after he was brought from Hoboken to the house of Mr. Bayard, at Greenwich, a message was sent informing me of the sad event, accompanied by a request from General Hamilton, that I would come to him for the purpose of administering the holy communion. I went; but, being desirous to afford time for serious reflection, and conceiving, that, under existing circumstances, it would be right and proper to avoid every appearance of precipitancy in performing one of the most solemn offices of our religion, I did not then comply with his desire. At one o'clock I was again called on to visit him. Upon my entering the room and approaching his bed, with the utmost calmness and composure he said, "My dear sir, you perceive my unfortunate situation, and no doubt have been made acquainted with the circumstances which led to it. It is my desire to receive the communion at your hands. I hope you will not conceive there is any impropriety in my request." He then added, "It has for some time past been the wish of my heart, and it was my intention of taking an early opportunity of uniting myself to the Church, by the reception of that holy ordinance." I observed to him, that he must be very sensible of the delicate and trying situation in which I was then placed; that, however desirous I might be to afford consolation to a fellow mortal in distress, still, it was my duty, as a minister of the Gospel, to hold up the law of GOD as paramount to all other law: and that, therefore, under the influence of such sentiments, I must unequivocally condemn the practice which had brought him to his present unhappy condition. He acknowledged the propriety of these sentiments, and declared that he viewed the late transaction with sorrow and contrition. I then asked him,

should it please God to restore you to health, sir, will you never be again engaged in a similar transaction? and will you employ all your influence in society to discountenance this barbarous custom?" His answer was, "That, sir, is my deliberate intention."

I proceeded to converse with him on the subject of his receiving the Communion; and told him that with respect to the qualifications of those, who wished to become partakers of that holy ordinance, my inquiries could not be made in language more expressive than that which was used by our church—"Do you sincerely repent of your sins past? Have you a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of the death of Christ? And are you disposed to live in love and charity with all men?" He lifted up his hands, and said, "With the utmost sincerity of heart I can answer those questions in the affirmative—I have no ill-will against Col. Burr. I met him with a fixed resolution to do him no harm—I forgive all that happened." I then observed to him, that the terrors of the divine law were to be announced to the obdurate and impenitent; but that the consolations of the Gospel were to be offered to the humble and contrite heart; that I had no reason to doubt his sincerity, and would proceed immediately to gratify his wishes. The Communion was then administered, which he received with great devotion, and his heart afterwards appeared to be perfectly at rest. I saw him again this morning, when, with his last faltering words, he expressed a strong confidence in the mercy of God, through the intercession of the Redeemer. I remained with him until two o'clock this afternoon, when death closed the awful scene.—He expired without a struggle, and almost without a groan.

By reflecting on this melancholy event, let the humble Believer be encouraged ever to hold fast that precious faith, which is the only source of true consolation in the last extremity of nature. Let the Infidel be persuaded to abandon his opposition to the Gospel, which the strong, inquisitive, and comprehensive mind of a HAMILTON embraced, in his last moments, as the truth from Heaven. Let those who are disposed to justify the practice of duelling be induced, by this simple narrative, to view with abhorrence that custom which has occasioned an irreparable loss to a worthy and most afflicted family; which has deprived his friends of a beloved companion; his profession of one of its brightest ornaments; and his country of a great Statesman and a real Patriot.

With great respect, I remain
Your friend and servant,

BENJAMIN MOORE.

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

On Saturday last the remains of ALEXANDER HAMILTON were committed to the grave with every possible testimony of respect and sorrow. That distant readers may form some idea of what passed on this mournful occasion, we shall here present them with a regular and correct account of the whole scene.

The military, under the command of Lieut. Col. Morton, were drawn up in front of Mr. Church's house, in Robinson-street, where the body had been deposited. On the appearance of the corpse, it was received by the whole line with presented arms, and saluted by the officers, with melancholy music by a large and elegant band.

The military then preceded the bier, in open column and inverted order, the left in front, with arms reversed, the band playing a dead march. At twelve o'clock the procession moved in the following order, through Beekman, Pearl, and Whitehall-streets, and up Broadway to the Church:

The Artillery.
The Sixth Regiment of Militia.
Flank Companies.
Cincinnati Society.

A numerous train of clergy of all denominations.

THE CORPSE,
With Pall Bearers.

The General's Horse, appropriately dressed.
His Children and Relatives.

Physicians.

Gouverneur Morris, the funeral orator, in his carriage.

The Gentlemen of the Bar, all in deep mourning.
The Lieut. Governor of the state, in his carriage.

Corporation of the city of New-York.

Resident Agents of Foreign Powers.

Officers of our Army and Navy.

Military and Naval Officers of Foreign Powers.

Militia Officers of the State.

The various officers of the respective Banks.

Chamber of Commerce and Merchants.

Wardens of the Port, and Masters of Vessels in the harbour.

The President, Professors, and Students of Columbia College, in mourning gowns.

St. Andrew's Society, mostly in mourning.

Tammany Society.

Mechanic Society.

Marine Society.

Citizens in general.

THE PALL WAS SUPPORTED BY

General Matthew Clarkson,
Oliver Wolcott, Esquire,
Richard Harrison, Esquire,
Abijah Hammond, Esquire,
Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Esquire,
Richard Varick, Esquire,
William Bayard, Esquire, and
His Hon. Judge Lawrence.

On the top of the coffin was the General's hat and sword. His grey horse, dressed in mourning, with boots and spurs reversed across the saddle, was led by two black servants, dressed in white, and white turbans trimmed with black.

The streets were lined with people; doors and windows were filled, principally with weeping females, and even the house tops were covered with spectators, who came from all parts to behold the melancholy procession.

When the advanced platoon of the military reached the church, the whole column wheeled backward by sections from the flanks of platoons, forming a lane, bringing their muskets to a reversed order, and resting the cheek on the butt of the piece in the customary attitude of grief. Through the avenue thus formed, the corpse, preceded by the clergy of different denominations and Society of Cincinnati, and followed by the relations of the deceased, and different public bodies, advanced to the church, the band, with drums muffled all the time, playing a pensive, solemn air.

FUNERAL ORATION.

On a stage erected in the portico of Trinity Church, Mr. Gouverneur Morris, having four of General HAMILTON's sons, the eldest about sixteen, and the youngest about six years of age, with him, rose and delivered to the immense concourse in front an extemporary oration, which, being pronounced slowly and impressively, was easily committed to memory, and, being very soon afterwards placed on paper, is now presumed to be correct even to the language. Being shown to several gentlemen who heard it, they all agree that it comes near enough to what was actually delivered, to be presented as the oration at length.

FELLOW-CITIZENS,

If, on this sad, this solemn occasion, I should endeavour to move your commiseration, it would be doing injustice to that sensibility, which has been so generally and so justly manifested. Far from attempting to excite your emotions, I must try to repress my own; and yet, I fear, that, instead of the language of a public speaker, you will hear only the lamentations of a bewailing friend. But I will struggle with my bursting heart, to pourtray that Heroic Spirit, which has flown to the mansions of bliss.

Students of Columbia—he was in the ardent pursuit of knowledge in your academic shades, when the first sound of the American war called him to the field. A young and unprotected volunteer, such was his zeal, and so brilliant his service, that we heard his name before we knew his person. It seemed as if God had called him suddenly into existence, that he might assist to save a world!

The penetrating eye of WASHINGTON soon perceived the manly spirit, which animated his youthful bosom. By that excellent judge of men he was selected as an Aid, and thus he became early acquainted with, and was a principal actor in the most important scenes of our revolution.

At the siege of York, he pertinaciously insisted on—and he obtained the command of a Fort. He stormed the redoubt; but let it be recorded that not one single man of the enemy perished. His gallant troops, emulating the heroism of their chief, checked the uplifted arm, and spared a foe no longer resisting. Here closed his military career.

Shortly after the war, your favour—no, your discernment, called him to public office. You sent him to the convention at Philadelphia; he there assisted in forming that constitution, which is now the bond of our union, the shield of our defence, and the source of our prosperity. In signing that compact he expressed his apprehensions that it did not contain sufficient means of strength for its own preservation; and that in consequence we should share the fate of many other republics, and pass through Anarchy to Despotism. We hoped better things. We confided in the good sense of the American people; and, above all, we trusted in the protecting Providence of the Almighty. On this important subject he never concealed his opinion. He disdained concealment. Knowing the purity of his heart, he bore it as it were in his hand, exposing to every passenger its inmost recesses. This generous indiscretion subjected him to censure from misrepresentation. His speculative opinions were treated as deliberate designs; and yet you all know how strenuous, how unremitting were his efforts to establish and to preserve the constitution. If, then, his opinion was wrong, pardon, O! pardon that single error, in a life, devoted to your service.

At the time when our government was organized, we were without funds, though not without resources. To call them into action, and establish order in the finances, Washington sought for splendid talents, for extensive information, and, above all, he sought for sterling, incorruptible integrity—All these he found in HAMILTON.—The system then adopted has been the subject of much animadversion. If it be not without a fault, let it be remembered that nothing human is perfect—Recollect the circumstances of the moment—recollect the conflict of opinion—and, above all, remember that the minister of a republic must bend to the will of the people.—The administration which Washington formed was one of the most efficient, one of the best that any country was ever blest with. And the result was a rapid advance in power and prosperity.

ich there is no example in any other age or ion. The part which Hamilton bore is universally known.

His unsuspecting confidence in professions, which believed to be sincere, led him to trust too much the undeserving. This exposed him to misrepresentation. He felt himself obliged to resign the care of a rising family, and the narrowness of fortune, made it a duty to return to his profession for their support. But, though he was compelled to abandon public life, never, no, never for a moment did he abandon the public service. He never lost sight of your interests—I declare to you, before that God, in whose presence we are so especially assembled, that in his most private and confidential conversations, the single objects of discussion and consideration were your freedom and happiness.

You well remember the state of things which again called forth Washington from his retreat to aid your armies. You know that he asked for Hamilton to be his second in command. That venerable sage well knew the dangerous incidents of a military profession, and he felt the hand of the pinching life at its source. It was probable that he would soon be removed from the scene, and at his second would succeed to the command. He knew by experience, the importance of that office—and he thought the sword of America might safely be confided to the hand which now is cold in that coffin. Oh! my fellow citizens, remember this solemn testimonial that he was not ambitious. Yet he was charged with ambition; and wounded by the imputation, when he laid down his command, he declared, in the proud independence of his soul, that he never would accept of any office, unless in a foreign war he should be called on to expose his life in defence of his country. This determination was immovable. It was a fault that his opinions and his resolutions could not be changed. Knowing his own firm purpose, he was indignant at the charge that he sought for office or power. He was ambitious only of glory. At he was deeply solicitous for you. For himself he feared nothing, but he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence and abuse it to your ruin.

Brethren of the Cincinnati—There lies our chief! Let him still be our model. Like him, after long and faithful public service, let us cheerfully perform the social duties of private life. Oh! he was mild and gentle. In him there was no offence; no guile. His generous hand and heart were open to all.

Gentlemen of the bar—You have lost your rightest ornament. Cherish and imitate his example. While, like him, with justifiable and undiminished zeal, you pursue the interests of your clients, remember, like him, the eternal principles of justice.

Fellow Citizens—You have long witnessed his professional conduct, and felt his unrivalled eloquence.—You know how well he performed the duties of a citizen—you know that he never courted our favour by adulation or the sacrifice of his own judgment. You have seen him contending against you, and saving your dearer interests, as it were, in spite of yourselves. And you now feel and enjoy the benefits resulting from the firm energy of his conduct. Bear this testimony to the memory of my departed friend. *I charge you to protect his fame*—It is all he has left—all that these poor orphan children will inherit from their father. But my countrymen, that fame may be a rich treasure to you also. Let it be the test by which to examine those who solicit your favour. Disregarding professions, view their conduct, and on a doubtful occasion ask, *Would Hamilton have done this thing?*

You all know how he perished. On this last scene, I cannot, I must not dwell. It might excite emotions too strong for your better judgment. Let not your indignation lead to any act which might again offend the insulted majesty of the

laws. On his part, as from his lips, though with my voice—for his voice you will hear no more—let me entreat you to respect yourselves.

And now ye ministers of the everlasting God, perform your holy office and commit these ashes of our departed brother to the bosom of the grave!

The oration being finished the corpse was carried to the grave, where the usual funeral service was performed by the Rev. Bishop Moore. The troops who had entered the church yard, formed an extensive hollow square, and terminated the solemnities with three volleys over the grave.

During the procession there was a regular discharge of minute guns from the Battery, by a detachment from the regiment of artillery. The different merchant vessels in the harbor wore their colours half mast both this and the preceding day.

His Britannic Majesty's ship of war Boston, Captain Douglass, at anchor within the hook, appeared in mourning the whole morning, and at ten o'clock she commenced firing minute guns, which were continued forty-eight minutes. His Majesty's packet Lord Charles Spencer, Captain Cotesworth, also was in mourning and fired an equal number of guns. The French frigates Cybelle and Didon, were also put into full mourning both this and the preceding day, with yards peaked; they also fired minute guns during the procession. It deserves also to be mentioned that the French Surgeons of these frigates went out to Mr. Bayard's before his death and offered their services. These affecting marks of attention will be gratefully received by our fellow-citizens, as evidence how highly the deceased was respected & esteemed by the French and English officers.

As we presume many of our readers will be desirous of seeing in what manner the several morning papers speak of the melancholy subject which engrosses this city, we present our readers with what each of them have said of it.

The Mercantile Advertiser.

Last Saturday were interred, with all possible respect, the remains of general *Alexander Hamilton* the enlightened statesman, the skilful lawyer, the eloquent orator, the disinterested patriot, and the honest man. Never was the sensibility of the citizens awakened to such a degree, and never did they witness so mournful a scene. It renewed their grief for the death of Washington, to see his friend and counsellor cut off in the highest flower of his faculties, and the United States deprived of their great earthly stay.

Immediately after his decease the bells announced that he was no more. On the morning of the day of his funeral, all the bells were muffled, and tolled from six to seven o'clock. They began again at ten and continued until the procession reached the church. The ships in the harbour exhibited the usual tokens of mourning, and minute guns were fired from the forts, and from American and foreign armed vessels. The bells again tolled from seven to eight in the evening.

The procession consisting of the military, the Cincinnati, the clergy of all denominations, the gentlemen of the bar, and students at law, strangers, the different corporate bodies, the several societies, together with the citizens, was very large. All vied with one another in testifying their sense of the worth of the illustrious man deceased, and the irreparable loss which the country had sustained. The sides of the streets were crowded and the windows were filled with spectators, and many climbed up into trees and got on the tops of houses. Not a smile was visible and hardly a whisper was to be heard, but tears were seen rolling down the cheeks of the affected multitude.

When the front of the procession had advanced as far as Trinity church, they halted; and an ora-

tion was delivered by Gouverneur Morris, from a stage which had been previously erected in the portico of the church. The notice given to the orator was so short, his own feelings, and those of the audience so great, that he was able only to paint in an imperfect manner the character and services of the first and most beloved citizen. A little time hence, more justice can be done to his transcendent merits; and the future historian will seize them with eagerness to adorn his page.

The General, during his short illness spoke with the utmost abhorrence of the practice of duelling, and has left his testimony against it. This is known to have been long his sentiment. He declared that he had no ill-will against his antagonist, and had determined to do him no harm; professed his firm belief of the Christian religion, and his "tender reliance on the mercy of Almighty God, through the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ," he devoutly received the holy sacrament, at his own earnest request. The witness of a man of such extensive powers and information, will outweigh that of an host of infidels. This completes his character, and demonstrates that he was good as well as great. "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" "As a man falleth before wicked men, so falseth thou: And all the people wept again over him."

The Daily Advertiser.

It is with sentiments of the deepest regret that we announce to the public the decease of the great and estimable General Alexander Hamilton. No event since the death of the illustrious Washington has filled the public mind with more painful solicitude, or so much called forth the general sympathy and grief, as the event we now record. The loss of a character, so much respected in his profession, so esteemed by the public, so beloved in the circles of private friendship, and of domestic life, is beyond the power of expression; and the manner of his death!—Alas! it can be remembered only with mingled horror and regret.

Vain were the attempt to give even a hasty sketch of the various, the unequalled merit of the illustrious deceased.—the task will be executed by an abler hand. Suffice it under the present impression of public regret, to state

That as a *soldier* through the whole of our revolutionary war, Gen. Hamilton was eminently distinguished. He was one of the few select friends of the commander in chief, often tried, and as often approved. His cool and active valour in storming the redoubt before York Town will never be forgotten. After such a splendid proof of bravery, was it necessary again to put it to the test, in compliance with a false notion of honour and a mis-conceived resentment?

As a *statesman*, Gen. Hamilton added still greater honour to his name. To him we are principally indebted for the national constitution and the system of laws under which we now live. It was his hand that traced the outlines of our most important municipal institutions. To him we owe the plans for the organization of our National Treasury, the provisions for the payment of the public debt, for the establishment of the banks, of the mint, and the whole revenue system of our country.

As a *lawyer* he was unrivalled at the bar. His talents and eloquence gave him a decided ascendancy in his profession, which however was softened by the most unaffected modesty, and the utmost courtesy and gentleness.

As a *man* no one was more highly esteemed for his perfect integrity, truth, candour, and public spirit, than the unfortunate deceased. He enjoyed, (and no man ever better deserved it) the unlimited confidence of his friends and fellow citizens.

As a *christian* we are happy to add he has not left the world to doubt of his *faith* and *hope*. In his last hours he has put a seal on his character by de-

claring his firm belief in the merits and atonement of a Saviour, by avowing his trust in Redeeming grace, and by requesting and receiving in attestation of his faith, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Hasty and imperfect as the foregoing outlines may be, they will recal to the public mind, those impressions of exalted merit which we are sure will never be obliterated, will never cease to be cherished with a melancholy pleasure. The soldier, the statesman, the man of pre-eminent talents and worth, is gone, but his virtues will be held in memory, will be admired and recorded wherever there is a heart to feel or a tongue to repeat the eulogy due to departed worth.

With the deeply afflicted consort, and the orphan children of the deceased General, the public will sincerely sympathise. Their loss is incalculable. May heaven support them on this trying occasion. May they enjoy consolations from above (for the world can now have few for them) consolations which are neither few nor small, beyond the reach of accident and change.

The remains of the late General HAMILTON were on Saturday afternoon deposited in the "house appointed for all living." The mournful procession moved from his friend Mr. Church's in Robinson street about eleven o'clock, in the order directed by the committee of arrangements; and it was not until near two that the rear reached Trinity church, so numerous were the citizens who joined in paying this last tribute to the memory of the illustrious dead. We never witnessed in this country, or in Europe, on any similar occasion, so generally a sorrow, such an universal regret, or a ceremonial more awful and impressive.

The arduous task of delivering an oration over the body of the deceased was committed to the splendid talents of Mr. Gouverneur Morris; and he executed it in a manner highly honourable to his feelings. He sought not, in the course of it, to inflame those passions in the people which had already risen to no ordinary height, but touched lightly on the circumstance which produced the lamentable event; and dwelt with peculiar felicity on the public and private virtues, the uncommon talents, the great usefulness, the inflexible integrity and the real patriotism of his departed friend. His discourse was necessarily short, for his sensibility sometimes almost deprived him of the power of utterance.

The American Citizen.

On Saturday last the remains of General Hamilton were interred, accompanied with military honours, in the family vault, Trinity Church yard. Although the period which elapsed between his death and his funeral was but short, yet the lively recollection of his Revolutionary services—his acknowledged superior genius—his transcendent talents—his private worth—his sterling integrity, and the amiable frankness of his heart, excited in our citizens an uncommon cordiality and vigor to testify their high sense of these virtues by every demonstration of respect. There was a very general suspension of business, and the streets were uncommonly crowded with spectators.

The scene was impressive; and what added unspeakably to its solemnity, was the mournful group of tender boys, the sons, the once hopes and joys of the deceased, who, with tears gushing from their eyes, sat upon the stage, at the feet of the orator, bewailing the loss of their parent! It was too much; the sternest powers, the bloodiest villain, could not resist the melting scene. I wish I could go on and describe the sensations I felt and those which were manifest on every countenance.

When all things were arranged and the din of arms and the bustle of the croud had subsided, the orator rose and approached the front of the stage under which the CORPSE of GENERAL HAMILTON was placed. Mr. Morris thus addressed the audience.

The editor then gives the oration to the best of his memory, and with very considerable accuracy.

The above documents are carefully copied from the New-York Herald, conducted by William Coleman, Esq. and well known as a paper most powerfully supporting the political doctrines of General HAMILTON. Mr. Coleman has evinced his signal sorrow for the loss of this Great Man, in a manner which reflects a powerful lustre on his genius, judgment, and sensibility.

The Editor of the Port Folio would do equal wrong to his warm feelings, and to his DELIBERATE OPINIONS, if he omitted to commend, with the strongest emphasis of praise, the magnanimity and piety of the dying HAMILTON, the pathetic and salutary letter of Bishop MOORE, the eloquent and appropriate panegyric of Gouverneur MORRIS, and the manly, explicit, and noble statement of Judge PENDLETON.

PHILADELPHIA, July 17.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.....The citizens of Philadelphia, Southwark, and the Northern Liberties, assembled agreeably to public notice for the purpose of adopting proper measures for the expression of their grief at the untimely fate of their deceased fellow-citizen, major-general ALEXANDER HAMILTON—their admiration of his virtues and his talents—and their gratitude for the eminent services, which as a soldier and a statesman, he has rendered to his country.

Resolved, That a national tribute of respect to the memory of departed heroes and statesmen, not only excites an emulation of their glorious example, but constitutes the purest reward of their toils and their virtues; and that such a tribute is justly due to the memory of Alexander Hamilton:

That in imitation of the pious example of the deceased, in the closing scenes of his life, exhibiting an illustrious proof of the benign influence of the religion of our forefathers, the citizens, in their respective places of worship, on Sunday next, will render their prayers of thanksgiving to God, for his goodness in having blessed our nation with men of talents to discern, and virtue to pursue her safety, her honour and welfare; and especially for having thus long continued to us the eminently useful talents of the deceased.

That the clergymen of the several denominations be requested to expatiate on the same day upon the irreligious and pernicious tendency of a custom, which has deprived our country of one of her best and most invaluable citizens, and has proved so fatally destructive to the happiness of his family.

That arrangements be made for having the bells throughout the city muffled and tolled during the day, and that the merchants will direct the masters of their ships in the harbour to display their flags half mast high.

That, as a further demonstration of our grief for his loss and our respect and affection for his memory, such of the citizens, as may consistently with their peculiar religious principles, will wear black crape round their left arm for thirty days.

That a copy of the proceedings of this meeting be transmitted by the chairman to the mayor of the city of New-York—that the sincere and heartfelt condolence of the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, and the Northern Liberties, be tendered to him and to his fellow-citizens, for the loss which the state

of New-York and the United States of America have sustained in the death of General Hamilton.

That a committee be appointed to carry the foregoing resolutions into effect and to make such further arrangements relative thereto as may be suitable to the occasion; and that the following gentlemen compose the committee:

John C. Stocker,
Thomas Fitzsimons,
George Latimer
Elias Boudinot,
Jacob Sperry,
John K. Helmuth,
Godfrey Haga, •

Joseph Marsh,
Thomas Haskins,
William Lewis,
William Rawle,
Manual Eyre, and
Joseph Grice.

And, That the proceedings of this meeting be subscribed by the chairman and secretary, and published in all the papers of this city.

THOMAS WILLING, Chairman.

Attest,

WM. MEREDITH, Secretary.

At a meeting of the Members of the Bar of the City of Philadelphia, held at the County Court, on Monday, the 16th of July, instant, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That uniting in the general grief for the death of Alexander Hamilton, we feel it our duty to testify our deepest regret for his loss, as a member of the profession to which he had returned after a series of public labours, in which the eminence he had attained was only surpassed by the variety of his excellence, in which exalted genius, incessant industry, and disinterested patriotism, enlightened and defended, enriched and dignified a nation, which must ever feel for him the strongest obligations of gratitude, affection and regret.

To the general testimony of sorrow we claim the right of adding our peculiar tribute and of deploring the loss which the science of jurisprudence, resorted to by him for the concluding employment of his valuable life, has sustained by his untimely and unexpected end.

Resolved, That the members of the bar, in the city of Philadelphia, in testimony of their sorrow for the death of Alexander Hamilton, counsellor at law, will respectfully wear black crape on their hats for the space of thirty days.

JARED INGERSOL, Chairman.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON, Sec'y.

At a meeting of the Students of Law, in the City of Philadelphia, convened at the County Court on Monday, the 16th instant, for the purpose of adopting proper measures to testify their respect for the Memory of Alexander Hamilton, Counsellor at Law, it was unanimously

Resolved, That having long contemplated the virtues and talents of Alexander Hamilton, as a bright and eminent object of imitation, they sincerely deplore the loss which they have sustained in being deprived his example.

That as a memorial of the lively sensibility which has been excited by his death, they will wear black crape on their hats for thirty days.

JOHN E. HALL, Chairman.

GEO. CLYMER, jun. Sec'y.

From the Political Register.

The deplorable termination of General HAMILTON's career of usefulness to his country, and glory to himself, has excited, among all denominations of our fellow-citizens, the strong emotions of sympathy and grief, which his long and faithful public services, his great and splendid talents, his firm and inflexible integrity, his active and undaunted bravery, his noble, disinterested and magnanimous patriotism demanded from a just and grateful people.

The soldier of the revolution laments, in deep affliction, the loss of the HERO, who was the generous and affectionate friend of his youth—the unwearied and gallant associate of his toils:

and dangers—and under whose auspices the honours and glory of our country never would have faded, nor its independence and happiness have ever been subverted.

The Agriculturist, the Merchant, and the Artificer regret, with unaffected concern, the death of the STATESMAN, by whose indefatigable labor and exalted genius, our finances were restored to order and arrangement—public credit was established—commerce invigorated—manufactures revived—and the means of our present unexampled prosperity, and growing greatness brought into full and active operation.

The lawyer deplores the loss of a brother CIVILIAN, the purity of whose professional life, in all the rage for party defamation, has never been questioned—whose eloquence and learning had neither rival nor detractor—whose talents never were exerted in the cause of injustice—never yielded to the insolence of power, or justified the practice of oppression.

The friend of science mourns over our privation of the *Scholar*, whose mind was the seat of the highest intellectual endowments—whose genius had penetrated the inmost recesses of literature, and whose imagination was as brilliant and vigorous, as his judgment was intuitively strong.

The Moralist and the Christian, while indignant at the powerful but wicked and barbarous laws, which custom has prescribed and sanctioned, weep over the lamentable sacrifice, which a high and delicate sense of honour, a pure and ennobled regard to fame and reputation have yielded to jealousy and resentment.

The liberal and patriotic Ministerialist, with what ardor and violence he may have opposed the Founder of Federal politics, while living, is yet grieved, sincerely grieved, that our nation should be deprived, of powers which conferred honour upon man.

And the Federalist, who has long listened with wonder and delight to the just precepts of political science, which have issued from his lips—who has surrendered to his wisdom and integrity the post of his Protector, and most influential of his advisers, is overpowered with anguish for his friend, and sinks into despondence for his country.

AMICUS.

Poulson's Daily Advertiser.

When society has sustained a loss so severe as that of Alexander Hamilton, the occasion demands the most public expression of our grief.

The attempt to pourtray, for the information of the living, merits known so universally as his, is indeed a superfluous office; but posterity has a right to require of the contemporaries of a great man, even such a tribute, as the passing hand of a daily editor can bestow.

Mr. Hamilton united those qualities which separately distinguished the soldier, the statesman, the scholar, and the gentleman.

His early adherence to the American cause, his voluntary services in the field, the rare union of calm intrepidity and impassioned enterprise, the humanity which, when necessary, could suddenly check the uplifted arm, the precision which guided the ardor of combat and selected the moment of conciliation, recommended him to the confidence of one, whose esteem was truly honour, and whose employment conferred real praise.

Gen. Washington took Col. Hamilton from his regiment, and in the service of an aid-de-camp during the rest of the war, although he lost the opportunity of gradual increase of rank, he enjoyed the high advantage of an intimate connexion with one of the first of human beings, and of co-operating, perhaps not less than he had o

rued his former course, in the effective termination of the war.

The peace, which succeeded, unfolded powers and energies adapted to civil life calculated for the benefit of nations, and by a happy coincidence of events, employed on those objects, for which they seemed to have been created.

In the formation of a constitution which combined the opposing interests of different states, and created a new political body from materials seemingly repulsive to each other, a constitution which, if wisely administered, and preserved from open, or insidious breaches, might confer prosperity on ages yet unborn; in this mighty work Mr. Hamilton was one of the principal agents.

His powerful and unwearied exertions in the convention of New-York secured its advantages to the state from which he had remained in the general convention the sole representative, and his luminous and forcible commentary, under the signature of a *Federalist* endeared it to the whole continent.

The disordered state of the public finances rendered the treasury department, at that time, the most arduous that could be undertaken. It was conferred upon him before whom difficulties had been accustomed to vanish, and the incongruous matter has been moulded into a system which those who envied his genius, and opposed his politics, have been compelled to pursue without alteration, or if alterations have been attempted, without improvement on the original.

Not enriched by public employments, he returned in 1795 to the labours of the bar, in which he soon regained and surpassed his former eminence, and his fellow citizens, particularly the commercial part of the city of New-York, accustomed to repose on his quick comprehension, sound judgment, extensive learning, commanding eloquence, and unremitting fidelity, will be among the first sufferers by his death.

That a man, in whose character even this imperfect sketch presents so much to admire, should fall a victim in the prime of life, to a custom so barbarous, almost the only relic of the middle age when ignorance, force, and superstition overwhelmed the polished forms and lettered refinements of society in the south of Europe, is much to be lamented. Duelling, which sprang from the single combats of the Goths, an imaginary and unhallowed appeal to Heaven, has survived almost all the other vestiges which the northern barbarians left.

The arts, the sciences, the graces of civilised life have resumed their empire and chased away the grosser habits of their former conquerors; but it still remains a principle, that a man of honour invited to expose his life, the interests of his family, the confidence, the trusts of his fellow-citizens reposed personally in him, to the unauthorised weapon of a private opponent, must incur the peril of the combat, or submit, in the opinion of many, to be deemed dishonored.

Is legislation then so weak as to be unable to substitute some greater disgrace on him who accepts than him who refuses the challenge? Can no mode be suggested by which the imputation of cowardice, which men fear so much, can be thrown upon the challenger? And is it not time to relieve ourselves from a slavery so odious, when we see that it now numbers, among its victims, one of the greatest ornaments of the age?

The elegant encomium, with the Signature of "Amicus," which we reprint from the Register, is an eloquent and affectionate tribute to the memory of the Illustrious dead. We add, with peculiar pleasure, that with one disgraceful and infamous

exception the editors of the daily papers of Philadelphia, have manifested their respect for the memory of HAMILTON, in panegyric the most pathetic, liberal, ingenious, and sincere.

With respect to the city at large, its grief has been, by no means, limited in extent, or feeble in expression. Thrusting aside, as unworthy consideration, the rancorous Jacobin, the scoffing deist, the *snivelling fanatic*, and the imported scoundrel, we have heard the voice of deep lament from every side. All, who have a tear for pity, all good and true men, all genuine Patriots, the votaries of Christianity, the votaries of Genius, every magnanimous, every virtuous individual have bewailed private loss, and THE PUBLIC CALAMITY. On the Saturday, when this national misfortune was first reported in the city, the Editor, as he took his melancholy rounds, was struck with the contemplation of the general anxiety; and when he beheld those who wept for the fall of Hamilton, and those 'who were indignant at its cause,' he could not avoid remembering a picturesque description by a great historical Painter. *Neque populi aut plebis ulla vox; sed attoniti vultus, et conversæ ad omnia aures. Non tumultus, non quies; sed quale magni metus et MAGNÆ IRÆ silentium est.*

An animated and rhetorical writer in Major JACKSON's paper, among other striking topics of praise, introduces, with great feeling and effect, the following memorable sentences.

When we say that HAMILTON is DEAD! we can add nothing to the cause of grief—when we remember how he lived! we can add nothing to the lustre of his fame.

We have remarked, with signal satisfaction, that with very few exceptions, the respectable SOCIETY of FRIENDS have testified a sincere regret for the hapless lot of HAMILTON. Though their peculiar tenets preclude a *Sad Ostent*, in memory of the dead; though they wear no *inky cloaks nor customary suits of solemn black*, yet theirs is the sagacity to discern the value of a great Statesman, and theirs is the silent sorrow, which mutes at his loss.

*. The friends of the Editor are very respectfully notified, that the publication of the Port Folio has been postponed, that he might present a complete and accurate view of a most sinister event, which has overwhelmed America with affliction. Notwithstanding his utmost pains, and his fervent zeal to exhibit all that is plausible and respectful of that GREATNESS and GOODNESS, so conspicuous in the character of General HAMILTON, it is apprehended some omission or some error may appear from the very eagerness of the Editor to do *ample justice* to the subject. Hereafter, the COLUMN of HAMILTON'S FAME may be indicated by no random or feeble hand. Meanwhile, let us remember the pathetic prophesy of the classic Historian, which TACITUS has not applied with more truth to Julius Agricola, than it may be applied to ALEXANDER HAMILTON,

Quidquid ex illo amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus MANET, MANSURUMQUE est in animis hominum, in æternitate fama rerum. Nam multos veterum velut inglorios et ignobiles oblivio obruet. Ille Posteritati narratus et traditus, SUPERSTES ERIT.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 30.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 96.

[Criticism on Jack and Gill concluded.]

HAVING ascertained the names and conditions of the parties, the reader becomes naturally inquisitive into their employment, and wishes to know, whether their occupation is worthy of them. This laudable curiosity is abundantly gratified in the succeeding lines; for

Jack and Gill
Went up a hill
To fetch a bucket of water.

Here we behold the plan gradually unfolding, a new scene opens to our view, and the description is exceedingly beautiful. We now discover their object, which we were before left to conjecture. We see the two friends, like Pylades and Orestes, assisting and cheering each other in their labours, gaily ascending the hill, eager to arrive at the summit, and to fill their bucket. Here too is a new elegance. Our acute author could not but observe the necessity of machinery, which has been so much commended by critics, and admired by readers. Instead, however, of introducing a host of gods and goddesses, who might have only impeded the journey of his heroes, by the intervention of the bucket, which is, as it ought to be, simple and conducive to the progress of the poem, he has considerably improved on the ancient plan. In the management of it also he has shewn much judgment, by making the influence of the machinery and the subject reciprocal: for while the utensil carries on the heroes, it is itself carried on by them. In this part, too, we have a deficiency supplied, to wit, the knowledge of their relationship, which as it would have encumbered the opening, was reserved for this place. Even now there is some uncertainty whether they were related by the ties of consanguinity; but we may rest assured they were friends, for they did join in carrying the instrument; they must, from their proximity of situation, have been amicably disposed, and if one alone carried the utensil, it exhibits an amiable assumption of the whole labour. The only objection to this opinion is an old adage, 'Bonus dux bonum facit militem,' which has been translated 'A good Jack makes a good Gill,' thereby intimating a superiority in the former. If such was the case, it seems the poet wished to shew his hero in retirement, and convince the world, that, however illustrious he might be, he did not despise manual labour. It

has also been objected, (for every Homer has his Zoilus), that their employment is not sufficiently dignified for epic poetry; but, in answer to this, it must be remarked, that it was the opinion of Socrates, and many other philosophers, that beauty should be estimated by utility, and surely the purpose of the heroes must have been beneficial. They ascended the rugged mountain to draw water, and drawing water is certainly more conducive to human happiness than drawing blood, as do the boasted heroes of the Iliad, or roving on the ocean, and invading other men's property, as did the pious Æneas. Yes! they went to draw water. Interesting scene! It might have been drawn for the purpose of culinary consumption; it might have been to quench the thirst of the harmless animals who relied on them for support; it might have been to feed a sterile soil, and to revive the drooping plants, which they raised by their labours. Is not our author more judicious than Apollonius, who chooses for the heroes of his Argonautics a set of rascals, undertaking to steal a sheep skin? And, if dignity is to be considered, is not drawing water a circumstance highly characteristic of antiquity? Do we not find the amiable Rebecca busy at the well—does not one of the maidens in the Odyssey delight us by her diligence in the same situation, and has not a learned Dean proved that it was quite fashionable in Peloponnesus?—Let there be an end to such frivolous remarks. But the descriptive part is now finished, and the author hastens to the catastrophe. At what part of the mountain the well was situated, what was the reason of the sad misfortune, or how the prudence of Jack forsook him, we are not informed, but so, alas! it happened,

Jack fell down—

Unfortunate John! At the moment when he was nimbly, for aught we know, going up the hill, perhaps at the moment when his toils were to cease, and he had filled the bucket, he made an unfortunate step, his centre of gravity, as the philosophers would say, fell beyond his base, and he tumbled. The extent of his fall does not however appear until the next line, as the author feared to overwhelm us by a too immediate disclosure of his whole misfortune. Buoyed by hope, we suppose his affliction not quite remediless, that his fall is an accident to which the way-farers of this life are daily liable, and we anticipate his immediate rise to resume his labours. But how are we deceived by the heart-rending tale, that

Jack fell down
And broke his crown—

Nothing now remains but to deplore the premature fate of the unhappy John. The mention of the crown has much perplexed the commentators. The learned Microphilus, in the 513th page of his 'Cursory remarks' on the poem, thinks he can find in it some allusion to the story of Alfred, who, he says, is known to have

lived during his concealment in a mountainous country, and as he watched the cakes on the fire, might have been sent to bring water. But his acute annotator, Vandergruten, has detected the fallacy of such a supposition, though he falls into an equal error in remarking that Jack might have carried a crown or a half crown in his hand, which was fractured in the fall. My learned reader will doubtless agree with me in conjecturing that as the crown is often used metaphorically for the head, and as that part is, or without any disparagement to the unfortunate sufferer might have been, the heaviest, it was really his pericranium which sustained the damage. Having seen the fate of Jack, we are anxious to know the lot of his companion. Alas!

And Gill came tumbling after.

Here the distress thickens on us. Unable to support the loss of his friend, he followed him, determined to share his disaster, and resolved, that as they had gone up together, they should not be separated as they came down.*

In the midst of our affliction, let us not, however, be unmindful of the poet's merit, which on this occasion is conspicuous. He evidently seems to have in view the excellent observation of Adam Smith, that our sympathy arises not from a view of the passion, but of the situation which excites it. Instead of unnecessary lamentation, he gives us the real state of the case; avoiding at the same time that minuteness of detail, which is so common among pathetic poets, and which by dividing a passion, and tearing it to rags, as Shakspeare says, destroys its force. Thus, when Cowley tells us, that his mistress shed tears enough to save the world if it had been on fire, we immediately think of a house on fire, ladders, engines, crowd of people, and other circumstances, which drive away every thing like feeling: when Pierre is describing the legal plunder of Jaffier's house, our attention is diverted from the misery of Belvidera to the goods and chattels of him the said Jaffier, but in the poem before us the author has just hit the dividing line between the extreme conciseness which might conceal necessary circumstances, and the prolixity of narration, which would introduce immaterial ones. So happy, indeed, is the account of Jack's destruction, that had a physician been present, and informed us of the exact place of the scull which received the hurt, whether it was the occipitis, or which of the ossa bregmatis that was fractured, or what part of the lambdoidal suture was the point of injury, we could not have a clearer idea of his misfortune. Of the

* There is something so tenderly querimonious in the silent grief and devotion of Gill, something which so reminds us of the soft complaint of the hapless sister of Dido, that it must delight every classical reader:

Comitemne sororem
Sprevisti moriens? Eadem me ad fata vocasses:
Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisset.

bucket we are told nothing, but as it is probable that it fell with its supporters, we have a scene of misery, unequalled in the whole compass of tragic description. Imagine to ourselves Jack rapidly descending, perhaps rolling over and over down the mountain, the bucket, as the lighter, moving along, and pouring forth (if it had been filled) its liquid stream, Gill following in confusion, with a quick and circular and headlong motion; add to this the dust, which they might have collected and dispersed with the blood which must have flowed from John's head, and we will witness a catastrophe highly shocking, and feel an irresistible impulse to run for a doctor. The sound, too, charmingly 'echoes to the sense.'

Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after.

The quick succession of movements is indicated by an equally rapid motion of the short syllables, and in the last line Gill rolls with a greater sprightliness and vivacity, than even the stone of Sisyphus.

Having expatiated so largely on its particular merits, let us conclude by a brief review of its most prominent beauties. The subject is the *fall of men*, a subject, high, interesting, worthy of a poet: the heroes, men who do not commit a single fault, and whose misfortunes are to be imputed, not to indiscretion, but to destiny. To the illustration of the subject, every part of the poem conduces. Attention is neither wearied by multiplicity of trivial incident, nor distracted by frequency of digression. The poet prudently clipped the wings of imagination, and repressed the extravagance of metaphorical decoration. All is simple, plain, consistent. The moral too, that part without which poetry is useless sound, has not escaped the view of the poet. When we behold two young men, who but a short moment before stood up in all the pride of health, suddenly falling down a hill, how must we lament the instability of all things.

N

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 3.

The orations against Verres.

At the time when Verres was charged with the prætorship of Sicily, the pirates infested the seas, which bathed this island and the coasts of Italy. His duty was to maintain the navy, which the republic had armed to fight them, and defend her commerce. But the avarice of the prætor saw in these means of defence only a new object of rapine and exaction. He made the soldiers and sailors purchase their discharges, who ought to have served in the galleys; he sold to the allied and tributary cities dispensations from furnishing what they were obliged to do by treaties, and leaving destitute of every thing the few men he thought himself obliged to keep on the few vessels he had at sea, he gave himself no concern about exposing Sicily to the incursions of pirates, provided he enriched himself at the expense of the state and the province. He placed at the head of this miserable squadron, not a Roman, but, what was without example, a Sicilian, named Cleomenes, whose wife was publicly the mistress of the prætor. The event happened which alone could be expected: the Roman fleet ran away at the sight of the pirates, and Cleomenes was the first to disembark. The other commanders of galleys, who had only a few men, half famished with want of necessaries,

could do no other than follow the example of the admiral. The pirates burned the forsaken vessels in the sight of Syracuse, and entered even into the port. This affront to the Roman arms, this alarm carried by pirates into a city so powerful as Syracuse, soon resounded as far as Rome. Verres dreaded the consequences of such a vexatious report, and that he might not appear to be the guilty cause of this disaster, he formed the design the most abominable that ever entered the thought of any tyrant, equally cowardly and cruel. He plotted to accuse of treason the Sicilian commanders, whose innocence was well known, and who had it not in their power to do any thing but what they did; and, without the slightest proof, he condemned them to death. All Sicily shuddered at this outrage. Cicero demands vengeance for it. We shall see in what colours he knew how to paint it, and with what energy he details all the horrors of it.

"Verres marches out of his palace, animated with all the furies of crime and barbarity. He appears in the public place, and orders the commanders to be cited to his tribunal. They appear, without suspicion, and without fear. All on a sudden he causes to be laid in irons, these unfortunate men, who were in full confidence of their safety, as well as of their innocence, who appeal to the justice of the prætor, and demand the reason of this treatment. It is, said he, for having traiterously surrendered our vessels to the enemy. All the world cries out; all the world is astonished that he should have impudence enough to impute to any body, but himself, the cause of a misfortune, which was but the work of his own avarice; that a man like Verres, placed by the public opinion in the rank of robbers and pirates, should dare to accuse any one with being in intelligence with them; and, finally, that this strange accusation should not have been thought of till fifteen days after the event. Every one demanded where is Cleomenes, not, indeed, because they thought him more deserving of punishment than the others. What could he do with vessels destitute of all the means of defence? But yet his cause was the same. Where is Cleomenes? He was seen at the side of the prætor, whispering familiarly in his ear, as it was his custom to do. The indignation is general, that men the most honourable and the most distinguished of their city, should be put in irons, while Cleomenes, as a reward of his infamous complaisance, is the friend and the confidant of the prætor. There appears, however, an accuser: it is a wretch named Turpion, disgraced under preceding governors, well qualified for the abject part he had to act, and well known as the instrument of all the iniquities, of all the baseness, and of all the extortions of Verres. The relations, the neighbours, of these unfortunate victims flock to Syracuse, struck with the fatal news; they see their children, oppressed under the weight of chains, carrying, O! Verres! the penalty of your execrable avarice. They present themselves, demand their children, defend them with loud cries, implore thy faith, thy justice, as if you ever had any. There was seen Decion of Tyn-daris, a man of the first nobility, who had entertained you at his house, whom you had called your host. But neither hospitality, nor his misfortunes, nor the rank which he held in his country, nor his old age, nor his tears, were able to recal you one moment to any sentiment of humanity. There was seen Eubulides, not less considerable, and not less respected, who, for having, in his defence, pronounced the name of Cleomenes, saw, by your orders, his garments torn, and his person left almost naked upon the place. And what means of justification remained then? I forbid, says Verres, the mention

of Cleomenes. But my cause obliges me to mention him.—You shall die, if you name him. But I had no rowers in my ship.—You accuse the prætor! Lictors, cut off his head with your axes. Judges! you hear the very language of Verres. The menaces were all of this violence. Hark! in the name of humanity! hearken to the outrages committed against our allies; hearken to the recital of their misfortunes. Among these accused innocents appeared also Heraclius of Segesta, a Sicilian of the highest birth, the feebleness of whose sight had hindered him from embarking in his ship, and who had orders to remain at Syracuse. Certainly, Verres, this man could not be guilty; he could neither surrender nor abandon a ship in which he was not. No matter! they enrol in the number of criminals, him, whom they could not accuse, even falsely, of any crime. Finally, of this number was also Furius of Heraclea, a man celebrated during his life, and who has become much more so since his decease: it was he who had the courage not only to address to Verres, in his presence, all the reproaches he deserved: (sure to die he had nothing more to fear) but even to write his apology in prison, in presence of his mother, who, drowned in tears, passed whole days and nights with him. All Sicily has read this apology, the history of your crimes and cruelties: we there see how many sailors each commander of a galley had received from the city which was to furnish them, and how many had purchased of you their discharge, and when at your tribunal he alleged his means of defence, your lictors smote him over his eyes with their rods, while this high spirited man, resolved upon death, and insensible to his pains, cried out that it was shameful that the tears of his mother should have less influence with you to save him, than the caresses of a prostitute had to save the infamous Cleomenes.

"Verres finally condemns them all by the advice of his council; but, however, in a cause of this nature, in a capital affair, he did not summon his questor Vettius, nor his lieutenant Cervius. This pretended council was but a mob of highway-men, whom he had at his beck. Judges! represent to yourselves the consternation of the Sicilians, our most faithful and our most ancient allies, so often loaded with benefits by our ancestors. Each one trembles for himself; no man believes himself in safety. They inquire of one another what has become of that mildness of the Roman government, now changed into this excess of inhumanity. How it is possible that so many men should be condemned in a moment, without being convicted of any crime? How could this unworthy prætor imagine that he could cloak his robberies by the punishment of so many innocent persons? It seems, indeed, as if nothing could be added to so much wickedness, madness, and cruelty. But Verres would surpass himself; he would excel his own peculiar crimes. I have spoken to you of Phalaris, excepted from the general condemnation because he commanded the ship which carried Cleomenes. Timarchides, one of the agents of Verres, was informed that this young man, not thinking his cause different from the others, had shewn some apprehensions. He goes and finds him, declares to him, that indeed he is secure from the axe, but that he runs the risk of being beaten with the rods, if he does not compound for his exemption: and you have heard him specify the sum which he counted down to redeem himself from the rods of the lictors. But why do I hesitate? Are these reproaches to be made to Verres? A young nobleman, a commander of a vessel, redeems himself from the rods for a sum of money. It is in Verres a trait of humanity. Another, at the same price, ransoms

himself from the axe: Verres has accustomed us to such things: we are not to reproach him with common crimes. The Roman people expect from him new horrors, unheard of wickedness; they know it is not a common prevaricating magistrate that we have brought in trial before you, but the most abominable of tyrants. You will soon acknowledge it. The innocents, after their condemnation, were dragged into dungeons; preparations are making for their punishment. But the punishment must begin upon their unfortunate relations. The parents are prohibited the sight of their children. It is forbidden to bring them apparel or nourishment. These unfortunate fathers, who are here before you, were extended on the threshold of the prison; disconsolate mothers passed there the night in tears, without being able to obtain the last embraces of their children; they requested, as a precious favour, that it should be permitted them to collect the last sighs, but they requested it in vain. There watched the keeper of the prisons, the minister of the barbarities of Verres, the terror of the citizens, the lictor Sestius, who established a revenue upon the griefs and tears of all these unfortunate persons—So much for a visit to your son: so much for giving him any refreshment: not one could refuse it. What will you give me to put your son to death with one stroke of the axe? that he may not suffer long? that he may not be stricken several blows? All these favours were taxed. O! horrible condition! O insupportable tyranny! It was not life that they brought to market and put up for sale, but a more prompt death, and less cruel execution. The prisoners themselves compounded with Sestius to receive but one stroke: they requested of their relations, as a last expression of their tenderness, to pay for this favour to the inflexible Sestius. Have we not yet had torments enough? Will death at least put an end to them? Can barbarity extend itself further? Yes. When they shall have been executed, their bodies shall be exposed to wild beasts. If this is considered as a misfortune by their relations, let them pay for the privilege of sepulture. You know this; you have heard Onasus of Segesta relate what sum he had paid to Timarchides to be allowed to bury Heraclius. And who in Syracuse is ignorant that these bargains of sepulture were made between Timarchides and the prisoners themselves? That these contracts were public, that they were concluded in the presence of the relations, and that the price of the funerals was agreed on and paid beforehand?

[To be continued.]

POLITICS.

[Some staunch friend has sent us, for republication, the following just and indignant essay.]

POPULAR FANATICISM.

We have often expressed a confidence, that the present delusion which infatuates our countrymen cannot possibly last long; that a day must soon arrive when the people will spurn and turn from their deceivers with abhorrence; and that the nation must at no distant period once more learn to distinguish between honest friends and insidious flatterers, between tried patriots and treacherous pretenders, between the followers of Washington whom Washington trusted and "approved of," and the followers of Jefferson, of Jefferson by whom WASHINGTON has been slandered and belied, hypocritically mourned over, dreaded, envied, and hated. We have often expressed such confidence, we have fondly cherished it ourselves, we have endeavoured to inspire it in others, and we have contributed our mite towards the object of this confidence as a change "most devoutly to be wished for" by every lover of America. We begin to fear, that

we have calculated too much on the good sense and the virtue of the land we live in, the land of our birth, dear to us as such, and we fear perhaps therefore overrated with the partiality of filial reverence. We begin to suspect that her foster sons, that the foreign outcasts she has received to her bosom, understand the disposition of our country much better than we do. We begin to fear, that the Duane and Cheethams, the Paines and Tony Pasquins, pestilent dregs of another clime, vomited on our shores, have not so greatly mistaken the public temper of these states, or the means of gratifying and guiding it for years yet to come. We begin to fear that they find something in that temper itself which fits a numerous mass not only to be dupes, but which renders them willing dupes, of whose vices there is as much advantage to be taken by the demagogue as of their ignorance. Every day's observation forces a reluctant belief, that the source of our present disorders, the root of our political evils, does not lie altogether in a momentary deceit, in a mere mistake or series of mistakes to which the frailty of man and the best of men has been at all times liable; but that it is fixed deep in a cause just as much more difficult to remove as it is easier to rectify the errors of weakness than to cure those of wilful and pre-pense depravity. There is reason more and more to apprehend that the moral principle of society is relaxed and tainted to the core; and that it is in the growing corruption of our national character that democracy, labouring still to increase that corruption, now feels her strength and hopes to preserve it. Or rather we might say she hopes and feels this not only in the corruption of our national character, but in its loss and total oblivion. Once, in the struggles of our revolution, at the era of the congress of independence, of the convention at Philadelphia, and of the constitution they framed as first put in trial in those hands who were immediately as it were by the voice of one general assent called to administer it, in those times we had a national character. It was a character for wisdom and integrity, for sober discernment, for constancy, for gratitude, for public spirit, for the glow and vigilance of rational liberty, and stubbornness and tenacity of right, for decent and temperate, and legal and solemn restraints, if not for the seriousness of hallowed piety and religious devotion. Such was, or such was deemed to be our national character, displayed, proved, and confirmed in the ordeal of twenty years of doubt, difficulty, and distress. Our republic appeared abroad to be once more realizing on earth the fables and dreams of history, or exemplifying its truths in an emulation and rivalry of Grecian and Roman worth. The continent seemed animated with one genius, pure and honourable as we have described, flowing as its vital blood through the whole body of the community in every vein and member to its very extremities. Scarcely a limb, or a joint, the lowest or most remote, but what looked sound, as if contagion could have no foot-hold to work with. In the various emergencies of that period, on the momentous questions which were, from time to time, submitted to the decision of all ranks and classes; when once informed right there was a surety they would decide right; and for the most part they decided with the promptness of intuition, of intuition whose judgment, never to be warped by passion, passion itself generally concurred with. Of every people as of every individual the interest, essentially valued, has never yet run counter to their duty: but with our people as they then were, interest, duty, and pleasure altogether did not only never run counter, they did not even run in different, but always in one and the same, channel. It was a proud day for

America, in whose most adverse hour the world in admiring her, could even forget she was not prosperous, because, and in so singular a degree, she stood virtuous. Virtue, indeed, might be called her national character, and justly so called by every rule according to which national character is determined. But all earthly virtue, like every other earthly possession, may decay or be impaired, it may cease entirely or be transformed to its very opposite, while retaining nothing but the name, the substance has all left us, till presently the name itself we are indifferent to retain or not, and yet a little longer even the name: we renounce and make our vice our boast. Is our country destined for this sad reverse? Or does she not already exhibit the worst part of it? What has become of the national character of America? Gone, we fear, to the tomb "of all the Capulets." Sunk, withered, and polluted. Dashed in the mire of low and sordid views; enervated with selfishness; infected with a poisonous sophistry; and debased with the importation of a putrid refuse, and an accumulating gang of "unhappy fugitives" who, happy enough to cheat the gallows and the gibbet in Europe, are received in this "asylum" with open arms, and, turning patriots of '76, are hailed, caressed, and exalted by the Powers that be. Those Powers themselves, who in turns support and are supported by every alien crew, are a proof, and a proof which promises to endure, that a revolution too must have happened to our national character, or else that revolution which fixed the Powers that be could not have happened to the union, or, if happened, could not endure. Had our people been what they were in '76, Jefferson would not have been president in 1801. Were they now what they were in '89, he could not be president in 1805. The people are changed, and the qualities for their trust are changed with them. When we speak of the people, we intend the bulk of numbers; for under a government where numbers, or a majority of numbers, must controul, numbers are sovereign, and sovereign is the people. There is an intelligent and undefiled portion of the whole, who form an exception and as yet a respectable exception not included in the present remarks; but they are not more than an exception, for they are a minority. We repeat then that the people are changed, and changed materially for the worse. In point of understanding, if experience adds to understanding, however it may be perverted, it cannot be supposed less now than it was formerly. If knowledge is neither retrograde nor stationary, it must progress with the progression of years; nor in these days which are emphatically termed enlightened will it be allowed that there is more of darkness over the public mind than in the days which are past. Yet in those days with not more but, as they will have it, with less information the people thought and acted right. If then, they are wrong now, it cannot be for want of sense enough to know, for with not a greater share of sense they did not know, what is right, but it must be for want of principle enough to prefer right to what is wrong. This truth may be unpalatable, and it is a truth not commonly told; but it is time it should begin to be told, and we choose to be among those who begin. The fever of democracy rages and spreads far and wide, because the corruption of manners, of morals, and of sentiments, spreading also far and wide, serves both to communicate the disease and predispose the victims. In every region where there is profligacy, there is Jacobinism, or materials for Jacobinism, and wherever folly is, Jacobinism will have subjects to act on, and tools to act with. Generally speaking, throughout the different divisions of this Empire, the quantity of Jacobinism, or of demo-

cracy refined and sublimated, of any part is already ascertained to be in the proportion of the profligacy and folly of that part. In our Southern States, negro slavery may be a necessary evil, but it is still an evil, among the worst effects of which is the baleful effect on the passions and habits of the whites. Now, it is known that the watch word of Jacobinism for licentiousness is liberty: And thus 'we hear the loudest yelps for liberty from the drivers of negroes.' In Virginia, where churches are out of fashion, democracy is most in fashion. In Connecticut, where they have yet more room for their Meeting Houses and Schools and less for whiskey shops and brothels, there is less of democracy and more of federalism. The position might be further verified by a train of examples, if of such examples there could be any end. Enough has been said to shew that it is cowardly and foolish to ascribe to popular simplicity alone, gulled and deceived, what is equally attributable to popular wickedness, greedy and designed.—If the multitude were to be brought back from their errors, merely by being convinced of them, it is impossible they should continue to uphold a man, whose errors, private and public, deep, flagrant and mischievous, glare on them in every print. It is in vain to urge that they heed not, because they believe not, the warnings that are given them. Of the facts, which will sometimes arrest their attention in spite of themselves, the most dull and headstrong do believe enough to set them straight, if it was not their resolved whim to be crooked. But with many, to expose the turpitude and knavery of their leaders, is only to enhance their favour, because turpitude and knavery are to their taste, and are the things which they prize. To prove their chief favourite wanting even in common fidelity to his friend or common honesty to his benefactor, is only to prove him like themselves, or as they would have been, if situated towards Walker and Jones as Jefferson was situated.—To prove him the employer of venal calumny against Washington, is to no purpose; because they think not of Washington at all, or think of him but with the invidious dislike with which meanness, whatever it may affect, does always in its heart revolt against transcendent excellence. To prove their President and Congress violators of the Constitution, is nothing to those who care not, who will scarcely trouble themselves to inquire, whether we have any Constitution. To prove that Justice is nodding to its fall, and the independence of courts sacrificed on the altars of party, is to them no matter of concern, who have no relish for justice, or Courts the instrument of justice, by which injuries are redressed and guilt condemned. To detect their vaunted economists in squandering, impairing and embezzling the public treasures, is of no account with a tribe who have no anxiety for the public but that themselves, as a part of the public, may forever elude the public's tax gatherer.—The promises of the Inaugural address, with the wanton and continued breaches of those promises, they mind not, because of their own promises they 'take no cognizance.' The cruel and rapacious work of persecution which still proceeds, disturbs them not an instant, for they are of the faction which persecutes and profits by persecution, and as individuals not less malignant than the faction they belong to. To talk to them of desertion of duty, of the flight to Carter's Mountain, only brings them to consider how they would have deserted and fled themselves. To dwell on the invitation to Paine, on the irreligion and the profanity of his host at the *Prezidiad*, must now be too late for the bounden disciples of a master, who has long been avowedly content, while ever his own leg is not

broken and his pocket not picked, that there may be either twenty Gods or one or no God.

From the premises we infer that to rely as a last preventive on any community of American feelings is to rely on a phantom; for there cannot be any community of American feelings, to a majority which, composed of a medley of all nations, have not in fact the common feelings of any one nation. The greater part and far the greater part of that majority may be natives, but they are natives associated with and every day more and more led by foreigners, and foreigners too of the worst cast. If they have not yet altogether surrendered, they will soon surrender, all feelings but the feelings of party, of party rampant and vindictive and triumphant. To depend on the National Character to check and relieve the reigning disorder, is to depend for a remedy on a source which is the seat of the disorder. If we have any National Character left, it is a character for augmenting corruption, and our political complaint is nothing more than corruption, or the consequence of corruption growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength. Let us throw away therefore the 'flattering unction' of self-pride and self-deceit. Let us be men, and learn the extent of our evils, that we may not mistake the means to ward off the last extremity. While there is life there is hope—But if we suffer life to doze in the sleep of indolence, the time is at hand when we shall awaken in death. There is yet a body of principles surviving among us, which, though surviving in the lesser part, may save both lesser and greater from that yawn of destruction, which will not separate our fates, but if it swallows one must draw the other after it. The innocent and the guilty, whatever the guilty or the innocent may think, must, if they perish, perish in one grave, the grave which Anarchy is digging for our Commonwealth and has dug for so many Commonwealths before us. But the labours of Anarchy, though not immediately to be stopped, may yet be retarded by our exertions. Every day thus gained, is a respite in which fortune may do more for us than we can do for ourselves. Every pause of suspense is important, when a single pause may prove our salvation. Was there, at this moment, any thing in the nature of the predominant numbers for a pledge to us against a tragic catastrophe to our drama, it would be still important to put off the concluding act as late as we can, to give time for their fury to retire from the stage, and their virtue to step on. But if some more powerful corrective, than we have yet discovered, must be applied to their vices, before we can count any thing on their virtue, if their immoralities must first be extirpated, ere we can look for any help in their morals, there is still incalculable use in delay, because in delay there is chance. And there is no use in supinely submitting, and by supineness hastening instead of averting our doom but the use of slumber—Inactivity but weakens our weakness, without abating a particle of the rage, with which they trample on that weakness. Could we even be more passive than we have been, they would not be a jot less violent than they are. In time, perhaps, if we will but strive for time, accident may change or divert the mad course of the multitude; the multitude may themselves change; if not from their reason, they may change from their caprice; if not from their love of right, they may change from their love of novelty; if not because they believe their idols to be bad, possibly because they believe them not to be bad enough; or at least as they have changed once, so they may change back again, without troubling themselves for the why or the wherefore. But even time will be denied us, unless the remains of the faithful can be kept

together steadfast, zealous, and alert. The law of physical gravity is not more certain, than our constant inclination for repose, negligent of the future; nor is any force more centrifugal than the guile which is ever tempting us from the centre of our duties. Every nerve must be strained with the patience of Sisyphus, to keep back the falling, if we cannot lift up the fallen. This task now principally consigned for our brotherhood of Editors, whom it certainly behoves to be among the foremost, is yet the province of all, who are well affected and undaunted. The Press in skilful and vigorous hands is an engine which in a good cause, and at a good season should undoubtedly do much. But the most it can now be expected to do, is to instruct its friends and flash indignantly on the foe, to prevent the vigilant from becoming lukewarm, and animate the lukewarm to become vigilant, to rouse the dreamer and incite the slug-gard, while it sets to all an example in its own efforts to harrass and impede the Jacobinism yet too strong to be disabled or disarmed, and occasionally 'like a rattling peal of thunder' to assault the Monster in his march.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WHITEHEAD

[Continued.]

The exhibition of this play was hardly over, before he was called upon to attend his pupil and Lord Viscount Nuneham, son to Earl Harcourt, in their travels, as their joint governor. The two young noblemen were nearly of the same age. They had been intimate from their infancy. He was therefore as well acquainted with the pleasing temper and disposition of the other lord as of him whose education he had more immediately superintended; and his own happy art of making instruction an amusement, had so won on the affections of them both, that they felicitated themselves mutually on his being appointed their joint governor.

In June 1754, they left England under his care, and passing through Flanders, resided the rest of the summer at Rheims, in order to habituate themselves to the French language, and then removing to Leipsic, passed seven months there, for the purpose of studying the *Droit Publique*, under the famous Professor Mascow, whom they found in a state of dotage, without being quite incapacitated from reading his lectures.

In the following Spring they proceeded to Dresden, and after visiting that, and most of the other German courts, repaired to Hanover in the Summer 1755, at the time when George II. paid his last visit to his electorate. There Whitehead had the pleasure of meeting his friend Mr. Mason, who had then lately taken orders, and attended the Earl of Holderness the Secretary of State, as his domestic chaplain. His elegant expostulation to Mr. Mason took its rise at this place, from certain amicable altercations which they there had, on the subject of public and retired life, to the latter of which Mr. Mason's disposition appeared to lean more than he thought consisted with the views of advancement which then seemed to open before him.

Having continued at Hanover the greatest part of the Summer, he proceeded with his pupils to Vienna, and from thence to Italy. On their return homeward, they crossed the Alps, and passed through Switzerland, Germany, and Holland, being prevented from visiting France by the declaration of war, and landed at Harwich in September 1756.

In the course of so complete a tour, a great part of which led through classic ground, he communicated to his friends at home many curious observations on the countries through which he

rave lled. A few of his letters from Rome and elsewhere, are in the possession of Mr. Mason and Mr. Wright, rector of Birchin in Yorkshire, with whom he spent several of his college vacations, and to whom he addressed many of his smaller poems; and the executors of the late Dr. Goddard, master of Clare-Hall, and the Rev. Mr. Sanderson of Haslemere, have many more.

That his muse, now in her fullest vigour, frequently exerted herself, his striking Ode to the Tiber, and his six Elegies addressed to his two noble pupils, with him, and his more particular friends at home, Mr. Wright, Mr. Sanderson, &c. sufficiently testify. The sublime scenes through which he passed, and the grand historical events which they recalled to his memory, generally furnished the subject; and as they were executed on the spot, they are more replete with picturesque imagery, than any other of his compositions. They were published in February 1757, under the title of Elegies, with an Ode to the Tiber, 4to. and received with approbation proportioned to their merit.

During his absence, he had received the badges of Secretary and Register of the order of the Bath, procured for him by the interest of Lady Jersey, through the mediation of her relation, the Duchess of Newcastle; and in 1757, his finances were farther improved by the appointment of Poet Laureat, on the death of Cibber, upon the nomination of the Duke of Devonshire, as Lord Chamberlain. He has himself said on this appointment, in his Charge to the Poets, that,

Unask'd it came, and from a friend unknown.

Mr. Mason, in his 'Memoirs of Gray,' has acquainted the public, that the place was before offered to Gray, by his mediation, with permission to hold it as a mere sinecure. This was not the case when it was given to Whitehead, and 'I have often,' says Mr. Mason, 'considered why, as the late King would readily have dispensed with hearing music, for which he had no ear, and poetry, for which he had no taste.'

When Whitehead had accepted the laurel without such permission, Mr. Mason advised him to employ a deputy to write his annual odes, and reserve his own pen for certain great occasions that might occur, such as a peace or a marriage, and then to address his royal master with some studied ode or epistle, as Boileau and Racine had done in France, for their pensions.

This advice was not attended to by his friend. He set himself to his periodical task, with the zeal of a person who wished to retrieve the honours of that laurel, which came to him from the head of Cibber, in a very shrivelled, or rather blasted state.

His first Ode for his Majesty's Birth-Day, November 10. 1758, was calculated from the heroic genealogy that it contained, to be peculiarly agreeable to the monarch for whose birthday it was written; and its poetical merit had the very just approbation of Gray, and other good judges.

The laurel was said by the ancients to have the power of screening those under its shade from thunder; yet it cannot defend modern laureats from the artillery of their contemporaries. After Whitehead had accepted of this office, he received much illiberal treatment during the rest of his life, from the little fry of his own profession, who were fond of having a lick at the laureat. What he thought of these 'poets, who were mean enough to envy a poet laureat,' may be learned from his Poetical Apology for all Laureats, past, present and to come, which he wrote some years before his death, for the amusement of a few friends. By the motto *Veniant ad Cæsaris aures*, he seems to have wished it might reach the royal ear.

On his return to England, Lord Jersey pressed him strongly to continue in his family; an invitation which Whitehead readily accepted. Lord Harcourt gave him also a general invitation to his table in town, and to his seat in the country; and his pupils, who had now entirely sunk the idea of their governor in the more agreeable one of their friend, showed him constantly such sincere marks of affection, as greatly increased the felicity of his situation.

He resided in this family fourteen years, during which he found opportunities of leisure to do more in the literary way than merely write official odes.

In 1762, he made his first attempt in comedy, and brought upon the stage at Drury-Lane The School for Lovers, a comedy, which had its competent run, as to nights of representation, and received a just tribute of applause from the judicious few. It is formed on a plan of Fontenelle's, never intended for the stage, and printed in the eighth volume of his works, under the title of the La Testament, and inscribed To his Memory, by a Lover of Simplicity. The idea which Fontenelle had conceived of enlarging the provinces of the drama, is explained and controverted with much accuracy of criticism, by Dr. Hurd, in the second dissertation, annexed to his 'Commentaries on Horace.' What species of drama the School for Lovers ought to be placed in, is somewhat difficult to determine, since, though it is styled a comedy, the risible faculties have much less opportunity of exertion than the tender feelings of the heart; and the catastrophe, though happy in the main, and suitable to poetical justice, is not so completely as, since two amiable characters, Belmour and Araminta, are left, the one entirely unprovided for, and the other in a situation far from agreeable. What he, however, seems to have principally aimed at, delicacy, sentiment, and the consequence of instruction in the conduct of a generous and well-placed passion, he has undoubtedly most eminently succeeded in. His Celia, and Sir John Dorilant, especially the latter, are characters most perfectly amiable and worthy of imitation. The ease and purity of the dialogue, the incidents which arise so naturally, one from the other, the delicate markings of the different characters, and the artful arrangement of the scenes contribute to give this play a high station in the list of our genteel comedies; at the same time that its want of smart repartee and broad humour, will ever prevent it from being much relished by a mixed audience. This want he possessed a peculiar talent of supplying, had he thought the simplicity of his play would not have been injured by it. He was afraid to mingle with comedy, what he thought belonged to the lower species of the drama, farce; and chose rather to tread in the steps of Terence than of Moliere. They who put this play on a footing with the Dramas of France, and the sentimental comedies in England which have succeeded it, will do Whitehead much-injustice.

The same year, 1762, he published his Charge to the poets, 4to, in which, as laureat, he ludicrously assumes the dignified mode of a bishop, giving his visitatorial instructions to his clergy. The idea was new, pregnant with grave humour, and executed so successfully, that even the egotisms necessary to the subject, are among the most pleasing parts of the poem. Replete with good sense and good taste, it is still more to be admired for the amiable picture which it gives of his own mind, and his readiness to be pleased by poets of very different abilities, provided those abilities were employed on subjects that suited them; and for exposing that fastidious mode of criticism which admits no poems to have any merit, except that which accords with some parti-

cular preconceived idea of excellence which it has set up as its exclusive criterion.

Notwithstanding this liberal turn of the Charge, its publication brought upon him the vindictive resentment of Churchill, who had just about the time attracted the public notice, by his satire, intitled The Rosciad. He attacked the laureat almost in every one of those hasty productions with which he entertained the town, with an unjustifiable severity.

To have retaliated, was as abhorrent to his natural temper, as contradictory to that precept of "keeping the peace," which in his Charge, he had called "his first and last advice." Among his unfinished fragments, however, there are some Verses, in which he mentions his poetical enemy. They certainly had not his last corrections; but they come from a good heart, willing to commend whatever was commendable in Churchill's talents for strong expression and forcible imagery; at the same time, they justly reprobate his misuse of those talents.

Such at the time was the popularity of Churchill, that his abuse of Whitehead tended to lower his poetical merit so much with the town, that Garrick would not venture to bring on a new tragedy of his, which a little time after he offered to his stage. The public, therefore, for several years, saw nothing more that came from his pen, but those half-yearly odes which his office required him to write.

On the death of the late Earl of Jersey, in August 1769, he obtained an unwilling permission from his pupil, the present Earl of Jersey, to remove to private lodgings; but he still considered himself as a daily-invited guest to his table in town; and, during the rest of his life, he divided his Summers between Middleton and Nuneham.

In 1770, he made a present of his farce, called The Trip to Scotland, to Garrick, on condition of his producing it without his name. This was done; and it appeared on the Drury-Lane stage with the greatest advantage of good acting, and met with deserved applause. It shows that Whitehead had powers to write equally well in the manner of Moliere, as of Terence. The characters are not more overcharged in order to excite ridicule, than they are found to be in the best modern comedies, both in French and English; for surely his old Griskin is not so much filled with farcical humour as the 'Foresight' and 'Fondlewife' of Congreve. Indeed, had he extended his plan to five acts, and exiled his Cupid, as too mythological a personage, it would have been deemed a good comedy. As it stands, it is perhaps the only thing of the kind that can be put in competition with the charming petite pieces of Marivaux.

In 1774, he collected and published all his works, under the title of Plays and Poems, in two volumes, giving the Charge to the Poets, in the concluding pages. But though possibly, after he had arranged these two volumes he might think he had bid adieu to poetical compositions, so far as his office of laureat might permit; yet he had obtained, by long practice, so great a facility of versification, and had always taken so much pleasure in it, that he could not help occasionally throwing out his thoughts upon paper, and clothing them in appropriate verse.

In 1776, he published, without a name, his very pleasing little poem, intitled Variety, a Tale for Married People, 4to. which was so well received, that it speedily ran through five editions.

In 1777, he published The Goat's Beard, a Fable, 4to. which, though a more studied composition, and a most delicate satire on the times, did not so generally please, though it had also a very considerable sale. It is founded on the fable of the 4th book of Phædrus. From t

fable, the English Phædrus (or rather Fontaine, for the fable is more in his manner), has given the sexes many ingenious documents. After an oblique reflection on the *Bucolics* of Virgil, intimating that the poet has assigned to Mantua, the scenery of Naples, he represents a coterie of the goats addressing Jupiter, to render them equal to the males, by honouring their obins with a beard. Jupiter in a frolic mood grants their petition, which occasions a remonstrance from the coterie of males, and obliges the god to convene the states, in order to determine the claims of both sexes. The majority of his precepts are less applicable to the males than to the females. His strictures on the modish department of the sexes, are a just, though severe comment on real life.

.....the present page
The refuge of an iron age, &c.

This lively fable occasioned an ill-natured and satirical attack on the laureat, in a fable, intitled 'The Asses Ears, addressed to the Author of The Goat's Beard,' 4to. 1777, which is not, however, void of pleasantry.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued from No. 24.]

Salenches, November 3, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

Notwithstanding the exercise I had taken these two days past, I determined to come as far as this place on foot, which is about six leagues from Chamouny. I passed the foot of Mont Blanc just as the rising sun lighted up its white summit. I still retained Paccard as a guide, who soon conducted me out of the valley, by a very rough and steep road, which was, however, compensated by the variety of grand scenery which, at every turn, burst upon my view. We entered another valley, whose green fields and meadows presented a lively contrast to the high jagged mountains, which shut it in, and through which flowed the Arne, after we had crossed it several times by Alpine bridges, in its tortuous course among the rocks. Three leagues brought us to the little town of Servoz, near which is a copper and some lead mines, not worked at present. Just before we entered the town, I observed a rude pyramid of stones on the road side, and, on inquiry, found it was the grave of a young German, who was travelling a few months before in Switzerland with his friend, and who was unfortunate enough to fall into one of the clefts of the glacier of the Buet, in the neighbourhood of Servoz, being deceived by its being covered with snow, in the manner I have described. You may easily conceive the feelings of his friend, when he saw him disappear before him. He returned to Servoz, and sent guides to search for the body, which, after a great deal of difficulty, they recovered; but it appeared evident, from the position in which it was found, that the rapidity of the descent, and the compression produced thereby in the chasm, must have instantly killed him. The prefect of the department had it buried at this place, and means to erect a monument on the spot, with an inscription to warn travellers how they traverse the glaciers, without being accompanied by experienced guides.

The melancholy catastrophe of this young traveller, rendered me extremely thoughtful all the rest of my walk, and I could not help giving way to my imagination, and, supposing his fate to have been my own, pictured to myself the stress and sorrow of my friends in America,

on learning this fatal termination of my travels. But, lest I should render you also serious, I will quit this gloomy subject.

I took some little refreshment at Servoz, and again set forward on my journey. I crossed a rapid stream, by means of a few stepping stones, which, when swelled by rains or the melting of the snows, would be impassable, as from the immense field of stones and sand on its banks it must be from forty to sixty feet deep.

I turned out of the road to see a very charming cascade, which fell in three falls from the summit of a rocky cliff. When seen from the bottom, it has the appearance of but one sheet.

Our road to Salenches lay along the Arne, which separated that town from the inn, where I passed the night, and is crossed at this place by a very noble stone bridge. From my windows I can see the Giant of the Alps, the majestic Mont Blanc; but, since I left him this morning, his summit has been covered with dark clouds, which, my guide says, forebodes bad weather. I am, therefore, lucky in having had, at this late season, such a favourable sky, as without it, I should never have seen the wonders of Chamouny.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Cervantes was born at Alcala on the 9th Oct. 1547, at Madrid, and died the 3d April 1616, the same nominal day as his illustrious contemporary Shakspeare.

In his *Don Quixotte*, there is such a variety of matter, and so many beautiful passages and allusions that it is impossible to travel in Spain, without their frequent recurring to the mind. This book, says Dillon, is one of those capital pieces only understood by those who can read them in the original.

TO JULIA.

Wake me no more with love's beguiling dream,
A dream I find illusory as sweet:
One smile of friendship, nay of cold esteem,
Is dearer far than passion's bland-deceit!

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare:
Your heart was only mine I once believ'd,
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air?
And must I say my hopes were all deceiv'd?

Now then, no longer that our souls are twin'd,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal;
Julia! 'tis pity, pity, makes you kind,
You know I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms,
On bliss, in which affection takes no part,
No, no! farewell! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart.

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, Oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam
'Twill steal away thy mind;
But, like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade,
These flowers were cull'd at noon;
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon.
For, though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once, when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more.

Sweet seducer! blandly smiling,
Charming still, and still beguiling;
Oft I swore to love thee never,
Yet I love thee more than ever.

Why that little wanton blushing,
Glancing eye, and bosom flushing?
Flushing warm, and wily glancing,
All is lovely, all entrancing.

Turn away those lips of bliss—
I am poison'd by thy kisses!
Yet again, ah! turn them to me:
Nay's sweet, when they undo me.

Oh! be less, be less enchanting.
Let some little grace be wanting,
Let my eyes, when I'm expiring,
Gaze awhile without adorning.

TO Mrs.——

If in the dream that hovers
Around my sleeping mind,
Fancy thy form discovers,
And paints thee melting kind.

If joys from sleep I borrow,
Sure thou'lt forgive me this;
For he, who wakes to sorrow,
At least may DREAM of bliss.

Oh! if thou art, in seeming,
All that I've e'er requir'd;
Oh! if I feel in dreaming,
All that I've e'er desir'd!

Wilt thou forgive my taking
A kiss, or—something more?
What thou deny'st me waking,
Oh! let me slumber o'er!

TO ROSA.

A far conserva, e cumulo d'amanti.

PASTOR FIDO.

And are you then a thing of art,
Seducing all and loving none?
And have I strove to gain a heart,
Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

And do you, like the dotard's fire,
Which, powerless of enjoying any,
Feeds its abortive sick desire,
By trifling impotent with many.

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
And through a round of dangles run,
Because your hearts' insipid slumber
Could never wake to feel for one?

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I shall calm my jealous breast;
Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be not so free,
Oh! if another share that heart,
Tell not the damning tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you black as hell,
Than find you to be all divine,
And know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would not be mine.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie,
How sweet is death, to those who weep,
To those, who weep and long to die.

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flowrets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest.

Oh! let not tears embalm my tomb,
None but the dews by twilight given;
Oh! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
None but the whispering winds of Heaven.

[Moore.]

SONNET.

To a querulous acquaintance.

Thou! whom Prosperity has always led
O'er level paths, with moss and flowrets strewn;
For whom she still prepares a downy bed
With roses scatter'd, and to thorns unknown;

Wilt thou yet murmur at a misplac'd leaf?
Think, 'ere thy irritable nerves repine,
How many, born with feelings keen as thine,
Taste all the sad vicissitudes of grief...
How many steep in tears their scanty bread;
Or, lost to reason, sorrow's victims, rave!
How many know not where to lay their head,
While some are driven by anguish to the grave.
Think; nor impatient at a feather's weight
Mar the uncommon blessings of thy fate!

THE KISS.

Ille, nisi in lecto, nusquam potuere doceri.

OVID LIB. II. ELKO. 3.

Give me, my love, that billing kiss,
I taught you one delicious night
When, turning pictures in bliss,
We tried inventions of delight.

"Come gently steal my lips along,
And let your lips in murmurs move,
Ah! no—again—that kiss was wrong
How can you be so dull, my love.

"Cease, cease" the blushing girl replied
And in her milky arms she caught me
"How can you thus your pupil chide?
You know 'twas in the dark you taught me."
[Moore.

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH.

HERE cool the ashes of MULCIBER GRIM,
Late of this Parish... *Blacksmith*;
He was born in *Seacole-lane*, and bred at *Hammer-smith*...
From his youth upwards he was much addicted to *Vices*,
and was often guilty of *Forgery*...
Having some talents for *Irony*.
He therefore produced many *beats* in his neighbourhood
which he usually increased by *blowing up the Coals*...
This rendered him: so unpopular,
that when he found it necessary to adopt *cooling* mea-
sures, his conduct was generally
accompanied with a *biss*...
Though he sometimes proved a *warm* friend,
yet where his interest was concerned,
He made it a constant rule to *strike while the iron was hot*.
Regardless of the injury he might do thereby:
And when he had
any thing of moment upon the *Anvil*,
He seldom failed to *turn it to his own advantage*.
Among numerous instances that might be given of the
cruelty of his disposition, it need only be mentioned,
that he was the means
of *hanging* many of the innocent family of the *Bells*,
under the idle pretence of keeping them from
Jangling...and put great numbers of the *Hearts of Steel*,
into the *bottest Flames*,
merely (as he declared,) to *soften the obduracy*
of their *Temper*.
At length, after passing a long life, in the commission
of these *black actions*,
His *fire* being exhausted,
and his *Bellows* worn out,
he *fled* off to that place, where only the *fervid ordeal* of
his own *Forge* can be exceeded;
declaring, with his last *puff*...
That—"Man is born to trouble, as the Sparks fly
upwards."

EPILOGUE

To a new British Comedy called "The Will for the Deed."—By Dibdin, jun.

Tho' we're not at a tavern, permit me to say,
We have dishes of all sorts for you every day;
Our table these boards, where I customs we scorn,
For we seldom begin till the cloth is withdrawn.
[Points to the curtain.]
When our dinner-bell rings...to attract each new guest,
Ev'ry part of our farce is most curiously dress'd,
Of which I am a sample, and what is more odd,
I've been oft served up here, a downright *Ollapod*.
We've *friticased* farces to banish the vapours,
We've *Opera omlets*, and Comedy *capers*.
Then for Tragedy *treats*...at our house you may look,
For the first in the world...and a very good *Cook*.
Our dancers find *bops*, and the *malt* we produce,
For John Bull is *brown stout*, while our beaux are all *spruce*,
Then we've true *British spirits*, up yonder who come
For our *Pantomime Punch*, and our *Harlequin mum*.

* An actor of this name.

We have cordials for care, we have *Melo Dramas* too,
And we often are cheer'd with a bumper from you;
Then for wine if you ask, 'tis a truth I'll maintain,
That our best acted sorrows are only *Sham Pain*.

The following translation of one of the most
airy odes from Horace is from the pen of Mrs.
Brooke, the accomplished author of 'Rosina.' In
her last opera, intitled 'Mariana,' she puts into
the mouth of Sir Philip, as a song to a sheper-
dess, the 'Vitas hinnuclome similis,' of Horace.
We do not remember to have perused a more
faithful or spirited version.

Patty flies me like a fawn,
Which, thro' some sequester'd lawn,
Panting seeks the mother deer,
Not without a panic fear
Of the gently breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees—
O'er the cool sequester'd lawn,
Patty flies me like a fawn.

If the the curling leaves but shake,
If a Lizard stir the brake,
Frighted, it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees;
Thus alarm'd with causeless fear,
Fancy paints a lover near;
Whilst along the dewy lawn
Patty flies me like a fawn.

THE JACOBIN.

I am a hearty Jacobin,
Who own no God, and dread no sin,
Ready to dash through thick and thin
For freedom:

And when the teachers of Chalk Farm
Gave ministers so much alarm,
And preach'd that Kings did only harm,
I feel'd 'em.

By Bedford's cut I've trim'd my locks,
And coal-black is my knowledge box,
Callous to all, except hard knocks
Of thumpers;

My eye a noble fierceness boasts,
My voice as hollow as a ghost's,
My throat oft wash'd by factions' toasts
In bumpers.

Whatever is, in France, is right;
Terror and blood are my delight;
Parties with us do not excite
Enough rage.

Our boasted laws I hate and curse,
Bad from the first, by age grown worse,
I pant and sigh for univers-
al suffrage.

Priestly I love, adore Horne Tooke,
With pride on Jones and Thelwall look,
And hope that they, by hook or crook,
Will prosper.

But they deserve the worst of ills,
And all the abuse of all our quills,
Who form'd of strong and GAGGING BILLS
A cross pair.

Extinct since then each speaker's fire,
And silent every daring lyre,†
Dum-founded they, whom I would hire
To lecture.

Tied up, alas! is every tongue
On which conviction nightly hung,‡
And Thelwall looks, though yet but young,
A spectre.

* This division of the word is in the true spirit of the
English, as well as the ancient Sapphic. See the coun-
ter-scuffle, counter-rat, and other poems in this style.

† There is a doubt whether this word should not have
been written *LIAE*.

‡ These words, of conviction and banging, have so
ominous a sound, it is rather odd they were chosen.

The following parody is social and sentimental.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JOE.

REVISED FROM BURNS.

John Anderson my Joe, John, when nature first began,
To try her tannay hand, John, her master work was
man;

And you aboon them a' John, sae trig frae tap to toe,
You prov'd to be na journey-wark, John Anderson my
Joe.

And you aboon them a' John sae trig frae tap to toe;
You prov'd to be na journey-wark, John Anderson my
Joe.

John Anderson my Joe, John, when first we were ac-
quent,

Your locks were like the sloe John, your bonnie brow
was brent;

But now your brow is bald John, your locks are like the
snow;

Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson my Joe.
But now your brow, &c.

John Anderson my Joe, John, what pleasure 'tis to see
The young, the lovely brood, John, bred up 'twixt you
and me;

And ilka lad and lass, John, in our footsteps to go,
Just makes a heaven here on earth, John Anderson my
Joe.

And ilka lad and lass, &c.
John Anderson my Joe, John, fates up and down we've
kent,

Yet aye, whate'er our lot, John we with it were content;
And that's the best of gowd, John, it frae us ne'er can go,
Though gear be scant, love, we'll ne'er want, John An-
derson my Joe.

And that's the best of gowd, &c.
John Anderson my Joe, John, life's hill we clam the
gether,

And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi an anither;
But now we're tott'ring down, John, hand in hand we'll
go,

And sleep the gether at the fit, John Anderson my Joe.
But now we're tott'ring down, &c.

John Anderson my Joe, John, when we again awake,
Our bairns we'll collect John, and then our journey take;
For hearts devoid of guile, John, find friends whate'er
they go

And scraphs bright shall guide us right, John Anderson
my Joe

For hearts devoid of guile, &c.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Miss in her teens' appears to be too knowing,
for a girl of her years. She may seem to have just
escaped from the boarding school of infancy, but
we know she has taken many degrees in the school
of experience.

'Crito' does not reason, but rail.

If we were to insert the 'Complaint,' by W. we
are afraid many of our readers would complain also.

The vulgar style of wailing is derided by all men of
sense, and is admired by none but the witless fol-
lowers of your Calvinistic whiner.

Our attention has been strongly attracted by the
topic which 'Vindex' has indicated, and although
the discussion may be unpopular, yet that circum-
stance, far from appalling the Editor, is only a sharper
incitement to his industry and zeal. He is satisfied
with the consciousness of rectitude, and with the
commendation of the few; and, in his right onward
race, never stops to inquire whether the rascal
rabble approve, or disapprove, his speed.

'Climenole' is very impatiently expected. From
the mind of so ingenious a writer we hope that
every cloud of depression has long since been dis-
pelled.

In 'Pictor' there are some remarks, ingenious
and pertinent, but its prolixity precludes its in-
sertion. That concinnitas, which Cicero praises, is
a most desirable quality in fugitive essays.

A compliance with the request of 'A constant
reader' would militate essentially against our plan.

It is very seldom in our power, and is opposed to
our inclination, to insert, in the Port Folio, articles
which interest only a narrow platoon in society.

'A star gazer' has certainly looked with pur-
blind eye at the celestial bodies. He has never en-
joyed even a glimpse of *Virgo*; and neither oriental
nor occidental *Venus* has ever darted a propitious
ray upon so cold an astrologer.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Written in a common place book, called the "Book of Follies," to which every one that opened it should contribute something.

This tribute's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee emblem of himself!
The book of life, which I have trac'd,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.
Some have, indeed, been writ so neat
In characters so fair, so sweet,
That those, who judg'd not too severely,
Have said they lov'd such follies dearly!
Yet still, O! book the allusion stands,
For these were penn'd by *female* hands;
The rest, alas! I own the truth,
Have all been scribbled so uncouth,
That prudence, with a withering look,
Disdainful flings again the book!
Like thine, its pages, here and there,
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shone,
White at the snowings of that heaven,
By which those powers of peace were given,
But now no longer—such, O such
The blast of disappointment's touch.
No longer now those hours appear,
Each leaf is sullied by a tear!
Blank, blank is every page with care,
Not even a folly brightens there!
Will they yet brighten?—never—never;
Then *shut the book*, O God! forever.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG,

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recal the hour
When thou alone wert fair.

Then talk no more of future gloom,
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Memory gild the past.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to love and thee;
Thou never can'st decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear drop chase,
Which on my cheek they find,
So Hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind.

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Memory gild the past.

But mark, at thought of future years,
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
"They mingle with my bowl!"

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet.

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom,
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope will brighten days to come,
And Memory gild the past.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO A LADY, ON HER SINGING.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Thy song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
When listening to the spheres above.

When tir'd of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
O! Emma, I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death.

And if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heavenly softness play,
Which, ah! forgive a heart that's weak,
So oft has stol'n my mind away.

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss;
I'll gaze and die—who would not die
If death were half so sweet as this!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Dear! in pity do not speak,
In your eyes I read it all,
In the flushing of your cheek,
In those tears that fall:
Yes, yes, my soul, I see
You love, you live for only me!

Beam, yet beam that killing eye,
Bid me expire in luscious pain;
But kiss me, kiss me, while I die,
And, O! I live again!
Still, my love, with looking kill,
And, O! revive with kisses still!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
RONDEAU.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Good night! good night! and is it so,
And must I from my Rosa go?
O! Rosa, say 'good night' once more,
And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying still 'good night!'

And still 'good night!' my Rosa say—
But whisper still 'a minute stay,'
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of rapture in it.
We'll kiss and kiss in quick delight,
And murmur while we kiss 'good night!'

'Good night!' you'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly:
And I will vow to kiss no more,
Yet kiss you closer than before,
Till slumber seal our weary sight,
And then, my love, my soul, 'good night!'

SONG.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

When the heart's feeling
Burns with concealing,

Glances will tell what we fear to confess:
O! what an anguish
Silent to languish,
Could we not look all we wish to express!
When half expiring,
Restless, desiring,
Lovers wish something, but must not say what,
Looks tell the wanting,
Looks tell the granting,
Looks betray all that the heart would be at.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

If the humble merit of the following trifle will entitle it to that attention, I should be gratified by its insertion in the Port Folio. I.

THE MERRY GONDOLIER.*

Wafted by the breeze to shore,
Do you those gay carols hear?
Singing to his dashing oar,
'Tis the merry Gondolier.

As he skims the bay along,
'Neath the moon-beams shining clear,
Gaily thus his evening song
Chaunts the merry Gondolier.

Haste, my Rosa, on the shore,
Now prepare my wonted cheer,
Haste, and, at our cottage door,
Meet your merry Gondolier.

Long the sun has left the sky,
Homeward now I gaily steer;
Bound my heart! for Rosa's sigh
To her merry Gondolier.

What to me are daily toils?
Evening bids them disappear,
When my Rosa sweetly smiles
On her merry Gondolier.

Tho' the hot sun pours his ray,
Tho' the winds should various veer,
Ever glad some, ever gay,
Is the merry Gondolier.

Balmy breezes, as ye pass,
Whispering tell to Rosa's ear,
Jocund o'er the stream of glass
Comes her merry Gondolier.

See, I almost gain the shore—
Soon my Rosa will appear
When she hears the dashing oar
Of her merry Gondolier.

Now my toil is fairly o'er,
Rosa haste, prepare my cheer;
Haste! and, at our cottage door,
Meet your merry Gondolier.

ISIDORE.

* Gondolier—An Italian waterman.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS; THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 31.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 3.

The orations against Verres.

(Continued.)

"THE moment of the execution arrives: they drag their prisoners from their dungeons: they attach them to the block; they receive the mortal stroke: who was then the man stupid enough not to feel himself smitten with the same blow, not to be touched with the lot of these innocents, with their youth, with their misfortune, which became that of all their fellow-citizens? And you, in this general mourning, in the midst of these groans, you exulted no doubt; you gave yourself up to a thoughtless joy; you applauded yourself for having annihilated the witnesses of your avarice. You deceived yourself, Verres, in believing that you had effaced the stains in your character by washing your crimes in the blood of innocents. You accused yourself, by persuading yourself that you could, by the force of barbarities, make sure of impunity for your robberies. Those innocents, indeed, are dead, but their relations survive, they pursue the vengeance of their children, they pursue your punishment. What do I say? Among those, whom you had marked for your victims, there are some who have escaped; there are some whom Heaven has reserved for this day of justice. Behold here Philarchus, who did not fly with Cleomenes, who, happily for him, was taken by the pirates, and whose captivity has saved him from the fury of a robber, an hundred times more inhuman than those who are our enemies. Behold here Phalarus, who has paid for his deliverance to your agent Timarchides. Both of these depose, to the discharges sold to the sailors, to the famine which reigned in the fleet, and to the flight of Cleomenes. Well! Romans, with what sentiments are you affected? What do you expect more? To what refuge shall your allies fly? To whom shall they address themselves? Under what hopes can they still support life, if you abandon them? This is the harbour, the asylum, the altar of the oppressed. They come not to demand the restoration of their property, their gold, their silver, their slaves, the ornaments which have been pillaged from their temples, and their cities. Alas! in their simplicity, they fear that the Roman people will not consider it as a crime in their prætors to have spoiled them. They see, that, for a long time, we have permitted, in silence, certain individuals to absorb the riches of nations; that none of them even put himself to the trouble to conceal his cupidity and his rapines; that their country-seats are all filled, all splendid with the spoils of our allies, while for so many years Rome and the capitol have been ornamented only with the spoils of our enemies. Where are the treasures

torn from so many people, who have submitted to us, and are at this day in indigence? Where are they? Do you ask this question, when you see Athens, Pergamos, Miletus, Samos, Asia, Greece, swallowed up in the habitations of certain unpunished plunderers? But no, Romans, I repeat it, this is not the object of our complaints and supplications. Your allies have no longer any property to defend. Behold in what mourning, in what destitution, in what abjection, they appear before you! See there Sthenius of Thermae, whose house Verres has pillaged; it is not his fortune that he demands again; it is his proper existence, which Verres has ravished from him, in banishing him from his country, where he held the first rank by his virtues and beneficence. See here Decion of Tyndaris. He will not insist upon what Verres has taken from him; he demands an only son; he wishes, after having taken a just vengeance on his executioner, to afford some consolation to his ashes. Behold Eubulides; that old man, borne down with years, who would not have undertaken this painful journey, but to see the condemnation of this monster, after having seen the punishment of his son. You would have seen here with them, if Metellus, the successor and the protector of Verres, would have permitted them, the mothers, the wives, the sisters, of those unfortunate men. One of them, I remember, as I approached Heraclea, in the middle of the night came to meet me, followed by all the mothers of families, by the light of torches, and calling me her saviour, and calling Verres her hangman, repeating the name of her son, she remained prostrate at my feet, as if I could restore him to her, and recal him to life. I was received in the same manner in all the other cities, where old age and infancy, equally worthy of pity, have equally solicited my care, my zeal, and my fidelity. No! Romans, this cause has nothing in common with any other. It is not a vain desire of glory, which has conducted me, as an accuser, to this tribunal; I am come here called by tears; I am come here, to prevent, for the future, the injustice of authority; that prisons, chains, axes, the punishment of your faithful allies, the blood of the innocent, finally, the sepulture of the dead, and the mourning of parents, from being, for the governors of our provinces, the object of an abominable traffic; and if, by the condemnation of this villain, by the decree of your justice, I deliver Sicily and your allies from the dread of a similar fate, I shall have satisfied their wishes, and discharged my duty."

Cicero, faithful to the rules of oratorical progression, reserves for the end of his different pleadings the greatest of the crimes of Verres, that of having put to death, or beaten with rods, Roman citizens; which was severely prohibited by the laws, at least without the judgment of the people, or a decree of the senate, giving to the consuls an extraordinary power. The orator enlarges principally on the punishment of Gavius. It is not easy to conceive, after what we have heard, that he should find any new expressions against Verres. But we may confide in

the inexhaustible fertility of his genius. He seems to surpass himself in his eloquence in proportion as Verres outdoes himself in his crimes. That we may have a just idea of the indignation he excited, let us recollect the profound respect, the religious veneration, which was maintained in all the provinces of the empire, and, indeed, in almost all parts of the known world, for this title of A Roman Citizen. It was a sacred character, that no power might flatter itself to violate with impunity. The republic had been known more than once to undertake distant and dangerous wars, solely to avenge an outrage committed upon a Roman citizen: a sublime policy, which nourished that national pride which is always so useful to entertain, and which moreover imposed on foreign nations, and caused everywhere to be respected the Roman name.

"What shall I say of Gavius of the municipal city of Cosano? Where shall I find words enough, voice enough, and grief enough? My sensibility is not exhausted, Romans; but I fear that my expressions will not be adequate to it. The first time that they spoke to me of this atrocious action, I could not insert it in my accusation. I knew that it was but too real; but I felt that it was not probable. Finally, giving way to the tears of all the Roman citizens, who conduct the commerce of Sicily, supported by the testimony of all the city of Rhegium, and of several Roman knights, who, by accident, were then at Messina, I laid open the fact in my first pleading, and in such a manner as to support it by incontestible evidence. But what can I do at this day. It is already so long a time that I have fatigued you with the cruelties of Verres, I had not foreseen, I own, the effect which I must make to sustain your attention, and not exhaust your patience with such continued horrors. There remains to me but one course: that is to state to you the simple fact, it is such that the bare recital will be sufficient. This Gavius, thrown like so many others, into the subterraneous dungeons of Syracuse, built by Dionysius the tyrant, found, I know not how, the means of escaping from this gulf, and came to Messina. There, near the walls of Rhegium, and the coast of Italy, sprung out from the darkness of death; he felt himself revive on beholding the pure day of liberty; he was, as it were, reanimated by this beneficent neighbourhood, which recalled to him Rome and the laws. He spoke openly in Messina, and complained that a Roman Citizen had been thrown into irons. He was going, he said, directly to Rome; he was going to demand justice against Verres. The unfortunate man did not suspect that to express himself thus before the Messinians was as if he had spoken in the palace of the prætor. I have told you, and you know, Romans, that he had chosen the Messinians to be the accomplices of all his crimes, the receivers of his thefts, the associates of his infamy. Gavius is conducted immediately before the magistrates of Messina, and by ill luck Verres himself came there the same day. He is informed that a Roman

citizen complains of having been plunged into the dungeons of Syracuse; that, at the moment when he was setting his foot on board a vessel, uttering menaces against Verres, he had been arrested; that he was detained that the prætor might determine his fate. He thanks them for their zeal and fidelity, and, transported with fury, he hastens to the public place: his eyes sparkle, all his features were expressive of rage and cruelty. All the world was in suspense at what he was about to do, when all at once he gives orders that Gavius should be seized, that he should be stripped, that he should be tied to the stake, and that the lictors should prepare their instruments of punishment. The unfortunate man cries out, that he is a Roman citizen, that he is a Roman citizen! that he has served with Pretius, a Roman knight, at this time in Palermo, and who can testify for him to these truths. Verres answers, that he is well informed that Gavius is a spy, sent into Sicily by fugitive slaves, relics of the army of Spartacus; an absurd imputation, of which there was not the slightest suspicion, or the smallest intimation. He orders the lictors to surround him and scourge him. In the public place of Messina they beat with rods a Roman citizen, while in the midst of his pains, in the midst of the stripes with which they overwhelmed him, he uttered no other cry, no other groan, than this single phrase 'I am a Roman citizen. He thought that this name alone ought to drive away from him all tortures and all executors; but very far from obtaining his release, far from relaxing the hands of the lictors, while he repeated in vain the name of Rome, a cross, an infamous cross, the instrument of punishment for slaves, was set up for this unfortunate man, who never had believed that there existed in the world a power from whom he could fear such treatment. O delightful name of liberty! O august rights of our ancestors! Porcian law! Sempronian law! Tribunitian power, so bitterly regretted, and which was finally restored to us! Is this your power! Have you then been established, that in a province of the empire, in the bosom of an allied city, a Roman citizen should be delivered to the rods of the lictors, by the very magistrate who holds only from the Roman people his lictors and his rods. What shall I say of the fires, and the red hot irons, which they employed to torment him? Verres, nevertheless, was not touched, neither with his complaints, nor with the tears of all those of our citizens, who were at Messina, and present at this dreadful spectacle. You! Verres, you! have dared to attach to a gibbet a man who declared himself a Roman citizen! I was not willing, (you are all my witnesses), I was not willing, on the first day, to indulge my just indignation; I was afraid of that of the people who heard me; I was afraid of a general tumult, which appeared to be preparing on all quarters; I restrained myself from an apprehension that the public fury, satiated upon this monster, might take him away from the vengeance of the laws. I applauded the prudence of the prætor Glabrio, who, observing this general convulsion, caused promptly to be taken away from the audience the witness they had just heard. But, on this day, Verres, when all the world knows the state of the cause, and what must be the issue of it, I will shut myself up with you upon a single point: I confine myself to your own acknowledgment. This confession is your mental sentence. You remember, judges, that, at the moment of the accusation, Verres, terrified with the cries which he heard around him, rose up on a sudden, and said, that Gavius had not pretended to be a Roman citizen, but to retard his punishment; but that in fact this Gavius was only a spy. I desire no

more; I lay aside all the rest. I ask not upon what ground you found this imputation; I renounce all my own witnesses; but you say it yourself, you avow that he cried out 'I am a Roman citizen.' Very well! answer me, wretch! If you found yourself among barbarous nations, at the extremity of the world, ready to be conducted to punishment, what would you say? What would you cry, if it were not that you are a Roman citizen? And if it is true, that, in every country where the name of Rome has been heard, this sacred title would be sufficient for his safety, how could this man, whoever he might be, invoking this inviolable protection before a Roman prætor, not be able, I do not say to escape punishment, but even to retard it, a moment?

[To be continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESS. COLON AND SPONDER.

The subsequent beautiful epistle, in the happiest vein of originality and ease, is addressed by Thomas Moore, Esq. to Mr. Atkinson, one of the Royal Irish Academicians, whom the affectionate poet has characterised as one in whom the elements are so mixed, that neither in his head nor his heart has nature left any deficiency. This poetical tribute is eminently worthy of its brilliant author, a youth of genius, who though he has a *roguish twinkle in his eye*, yet has as clear a head, and as warm a heart, as we have known,

'With all good grace to grace a gentleman.'

Though long at school and college dozing
On books of rhyme and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages
Fine recipes for forming sages;
Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule;
Who, in methodic form advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for heaven or money's sake,
What *steps* we are through life to take,
Though this, my friend, so much employ'd,
And so much midnight oil destroy'd,
I must confess my searches past,
I only learn'd to doubt at last.
I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality!

'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the porch advise,
As modes of being great or wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow.

'Reason alone must claim direction,
And Apathy, the soul's perfection;
Like a dull lake the heart must lie,
Nor Passion's gale, nor Pleasure's sigh,
Though heaven the breeze, the breath supplied,
Must curl the wave, nor swell the tide!'

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind;
They tore away some weeds, 'tis true,
But all the flowers were ravish'd too!

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrené's sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne;
Hear what the 'courtly sage's tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung.

'Pleasure's the only noble end
To which all human powers should tend,
And Virtue gives her heavenly lore,
But to make pleasure please us more!
Wisdom and she were both design'd
To make the senses more refin'd,
That man might revel free from cloying,
Then most a sage, when most enjoying.'

* Aristippus.

Is this morality? Oh! no!
Even I a wiser path could show.
The flower within this vase confin'd,
The pure, the unfading flower of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay;
No, no! its richest breath should rise,
In Virtue's incense to the skies!

But thus it is, all sects, we see,
Have watch-words of morality;
Some cry out Venus, others Jove,
Here 'tis Religion, there 'tis Love!
But while they thus so wisely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder;
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term;
While thus they strive, in heaven's defiance,
To chain morality with science,
The plain, good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
His tutor whispering in his breast:
Nor could he act a purer part,
Though he had Tully all by heart;
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Epictetus blam'd that tear!
By heaven approv'd, to virtue near!

Oh! when I've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream;
While nature, waking from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explor'd the doctrines of those rays!
No, pedants, I have left to you,
Nicely to separate hue from hue;
Go, give that moment up to art,
When heaven and nature claim the heart,
And, dull to all their best attraction,
Go—measure angles of refraction!
While I, in feeling's sweet romance
Look on each day-beam as a glance
From the great eye of HIM above,
Wakening his world with looks of love!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Geneva, November 4, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

When I rose this morning, the clouds threatened rain so much, as to oblige me to apply to my landlord for a vehicle to convey me to this city. As he was the post-master of the place, he furnished me with a one horse cart, covered by an oil cloth, stretched upon hoops, and having a seat hung upon leather, as a substitute for springs. I considered myself fortunate in obtaining so good a conveyance, as it soon after began to rain, and continued pouring the whole day. Being shut up in this close jolting cart, I saw very little of the country, and had only a slight glimpse of the celebrated cascade of the Nant D'Arpenas. I passed through Maglan and Cluse; the last of which is a very romantic little town, built in the gap of the mountains, through which the Arne passes. We again crossed the river by a fine bridge, and once more at Bonneville, a pretty little town, to which the young Genevese resort on holidays.

I was much pleased with the environs of Geneva, which are composed of well cultivated grounds, pleasure gardens, and handsome villas of free stone. Most of the commanding heights I passed, after leaving Chamouni, were crowned with the ruins of old castles; than which nothing more appropriate could be found to give the finish to the grand and picturesque scenery of this beautiful country. I regretted extremely the badness of the day, which lost me many a fine prospect.

I was set down at the inn of the Balances, where I had appointed my companion E..... to meet me. I was very happy to see him again,

and never before knew the pleasure arising from meeting with a friend, in a distant country, and from whom you have been separated for a while.

November 6.

I am delighted with Geneva, and, was the society upon the same footing it formerly was, I could with pleasure spend the winter here; but the same complaints prevail here that I heard at Lausanne, and strangers no longer meet with that hospitality and attention, so much spoken of by former travellers. Some of the gentlemen, to whom we had letters, have been polite enough to accompany us about the town, to point out what is remarkable, or worth seeing, but their civility extends no farther; and they even condescend to make apologies for the 'unfortunate situation of their country, which has taken from them the means of rendering to strangers those polite attentions they were accustomed to do.'

We have been to see the cathedral of Saint Peter, where, in former times, the popular assembly of the republic met to vote. It had been fitted up very conveniently for that purpose just before the revolution.

The government of this little republic has, I think, been too much vaunted. The people may have been happier than they are now, as they carried on a commerce with all their neighbours, which the towns of France, Switzerland, and Savoy, were not permitted to do. By this means they acquired considerable wealth, as all the surrounding country came to them for certain articles. At present, from being part of the French republic, they are restricted to the same laws, and their city has dwindled to the same level with other French towns. Their fine lake gives them, however, some advantages, particularly by affording the means of carrying on the smuggling trade to a great extent, notwithstanding the vigilance of the custom-house officers. The boats employed in this business are well armed and manned, and almost always make resistance. Two nights ago one of them was attacked by the officers of the customs, who had one man killed, and another wounded. They however succeeded in securing a part of the contraband goods, but the rest were forcibly rescued and landed. The goods taken were lodged in the custom-house, and a guard placed over them; but, notwithstanding, the Genevese, (who encourage the practice of smuggling, from their having been forced to become a part of the French republic, and who conceive their rulers have no right to lay import duties upon them), assembled tumultuously round the place, insulted the officers and soldiers, and demanded the goods. They were of course refused, but it was so contrived that the mob should break into the custom-house during the night in spite of the soldiers placed there as a guard, (who, however, befriend the people very much), and triumphantly bore off the goods. This, you know, would in our country have met with the severest punishment, as flying in the face of all law, but the government is so inefficient in Geneva, that it was obliged to wink at the affair, and take no public notice of it.

There is no city in the world situated more charmingly than Geneva. It is built at the foot of the lake, on each side of the Rhone, where it issues from it. On the left, the chain of the Jura bounds the rich country of La Cote and the Pays de Gex; and on the right are the mountains of Savoy; behind is mont Saleve, to the top of which the Genevese make excursions to enjoy the grand prospect it commands. The whole neighbourhood of Geneva is beautifully cultivated, particularly the borders of the lake,

which are covered with villages, gentlemen's seats, and white cottages.

All the lakes in Switzerland abound with fish; particularly trout and pike, the former of which grow to an amazing size. I saw one in our inn that weighed forty pounds, and I am assured some are caught that weigh fifty.

The buildings are of freestone, and in a good style, some houses are even magnificent. The public walk, called the Freille, is much frequented. It commands a noble view along the western shore of the lake.

The fortifications are very handsome, and the gates highly ornamental. From the city being commanded by neighbouring heights it could not hold out a siege, but the defence is sufficient to resist a *coup de main*, and give time for the Swiss, or other neighbouring troops, to come to their assistance.

We had the curiosity to go to see the house in which Rousseau was born, which bears an inscription to that effect. There is a lofty column in one of the public walks, supporting a colossal bust of the citizen of Geneva.

In our rambles about the town, we were struck with the manner in which all the fountains are supplied with water from the river. It is by means of a curious hydraulic machine, worked by the current of the Rhone. The large wheel is twenty-five feet in diameter. The waters of the river are clear and good, but, after flowing about a mile, they mingle with those of the muddy Arne.

The weather has been so bad, that I have not had it in my power to go to Ferney, or to make excursions in the neighbourhood, and we have determined to leave town to-morrow for Lyons. The information we have received from several travellers and French officers has induced us to alter our plan of entering Italy by mont Cenis, and to determine upon visiting the south of France first. I shall, therefore, probably not write you again, till I arrive at the shores of the Mediterranean.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WHITEHEAD

[Concluded.]

The same year, he published a very elegant satire on the fashionable excesses and whimsies of female dress, intitled *Venus attiring the Graces*, 4to. addressed to the Duchess of Queensberry, which was the last performance, except his annual odes, he gave to the world. Had he possessed the powers of Mr. Bunbury's pencil, he would perhaps have given his idea to the public rather through the medium of the rolling, than the printing press; in its present state, humorous as it is, the comic painter would be its best commentator.

His health now began visibly to decline. He had almost through life been subject to palpitations of the heart, and occasional difficulty of respiration, which the heavy atmosphere of the town in winter always augmented; yet there, partly from habit, and still more from a desire of being near those whom he chiefly respected, he chose, in that season, constantly to reside.

In the Spring of 1785, a cold, accompanied with a cough, affected his breast so much, that it confined him at home for some weeks, though it was by no means so violent as to hinder him pursuing his united amusements of reading and writing. His death, happily for himself, as it must be for all who pass through this world, in the same blameless manner, with the same confidence in their God, and with the same confidence in his revealed will, so to die, was sudden, and without a groan. A few hours before his death, Lord Harecourt repeating his constant morning

visit to him, found him revising for the press, a paper which he imagined to be his last Birth-day Ode, which was in part set to music, but not performed. That day at noon, finding himself disinclined to taste the dinner his servant brought up he desired to lean upon his arm from the table to his bed, and in that moment he expired. He died at his lodgings in Charles-Street, Grosvenor-Square, April 14. 1785. in the 70th year of his age; and was buried in South Audley Street Chapel.

Some years before his death, he appointed by will, his friend General Stephens, his executor. He left behind him in MS. the Tragedy which Garrick did not venture to bring on the stage; the first act of an Oedipus; an imperfect plan of a Tragedy founded on the historical part of Edward the Second's resignation of the crown to his son, also of another composed of Spanish and Moorish characters, and a considerable quantity of miscellaneous pieces, yet but few which he has transcribed in so fair a manner as to indicate that he himself thought them finished; and of these the greater part are occasional and local prolusions of his pen, which would chiefly, if not exclusively, be matter of amusement to his particular friends, more immediately connected with the two noble families in which he so long resided. His poems, uncollected by himself, together with three short unpublished pieces, On the late improvements at Nuneham; On the Death of the Hon. Catherine Venables Vernon; The Battle of Argoed Llwyfain, nine of his New-Year and Birth-Day Odes, from June 1776 to January 1785, and his Observations on the Shield of Achilles, first printed in Dodsley's 'Museum,' and afterwards with Pitt's and War-ton's translation of 'Virgil,' were formed into a third volume of his Works, by Mr. Mason, and published in 1788, with a dedicatory 'Sonnet' to the Earl of Jersey and Earl Harcourt, and 'Memoirs of his Life and Writings,' which have been chiefly followed in the preceding account.

His Poems, including all his annual odes, from 1758 to 1785, except the New year and Birth-day odes, for 1764 and the New-year odes, for 1766, 1769, and 1775, which do not appear in Dodsley's 'Annual Register,' were inserted in the edition of 'The English Poets,' 1790, and are reprinted in the present collection, with the addition of the Vision of Solomon; Verses to his Mother; A Pathetic Apology for all Laureats; verses To Mr. Stebbing, and fragments On Churchill, collected from Mr. Mason's 'Memoirs,' &c.

His character, which has few prominent features, may easily be collected from this account of his life. He appears to have been a very amiable man, and lived in intimacy with the great, virtuous, caressed and respected. All his friends bear ample testimony to his unaffected piety, unblemished integrity, engaging politeness, inviolable truth, steadiness in friendship, and the unassuming ease and sprightliness of his conversation. He was a man of good breeding, virtue, and humanity.

'He died,' says Mr. Mason, who knew him well, 'retaining all his faculties more perfectly than is usually the lot of those who live to such an age. Of these his memory was the most remarkable, which being always strong, continued to that late period with no diminution of vigour. And as his reading and observation had been far more extensive and various than he had occasion to exhibit in that mode of writing which he chiefly employed to convey his sentiments; this accurate retention of what he had by study acquired, made him a living library, always open to communicate its treasures to his acquaintance, without obtruding itself by any ostentatious display, or assumed superiority.'

As a poet, though he is far above mediocrity, yet neither his genius nor his writings are of the most brilliant or interesting kind. He is characterized by elegance, correctness, and ease, more than by energy, enthusiasm or sublimity. The most prominent feature in his poetry, seems an innocent and pleasant humour. He is never dull or absurd in his serious pieces; his taste and his judgment were too good to pardon insipidity, or impropriety, even in himself; but there is certainly more facility, as well as originality, in his humorous, than his serious pieces. His Elegies, on account of the affecting and pensive cast of the sentiments, the classical beauty of the imagery, the simplicity of the expression, and the harmony of the versification, may be considered as the most universally interesting of his compositions. Among his humorous pieces, Variety is a first-rate, in that mode of gay and easy composition which distinguishes the genius of Fontaine and Prior. Of his Songs, 'Ye Belles and ye Flirts', &c. has obtained the greatest popularity.

The principal poems which he himself published, have been already distinctly considered in the order of their publication. It only remains to give some account of his posthumous pieces.

'In the collection of poems,' says Mr. Mason, 'which Mr. Whitehead printed in 1774, he thought proper to select certain of his New-year, and Birth-day odes for republication. Beginning therefore, from that date, I have reviewed, with the assistance of some friends, whose taste in lyric composition I could depend on, all that he wrote afterwards, and those which we best approved are here inserted. In this review it is to be noted to the poet's honour, that we found more variety of sentiment and expression, than could well be expected from such an uniformity of subject. If we lamented the necessity he was under of so frequently adverting to the war with America, we generally admired his delicate manner of treating it. Should, therefore, the Odes here reprinted lead any person to read all that he composed, in compliance with the forms of his office (and all are to be found in the Annual Register, printed by Dodsley), I persuade myself he must agree with me in thinking, that no court poet ever had fewer courtly stains, and that his page is, at the least, as white as Addison's.'

The Odes, selected by Mr. Mason, are the Birth-day odes for 1776, 1777, 1778, 1781, and 1784, and the New-year odes for 1779, 1783, 1784, and 1785. The odes omitted by Mr. Mason, and Whitehead himself, have been very properly collected with the rest, and deserve the same commendation. Though they have undergone all the usual obloquy of such compositions, there is certainly in them more delicacy of panegyric, if not more genius, than in any compositions of the kind that can be found from Chancer to Cibber. If they are not equal to the odes of Pindar, they are not ridiculous, like those of Shadwell and Cibber. Their annual productions rendered the laurel contemptible; but Whitehead, as Ophelia says, 'wears his rue with a difference, and you may call it Herb o' grace on Sundays.'

The copy of verses On the late Improvements at Nancham, is a sportive and just eulogium on the place, and on the late Mr. Brown. Though the personification of nature has been common to several poets, when they meant to compliment the artist that rivalled her, yet the idea of making her behave herself like a modern fine lady, must be allowed to be a thought very bold, and truly original; and he has executed it with much genuine humour. As an epitaph, the lines On the Death of the Hon. Catherine Venables Vernon, are beautiful, particularly at the close, in the mention of Providence. The Battle of Argoed

Llwyfain, is a translation of a poem of the Cambro-British bard, Taliessin, and is a description of the battle of Argoed Llwyfain, fought about the year 548, by Godden, a king of North Britain, and Brien Reged, king of Cambria, against Flamdwyn, a Saxon general, supposed to be Ido, king of Northumberland. It is inserted in Jones's 'Historical Account of the Welsh Bards,' published in 1784, and is thus introduced: 'I am indebted to the obliging disposition, and undiminished powers of Mr. Whitehead, for the following faithful and animated version of this valuable antique.' The version is wild, spirited, and characteristic; but it is inferior to those imitations which Gray made of the Scaldic odes. The wild mythology of the Edda, to which they perpetually allude, gives them a charm peculiar to themselves and sets them above what he himself has produced from Cambro-British originals.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Observations upon certain passages in Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, which appear to have a tendency to Subvert Religion, and established a False Philosophy.

The writer of the following observations remembers to have heard, from his childhood, of Jefferson's Notes on Virginia; although he never, till within a few weeks, had curiosity enough to peruse them. But upon reading them over, he was surprised that a book which contains so much infidelity, conveyed in so insidious a manner, should have been extensively circulated in a Christian country, for nearly twenty years, without ever having received a formal answer. It is not to be wondered at if no reply has come from Great-Britain. She is too near the putrid fen in which the first ugly monsters of infidelity were engendered, and has been too long stunned by their infernal yell, to heed the feeble voice of Mr. Jefferson; its sound, when compared with their cry, is as insignificant as the pattering of a shower to the thunder of Niagara. But in this country his authority is far more weighty. We hear him extolled by the majority of our people as a profound philosopher; he has been appointed the head of our country, and the guardian of our rights; his book has passed through several editions, and is silently doing its work, aided by the numerous friends and exalted station of its author; thousands read it who know nothing about the writings of Voltaire, or Buffon, or 'the constellation of French Encyclopedists;' and who are induced, by the snips of learning and show of reasoning with which it is set off, to think it a bright sample of the genius of our country. The intention of these pages is, to point out the passages, in the Notes on Virginia, which tend to the subversion of religion; and to examine whether, from brilliancy of invention, acuteness of investigation, or cogency of argument, they are entitled to the name of any other than modern French philosophy. And the writer of these observations humbly prays the Searcher of hearts, that if purity of intention deserve regard, his efforts may not, through their imbecility, do an injury to the cause which he desires to serve.

The first ambushade of infidelity, according to custom, is among the mountains. Whenever modern philosophers talk about mountains, something impious is likely to be near at hand. Not more numerous are the streams which flow from the Alps and the Andes, than the objections which they have afforded to these sophisters against the sacred history. When mountains are mentioned in their writings, the well-meaning reader has need to guard against some wicked insinuations with as much vigilance as he would against the lurking panther, if he were

passing through the forests, which shade the sides of those mountains. Rousseau says, that on the summits of high mountains all our cares are forgotten. Whether this assertion be true or not, shall be left for Mr. Jefferson's investigation; but this is certain, that whenever these pigmy philosophers get perched upon their beloved heights, they seem not only to be insensible of their own insignificance, but to lose even their boasted reason. In Mr. Jefferson's description of the junction of the Potowmac and Shenandoah, this sentence occurs. 'The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time, that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards;' &c. Now, this is a theory of the earth in three words. Monsieur de Buffon tells us that our world was knocked blazing out of the sun by a comet; that it has since been some fifty thousand years cooling; that all the mountains on its surface have been formed by the ebbing and flowing of the sea; that all which is now dry land was once covered with water; and that in process of time, the ocean will quit its present bed, and again embosom the enormous masses which it before heaped up; thus going an eternal round. Mr. Jefferson's theory is diametrically opposite to that of his friend M. de Buffon; the latter supposing our mountains to have been formed long after the earth; the former making the original world a heap of mountains, which, in process of time, were washed down into their present state. In this, however, they agree; both are contrary to what is said in Genesis; 'And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.' When the Count de Buffon was called to account for his impiety, he got off by a clumsy equivocation. But Mr. Jefferson may make a very safe retreat, in case of necessity. It is only 'the first glance of the scene which hurries our senses into the opinion:' this implies no premeditated theory; here is no positive assertion. If as much caution were observed through the whole book, it would be difficult to bring any decisive charge against it. After this first lisp of infidelity, till she raises her voice and speaks more courageously; we hear several hints of the convulsions of Nature. That there have been convulsions of nature, and violent ones too, is allowed on all sides; but do all agree as to the time when they happened, and the causes by which they were produced? No, truly; as will be seen before the end of these remarks.

But we must now prepare for a grand attack. 'I have received petrified shells,' says Mr. Jefferson, 'of very different kinds from the first sources of the Kentucky, which bear no resemblance to any I have ever seen on the tide waters. It is said that shells are found in the Andes, in South-America, fifteen thousand feet above the level of the ocean. This is considered by many, both of the learned and unlearned, as a proof of an universal deluge. To the many considerations opposing this opinion, the following may be added: The atmosphere, and all its contents, whether of water, air, or other matters, gravitate to the earth; that is to say, they have weight. Experience tells us, that the weight of all these together never exceeds that of a column of mercury of thirty-one inches height, which is equal to one of rain water of thirty-five feet high. If the whole contents of the atmosphere then were water, instead of what they are, it would cover the globe but thirty-five feet deep; but as these waters, as they fell,

would run into the seas, the superficial measure of which is to that of the dry parts of the globe as two to one, the seas would be raised only fifty-two and an half feet above their present level, and of course would overflow the lands to that height only.* Now, this is an open denial of the universal deluge described by Moses, without an *if* or *perhaps* to save it. Mr. Jefferson, however, might have spared himself the trouble of offering this his additional consideration. The writers of the Universal History had published nearly the same thing many years before. Not that they wished to invalidate the scripture account, but to show that, if the deluge could be explained by natural causes, the heavens alone could not have afforded a sufficient quantity of water; but that the fountains of the deep must likewise have been broken up. The Rev. Mr. Jones also, in his *Philological Disquisitions*, which appeared several years before the *Notes on Virginia*, had mentioned not only the same difficulty, but one of still harder solution. The passage alluded to is as follows: 'The atmosphere, supposing its weight to be wholly owing to the vapour of water suspended in it, can contain but thirty-three feet of it: so that all the moisture of the atmosphere condensed into water and falling in rain, could overflow the earth to a depth no greater than that of thirty-three feet. If the ocean be allowed to occupy two-thirds of the earth's globe, and to be a mile in depth, one part with another, what will this do? If it were all to be converted into vapour, and to fall back in rain, it could only flow back again into its own channel. Where then shall we find a quantity of water to drown the earth to the height of two miles above its present horizon?' It is superfluous to add that the author from whom this is taken makes no use of it to serve the purposes of irreligion: no one who ever heard the name, will suspect, for a moment, that any harm can come from William Jones, of Nayland. It was really cruel that Mr. Jefferson's philosophy should have been put to the torture to discover what the world knew so long beforehand. But there is another reason why his pains might have been spared. Modern observations show, that if there be any connection between the weight of the atmosphere and the quantity of water contained in it, it is heaviest, *ceteris paribus*, when most free from moisture; consequently, it is impossible to calculate how much water the atmosphere can contain. Mr. Jefferson acknowledges that 'history renders probable some instances of a partial deluge round the Mediterranean Sea,' and shows how that sea 'may have been so raised as to overflow the low lands adjacent to it; as those of Egypt and Armenia, which, according to a tradition of the Egyptians Hebrews, were overflowed about 2300 years before the Christian æra; those of Attica, said to have been overflowed in the time of Ogyges, about five hundred years later; and those of Thessala, in the time of Deucalion, still three hundred years posterior.' 'But,' he adds, 'such deluges as these will not account for the shells found in the higher lands.† Here we see that Jewish history and Grecian stories, Lucian, Ovid, and Moses, are all considered as of equal authority. He then says that 'a second opinion has been entertained, which is, that in times anterior to the records either of history or tradition, the bed of the ocean, the principal residence of the shelled tribe, has, by some great convulsion of nature, been heaved to the height at which we now find shells and other remains of marine animals. The favourers of this opinion do well to

suppose the great events on which it rests to have taken place beyond all the æras of history; for within these, certainly none such are to be found; and we may venture to say further, that no fact has taken place, either in our own days, or in the thousands of years recorded in history, which proves the existence of any natural agents, within or without the bowels of the earth, of force sufficient to heave, to the height of fifteen thousand feet, such masses as the Andes.‡ This opinion he seems to think somewhat more reasonably than the former, and that its 'favourers do well to suppose the great events on which it rests to have taken place beyond all the æras of history.' But even this, he owns, is not without its difficulty. A third opinion, one of M. de Voltaire, is then mentioned, which Mr. Jefferson himself thinks so trifling, that one is at a loss to imagine why it was introduced. We are then informed that 'there is a wonder somewhere.†' The Bible, indeed, tells of a wonder wrought by the immediate agency of the Almighty, next to the creation, the greatest in nature. This the humble Christian believes from other evidences than strata of earths and banks of cockle-shells; though the whole face of nature, and the united voices of all the nations upon the globe, both civilized and savage, proclaim it to be true. But Mr. Jefferson gives it no credit, for this very reason, that it is represented as a marvellous event: yet, after all his inquiries, he, with astonishing sagacity, discovers that 'there is a wonder somewhere.' This sweet-sounding concert of philosophy and infidelity is thus concluded: 'The three hypotheses are equally unsatisfactory; and we must be contented to acknowledge, that this great phenomenon is as yet unsolved. Ignorance is preferable to error; and he is less remote from the truth who believes nothing, than he who believes what is wrong.‡ But is it not surprising that when Mr. Jefferson was beholding the scene at the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah; when his 'senses were hurried into the opinion, that this earth was created in time, that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards,' the following solution of this difficulty did not occur to him! When this earth was a huge and shapeless mass of mountains confusedly thrown together, the waters which were poured in among them must have been gathered into lakes and seas, from time to time, swelling over their banks, rending asunder their enclosures, and sweeping down the smaller mountains in their course. This scene of primeval confusion must have continued for ages, before the earth could be reduced to its present regular form. The waters in that time must have been abundantly supplied with inhabitants of every species. And when a body of water burst from its original bed, it must have left behind innumerable relicks of its productions. Thus might have been explained, without a wonder, the appearance of marine productions not only upon the summits of the highest mountains, but likewise of those which are found in the bowels of the earth. This theory seems to possess every qualification which the heart of a modern philosopher could desire; it is bold, plausible, and contrary to Scripture.

We must not omit to remark a passage, which, though not properly belonging to the sphere of these observations, deserves notice for its sagacity and the spirit of prophecy which it discovers. Speaking of Great Britain, it is said, 'the sun of her glory is fast descending to the hori-

zon. Her philosophy has crossed the Channel, her freedom the Atlantic, and herself seems passing to that awful dissolution, whose issue is not given human foresight to scan.* If when this was uttered, her sun was indeed so fast declining, she must, like Joshua, have bid him stay his course. We have since seen her go out to battle, surrounded by the armies of Europe, against the common foe. We have seen her allies gradually drop from her. We have seen her, after each desertion, fight with renewed spirit, like a healthy trunk, more vigorous for every branch, which was lopped away. We now see her alone and unappalled, calmly looking from her snowy cliffs at the tigers, who are gnashing their teeth, and howling with impatience to devour her. And if we love light better than darkness; if we love our own happy country and our countrymen better than France and Frenchmen, we have reason to pray with unremitting fervour, that it may be long ere the sun of her glory reaches the horizon. Happy would she be, if long ago every particle of what is called her philosophy, had crossed the Channel, and every factious demagogue had left her shores. Her virtuous monarch would have been spared many a pang, and her loyal subjects many a sigh.

[To be Continued.]

THE DRAMA.

[The following is an article of very recent criticism, on a new and beautiful Comedy by Cumberland.]

On Saturday night a New Comedy, entitled *The Sailor's Daughter*, was performed at Drury-Lane Theatre for the first time. It is the production of Mr. Cumberland's veteran Muse, and though the Prologue and Epilogue had not so unequivocally pointed out the parent, yet the child would be easily recognised from its strong resemblance to his numerous dramatic progeny. The following are the principal

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Captain Sentamorn, . . .	Mr. Pope.
Sir Mathew Moribund, .	Mr. Wroughton,
Mandeville,	Mr. Dwyer.
Varnish,	Mr. Russell.
Doctor Hartshorn, . . .	Mr. Bannister jun.
Raven,	Mr. Downton.
Lindsay,	Mr. Bartley.
Louisa,	Mrs. Jordan.
Julia Clareville,	Mrs. H. Johnstone.
Mrs. Hartshorn,	Mrs. Sparks.

The part of the story, out of which the more interesting incidents arise, is simply this:

Julia is the daughter of Captain Clairville, who died from the wounds, which he received at the battle of Copenhagen. Clairville, on his death-bed, consigns her as a sacred trust to the care and protection of his friend Captain Sentamorn, insinuating at the same time a wish, that after a time, they may be both united in wedlock. Julia, on learning her father's death, takes shelter in the house of Dr. Hartshorn, who had been Surgeon on board Captain Clairville's ship, and for whose memory he retains the warmest affection, and the highest respect. Captain Sentamorn, whose professional duties keep him for a time abroad, contrives nevertheless, secretly to supply Julia with adequate means to answer all her wants. The merit however of his delicate generosity is assumed by Varnish, a young man of fashion, who, through the influence of this apparent sympathy, endeavours to captivate the affections of Julia, but with dishonourable designs. Sentamorn, however, soon returns home and arrives at Bath, where the scene of the play

* Query VI. p. 43.

† Query VI. p. 44.

* Query VI. p. 44 and 45.

† Query VI. p. 46.

‡ Query VI. p. 46.

* Query VI. p. 44.

lies, and, anxious to find an opportunity of observing the character, and studying the sentiments of Julia, he prevails upon Lindsay, a young surgeon, who intends becoming the assistant or partner of Dr. Hartshorn, to permit him for a while to take his name and situation. Under this disguise he has frequent occasions of conversing with Julia, whose mind and disposition he is enraptured with, as he equally is with her person, kindness, and generosity. Varnish observing that Julia's prejudice in his favour is abated, attributes the change to the advice of Sentamorn, and insists upon satisfaction for this insult and injury; a meeting is appointed, but the duel is prevented, and a reconciliation brought about through the manly and forcible observations, with which Sentamorn reproves and ridicules that false delicacy and mistaken sense of honour which so frequently and fatally provokes the modern practice of duelling. An explanation afterwards ensues between Varnish and Julia; Sentamorn drops his disguise, and is immediately blessed with the hand and heart of the woman he admires; a similar union, which forms the under plot, takes place between Mandeville and Louisa.

Such nearly are the materials out of which Mr. Cumberland, though an acknowledged adept in the dramatic art, may appear not very artfully to have constructed or dexterously managed the plot; the denouement is too evidently discovered in the second act, and through the remaining acts the interest is but very feebly kept alive. It may also, perhaps, be objected, that the under-plot is rather annexed to, than connected with, the main one; and that there is no coincidence of event or interest by which they seem to be sensibly interwoven.—But these defects, if they really exist, are amply compensated by many other essential excellencies, more especially the elegance of the diction, the purity of the moral, the richness of the humour, and the poignancy of the sarcasm, which distinguish and pervade the dialogue. As to the characters, they cannot lay any very evident claim to novelty. The most prominent appears to be that of Dr. Hartshorn, which, though it be marked by a fine peculiarity, must, however, be pretty familiar with the amateurs of the drama. The part of Captain Sentamorn stands equally prominent for that unaffected frankness, that sedate courage, and unprompted benevolence, which constitute the generous ingredients of a British tar's disposition. The spirit of it was most happily seized by Pope, and he delineated it upon the whole, with his usual skill and judgment. In characters similar to that of Louisa, we have seen Mrs. Jordan a thousand times; but in all of them she still appears new, from the inexhaustible source of her ever varying playfulness, naivete, archness and whim. Here too, she introduces a song, the music of which very aptly accords with the pure and liquid tones of her fascinating voice.

Mrs. H. Johnstone was the heroine of the piece, and the simple, emphatic, and winning manner, in which she played the orphan child of Clairville, and delivered the epilogue which recommended the orphan and the author to the indulgence and protection of the audience, drew down those warm and repeated plaudits which British hearts are always ready to bestow on the solid and splendid services of our naval heroes. The other characters were very aptly sustained; and though at the close of the concluding scene (not a breath of censure had before betrayed itself), a small insignificant party seemed resolved to interrupt the performance, and mar the effect of the piece, yet the great majority was so decidedly in its favour, that when it was given out for a second representation, nothing could be heard but approbation and applause.

LEVITY.

BOB ROUSEM'S EPISTLE TO BONYPART.

This comes hoping you are well, as I am at this present; but, I say, Bony, what a damn'd lubber you must be to think of getting soundings among us English! I tell ye as how your anchor will never hold; it is n't made of good stuff; so luff up, Bony, or you 'll be *fast aground* before you know where you are. We don't mind your palaver and nonsense; for though 'tis all wind, it would hardly fill the stunsails of an English man of war. You 'll never catch a breeze to bring ye here as long as you live, depend upon it. I'll give you a bit of advice now; do *try* to lie as near the *truth* as possible, and don't give us any more of your *clinchers*. I say, do you remember how Lord Nelson came *round* ye at the Nile? I tell ye what, if you don't take care what you are about, you 'll soon be afloat in a way you won't like, in a high sea, upon a grating, my boy, without a bit of soft Tommy to put into your lantern jaws. I'll tell you now how we shall fill up the log-book if you come; I'll give you the journal, my boy, with an allowance for *lee-way* and *variation* that you don't expect. Now then:—At five A. M. Bonypart's cock-boats sent out to amuse our English men of war with *fighting* (that we like). Six A. M. Bonypart lands (that is, if he can); then we begin to blow the grampus; seven A. M. Bonypart in a pucker; eight A. M. Bonypart *running away*; nine A. M. Bonypart on board; ten A. M. Bonypart *sinking*; eleven A. M. Bonypart in *Davy's Locker*; *Meridian*, Bonypart in the north corner of —, where it burns and freezes at the same time: but you know any port in a storm, Bony, so there I'll leave ye. Now you know what you have to expect; so you see as how you can't say I didn't tell ye. Come, I'll give you a toast: Here's hard breezes and foul weather to ye, my boy, in your passage; Here's, *May you be sea-sick!* we'll soon make ye *sick of the sea*; Here's, *May you never have a friend here, or a bottle to give him.* And to conclude: Here's the French flag where it ought to be, under the English.

HIS
BOB X ROUSEM.
MARK.

P. S. You see as I cou'd n't write, our captain's clerk put the lingo into black and white for me, and says *he'll charge it to you.*

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A pathetic writer, and a real mourner in the Daily Advertiser of Mr. Poulson, thus tenderly bewails a NATIONAL MISFORTUNE. His bereaved countrymen, in humble submission to the will of Heaven, will bear, yet mourn their loss. They will cherish the recollection of the exalted energies of his mind, of the endearing attributes of his heart. They will consecrate his memory by their sorrows and their tears. We are often called upon to deplore the loss of men, whose amiable qualities have endeared them to the circle of their private friends. When the Hero falls, the tears of his country fall with him. The statesman, the senator and the patriot spread by their death a general affliction. But it is our lot to bear the aggravated grief that arises at the loss of all these characters.—HAMILTON, beloved, by his friends, endeared to his family; HAMILTON the statesman, the senator, the patriot, the Hero is gone. At the fall of such a man grief is silent, and eloquence mutes eulogiums, which cannot be expressed.

A Professor of Music from that cheerful and harmonious country, France, proposes to instruct ladies in his art, every evening with the pious exception of Sunday and Saturday, in judicious complaisance to the prejudices of our forefathers. The Professor however is not so much of a puritan, as to abandon all thoughts of love and gallantry, for after directing his fair pupils to inquire for him in a dark alley in *Night's* court, he engages with great sincerity, we doubt not, and a more perfect good faith than was ever manifested by his nation 'to reconduct every lady to their respective places of abode.' What amazing powers must this 'supple Gaul' possess to conduct all that variety of ladies, who frequent his school, and how safe and snug, and warm and happy must every 'Musical Lady' be under the fostering influence of so courtly a musician.

A Teacher of the French language in this city informs all such of his pupils as *are in the dark* that 'for the better convenience of the evening scholars, a light is kept in the entry of his house, which adjoining a certain fruit store, lighted every night, will be more easily seen.' A more agreeable and easy specimen of French philosophy is hardly to be found than is contained in this precious advertisement of the Aurora. This is the new and true light indeed, which, assisted and supported by another light, will be easily seen to shine more and more unto the perfect day of glorious illuminism. What a lantern to the feet of the stumbling scholars of this Frenchman must be this light *under the bushel*, and 'in the entry.'

"How far his little candle throws its beams."

The ensuing lines, from a mournful muse were written by Mrs. Smith, under the pressure of deep domestic affliction. They describe the woes of a bereaved Mother, and will not be read with indifference by those who can feel for misfortune, and have a taste for poetry.

SONNET TO NEPENTHE.

Oh! for imperial Polydamna's art,
Which to bright Helen was in Egypt taught,
To mix with magic power the oblivious draught,
Of force to staunch the bleeding of the heart,
And to Care's wan and hollow cheek impart
The smile of happy youth, uncurs'd with thought.
Potent, indeed, the charm that could appease
Affection's ceaseless anguish, doom'd to weep
O'er the cold grave; or yield even transient ease,
By soothing busy memory to sleep.
Around me those, who surely must have tried
Some charm of equal power, I daily see,
But still to me oblivion is denied,
There's no Nepenthe, now, on earth for me.

TO THE SUN.

Whether awaken'd from unquiet rest
I watch 'the opening eye lids of the morn,'
When thou, O Sun, from ocean's silver'd breast
Emerging, bidst another day be born—
Or whether in thy path of cloudless blue,
Thy noontide fires I mark with dazzled eyes,
Or to the west thy radiant course pursue,
Veil'd in the gorgeous broderie of the skies.
Celestial lamp! thy influence bright and warm
That renovates the world with life and light,
Shines not for me—for never more the form
I lov'd—so fondly lov'd—shall bless my sight,
And nought thy rays illumine, now can charm
My misery, or to day convert my night!

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil
Obscures yon bashful light
Which seems so modesty to steal,
Along the waste of night.

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen,
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen. [MOORE.]

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring, then subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

[Moore.]

One thing is clear, says an Irish print, that
all things are very *dark* at present.

EPIGRAM.

To the landlord of an inn, near Bray.
I wonder, friend March, you, who live so near Bray,
Should not set up the sign of the *Vicar*;
Tho' it might be an odd one, you cannot but say,
It must needs be a *sign*—of good liquor.

ANSWER.

Should I set up the sign of the *Vicar*, I doubt
My drift might be misunderstood;
Who'd believe that the *Vicar* would dangle without,
If within doors the liquor was good?

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

CHANSON BACCHIQUE.

Boy, who the rosy stream dost pass,
Fill up for me the largest glass;
The largest glass and oldest wine,
The laws of drinking give as mine;
Still must my ever thirsty lip
From large and flowing bumpers sip.
Ye limpid streams, where'er ye flow,
Far hence to water drinkers go;
Go to the dull, and the sedate,
And fly the god, whose bowers ye hate.

A Stranger, being much addicted to lying,
was telling of the many countries and cities he
had been in; when one of the company asked, if
he had ever been in Cosmography. The stran-
ger, thinking this the name of a city, said *We saw
it at a distance, but could not visit it, being in haste.*

SONG.

Think on that look of humid ray,
Which, for a moment, mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
'I dare not, or I would be thine.'

Think, think on every smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move,
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
And tell me 'tis not sin to love.

Oh! not to love thee were a sin,
For sure, if Heaven's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destin'd still to win,
As I was destin'd to be won.

[Moore.]

The late lord Botetourt, soon after voting for
the *cyder tax* observed as he was travelling through
Hereford, that the populace were burning him in
effigy. Immediately stopping his coach and
giving a purse of guineas to the mob, he said
'*pray, gentlemen, if you will burn me, burn me
like a gentleman don't let me linger. I see you
have not faggots enough.*'

TO JULIA.

Though fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part, indeed?
Is all our dream of rapture over?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does she too mourn?—Perhaps she may,
Perhaps she weeps, our blisses fleeting;
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart, like mine, is beating?

I oft have lov'd the brilliant glow
Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—
But can the bosom bleed with woe,
While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no! yet, love, I will not chide,
Although your heart were fond of roving;
Nor that, nor all the world beside,
Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,
And, with you, all that's worth possessing,
Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing.

[Moore.]

From the Abbate Buondelmonte.

Under Friendship's fair disguise,
Love, in smiling frolic lies;
Or, affecting anger now,
Furls like scorn its wrinkled brow;
Nay, with hatred's sullen mien,
Crafty Love is frequent seen;
Pity's face, too, oft it wears,
Bath'd in subtle, well feign'd tears;
But beware Love's wanton wiles,
O! beware his tears and smiles,
Love, in every form, believe
Still is Love, and will deceive.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Isidore's Merry Gondolier is a sweet and
cheerful composition. It will be perused with
pleasure; and we hope that the industry of the
correspondent will rival the genius of the poet.

The patriotic song, by Mr. Fessenden, will be
echoed by the lovers of their country.

The nervous essay on 'Popular Fanaticism,'
published in our last, originally appeared in the
Fredericktown Herald, a paper, which we read
often, and highly commend.

'Asmodeo' is not forgotten. We are anxious
to hear from him, and our readers would be grati-
fied, if they discerned his name in every number
of the Port Folio. His rallery of the style of
certain fashionable poets, will divert the public
in our next. We will give Asmodeo the front
place among the *loungers*.

The intelligent traveller, who has of late pretty
regularly furnished us with 'Extracts of Letters,'
written during his tour in Switzerland, is assured,
that the public has received very favourably the
remarks of such a tourist. They have been at-
tentively perused, and uniformly approved of, by
the Editor, who will have new reasons to be
pleased with his ingenious correspondent, if he
will, agreeably to promise, continue to transmit
sketches either of European scenery, or Euro-
pean manners.

The gentleman, who has sent us, from New-
York, an exposition of that spurious philosophy,
which, in the Notes of Jefferson, is so detrimen-
tal to others, and so disgraceful to himself, is very
respectfully informed, that we think so well of
the salutary sentiments, and neat style of his
pamphlet, we have resolved to devote to it no
narrow portion of our paper.

Our friend C, is assured, that his request is
not "at variance with our judgment," and, if
practicable, would have been cheerfully and
promptly granted.

The Laureat of Great Britain, in his ode on the
King's birth-day, has justly and poetically de-
scribed the state of a great kingdom.

The lines of 'Rosalind' are rumbling as the
'rustic waggon,' and cold and barren as the 'pine

plain' she describes. We fancy this lady has
been more accustomed to the hum of the wheel,
and the music of the dairy, than to the tunable
voice of the Muse. We cannot forbear apply-
ing the Clown's lines in Shakspeare,

Winter garments must be lin'd;
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.

'Good reasons for good things,' an impromptu,
from a literary and social friend, will appear ex-
cellent logic to all *loungers*, whose motto is
sapias vina liques.

'Seneca,' in the intervals of political composi-
tion, and salutary invective, not unworthy of Juni-
us, we hope will find inclination to exclaim

Awake, Eolian lyre: awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

With our conviction of his satirical powers, we
wish that he would bend his attention to the jaco-
binic foe, and employ his excellent poetry, in aid
of sound and virtuous politics. We are assured of
the salutary consequences of literary efforts, thus
directed.

'Yes, from the depths of Pindus shall your rhymes,
Thro' this disorder'd world, these lawless times,
Be heard distinctly in our inmost state;
All that the good revere, and bad men hate,
In spirit and in substance, as of old,
Your Muse in her *Asbestos* shall unfold.'

We regret exceedingly we cannot reprint the
eloquent essays in the Repertory, from the pen of
a sound politician and fine writer. But the author's
quill is so fluent, the tardy progress of our paper
will not keep pace with him, nor is it in our pow-
er to gratify, in due season, the public curiosity.

We are glad to have so early an opportunity to
indicate to our countrymen the merits of Cumber-
land's new comedy.

'Bothwell Castle,' from the original manuscript
of Thomas Campbell, Esq. the author of the
Pleasures of Hope, is received from a literary
friend, to whom we are often indebted for the
treasures of Genius; whether he consults the ca-
binets of others, or his own.

'The Withered Rose,' as described by Violetta,
is not without beauty and fragrance. Whenever
our fair friend chooses to rove through the flowery
fields of fancy, she will always have an unbounded
choice of pleasing forms and bright hues.

The translator of a splendid passage in Ovid,
where that poet so finely enumerates the prodigies
which portended the doom of Caesar, is thanked for
such a classical allusion to the death of HAMILTON.

Various and beautiful *tissues* from the loom of
Mr. Moore, shall soon be unfolded. Whether the
Editor reflects upon the literary, the colloquial, or
the musical talents of his friend, he cannot forbear
to ask with Milton

What neat repast shall feast us light and choice,
Of *Attic taste*, with wine, whence I may rise
To hear thy lute well touch'd, or artful voice,
Warble immortal notes, and Tuscan air?
He, who of these delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

'Clarissa,' whether descended from her paragon
namesake in Richardson, or the foundress of a new
order of Chastity, is, incontestably, as 'staid a maid-
en' as ever shrieked at a salute, or shuddered at a
marriage proposal.

'Ithacus,' in the course of his tour, must not
forget an occasional excursion to Parnassus.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSHOOL,

If you deem the following translation from the fifteenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* worthy of a place in the Port Folio, please to give it an early insertion.

If such signs, ominous and tremendous, as the poet here describes, were the precursors of the fate of a great man of antiquity, though a tyrant, what should have marked the day on which ALEXANDER HAMILTON fell!

Signa tamen luctus dant haud incerta futuri.
Arma ferunt inter nigras crepitantia nubes,
Terribilesque rubas, auditaque cornua coelo
Præmonuisse nefas.

OVID, Lib. xv.

Midst the black clouds tremendous scenes appear'd,
The horrid din of clashing arms was heard;

The shrill voic'd clarion heav'n's vast concave rent,
And sounding horns proclaim'd the sad event

Around the world. Imprest with dire dismay,
The mournful sun diffus'd a lurid day,

The low'ring sky with blazing meteors fill'd,
Black human gore in drizzling show'rs distill'd;

A sable veil obscur'd bright Hesper's light,
And blood distain'd the silver car of night.

The Stygian owl announc'd the dire portent,
And weeping statues mourn'd the sad event;

Dirges amid the sacred groves were sung,
With dreadful threats the echoing forests rung;

Ill-boding signs diffus'd horrific dread,
The smould'ring entrails shew'd a sever'd head;

The howling breed, while solemn silence reign'd,
In dol'rous accents to the moon complain'd;

The wand'ring shades Cocytus stream forsook,
And Rome imperial to her centre shook.

Yet these dire signs, by heaven in pity sent,
Could not deter them from their black intent,

Their swords they carry to the senate hall,
And stain the sacred dome with mighty CÆSAR'S fall.

B

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO A WITHERED ROSE.

How fair wert thou when first mine eye
Caught the light tint thy leaves that drest,
Just bursting from obscurity,
To court the zephyr to thy breast!

To me thou did'st recal the time,
When hope and fancy wing'd my days,
When, in my joyous, youthful prime,
No pensive note e'er mark'd my lays.

Thou too, like me, wert but half-blown,
Ere drooping for thy parent soil,
Thy richest fragrance far had flown,
And death had ta'en thee as his spoil.

He bow'd thy unassuming head,
And paler made thy modest glow,
Which boasted ne'er the brightest red,
But such a blush as pale cheeks know.

Thy lively green is faded too,
And thou dost not one trace retain
Of that sweet flower the Persians woo,
To waft its perfume o'er the plain.

Poor Rose, adieu! may I, like thee,
When 'death has laid my green head low,'
Have some fond friend to sigh for me,
And mourn for buds that never blow.

VIOLETTA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG,

BY T. G. FESSENDEN, ESQ.

THE GENIUS OF COLUMBIA.

Tune 'In a mouldering cave.'

Where the hoar Allegany towers o'er the cloud,
Thy genius, Columbia, reclin'd,
Her visage pale care and anxiety shroud,
And her locks wanton wild to the wind,

She weeps, lest her sons should by fatal mis-
chance,

Or by jacobin frenzy be driven,
To fraternize with infidel, blood-thirsty France,
And thus be abandon'd by heaven.

The ground was bedew'd with her fast-falling
tears,

When, lo! through the wide opening sky,
On a bright cloud descending, a seraph appears,
With a message of love from on high.

And thus he address'd the disconsolate dame,
Your despondence and wailing give o'er,
For I am a ministering spirit of flame,
Who guard blest Columbia's shore.

The storm of democracy soon will be past,
And cloudless again be your skies,
The true sons of freedom distinguish'd, at last,
From those, who assume its disguise.

For those who true liberty ever oppos'd,
And your Washington dar'd to revile,
In their native deformity shall be disclos'd,
And no longer your freemen beguile.

Though Genoa, Spain, Holland, and Switzerland
bend

To their falsely call'd freedom's controul,
While no other freedom their tyrants intend,
Than to tyrannize over the whole.

Still if Europe all bow to dire jacobin sway,
To Columbians the charter was given,
That tyrants should never her freemen dismay,
And the franchise recorded in heaven.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Dr. Beddoes has just translated, with admirable energy,
the famous Greek invocation to Health.

Invocation by Atriphron of Sicily.

O thou among the blissful host,
Deserving mortal incense most!
What yet of days remain to me,
Hygeia! let me pass with thee,
And thou my willing inmate be!
If ought of solace coffer'd hoards—
Whatever progeny affords—
Or sovereign away
Exalting mortals to the gods above,—
Or that sweet prey
Which struggles secret in the snares of love,
To toil worn man, by heaven's behest,
If balms unnam'd refreshment bring—
All owe, benignant power, to thee their zest,
Thou giv'st its radiance to the graces, spring,
Nor but with thee may child of earth be blest.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GOOD REASONS FOR GOOD THINGS.

I love to drink; because my spirits rise,
And, mounting upwards, revel in the skies:
I love to smoke; for, as its curls ascend,
They kindly mix with others from my friend:

I love to laugh; for, starting at the noise,
Care, Grief, and Envy fly from merry boys—
I love to kiss—for beauty warms the heart,
And joys, no tongue can tell, her smiles impart.

TO ROSA.

Like one, who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he, who, lur'd by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee.
For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tost,
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost. [Moore.]

ODE,

FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY,

June 4, 1804.

BY H. J. PYE, ESQ. P. L.

As the blest guardian of the British isles,
Immortal Liberty, triumphant stood,
And view'd her gallant sons with sav'ring smiles,
Undaunted heroes of the field or flood;
From Inverary's rocky shores,
Where loud the Hyperborean billow roars,
To where the surges of the Atlantic wave,
Around Cornubia's western borders rave,
While Erin's valiant warriors glow
With kindred fire to crush the injurious foe,
From her bright lance the flames of vengeance
stream,
And in her eagle eye shines glory's radiant beam.

Why sink those smiles in sorrow's sigh,
Why sorrow's tears suffice that eye;
Alas! while weeping Britain sees
The baleful fiends of pale disease
Malignant hovering near her throne,
And threat a Monarch all her own—
No more from Anglia's fertile land,
No more from Caledonia's strand,
From Erin's breezy hills no more
The panting legions crowd the shore:
The buoyant barks, the vaunting host
That swarm on Gallia's hostile coast,
The anxious thought no longer share,
Lost in a nearer, dearer, care,
And Britain breathes alone for GEORGE'S life her
prayer.

Her prayer is heard—Th' Almighty Power,
Potent to punish or to save,
Bids Health resume again her happier hour;—
And as across the misty wave
The freshening breezes sweep the clouds away
That bid awhile the golden orb of day,
So from Hygeia's balmy breath
Fly the drear shadows of disease and death.
Again the manly breast beats high,
And flames again the indignant eye,
While, from the cottage to the throne,
This generous sentiment alone
Lives in each heart with patriot ardour warm,
Points every sword, nerves every Briton's arm,
'Rush to the field where GEORGE and Freedom
lead,
Glory and fame alike the warrior's meed
Brave in their country's cause, who conquer or
who bleed.'

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 32.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 97.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

DURING this warm season of love, you are no doubt pestered by the city Strephons with effusions in praise of their Celias, Chloes, Phillisses, &c. &c. dictated by the immediate inspiration of the namby pamby muse. Sonnets, odes, tales, and lyrical ballads, I suppose, are as plenty in your letter-box as apples in an orchard.

The style of the present day appears to run very much on the prurient and infantine. The former, as the profound Martinus Scriblerus hath said, is 'greatly advanced and honoured of late by the encouragement of the ladies;' the latter 'is when a poet grows so very simple, as to think and talk like a child;' and which may very properly be termed 'the gentle down-hill way to the bathos;' but when they are united, they perfectly form 'the bottom, the end, the central point, the ne plus ultra of true modern poesy.' This union is not unhappily ridiculed in the following French verses, which, for the benefit of your wishing youths and sighing maidens, I have done into English. A.

L'autre jour, Colin malade
Dedans son lit,
D'une grosse maladie
Pensant mourir.

De trop songer à ses amours
Ne peut dormir;
Il veut tenir celle qu'il aime
Tout la nuit.

Le galant y' fut habile,
Il se leva;
A la porte de sa belle
Trois fois frappa:

Catin, Catos, belle Ber—
Gère, dormez-vous?
La promesse que m'avez faite,
La tiendrez vous?

La fillette fut fragile;
Elle se leva,
Tout nue, en sa chemise
La porte ouvra.

Marchez tout-doux, parlez tout-bas,
Mon doux ami,
Car si mon papa vous entend
Morte je suis.

Le galant, qui fut honnête,
Droit se coucha,
Entre les bras de sa belle
Se reposa.

Ah! je n'ai pas perdu mes peines,
Aussi mes pas,
Pusique je tiens celle que j'aime
Entre mes bras.

J'entends l'alouette qui chante
Au point de jour,
Amant, si vous êtes honnête,
Retirez-vous.

Marchez tout-doux, parlez tout-bas,
Mon doux ami,
Car si mon papa vous entend
Morte je suis.

VERSION.

Poor Colin t'other day was sick,
Was very sick upon his bed,
And of his sickness he did think,
Thinks he, it sure will kill me dead.

Then ponder'd he so 'bout his love,
He could not sleep a wink for spite;
But wish'd, and sigh'd, and wish'd again
To have his little girl all night.

Then up he got him, ready drest,
(For lovers don't put off their clothes)
And at his mistress' chamber door
He gave three very little blows.

Catin, Catos, sweet shepherdess,
Tell me, said he, are you asleep?
The promise, Catin, that you made,
Say will you—will you—won't you keep?

Catin, alack-a-day! was frail,
And up she got, without her clothes,
(Oh, maidens, never do ye so!)
And to the door full quick she goes.

Oh step, step softly—whisper low,
My honey sweet, my Colin dear,
For if my daddy hears, I vow
He'll be the death of me, I fear.

The lover, who was quite polite,
Soon softly laid him on the bed,
And 'twixt Catin's two snowy arms
He gently pillow'd his head.

Ah! cried the swain, I care not for
The ditch I tumbled in to-night,
Since I have got within my arms
My only dear, my heart's delight.

Laws! Catin cried, I hear the lark!
He sings tit tit, tit tit, at dawn;
Oh! if you will do as you should,
You'll get you up, and get you gone.

Oh step, step softly—whisper low,
My honey sweet, my Colin dear!
For if my daddy hears, I vow
He'll be the death of me, I fear.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 3.

The orations against Verres.

[Continued.]

— "Take away this protection from our citizens. take away this warranty of their safety; and the provinces, the free cities, the kingdoms, the whole world, in which they now travel in security, will be henceforward shut up from them. But why do I dwell upon Gavius, as if you had been the enemy of him alone, and not that of the Roman name, of the rights of Rome, of the rights and laws of nations, and of the common cause of liberty? This cross, which the Messinians, according to their custom, had erected on the Pompeian road, why did you order it to be taken up? Why did you remove it to the spot which overlooks the strait which separates Sicily and Italy? Why? It was, as you yourself have said, you cannot deny it, you said it publicly, it was to the end that Gavius, who boasted that he was a Roman citizen, might, from the height of the gibbet, behold, as he expired, his country. This cross is the only one, since the foundation of Messina, which has been placed upon the strait. You chose this place, that this unfortunate man, dying in torments, might see, for the perfection of bitterness, what a short space separated the residence where liberty reigns, from that in which he died as a slave; to the end that Italy might see one of its children attached to a gibbet, perish in the ignominious punishment reserved for servitude.

"To enchain a Roman citizen is an outrage; to beat him with rods is a crime: to put him to death is almost a parricide: what is it then to attach him to a cross! Expression is wanting for this atrocity, and yet this is not enough for Verres; let him die, says he, looking at Italy and the laws. No, Verres, it is not only Gavius, it is not a single man, a solitary citizen, that you have attached to this cross; it is liberty herself, it is the common right of all, it is the Roman people in a body. Be persuaded, that if he has not erected it in the middle of the forum, in the assembly of the comitia, in the tribunal of harangues, if he has not menaced all the Roman citizens, it was because he could not. But, at least, he has done what he could, he has chosen the place he most frequented of the province, the nearest to Italy, the most conspicuous to the sight; he has wished that all those, who navigate these seas, should see, even at the entrance into Sicily and as at the ports of Italy, the monument of his audacity and his crime."

The proration shows with what firmness Cicero armed himself against the pride and tyranny of the great, jealous of the fortune and elevation of those whom they called new men, that is to say, those who had no other recommendation than their merit. Cicero, who owed

every thing to his, and to the justice done him by the Roman people, though he could not better demonstrate his gratitude, than by sustaining with courage that natural and interminable war, which subsists between the good man and the wicked. He menaces boldly the judges to summon them before the people, if they suffered themselves to be corrupted by the money of Verres. This audacious plunderer had publicly said, that he had made a partition of the three years of his government of Sicily, that there was one for him self, one for his advocates, and one for his judges. He had relied very much not only on the eloquence but on the influence of Hortensius, who was not near so delicate as Cicero, in the means he employed to carry his causes. Cicero addresses himself to him, and advertises him that he will have his eyes open upon his conduct, and that he will make him give an account of it. We should remember that these harangues, although they had not been pronounced, were made public, and that consequently the orator was not ignorant to what resentments and dangers he exposed himself by his incorruptible firmness.

"What! will any one say to me, will you then charge yourself with the burden of so many enmities? I answer, that it is neither in my character nor my intention to seek them; but that it is not permitted in me to imitate, to wait, in sleep and idleness, the benefits of the Roman people. My condition is quite different from theirs. I have before my eyes the examples of Cato, of Marius, of Fimbria, of Cælius, who have felt like me, that it was only by force of continued labour, by force of dangers surmounted, that they could arrive at those honours, to which these nobles, the favourites of fortune, are carried without costing them any thing. Such are the models that I glory in imitating. I see with what eyes of envy they regard the advancement of new men, that they pardon us nothing; that we must always be vigilant, always active. And why should I fear to have those for declared enemies, who are secretly envious of me, those, who by the difference of interests and principles are necessarily my adversaries and defamers! I declare then if I obtain the reparation due to the Roman people and to Sicily, I renounce the character of an accuser; but if the event deprives the opinion I have of my judges I am determined to pursue to the last extremity both the corruptors and the corrupted. Thus, let those, who would clear the guilty, whatever means they may employ, artifice, impudence, or venality, prepare themselves to answer before the people of Rome; and if they have seen in me any zeal, any firmness, and any vigilance, in a cause, in which I have no enemies; but such as the interest of Sicily has made me, let them expect to find in me much more vivacity and energy, when I shall contend with the enemies, whom the interest of the Roman people shall have made me."

He finishes by an apostrophe, as brilliant as it is pathetic, to all the divinities whose temples Verres had pillaged. This religious enumeration, the effect of which is founded upon the ideas which these names awakened among the Romans, cannot be of the same weight among us, who are not accustomed to respect Jupiter and Juno. I shall content myself, therefore, to quote the last phrases.

"And you, venerable goddesses, who preside over the fountains of Enna, over the sacred groves of Sicily, whose defence has been committed to me! You, against whom Verres has declared an impious and sacrilegious war; you, whose temples and altars have been spoiled by his robberies! you I attest and implore. If, in this cause, I have had nothing in view but the

safety of our provinces, and the dignity of the Roman people; if I have concentrated in this single duty all my cares, all my thoughts, all my vigilance, grant that my judges, in pronouncing their sentence, may have in their hearts the sentiment which I have constantly had in mind; that Verres, convicted of all the crimes, which can be committed by perfidy, avarice, and cruelty, united; that Verres, condemned by the laws, as he is by his conscience, may find an end worthy of his transgressions; that the republic, contented with my zeal in this accusation, may not have occasion to impose upon me, a second time, the same duty; and that I may be permitted, henceforward, to occupy myself rather in defending the good citizens, than in prosecuting the wicked."

It was the usage among the Romans, as among us, that the party complaining should ascertain the estimation of damages which he demanded; apparently also the judges had a custom, as at this day, to diminish a good deal of this estimate, which it is natural enough to suppose somewhat exaggerated. But it is certain, that, according to the report of Ascanius, a contemporary author, from whom we have excellent commentaries on the orations of Cicero, Verres was condemned to restore to the Sicilians a sum equivalent to about five millions of French money; and that according to the valuation of Cicero, who had demanded twelve millions and an half, the damages he obtained were not one half of what Verres had stolen in Sicily.

SECTION 4.

The orations against Catiline.

Who would believe that, in our days, Cicero could still have, I will not say critics, (the glory of superior men is to engage the opinions of all men in all ages), but enemies, detractors, who calumniate his character, and depreciate his talents, with an injustice equally odious and absurd? I know that, happily for us, it may be answered, *what enemies? what detractors?* Their names alone is an answer to all their injuries. It is true, but nevertheless it is a melancholy observation to make upon human nature, that there should be in it this species of whimsical perversity, which enrages itself after two thousand years, against a great man, without any other interest or motive, than that hatred of virtue, which seems to be the instinct of the wicked. No doubt they say to themselves, as they read his writings, if we had lived in the time of this man he would have been our enemy. For the writings and actions of a good man accuse the consciences of those who are not so. Perhaps also we affect at this day more than ever that deplorable singularity of contradicting every thing that is the most generally acknowledged. How can we otherwise explain that which was printed a little while ago, that the conspiracy of Catiline was a chimera, which the vanity of Cicero had made the Romans believe? Certainly, since the father Hardouin, who, by dint of rising early in the morning, to labour at his researches into erudition, had brought himself to dream and rave when he was wide awake, and to believe one day that he had discovered that the most of the works of the ancients had been fabricated by the monks of the middle age; after that ridiculous fool, who was the scandal and the ridicule of the literary world, nothing has been imagined more strange, more incomprehensible than this giving of the lie to all the historians of antiquity, and particularly to Sallust, a contemporary author, an enemy of Cicero, and who to be sure must have amused himself, forming the history of an imaginary conspiracy. One knows not what name to give to this kind of madness; but

it is as remarkable, as it is consoling, that the public is at this day so familiarised to this folly of paradoxes, that they no longer give any attention to them. This which has been recalled to my mind by the orations of Cicero against Catiline, which are now to engage our attention, has passed without any notice, and, by abusing every thing, we have at least obtained this advantage, that extravagance itself is no longer a means of making a noise. Of the four harangues of Cicero against Catiline, there are two which are so much the more admirable, as we see by the nature of the circumstances, that the orator, who pronounced them, had not been able to prepare himself for them: and although, on the publication of them, he no doubt revised them with all the care which he bestowed on all which proceeded from his pen, the great effect which they produced from the first moment, ought not to leave us any doubt concerning their merit, before the author had put to them his last hand. It may be demanded, perhaps, how he could recollect discourses, which his genius dictated to him on the spot, upon important occasions, discourses which were of such considerable extent. Historians inform us of the means that Cicero employed. He had distributed in the senate copyists, whom he had taught to write, by abbreviation, almost as fast as he spoke. This art was brought to perfection in the sequel, and we see that this invention, a long time lost, but revived in our days, belongs to Cicero, although we know not precisely what method he employed.

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Observations upon certain passages in Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, which appear to have a tendency to Subvert Religion, and established a False Philosophy.

[Continued.]

We now come to a pitfall, artfully covered over with conjecture and specious argument; into which an incautious reader, who dislikes the trouble of thinking attentively, would be very apt to fall. It consists of three parts. We will consider each separately. Towards the close of the Query, which treats of the American Indians, Mr. Jefferson says: 'But imperfect as is our knowledge of the tongues spoken in America, it suffices to discover the following remarkable fact. Arranging them under the radical ones to which they may be palpably traced, and doing the same by those of the red men of Asia, there will be found probably twenty in America for one in Asia, of those radical languages, so called, because, if they were ever the same, they have lost all resemblance to one another. A quotation from Dr. Barton, of Philadelphia, whose authority is certainly as good as that of Mr. Jefferson, will show how much this assertion is to be relied upon. 'The inference from these facts and observation is obvious and interesting: that hitherto we have not discovered more than one radical language in the two Americas; or, in other words, that hitherto we have not discovered in America any two, or more, languages between which we are incapable of detecting affinities (and those often very striking) either in America or in the old world. Nothing is more common than for Indian traders, interpreters, or other persons, to assert, that such and such languages bear no relation to each other; because, it seems, that the persons speaking them cannot always understand one another. When these very languages, however, are compared, their relations, or affinities are found out. It is by such comparisons that I have ascertained that the language of the Delaware is the

language of such a great number of tribes in America. It is by such comparisons that future inquirers may discover, that in all the vast countries of America there is but one language: such inquiries, perhaps, will even prove, or render it highly probable, that all the languages of the earth bear some affinity to each other.' Thus says Dr. Barton; yet, before his work was published, it would doubtless have been esteemed presumptuous to disbelieve Mr. Jefferson's assertion. It has frequently been remarked, that the apostles of infidelity require stronger faith from their followers than the apostles of Christianity. Mr. Jefferson proceeds thus: 'A separation into dialects may be the work of a few ages only, but for two dialects to recede from one another till they have lost all vestiges of their common origin, must require an immense course of time; perhaps not less than many people give to the age of the earth.' The obvious deduction from this learned piece of information is this: Since it requires as much time for two dialects to become what are called radical languages, as many people give to the age of the world; and since nobody makes the world younger than it is said to be in the Bible; and as some of the vast number of radical tongues among the savages of America must have been formed long before the others, the world must necessarily be many years older, than is allowed by the Bible chronology. But, lest this opinion should appear too bold to some squeamish people, it is modestly accompanied by a 'perhaps.' Every one, however, who favours Mr. Jefferson's opinions, and confides in his judgment, can easily perceive the use to which he must apply it. These little doubting words are the passports by which modern philosophers introduce into their writings the wildest absurdities, and grossest impiety. They take away the appearance of any indecent attack against things which are generally esteemed sacred; and it would be hard if a man were not permitted to offer a simple conjecture. But these things, which we have been examining, are only the steps preparatory to this irresistible conclusion: 'A greater number of those radical changes of language having taken place among the red men of America, proves them of greater antiquity than those of Asia.' And as the natives of America are thus proved to be of greater antiquity than those of Asia, the continent of Asia must have been peopled from America; of course, the history of our first parents, and of the garden of Eden, and of the whole earth's being peopled from this original pair, is a pretty Eastern tale. But might not some such conjectures as the following have presented themselves to the philosophic mind of Mr. Jefferson? Supposing the Asiatic nations equal, or even superior in number to the tribes of savage Americans; but that for every distinct language in Asia, twenty may be found in America; may not various causes have contributed to produce this vast difference in the number of their languages? May not the different faces of the countries which they inhabit have rendered the intercourse between the tribes in the one, less frequent than in the other; and, of consequence, caused their languages soonest to vary? May not the difficulty of procuring sustenance have forced them to live more remote from each other in one country, than in the other? Nay, may not this greater affinity between the different languages in Asia have proceeded from the greater antiquity of those who speak them; because the original scattered tribes may probably have had more time to increase, to become better acquainted with each other, and thus blend together the languages which had become dissimilar? Would it not have been modest, would it not have been

humane in the author of the Notes on Virginia had he permitted some such considerations as these to prevent him from publishing an opinion, which, if received as true, would pull down the religion of his country, and destroy the dearest hope of thousands?

It is a favourite object with modern philosophers to persuade themselves and others, that man is of the same nature with the rest of the animal creation; that he is not rendered distinct from them by an immortal soul, but merely by the superiority of his faculties; that he is to all intents of the same *genus* with them, but only of a higher *species*. They have observed how wonderfully minute the gradations are from the inanimate spar, up to man, the lord of the creation; how the three kingdoms of nature encroach upon each other, rendering it impossible to define the limits of each. They have perceived that an uniformity of design prevails in the structure of every part of the animal creation, from the skeleton of a man down to that of a mouse; that every creature which possesses the principle of life, whether animal or vegetable, contains a germ by which it gives being to another like itself; that all, not excepting man, one after another, quit the stage, and live only in their posterity. This view of nature, in which man is found so nearly to resemble, in his corporeal properties, the animals below him, offers a very delusive spectacle; and which doubtless has betrayed many a one, who regards the exterior, more than the interior of things, into the wretched belief that we are but little above the beasts, which perish. But the intellectual faculties of man were found to set him at such an immense distance from all other animals, that it was absolutely necessary to devise some scheme for filling up the chasm. The resemblance of the bodily structure of the orang-outang to that of the human species, and the consequent similarity in many of its actions to those of men, were not overlooked; but every art was employed to prove that it was endued with reason, and that it ought to be reckoned a lower order of man. But as there was still a long jump from an ape to a man, some happy geniuses bethought them of setting the Africans as a step which would make the transition perfectly easy. So that in the same proportion as the ape was raised above its proper sphere, the inoffensive negro was pulled down from his just rank in the creation. And thus was the golden chain of nature strained and new-linked, to serve the purposes of these gentlemen. The man with a high nose and fair skin was honoured with the first place among the beasts; the man with a flat nose and black skin with the second; Pongo, or the wild man of the woods, with the third; and then came the other animals in their proper order.

It is now proposed to show that the portion of the Notes on Virginia, which we are going to consider, is evidently intended to establish, if not the whole, at least a part of the foregoing theory; that if it does not openly exalt the orang-outang to the station of a rational being, it debases the negro to an order of creatures, lower than those who have a fairer skin and thinner lips. We will likewise, as we go along, examine the depth and fairness of argument, which is there displayed. Human patience could not endure to review it sentence by sentence; it would be worse than grinding chaff: it will fully answer our purpose to pick out some of the heaviest grains.* After mentioning the bill for the emancipation of slaves, Mr. Jefferson says, 'It will probably be asked, why not retain and incorporate the blacks into the state, and thus save

the expense of supplying, by importation of white settlers, the vacancies they will leave?' In answer to this question, he offers several objections, which he says are political; and then adds a multitude of others, which he calls physical and moral. The first of these is the difference of colour; which, we are told 'is fixed in nature, and is as real as if its seat and cause were better known to us;' that is to say, it cannot be owing to any accidental cause, such as the difference of climate; but the blacks must have been originally created a distinct race. Every one knows that neither our knowledge nor our ignorance of the cause can affect the reality of the difference, if it exist, any more than our knowledge or our ignorance can affect the existence of a volcano in the moon: but it is a singular method of establishing a fact, to say bluntly, that although the cause be unknown, the fact is indubitable. It amounts to this; I can give you no reason for what I tell you; but because I say so, you must take it for granted. Another distinction between the blacks and whites is 'their own judgment in favour of the whites, declared by the preference of them, as uniformly as is the preference of the Oranootan for the black women over those of his own species.' Now, can any one who knows what candour is, deny that this sentence savours strongly of the afore-mentioned theory? The orang-outang prefers the female black, as being of an order superior to himself; and for the same reason, the negro shows a decided preference in favour of the whites. Where Mr. Jefferson learnt that the orang-outang has less affection for his own females than for black women, he does not inform us. No doubt, from some French traveller. If it be true that the negroes entertain so great an affection for us, the swarms of West-Indian mulattos testify that the regard is mutual, and that white people do not feel the abhorrence which they might naturally be expected to have for an inferior and ugly set of beings. We soon after come to a number of other distinctions, which tend to inspire the belief that they partake as much or more of the nature of brutes than of men. Among other things we are told, that 'they are at least as brave and more adventuresome than the whites. But this may perhaps proceed from a want of forethought, which prevents their seeing a danger till it be present.' In this respect, then, they are not superior to a war-horse, or a trained elephant. Among the numerous opportunities, which Mr. Jefferson must have had of observing the dispositions of these unfortunate people, did he never discover in any instance a nobleness of spirit, and delicate sense of honour, not exceeded by any hero of history or romance? Or did he always see through the fallacious medium of a darling theory? Did he never know of any incident like the following, which took place many years ago in the island of Jamaica? On one of the estates in that island, lived a faithful and experienced slave, whose bust it was that his skin had never been marked by the lash. A new Overseer, who was placed upon the estate, gave some directions in the boiling of sugar, which this negro, who was thoroughly acquainted with the process, told him were wrong. The Overseer, offended at the presumption of a negro, in opposing his directions, ordered him to be whipped. 'No,' cried the negro, 'my skin has never yet been broken;' and instantly aped into the boiler of melted sugar. Let it not be imagined that this anecdote is related without a just abhorrence of the crime of suicide. But if Roman Cato has been extolled for ages, because he could not endure to survive the lerty of his country, surely a poor untaught slave, whose only glory was an unbroken skin, should equal magnanimity when he

* Query XIV. from p. 204 to 214

chose to die in torment, rather than live and bear about him what he thought an indelible disgrace. Among other things, we are told that 'misery is often the parent of the most affecting touches in poetry. Among the blacks is misery enough, God knows, but no poetry.' That the contemplation of misery in others often gives birth to affecting poetry, is true enough: and many a wretched mortal, who has been left to reflection, has endeavoured to solace his grief by pouring forth his complaints in numbers. But one would have thought that modern philosophy herself could not have the face to declare that the wretch who is driven out to labour at the dawn of day, and who toils until evening with the whip flourishing over his head, ought to be a poet.

[To be Continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS WARTON.

[What species of composition can be more agreeably received, what charming pages detain us by a stronger interest, than the memoirs of men, distinguished for their abilities, venerable for their erudition, and admired for their virtue? The life and the works of Thomas Warton exhibit a reclus scholar and a Poet, whose pages, composed in the shade of the cloister, may contribute to dissipate the languor, or soothe the agitations of worldly pleasures and cares. As a prose and a poetical writer he exhibited great elegance. His History of the poetry of his nation, will be frequently consulted, and his 'Progress of Discontent' will be learned by heart, by many a pupil.]

THOMAS WARTON, the 'Historian of English Poetry,' was born in the year 1728. He belonged to a poetical family. His father, Thomas Warton, B. D. was fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and afterwards Poetry Professor in that University, from 1718 to 1728, and Vicar of Basing-stoke in Hants, and of Cobham in Surrey. He married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Richardson, Rector of Dunsfold, in Surrey, by whom he had two sons, Joseph, the present respectable Master of Winchester School, the poet, and one daughter, Jane. He does not appear to have published any thing in his lifetime; but after his death, which happened at Basingstoke, in 1745, a volume of poems was printed by subscription in 1748. Amhurst's 'Terræ Filius' contains some anecdotes of him. His mother died at Winchester, in 1762. His brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, is advantageously known to the world, by his 'Ode to Fancy,' and other ingenious poems in 'Dodsley's Collection,' 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope,' 'Translation of the Pastorals and Eclogues of Virgil,' and an edition of the 'Works of Pope,' with notes.

By his quotation from Gray's Ode, in his description of the City College and Cathedral of Winchester, and his Latin poem on Catharine Hill, we learn that he received his education at the seminary over which his brother now presides.

In due time he became a member of Trinity College, Oxford; took the degree of Master of Arts in 1750, of Bachelor of Divinity in 1767; but did not succeed to the Mastership of his college, as might have been expected, when it became vacant in 1776, though he continued to reside in it till his death.

In a life passed within the limits of a college, where the transitions from the study to the common-room, and from thence back to the study, mark the passing day with scarcely any variation, nothing of incident is to be expected, nothing will be found important enough to be recorded. Yet a life thus spent is not to be contemned. The writings of Wharton shew, that one at least has been productive of much entertainment, much usefulness, to the world.

He very early exerted his poetical talents, as may be seen by the dates of his several publica-

tions; which may be considered as the principal landmarks in his life.

In 1745, he published Five Pastoral Eclogues; the scenes of which are supposed to lie among the shepherds oppressed by the war in Germany. 4to. These Eclogues have not been collected in his works, and have eluded the diligence of the present writer.

In 1747, he published The Pleasures of Melancholy, written in 1745, 4to, reprinted in 'Dodsley's Collection,' which was followed by The Progress of Discontent, a Poem, written at Oxford in 1746, first printed in 'The Student;' and Newmarket, a Satire, fol. 1750, reprinted in 'Pearch's Collection,' and again in 'Dodsley's Collection.'

At a time when few are capable of distinguishing themselves in any extraordinary degree, he rendered a service to his Alma Mater, which could not but be acceptable.

It is well known that Tory, if not Jacobite principles, were suspected to prevail much in the University of Oxford, about the time of the Rebellion in 1745; and soon after its suppression, the folly and drunken extravagance of several young men belonging to one of the colleges, gave offence to the friends of the House of Hanover, in a manner which occasioned a prosecution in the Court of King's Bench, and a stigma on the Vice-Chancellor and some of the heads of houses.

In 1748, while this matter was the subject of conversation, Mr. Mason published his 'Isis, an elegy,' in which, after celebrating the worthies she formerly boasted, she laments her degenerate sons, that,

..... madly bold
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold.

In answer to Mr. Mason's elegy, which was much applauded, and with great reason, at the time of its publication, Warton published his 'Triumph of Isis, an elegy, 4to, 1749, which was equally deserving of praise. His eulogium on Dr. King is particularly worthy of notice. It was reprinted in Pearch's Collection.

It is remarkable, that though neither Mason or Warton ever excelled these performances, each of them, as by consent, when he first collected his poems into a volume, omitted his own party production.

In 1751, he published An Ode for Music, performed at the Theatre, Oxford, July 2. 1751, being the day appointed by the late Lord Crew, Bishop of Durham, for the commemoration of the benefactors of the university, 4to. In this Ode, Minerva, after having assisted Queen Bouduca in a battle, is feigned to request drink of the river Isis, and, in reward of the favour, to promise that her banks shall become the seat of learning, and the pride of Britain.

In 1753, he published The Union, or Select Scots and English Poems, 12mo.

These were only the lighter productions of Warton's genius. In 1753, he published Observations on the Faery Queen of Spenser, 8vo, which he corrected and enlarged in 2 vols, 12mo, 1762. He sent a copy of the first edition to Dr. Johnson, which he acknowledged in a letter to him, dated July 16. 1754, containing the following merited compliment: 'I now pay you a very honest acknowledgment for the advancement of the literature of our native country. You have shown to all who shall hereafter attempt the study of our ancient authors, the way to success, by directing them to the perusal of the books which these authors had read. Of this method Hughes, and men much greater than Hughes, seem never to have thought. The reason why the authors, which are yet read, of the sixteenth century, are so little understood, is, that they are read alone, and no help is borrowed from those who lived with them, or before them.'

Some time before, he seems to have taken orders, and to have become Fellow of his College; for, in his notes on Dr. Johnson's letter, preserved by Mr. Boswell, he mentions his design of publishing a volume of 'Observations on the best of Spenser's Works,' being hindered by his taking pupils. 'I am glad of your hindrance in your Spenserian design,' Dr. Johnson writes him, Nov. 28. 1754, 'yet I would not have it delayed.'

At this time his friend Collins was at Oxford, on a visit to him; but labouring under the most deplorable languor of body, and dejection of mind. 'Poor dear Collins!' says Dr. Johnson, 'would a letter give him any pleasure? I have a mind to write.' Soon after he writes him: 'I had lately a letter from your brother, with some account of poor Collins, for whom I am much concerned. I have a notion, that by very great temperance, or more properly abstinence, he may yet recover.'

In February 1755, he procured for Dr. Johnson the degree of Master of Art, by diploma, from the University of Oxford; which was considered as an honour of considerable importance, in order to grace the title-page of his Dictionary, which came out soon after.

In 1756, he published a pamphlet, intitled, The Observer Observed, 8vo, on the publication of Upton's 'Spenser.' This year he was elected by the university, Poetry Professor, on the death of Mr. Hawkins; which office he held the usual term of ten years.

In 1758, when Dr. Johnson began the 'Idler,' he gave his assistance, and contributed Nos. 33. 93. and 96. The same year he published Inscriptionum Metricarum Delectus, Accedunt Notulae, 4to, 1758, and wrote A Panegyric on Ale, printed in Dodsley's 'Collection.'

About this time he published A Description of the City College and Cathedral of Winchester, exhibiting a complete and comprehensive detail of their antiquities and present state, 8vo, without date or name.

In 1760, he contributed the Life of Sir Thomas Pope to the 5th volume of the 'Biographia Britannica.'

The year following, he published The Life and Literary Remains of Ralph Bathurst, M. D. Dean of Wells, and President of Trinity College, Oxford, 8vo. In the Life of Dr. Bathurst, he has supplied some defects, and rectified some mistakes in the account given of him in the 'Biographia Britannica.'

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NEW AMERICAN EDITIONS OF THE CLASSICS.

Quid studiosa cohors operum struit hoc quoque curo.
Hor. Epist. ad Julium Florum.

The Proprietors of the Classic Press in this city, determined to publish American editions of the finest authors of antiquity, and such standard school books, as are in general use and celebrity, have commenced their labours with the Commentaries of Julius Cæsar.

In exhibiting this edition, the first care of the Proprietors was to print it, as correctly as possible. The next object was to render the book cheap and portable, by rejecting all extraneous and superfluous matter, and, by a careful choice and arrangement of type, to present a lucid page, not merely honourable to the Printer, but perspicuous to the student.

Of the choice of their Author, the Proprietors may speak with still more confidence. The purity of Cæsar's latinity, the sweet simplicity of his style, the artlessness, clearness, and modesty of his narratives have been themes of eulogy

among the best critics in every succeeding age. He was not only the most valiant General, but the finest scholar of his time; and his bright and voluble periods, flow like the river, which he describes, *incredibili lenitate*, with surpassing gentleness. It is said that by a rare union of different abilities he excelled at once, in the elegance of polite letters, and in the severer department of military science. As an orator Cicero places him in the first rank, and Quintilian affirms he would have rivalled Cicero, had he devoted his abilities to the tribunal. He was even more attune than Cicero. So extensive was the capacity of this versatile commander, that he found both time and inclination to write two books dedicated to a consummate orator, on the arid topics of Grammatical analogy; and such was his ardour for astronomy that Lucan makes him say of himself,

.....media inter prælia semper
Stellarum cœlique plagis superisque vacavi.

His COMMENTARIES, the fairest monument of his literary renown, are, according to Dr. Knox, evidently formed on the model of the *Anabasis* of Xenophon. Their language is pure, and of such ease and perspicuity, all readers have unanimously compared it to a beautiful brook, whose surface is smooth, and whose waters are pellucid. He has nothing lurid or gorgeous, but always expresses himself, with the useful plainness of a man of business, and the frank simplicity of a soldier. Yet, as an elegant writer has remarked, with all the gracefulness of modesty, he has an air of grandeur, which commands respect; and, ornament would have been contemptible deform in comparison with his majestic air, ostentatious mity.

It may be observed of Cæsar as it has been observed of his Greek prototype, that no author has been more universally approved. Yet his writings display no extraordinary appearance of splendour or majesty; nothing elevated or adorned with figures; no affectation of superfluous ornament. His merit is an unaffected sweetness, which no affectation can obtain. The Graces seem to have conspired to form the beautiful texture of his composition. Yet, perhaps, a common reader would neglect him, because the easy and natural air of his narrative rouses no violent emotion. But more refined understandings peruse him with delight. His style, says Cicero is sweeter than honey, and the Muses themselves seem to have spoken from his mouth.

It is affirmed by Mr. Gibbon that we are in want of a good life of Cæsar. But though his Biography may have been imperfectly written, yet the leading incidents are so notorious that no repetition of their History seems necessary.

In perusing his Commentaries on the Gallic and civil wars we feel, says Urquhart, a considerable interest from the circumstance of his relating events which himself was personally concerned, and in the account of which he has always been acquitted of partiality. He is circumstantial in the detail of facts, and he is scrupulously delicate, in attributing to himself the merit he deserves. No one can be placed in a higher class as a credible Historian. TO HAVE FOUGHT AND TO HAVE WRITTEN SO WELL, HAS HAPPENED TO NONE BUT CÆSAR. His style is formed on that of Xenophon, and it possesses all the plainness and perspicuity of his model. It is the purest Latin, elegant without affectation, and beautiful without ornament. Where eloquence is required, Cæsar is always eloquent, for he was an orator before he became an author.*

If his Commentaries be considered only as notes or outlines of an history, what would have been the admiration of the literary world, had the author completed his work since the first draught exhibits, the general, the orator, the historian, and the scholar.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EDUCATION.

[The ensuing eloquent exhortation to the practice of what is most praiseworthy in nature and in life, is from the pen of the classical scholar who governs and instructs the first academy in Philadelphia. The doctrine and discipline of the Rev. Mr. ABERCROMBIE will be long held in grateful remembrance by his pupils; and the Editor would not be less careless of the essential interests of learning, than of the reputation of his learned friend, if it were not in this place distinctly asserted, that no school of English education, more useful to the middle and mercantile classes, has been hitherto attempted, than that, which is so judiciously pursued, in the seminary of which Mr. ABERCROMBIE has the direction.]

A CHARGE, DELIVERED AFTER A PUBLIC EXAMINATION, ON FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1804, TO THE SENIOR CLASS IN THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY, UPON THEIR HAVING COMPLETED THE COURSE OF STUDY, ENJOINED BY THAT INSTITUTION.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

Having conducted you through the course of study, prescribed by this institution, I consider it a duty, incumbent upon me, to offer to you a few sentiments, respecting the prosecution of your studies, and your future conduct through life. Sentiments suggested by a pleasing recollection of our past intercourse, and an affectionate anxiety for your future welfare.

Your minds have been, in some degree, illuminated and expanded by the first rays of science: they are yet to be invigorated and matured, by the same genial and exhilarating influence.

Those branches of knowledge, to which your attention has been particularly directed in this seminary, form, in my opinion, the outlines of a complete English education, accommodated to the circumstances of the country of which you are natives, and in which you will probably continue to be residents; whether the objects of commerce be your professional pursuit, or those of what are called the learned professions. In either case, the groundwork of a correct education should be formed of ENGLISH LITERATURE; and the arrangement, which has been accordingly adopted, though peculiar to this seminary, will, I doubt not, when time and experience have gradually overcome the prejudices, inspired by long established customs, receive the approbation of those, who are best qualified to judge of its merit and operation.

By *Grammar* you have been taught the nature, power, and construction of the English language; and that, not in a superficial manner, but by the most comprehensive system now extant, the larger Grammar of Mr. Lindley Murray, in which the delicacies, refinements, and peculiarities of our language are inculcated and exemplified, under the authority of Harris, Johnson,

The elegance of his language, says Dr. Knox, was the peculiar excellence, which distinguished him as an orator. If he had transmitted his best orations down to posterity, Cicero would not have stood, alone at the head of Roman orators. Cicero himself generously extols him, and thinks him equal to those who had made the study of eloquence the business of their lives.

Lowth, Priestly, Beattie, Sheridan, Walker, and other eminent writers, upon that subject.

After being made acquainted with the nature and power of words, and the necessary agreement and disposition of them, in a well constructed sentence, your attention was directed to the principles of *Composition*, or the correct disposition of sentences, so as to form discourse. In other words, the proper mode of conveying your ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the same time, of clothing them in an advantageous dress. Here you were taught the qualities and different species of *Style*, the various ornaments of which, languages are capable, and the established rules of *Composition*.

Having thus considered the matter of which language is composed, you were led to consider the manner, in which it is to be communicated to others with grace, propriety, energy, and ease. Your epitome of *Elocution* consequently comprised the art of *Reading* and the art of *Speaking*, including the management of the different inflexions of the human voice, the proper use of accent, emphasis, and pauses, and the power of expression, communicated by tones, looks, and gesture.

After thus endeavouring to make you acquainted with the principles of language, and the first method of delivering it, whether by reading or public speaking, it appeared proper that you should, in some degree, be made acquainted with the nature of the objects, which surround you, the construction of the earth, or those substances of which it is composed, its productions, inhabitants, and the atmosphere, which surrounds it. Information upon these subjects was obtained from the compend of *Natural History*.

Geography, or a knowledge of this 'great globe, which we inhabit,' its position in the solar system, the relative situation of the countries into which it is divided, their boundaries, rivers, towns, &c. formed another important object for your investigation.

But your attention has not been confined to *externals* alone, the powers and faculties of the human mind have been laid open to you, by a short though comprehensive epitome of *Logic*, in which its powers of apprehending, reasoning, judging, and methodizing its thoughts are displayed in the most easy and familiar manner: and though a minute acquaintance, with so abstruse a subject, could not be expected at so early a period of life as yours, yet the outlines of the science are useful, in giving you general ideas of the nature and operation of our intellectual faculties.

Your instruction in these important and necessary branches of English literature has been accompanied by daily application to reading, writing, arithmetic; and by those who were sufficiently advanced, and desirous of being made acquainted with them, merchants' accounts, and the elements of the mathematics.

To complete the system, and give dignity and solidity to its operation, the preservation and improvement of your morals has been, I flatter myself, effected by daily opening and closing the hours of tuition with an address to ALMIGHTY GOD, the source and fountain of wisdom, and the giver of every good gift; and with reading a portion of His holy word alternately from the Old and New Testament. These, together with the recital of your respective Catechisms, and a lecture upon some leading principles of Christianity every Saturday, not only communicated religious instruction, but had a tendency to keep alive in your minds a constant sense of the omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence of God.

Though such and so various have been your literary pursuits, yet you are, by no means, to rest satisfied with your present acquisitions.

* His talents as an orator, and his sagacity as a philosopher, were justly esteemed by his Contemporaries.

The most direct and certain road to the temple of fame is that, which leads through the gardens of literature, which you have indeed now entered: but you have only passed as it were the portal; their spacious avenues and most enchant-bowers are yet to be explored; and they will, I trust, be ranged and examined by you, with redoubled ardour, with more unwearied and closer application, and with increasing satisfaction and delight. For the farther you advance, the more powerful will be your conviction, 'that the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.' 'Happy,' said Solomon, who was the wisest of men, 'happy is the man, that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding; for the merchandise of it is better, than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire, are not to be compared unto her; length of days is in her right hand, and, in her left hand, riches and honour. She is a tree of life, to them who lay hold upon her, and happy is every one who retaineth her.'

'Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and, with all thy getting, get understanding.'

Let the acquisition, therefore, of knowledge be the leading object of your attention and pursuit. Remember that your future enjoyment of life, your usefulness and respectability in society, and the formation of your respective characters depend altogether upon the proper employment, or neglect of the present period of your age. Time is a talent committed to us, for improvement, by the great author of our existence, for which we are accountable to him; and to every station, to every progressive age of man, peculiar duties are attached. To youth belongs, among others, that of assiduous exertion to cultivate the understanding in 'the spring time of life,' and induce, by constant application, such habits of study, as will qualify them to undertake, and enable them easily and successfully to encounter the peculiar difficulties attendant upon that profession, which they may make choice of, when emancipated from the fetters of a school. Resolve, then, wisely resolve, to let no day or hour pass by you unimproved. Now is the season, in which you have an opportunity of acquiring such an inestimable store of useful knowledge, as will excite the admiration, respect, and esteem of the wise, the virtuous, and the good, with whom you may associate, or who may be informed of your literary acquisitions: and you will thereby render your reception into general society in the highest degree honourable and satisfactory. The rapid flight of time cannot possibly be checked; nor can any portion of it, which is past, be recalled. What value, what importance should this consideration give to the *present moment*? Most particularly should it be prized by you, who have now the opportunity of devoting your whole attention, all the opening powers of your minds, solely to the attainment of learning. As you advance in age, the unavoidable cares, and serious anxieties, which an intercourse with the world gives birth to, will interrupt your eager pursuit of knowledge, and embitter that pure enjoyment of studious leisure, which is now your peculiar privilege. Having ceased to be children, you should cease to speak, to understand, to think, or to act as children; and now, that you are verging towards manhood, you should 'put away childish things.' To this you should be impelled, not only by a regard for your own interest and honour, but from a just sense of that high degree of duty, which you owe to your parents, who have hitherto affectionately cherished and supported you, to whom you are indebted for all the advantages of education,

and who are anxiously solicitous for your future welfare.

You will, I am confident, neither so far neglect yourselves, nor disregard their happiness, as to disappoint their ardent and affectionate wishes. To this end, endeavour to render yourselves distinguished by a uniform and unremitting ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, by diligent application to the studies you may be engaged in, and by never suffering the allurements of pleasure or amusement to beguile you of those hours, which should be devoted to your daily progress in improvement.

Let your deportment be marked by a polite and respectful behaviour to all. Let nothing ever induce you to deviate, either in language or conduct, from the dignified character of *Gentlemen*. Endeavour to perform every thing you do, of however trivial a nature, in the best manner possible, and carefully guard against an accumulation of duty, by deferring till to-morrow, what should be done to-day.

Guard your morals vigilantly; remember that you are just entering upon the most dangerous path in the journey of human life; it is surrounded by the quicksands of Vice, which, at every step, endanger your safety; while the siren enticements of sensuality solicit your attention, and eagerly court your acceptance. But beware of their fascinating charms; they are false and delusive, treacherous and vain, and will, if favourably regarded, seduce you from the road of virtue, and inevitably 'lure you to destruction.'

Above all, study to recommend yourselves to the peculiar favour and blessing of God, by an ardent attachment to Religion, and a strict observance of the duties it enjoins. Diligently read the Holy Scriptures; they are able to make you wise unto *ETERNAL SALVATION*—Attend regularly to public worship. Offer up your prayers, morning and evening, to your Almighty Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor, imploring His mercy, and His grace—Cherish in your minds a constant sense of His all-seeing eye; that it regardeth all your thoughts, words, and actions. Remember that you must one day die: how soon you know not—that all those thoughts, words, and actions, are registered in Heaven; that you will be called upon to answer for them at the awful day of judgment, and that your happiness or misery in the world of spirits, to which we are all rapidly hastening, will depend upon the nature of your conduct here.

Adhere inviolably, under any circumstances, to the strictest truth. Let not fear, vanity, or any other motive, ever induce you to tell a lie. It is unmanly, ungentlemanly, and impiously wicked. Let no profane communication proceed out of your mouth; and never mention the sacred name of God, but with devout reverence and respect.

Carefully obey your parents in all things, however contrary their requisitions may be to your own inclinations; for be assured, the promotion of your real interest and happiness constitutes their motive of action; and their experience and knowledge of the world, of which you are yet altogether ignorant, enable them to judge what is best, while the powerful impulse of natural affection will always lead them to dictate such things only, as will ultimately tend to your highest advantage.

With the expression of these sentiments, I bid you an affectionate farewell; and, in testimony of my approbation of your diligence and attention, since you have been entrusted to my tuition, I shall now present you with that public attestation of your merit, to which you have proved yourselves to be justly entitled.

The following is a copy of the certificate given:

In testimony of the zeal and industry, with which A. B. has pursued, and the honourable proficiency which he has attained in, the studies of Grammar, Writing, Arithmetic, Composition, Elocution, Natural History, Geography, and Logic, in the Philadelphia Academy, under my tuition, of which he has given proof, by a public examination, this day.

And also, in testimony of my affectionate regard, and sincere wishes for his future prosperity and usefulness, I have granted him these presents. Dated at Philadelphia, the twenty-seventh day of July, Anno Domini, 1804.

JAS. ABERCROMBIE, A. M.

Director of the Philadelphia Academy.

Each of the following young gentlemen received a Certificate.

James Abercrombie, junr.
Matthias M. Bush.
William Davis.
Henry G. Freeman.
Thomas G. J. Leuffer.
William A. Maybin.
Clements S. Miller.
Richard S. Smith.
Daniel Smith, junr.
William Smith.
John Thomson.
Samuel Wagner.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The following respectful notice of a fashionable song, from a favourite author, was first published in an English Miscellany.

Oh Lady Fair, a ballad, for three voices, dedicated to the Right Honourable Lady Charlotte Rawdon. The words and music by Thomas Moore, Esq. The words of this ballad are written in a simple unaffected style, and the music, though it bears evident marks of the *amateur*, is natural, easy, and by no means unexpressive. The story is carried on in dialogue, and the *Dramatis Personae*, if we may so express ourselves, is well preserved in the distribution of the melody among the several voices, which are ultimately blended in the harmonization of the air, and by which an effect is produced highly advantageous to the composition.

We understand that Mr. Moore's bookseller is preparing for publication a very elegant collection of his musical works. This harmonious volume, the *sweet* performance of one, who is in a double sense the son of Apollo, will be very eagerly sought for, not only by British, but American amateurs.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

From 'The office of the Classic Press' we may soon expect a number of valuable books, which we have reason to believe have been judiciously chosen, and which we understand that Mr. POYNTELL and his partners have spared no reasonable expense to exhibit correctly. From our knowledge of the liberal fortune, liberal objects, and good judgment of Mr. Poyntell, we are justified in strong assurances to the public,

that the works his company propose to publish will be those perennial productions, which *adulescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant*.

Messrs. Manning and Morse, have published a most beautiful edition of Dr. Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric, which if it has not gained, has fairly deserved the prize. The materials of this American edition of a most useful author, are of the best quality, and the workmanship will bear a very scrupulous examination.

Mr. James Humphreys, who is always alert to obtain interesting books from England, and always indefatigable in reprinting them, has just published Dr. Wittman's Travels in Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, and across the Desert into Egypt, during the years 1799, 1800, and 1801, in company with the Turkish army, and the British Military mission. This book is pleasant to the miscellaneous reader from its variety of anecdotes, and curious to the Bible reader from the information which it conveys respecting the present state of the Holy land.

Messrs. CONRADS, who appear to us constantly industrious, enterprising, and liberal, have just published Vol. I, of Pinkerton's Geography, a system, which will undoubtedly supersede the use of all prior compilations in this science. We have carefully examined the maps and the typography. The first from their novel design, and neatness of execution are highly honourable to the engraver, and the last from the press of Mr. Maxwell, is correct and beautiful. Mr. Pinkerton has been happily styled, the modern Strabo, and we find in Arthur Aikin's Annual Review, the following high testimonial of the talents of our geographer.

To our Statistical knowledge of the earth, Mr. Pinkerton's Geography is a contribution worthy of the country, of the age, and of the prophetic expectations of Gibbon. The research displayed is *ubiquitary*, the materials are judiciously proportioned, the antiquarian comments are full of originality, and the practical suggestions full of good sense.

S. Stansbury, of New-York, has printed a neat edition of FLEISCHER's famous Hudibrastic poem, carefully revised by the Author, with additional notes. This book is a banquet to the Literary epicures, who sit down with avidity to a feast, so highly seasoned; with Wit and Drollery for the attendants.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It is not strange that no law has yet been made sufficiently strong to repress the practice of duelling. While men are solicitous for the esteem of their associates, however unpleasant it may be to confess the fact, the usage will continue. Courage has always been considered as the property of a noble mind, and with the least imputation of cowardice has always been connected disgrace and the scorn of mankind. The legislator will enact laws and descant on the pernicious practice, the same man, in a private relation, while he laments the individual mischief which it may occasion, gives the culprit his esteem. The matter is viewed in this light by four fifths of mankind. We declaim against the injury which it occasions, and at the same time we feel that we respect the man who is willing to deposit his life to defend his honour. While men cherish these sentiments, while no law can be made, which shall have annexed to it a penalty more disgraceful than the refusal of a challenge, it is idle to attempt to prevent it. Dr. Goldsmith, the well known author of the Vicar of Wakefield, (a work which every man should make his *Vade mecum*) gives a very just and lively idea of a conflict between this instinc-

tive sense of honour and the suggestions of prudence, in the lecture of Sir William Thornhill to his nephew. The old gentleman, as a magistrate, commends him for his refusal to accept a challenge from the injured son of the vicar, and observes to him, 'you have acted in this instance, perfectly well, though not quite as your father would have done. My brother, indeed, was the soul of honour; but thou—' He here represses a sensation which it would be imprudence in him to avow, and proceeds, 'yes, you have acted in this instance perfectly right and it meets my warmest approbation.' These observations are not intended to defend a practice so prevalent, but as an analysis of the general sense of mankind on the subject.

[Farmer's Museum.]

Religious *indifference*, it has been said, is the fatal characteristic of the present age. It may be added, that *political apathy*, is the cardinal vice, in this country, of those, who profess themselves auxiliaries to government.

An account of a July celebration is thus headed by a distich, worthy the abilities of a bellman.

'This day, this very day gave birth
Perhaps to the greatest empire upon earth.'

These lays are certainly not inferior in sublimity to

'The princess steeped by chance into the mire,
—And dries her stockings at the kitchen fire.'

—From the mass of toasts, which were given on the commemoration of our political birth day, we could find but few, free from triteness of expression, or absurdity of thought. One would suppose that many were actually composed after the sixteen bumpers had been swallowed.

A gentleman lately boasting in London of the quickness of his sight, said, by way of confirming his remark, 'that he saw, at that moment, a mouse on the top of the monument.' 'I cannot say I see it,' replied a sneering and incredulous friend, 'but I plainly hear it run.'

In a late miscellany, conducted by a good man, and a profound scholar, the old and established English reviews are called with great justice 'admirable literary almanacks,' condensing into the narrowest compass much curious, important, and often original information.

That was an elegant compliment paid by Captain Topham to a Persian ambassador. As the latter was shewing the many wounds he had received in the wars with the Turks, the Captain said, that his Excellency's skin would sell for little or nothing, *it had so many holes in it*.

Mrs. Wrighten being one day rather indisposed with a cold, her husband came into the parlour, when she was practicing an air for Vauxhall, and observing a *phiale* of *physic* standing by her, he flung it at her head. Upon which it was drily observed by a punster that Mrs. W. was singing, and Mr. W. only accompanied her with the *viol*.

The following independent *Uinam* for the prosperity of an independent author is worthy of the spirit of the late high minded, and regretted BURNS.

I will not present you with the unmeaning compliments of the season, but I will send you my warmest wishes, and most ardent prayers, that Fortune may never throw your subsistence on the mercy of a knave, or set your character on the judgement of a fool; but that UPRIGHT AND ERRECT, you may walk to an honest grave, where men of letters shall say here lies one, who

did honour to Science, and men of worth shall say, here lies one, who did honour to human nature.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Gratitude is due to our numerous correspondents for the ingenious communications, which we now almost daily receive. Our files are often filled with essays both literary and political, of more than ordinary merit. This we think a decisive omen of the approbation of men of principle, reading, and leisure.

Seldom have we had occasion to commend a more true, forcible, manly and well-reasoned essay, than that of 'Lucullus.' The statements and deductions of this writer exhibit both the fairness of candour and the solemnity of truth. To the lukewarm party on the one hand, and to flagitious rogues and swindlers on the other, the remarks of a bold, sensible and honest man will sound both harsh and hateful. But they 'will discourse sweet music' to the lover of the true interest of America; to the man of honour and high mind; to him, who is far elevated above the vile mire of avarice, and who disdains to cheat even a rival or a foe.

The subject to which 'A' has directed our attention, has not escaped us. We shall give to that topic a very undissipated attention.

'Philo's' statement will be examined. If his assertions can be verified, we shall not hesitate a moment to impart them to the public.

'A Fact' may be very true, but is very dull. We may not tax the memory, and tease the patience of our readers with a barren recital, as void of beauty as of use.

The pointed essay of 'D' is of the very essence of a libel.

His plea is good, but still I say, beware! Laws are explain'd by..... so have a care. It stands on record, that in Richard's times A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes. Consult the statute..... Quart: I think it is 'Edwardi Sext,' or 'prim et quint Eliz.' See *libels*. Satires.....here you have it, read... Libels and satires.....lawless things indeed.

'Antiquarius,' instead of aspiring to climb the tree of knowledge, and gather, if not its fairest fruit, at least its wholesome leaves, ignominiously chooses to grovel below among the very chips and sawdust of literature.

The various gay and sportive writers, who furnish us with witty ode and epigram, at the expense of the jacobins, are entitled to our particular thanks. Nothing wounds a malignant democrat more, than the keen javelin of wit. The popular ballad is an admirable vehicle for satirizing knaves and fools. Horace well describes the terrors of the.....*tota concubitor urbe*.....and we exhort each trembling catiff of the democrats to remember,

Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time,
Slides into verse, or hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.

We are sorry that some of the best correspondents of the Lounger, prove themselves genuine relations of his family, by their habitual indolence. We hope, that even in the dog-days, these idlers will keep their eyes open long enough to write sometimes a brief essay.

'Lorenzo' reminds us of.

Hoc opus hoc studium parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patrix volumus, si nobis vivere cari.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE TEAR.

Sacred boon of favouring Heaven,
Test of reason, pearly tear,
In some bounteous moment given,
Soothing anguish most severe.

Melting child of mute affliction,
Misery's due, and feeling's gem,
Precious pledge of pure affection,
Fairest flower of pity's stem;

Reconcilement's sweet oblation,
Healing the distemper'd heart;
Friendship's dearest, best libation,
Balm of every anxious smart.

Oh! how near ally'd to sorrow
Are our transports most sincere!
Even delight is forc'd to borrow
Feeling's rich, expressive tear.

Humid eyes, that softly languish,
What do your full orbs declare?
Dew drop, formed of hope and anguish,
Love himself has plac'd thee there.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXCESS.

By M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P.

While so various our faculties, passions, and
views,
How comes it so few can true happiness find?
'Tis because man, whate'er be the course he
pursues,
Still aims to be more, than what nature de-
sign'd.
'Tis because with contempt moderation we see,
To be wise, happy, great, or good, none ever
tries;
But, with ceaseless exertion, all labour to be
Too great, or too happy, too good, or too wise.

To be man and no more, man should limit his
care,
And hold the mid station 'twixt angel and
brute;
Active virtue composing his every day's wear,
And harmless enjoyment his holiday suit.
But while, moderation despising, we strive
In pleasure, or virtue, perfection to gain,
From excess to excess thro' life's ocean we drive,
And the harbour of happiness seldom attain.

Some, holding that man but exists to enjoy,
Bid their days, wing'd with rapture, voluptu-
ously fly;
Others, finding that libertine pleasures soon cloy,
Reject the delight which their senses supply.
Like maniacs, the first wildly riot along;
Forlorn, to the last, seems their earthly abode:
Both fly to extremes; find, too late, they were
wrong,
And have miss'd the true blessings, which
chequer life's road.

The hermit, with man and with nature at strife,
Shunning pleasure, and, careless who sink, or
who swim,
Leads, alone and inactive, a dull selfish life,
Neither useful to others, nor pleasing to him.
Nor e'er by such cold flinty hearts can be prov'd
That sunshine which cheers his benevolent
breast,

Who, by loving his neighbour, has made himself
lov'd,
And, in blessing another, can make himself
blest!

The rake, from all conscience and prejudice
free'd,
God and man in pursuit of enjoyment defies;
Though prudence may warn him, tho' virtue may
plead,
Invited by pleasure, still onward he flies.
But ne'er tastes the *Libertine's* lip that sweet
stream,
Unsullied, which flows in life's chrystalline
bowl,
When love joins with nature, with passion esteem,
And the senses scarce equal in rapture the
soul.

Despis'd be the hermit, detested the rake;
The last is a villain, the first is a fool:
Not theirs be the lives which for models I take;
Not theirs be the maxims my conduct to rule.
I aim not at virtues for man too sublime;
I'll pervert not my pleasures, by vicious ex-
cess;
But, while beauty and wine aid the progress of
time,
May honour and sense their encroachment re-
press.

When remorse with my kisses its poison would
blend,
May beauty's soft bosom ne'er rest upon
mine;
When the grape proves my tyrant, no longer
my friend,
O lips, may I ne'er again bathe you in wine!
But, when fellow feelings have made my heart
melt,
Or my spirits are sunk by the pressure of
care,
May Love give me thanks, that for others I've
felt,
And wine give me strength my own sorrows
to bear.

Let Honour the pleasures I covet approve;
Or never by me shall those pleasures be tried;
Let the kiss I solicit be granted by love;
Or still to my lips may that kiss be denied!
And when, for my sorrows a solace to find,
I bid in my goblet Champagne sparkle high,
May each globe on its surface recal to my mind
A tear, drawn by kindness from gratitude's eye.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu.

TIBULLUS.

Loud sung the wind in the ruins above,
Which murmur'd the warnings of time o'er our
head,
While fearless we offer'd devotions to love,
The rude rock our pillow, the rushes our bed!

Damp was the chill of the wintry air,
But it made us cling closer, and warmly unite;
Dread was the lightning, and horrid its glare,
But it show'd me my Julia in languid delight.

To my bosom she nestled, and felt not a fear,
Though the shower did beat, and the tempest
did frown,
Her sighs were as sweet, and her murmurs as
dear
As if she lay lull'd on a pillow of down.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.
ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Supposed to be written by Julia, on the death of her
brother.

Though sorrow long has worn my heart,
Though every day I've counted o'er,
Has brought a new and quickening smart
To wounds that rankled fresh before.

Though in my earliest life bereft
Of many a link, by nature tied;
Though Hope deceiv'd, and Pleasure left;
Though friends betray'd, and foes belied;

I still had hopes—for hope will stay
After the sunset of delight,
So like the star, which ushers day,
We scarce can think it heralds night!

I hop'd, that, after all its strife,
My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
Was bright with honour's purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
Oh! why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here
To calm his Julia's every woe;
He should have chas'd each bitter tear,
And not have caus'd those tears to flow.

We saw his youthful soul expand
In blooms of Genius, nurs'd by Taste;
While Science, with a fostering hand,
Upon his brow her chaplet plac'd.

We saw his gradual op'ning mind
Enrich'd by all the graces dear;
Enlighten'd, social, and refin'd,
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we lov'd so well,
Such were the hopes, that fate denied—
We lov'd, but ah! we could not tell
How deep, how dearly, till he died!

Close as the fondest links could strain,
Twin'd with my very heart he grew;
And by that fate, which breaks the chain,
The heart is almost broken too.

EPIGRAM.

So long yon virgin has surviv'd her prime,
Her heart seems chill'd by the cold hand of
time,
The softer passions long have lost their power,
Scandal and cards waste now each joyless hour;
She, who by charms has ceas'd to wound the
heart,
At reputation points the envenom'd dart;
And, in the gamester's skill profoundly school'd,
Our love she wins not—but she wins our gold.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 33.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 98.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

I NEVER once had an idea that I was a poet, till the other day, when I got a very pretty book to read, and found, that the author and I felt exactly alike. I always thought that to make verses, and them like, was right down hard; but it an't so at all. You wouldn't, perhaps, believe it, sir, but I declare I can write as fast as any of your correspondents; besides, what I write is so vastly natural, that I'm sure you'll like it. I'm sure its better than writing about things one don't understand. However, as it an't right to say too much for one's self, you shall have a specimen of my abilities.

A LYRICAL BALLAD.*

"Oh! could I put it into rhyme,
A most delightful tale pursuing!"

It was last night, dear brother Jim, (1)
Last night it was, as I may say,
Just when the watchmen lit their lamps,
To make the night like day.

It was last night when I did go,
All by myself towards the dock;
And it might be, but I'm not sure,
Just about eight o'clock.

It was last night, when I walk'd forth, (2)
All by myself, down Second-street,

* As I shall probably be accused of borrowing from a much admired author, I think, Mr. Saunter, that I may as well be beforehand with the critics, and acknowledge my having taken some hints from the following passages, which may be found in the writings of the celebrated Mr. W. Wordsworth.

[1] 'A simple child, dear brother Jim.' [Vol. 1. p. 110.]
[2] I believe no caviller will object to the repetition of its being *last night*, for this not only makes the thing narrated much more certain, but it is also the true ballad style, witness the following:

'My little boy, which like you more,
I said, and took him by the arm.' &c.
'And tell me had you rather be,
I said, and held him by the arm.' &c.
'In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him by the arm.' &c. [Ib. p. 10.]

And afterwards:

'And five times did I say to him
Why! Edward, tell me why?' [Ib. p. 11.]

And on the right hand way I went,
The right hand of the street.

I was, pasure, in a sweet mood,
And not at all to grief inclin'd,
Tho' well we know, that pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind. (3)

My walking stick was in my hand,
And by my hand I held it fast,
I took it in my own right hand,
And so right on I past. (4)

It is a right down honest stick,
In truth I've had the stick so long,
'And 'tis so old, 'tis hard to say
If ever it was young. (5)

So on I went, foot after foot, (6)
Not thinking, onward did I go:
For animals that think, we're told,
Move always rather slow. (7)

And I did meet full many folks,
Who walk'd also, and I, alack!
Said how 'twould take a deal of time
For them all to walk back.

And then I thought of them I met,
Perhaps, indeed, there might be some,
Who were not going far away,
And others going home.

And so, thinks I, it may be so,
And on I went right merrily:
For all the lamps shone bright, and I,
In sooth, was full of glee.

When—how those things will come to pass,
When we would not dream of the matter!
Who, in the wonder, should I see,
But one as like, as like can be, (8)
To Molly, drawing water.

She had a pitcher in one hand,
It was—I saw it—made of tin,
Like those upon the shelf at home,
So round, and white, and thin.

[3] 'In that sweet mood, when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.'
[Vol. 1. p. 115.]

[4] 'And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, 'I've caught you then at last!'
[Ib. p. 91.]

[5] 'There is a thorn; it looks so old,
In truth you'd find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and grey.' [Ib. p. 117.]

[6] 'The horse mov'd on, hoof after hoof,' &c.
[Vol. 2. p. 51.]

[7] 'But then he is a horse that thinks,
And, when he thinks, his pace is slack.'
[Vol. 1. p. 137.]

[8] 'As like, as like can be.' [Ib. p. 120.]

She stood by them there what d'ye calls,
From which they get the water,
Like pumps, but yet they are not pumps, (9)
That stand beside the gutter.

Them things like—like—I can't tell what,
They splash a body so; in fact,
I guess that they are very like
A mountain cataract. (10)

Them things that gush, gush, gush so much, (11)
And there, as sure as I'm alive,
By her good girls just one, two, three,
And men two, three, four, five. (12)

I gaz'd, and to myself I said, (13)
'Tis Molly! Molly! as I live!' (14)
But how she came there, I'll be hang'd
If I a guess could give.

Yet, though there were so many by,
I was not daunted, not at all;
Tho' passion! but I thought it strange
To see, just there, our Moll.

And so I jostled through the crowd,
Tho' I could scarcely get me through,
And slap'd her on the back, and cried,
'Why, Molly! how d'ye do?'

Oh, brother Jim! you would not guess,
No, I am sure you would not hit
The truth, if you would guess a month. (15)
It was not Moll abit!

No, 'twas some sulky, crabbed tike,
Who quickly turned round—ad switch her!
And, whap, she emptied in my face,
Oh misery! the pitcher. (16)

Well, whap, right in my face it came,
Or in my mouth, which was as bad.

[9] 'Once again I see
Those hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows.'
[Vol. 1. p. 202.]

[10] 'And foaming like a mountain cataract.'
[Vol. 2. p. 3.]

But, what makes this the more wonderful, is, that it was a horse that foamed so excessively.

[11] 'The owlets hoot, the owlets curr,
And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr,' &c.

And again:

'Burr, burr, how Johnny's lips they burr!'
[Vol. 1. p. 156.]

[12] 'And fendish faces, one, two, three.'
[Ib. p. 142.]

I have somewhere else met with a beautiful example of this, which may be termed the numeric style:

'Ha! little nest, I have you fast,
And little birds, one, two, three, four.'

[13] 'I gaz'd and gaz'd, and to myself I said.'
[Vol. 2. p. 181.]

[14] 'Tis Johnny! Johnny! as I live!' [Ib. p. 173.]

[15] 'I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he.'
'We love you well,
Joanna! as I guess,' &c. &c. &c. [Ib. 155.]

[16] 'Oh misery! Oh, misery!
Oh woe is me! Oh misery!' [Vol. 1. p. 121.]

And made me sputter, sputter, sputter—(17)
Odds me, I felt like mad.

But what was worse than all the rest,
At least as bad, and very
Unkind of them, the men and girls
To see me mad, got merry.

The girls, I've said, were one, two, three,
Of men, two, three, four, five, I saw;
The former all laugh'd out te, he!
The latter, haw! haw! haw!

No sooner did they laugh te, he!
Than Dock-street echoed back the sound;
And Second-street replied haw! haw!
And so it went around.

The one still echoing te, he!
The other echoing haw! haw!
Haw! haw! te, he! haw! haw! te, he!
Te, he! haw! haw! haw! haw! (18)

Well, what could I do, brother Jim?
To tarry I had no desire;
So I went home my clothes to dry,
To dry them at the fire.

Well, home I went to dry my clothes,
Which didn't make it any better,
For, as my coat became more dry,
My shirt, alas! grew wetter. (19)

Now, wasn't it a wicked thing,
Only because I thought it Moll,
To throw her water in my face?
—I don't like it at all.

But, may be, I'd not thought it her,
But for that pitcher made of tin,
Like those upon the shelf at home,
So round and white, and thin.

R. SHALLOW.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

The orations against Catiline.

[Continued.]

When the audacious Catiline appeared unexpectedly in the midst of the assembly of the senate, even in the moment when the consul was giving an account of the conspiracy, who

[17] 'That ever more his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter, still.'
[Vol. 1. p. 85.]

[18] I hope, sir, that nobody will object to my echo. An old schoolmaster told me, not long ago, that Ovid, and Virgil, and Homer, and several such outlandish names, have their echoes; and why, sir, should not I have my echo? Here are five men and three women, all laughing in chorus; and yet they do not, altogether, make as much noise, as has been made by one lady. If any married man doubts this assertion, thus I prove it:

'When I had gaz'd, perhaps two minutes space,
Joanna looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laugh'd aloud.
The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the lady's voice, and laugh'd again:
The ancient woman, seated on Helm-crag,
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-scar,
And the tall steep of silver. How sent forth
A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answer'd with a mountain tone:
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the lady's voice—old Skiddaw blew
His speaking trumpet;—back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone toss'd it from his misty head.'

[Vol. 2. p. 185.]

[19] 'And as her mind grew worse and worse,
Her body it grew better.'
[Vol. 1. p. 175.]

could have thought that he would have had the impudence to shew himself there? We can conceive it so much the less, as this desperate bravado had no object; that he could not flatter himself, that he could impose by it, either on the senate, or on the consul, and this foolish temerity could not turn but to his confusion. The historian, Sallust, whose testimony cannot be suspected, says, in so many words, 'it was then that Cicero pronounced that eloquent discourse, which he published afterwards.' If there had been any remarkable difference between the discourse pronounced, and that which was written, is it thus that an enemy would have expressed himself? The terms of Sallust are an eulogium so much the less exceptionable, as in the same place there escapes from him a trait of malignity, which betrays his enmity: 'whether,' says he, 'he dreaded the presence of Catiline, or whether he was moved by indignation.' The second motive is so evident, that there is very bad faith in supposing the other. If all the conduct of the consul, equally firm, enlightened, and vigilant, had not sufficiently proved, that he never feared the villain whom he opposed, was it in the midst of the senate, whom the Roman knights surrounded, with their swords in their hands, was it upon the very theatre of his power and authority, that Cicero could be afraid of Catiline? We shall soon see that he feared not even those dangers, which were too manifest, to which his patriotic fortitude exposed him, in future, that he was well acquainted with envy and expected ingratitude, and that he set at defiance the one and the other. Accordingly, in a beautiful work, in which this great soul is faithfully painted, where exaggeration is never connected with grandeur, nor declamation near the sublime, in the tragedy of *Rome Saved*, Cicero himself appears to have dictated that verse, admirable in its simplicity,

Let us save the Romans, tho' we know them ungrateful.

In fact, to judge correctly of these harangues, of which I shall extract a few passages, we must place before our eyes the state of the republic at that time. The ancient spirit of Rome existed no more: the degradation of their souls had followed the corruption of their manners. Marius and Sylla had shown that the Romans could suffer tyrants, and there were not wanting men, whose ambition and whose hopes were awakened by these examples. The love of liberty and of their country, founded upon equal laws, could no longer subsist with that monstrous power, and those enormous riches, which the conquest of so many countries had placed in the possession of the Romans. Cæsar, already suspected of having had a share in a conspiracy, wounded by the pre-eminence of Pompey, and the prediction which the senate had for him, thought of nothing but reviving the party of Marius. Pompey, without aspiring openly at the tyranny, would have wished that the troubles and disorders produced by the factious spirit, which reigned every where, might reduce the Romans to such a degree, that they might put themselves under his protection, by naming him Dictator. The great ones, to whom the spoils of three quarters of the world could scarcely suffice to assuage their luxury and cupidity, dreaded every thing, which could raise the authority of the laws, and restrain their extortions and robberies. A small number of good citizens, and Cicero at their head, supported the republic, on the brink of ruin, and this was enough to make him the secret or the declared enemy of all, who were interested in the overthrow of the state. In these conjunctures it was that Catiline, whose pretensions to the consulate had been disappointed by Cicero, ruined with debts and debauches, ac-

cused of crimes of every kind, and whose impunity proved to what an excess of licence and corruption they had arrived, associates with himself the whole collection of citizens, who were dishonoured like himself, and as destitute of resources, forms the project of setting fire to Rome, and cutting the throats of the whole senate and the principal citizens; sends Mallius, one of the best officers, who had served under Sylla, to excite the veterans, to whom the dictator had distributed lands, and who desired nothing more than a fresh pillage. Mallius forms them into a body of an army between Fesule and Arezzo, and promises to advance towards Rome on the day marked for the massacre and conflagration, to unite with Catiline in putting all to fire and sword, overturn the government, and divide the spoils. These horrid plots began to break out on all sides: the engagements of Mallius with Catiline were not known: it was known that the veterans had taken arms, that the conspirators had intelligence in Preneste, one of the cities that covered Rome. These were not such times as those, when, upon much smaller alarms, they put to death, without form of trial, a Melius, a Cassius, because then the first of laws was the safety of the country. Consternation seized upon Rome: every one exaggerated the danger; and Cicero alone laboured to prevent it. Armed with that decree of the senate, the formulary of which, reserved for extreme dangers, gave to the consuls an extraordinary power, he watched over the safety of the city, fortified the threatened colonies, caused troops to be levied in Italy, opposed to Mallius the few forces they had been able to assemble; for it must be acknowledged that Catiline and the conspirators had chosen the moment the most favourable for their enterprise. There was not in Italy any considerable body of an army: the legions were in Asia, under the orders of Pompey. These circumstances, the alarms already spread, the precautions already taken, all admonished Catiline that it was necessary to precipitate the execution of his plan. He convokes a nocturnal assembly of the most confidential of his accomplices, and gives them his last orders. They were scarcely separated, when Cicero was informed of the whole by Fulvia, the mistress of Curius, one of the conspirators, who, to give himself importance in her eyes, has confided to her the whole detail of the conspiracy. This woman heard it with horror, and went to reveal it to Cicero, who immediately assembled the senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator, well fortified: it was there that Catiline, who was far from suspecting that the consul had learned his last proceedings, dared to present himself. If we were not well informed of the manners of the Romans, and of the history of those times, we should be astonished that the consul had not arrested him: the decree of the senate gave him the power; but he would have revolted the whole body of the nobles, and even many other citizens, jealous to excess of their privileges, if he had made use of all his power, to arrest a patrician, who was not convicted, nor, indeed, accused. Such an extra-judiciary proceeding was then very dangerous. Cicero himself is going to explain the other motives, not less important, which regulated his conduct, and we shall acknowledge, in his vehement apostrophe, the orator, the consul, and the statesman.

'Catiline! how long will you abuse our patience? For what time to come will your fury dare to insult us? At what period will this unbridled audacity stop?... What! Neither the guard which watches through the night upon the Palatine, nor those which are distributed through the whole city, nor the people in alarms, nor the concourse of all the good citizens, nor

the choice of this fortified place, where I have convoked the senate, nor even the indignation which you read upon the countenances of all who surround you here, in one word, every thing that you see has not admonished you that your plots are discovered, that they are laid open to day-light, and that they are checked on all sides!—Do you think, that any one of us is ignorant of what you did last night, and the night before it; in what house you assembled your conspirators, and resolutions you have taken! Such are the times we live in!—Such are the manners of this age! The senate is informed of all this, the consul sees it, and yet Catiline still lives!—He lives!—What do I say? He comes into the senate! He takes a seat in the council of the republic!—He marks with his eye those among us whom he has designed for his victims, and we, senators, we believe we have done enough if we avoid the blade, with which he intended to cut our throats!—It is long, Catiline, since the orders of the consul ought to have conducted you to death. If I should order it, at this moment, all that I should have to fear would be, that this justice would appear to be too slow, and not too severe. But I have other reasons to spare you yet longer. You shall not perish, but when there shall not be left a single citizen, however wicked he may be, however abandoned, however resembling yourself, who shall not agree that your death is legitimate. Till then you shall live; but you shall live, as you do at this hour, in such a manner besieged (thanks to my cares) with overseers and guards, in such a manner surrounded with barriers, that you cannot make a single movement, nor a single effort against the republic. Eyes always attentive, ears forever open, shall answer to me for all your proceedings, without your being able to perceive it. And what can you hope for still, when the night can no longer cover your criminal assemblies, when the noise of your conspiracy makes itself heard through the walls, within which you think you are shut up? All that you do is as well known to me, as it is to yourself. Shall I give you a proof? Do you remember that I said in the senate, that before the sixth of the calends of November, Mallius, the minister of your crimes, would have taken arms, and hoisted the standard of rebellion? Well! was I deceived, either concerning the fact, horrible and incredible as it is, or even concerning the day? I had announced, in full senate, the day you had designated for the murder of the senators; do you remember, that on the same day, when several of our principal citizens went out of Rome, much less to avoid your attacks, than to unite against you the forces of the republic; do you remember, that, on that day, I had known how to take such precautions, that it was not possible for you to attempt any thing against us, although you had publicly said, that, notwithstanding the departure of some of your enemies, there still remained for you victims enough? And the very day of the calends of November, when you flattered yourself you should make yourself master of Preneste, did you not perceive that I had taken my measures to put that colony in a state of defence? You cannot take a step, you have not a thought, of which I have not immediate intelligence. Finally, recollect the last night, and you will soon know that I have more vigilance for the safety of the republic, than you have for its ruin. I affirm, that this night you repaired, with a retinue of armourers, to the house of Lecca: Is this plain speaking? That a great number of those wretches, whom you associate with you in your crimes, collected there at the same time. Dare you deny it?—You are silent!—Speak: I can convict you. I see here, in this assembly, several of those who were with you.—Immortal gods!

where are we? in what city, O Heavens! do we live? In what a situation is the republic! Here! even here, among us, conscript fathers, in this council, the most august and the most holy in the universe, are seated those, who meditate the ruin of Rome, and of the empire; and I, the consul, behold them, and ask their opinion; and those, who ought to be dragged to punishment, my voice has not yet attacked! Yes this night, Catiline, it was, in the house of Lecca, that you made a distribution of the posts of Italy, that you named those of your creatures, whom you would take with you, those whom you would leave within these walls, and that you marked the quarters of the city, in which they were to set fire. You fixed the moment of your departure: you said, that the only thing which could detain you was, that I still lived. Two Roman knights offered to disembarass you of me, and promised to cut my throat in my bed, before day. The council of your robbers was not separated, before I was informed of the whole. I put myself in a posture of defence. I ordered the entrance into my house to be refused to those who should present themselves, to visit me, and these were the persons who appeared, whom I had previously named to several of our most respectable citizens, and the hour of their appearance was that which I had foretold."

[To be Continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS WARTON.

[Continued.]

In 1761, he contributed to the 'Oxford Collection of Verses,' a poem on the Death of George II. addressed to Mr. Secretary Pitt, and verses on the Marriage of the King, and on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, 1762.

About 1762, he published *A Companion to the Guide*, and a *Guide to the Companion*, being a Supplement to all the Accounts of Oxford hitherto published, 12mo, without a date; burlesque on Oxford Guides, and Companions.

His next publication was the *Oxford Sausage, or Select Poetical Pieces*, written by the most celebrated Wits of the University of Oxford, 12mo, 1764. In this collection, the *Newsman's Verses*, and several other pieces of pleasantry, were contributed by Warton.

In 1768, he was presented to the Vicarage of Shalfeld, in Wiltshire.

In 1770, he published from the Clarendon Press, *Theocriti Syracusii Cum Scholiis Græcis, Historicis Emendationibus et Animadversionibus in Scholia Editoris et Joannis Toupii Glossis selectis ineditis, Indicibus amplissimis. Premittuntur Editoris Dissertatio de Bucolicis Græcorum, Vita Theocriti Ionia Barnesio Scripta, cum nonnullis aliis auctoribus. Accedunt Editoris et variorum Notæ perpetuæ Epistola Joannis Toupii de Syracusii ejusdem addenda in Theocritum necnon Collectiones quindecim Codicum; Oxon. 2. vols, 4to.* 'This,' says Dr. Harwood, 'is a very splendid edition; and, after a very careful perusal, I can pronounce it as correct as it is splendid. Every lover of Greek literature is under great obligations to the very learned and ingenious Mr. Warton, for this magnificent edition of Theocritus, and for several other immortal productions. Some additional notes and observations, by way of Appendix to Warton's edition of Theocritus, were published by Mr. Toup in 1772, *Cursus Posterioris, sive Appendicula Notarum atque Emendationum in Theocritum Oxonii nuperim publicatum, 4to.*

In 1771, he published an improved account of *The Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, founder of Trinity College, Oxford, chiefly compiled from Original

Evidences; with an Appendix of Papers never before published, 8vo. The attention and research which he has lavished in composing the memoirs of the munificent and meritorious founder of Trinity College, evince his gratitude and ability; but it cannot but be considered as an unhappiness that he was called upon by his situation and connections to attend to a subject on which even the vigorous genius of Milton could stamp no considerable value.

The same year he was presented by the Earl of Litchfield to the Rectory of Kiddington, in Oxfordshire, and elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

In 1774, he gave to the world the first volume of his *History of English Poetry*, from the close of the eleventh, to the commencement of the eighteenth century; to which are prefixed two Dissertations, on the Origin of Romantic Fiction in Europe, and on the Introduction of Learning into England, 4to. The second volume appeared in 1778, and the third, which is brought down to the commencement of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1781. To the third volume is prefixed a third dissertation on the *Gesta Romanorum*. The fourth and last volume was announced, as 'speedily to be published,' in the end of his edition of Milton's smaller poems 1785, and it is said, a considerable portion of it was actually printed off at the time of his death. It is expected to be completed, and given to the world, with every possible advantage, by his brother, whose abilities, both in poetry and other literary provinces, have justly obtained the full sanction of public applause. A few mistakes and inaccuracies in these volumes were pointed out, with illiberal exaggeration, by Mr. Ritson, a writer of acknowledged, but misapplied talents, in a pamphlet, intitled 'Observations on the three first volumes of the History of English Poetry, in a Familiar Epistle to the author,' 4to, 1782. A vindication of Warton appeared in various communications in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1782 and 1783.

In 1777, he collected his Poems into an 8vo. volume, containing Miscellaneous Pieces, Odes, and Sonnets. In this collection he omitted his Pastoral Eclogues, the Triumph of Isis, Newmarket, a Satire, The Progress of Discontent, and other pieces of humour. The publication may be considered as, in some measures, original, there being only seven pieces that had before appeared, and near three times that number which were then first printed. Alluding to this publication, Mrs. Piozzi, in her entertaining 'Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson,' reports the following conversation: 'Such a one's verses are come out, said I: Yes (replied Johnson) and this frost has struck them in again. Here are some verses I have written to ridicule them; but remember that I love the fellow dearly, now, for all that I laugh at him.'

Whereso'er I turn my view,
All is strange, yet nothing new:
Endless labour all along,
Endless labour to be wrong;
Phrase that time has flung away;
Uncouth words in disarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

In 1781, he printed for private use, a few copies of *A History of Kiddington Parish* 4to, intended as a specimen of a history of Oxfordshire. A second edition was published, 'corrected and enlarged,' for sale, in 1783. This admirable specimen of parochial history, and of his general idea of such history, serves but to make us regret that he had not opportunity to execute more of such a plan. But why regret this exertion of his talents, when his *History of Gothic Architecture*, which he more than pro-

mised in the History of English Poetry, is now, it is to be feared, lost to the world?

In 1782, he engaged, as might be expected, on the side of Chatterton, in the Rowleian controversy, and published *An Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley*; in which the arguments of the Dean of Exeter and Mr. Bryant are examined, 8vo, which bears conviction with every unprejudiced mind. This year he was presented to the donative of Hill Farrance, in Somersetshire.

The same year he published his *Verses on Sir Joshua Reynolds's painted Window at New College Oxford*, 4to.

In 1785, he was elected Camden Professor of Ancient History, on the resignation of Dr. Scott; and the same year he was made Poet Laureat, on the death of Whitehead.

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Late last evening, as I was amusing myself with the poetry of DRYDEN, the following stanzas struck me as peculiarly applicable to the character of the magnanimous HAMILTON. If, in your opinion, the analogy is easy, and unforced, I shall be glad to see this extract in the Port Folio.

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone;
For he was great ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists, that rise before the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

Fortune, that easy mistress to the young,
But to her ancient servants coy and hard,
Him, at that age, her fav'rites rank'd among,
When she her best lov'd Pompey did discard.

Nor died he, when his ebbing fame went less;
But when fresh laurels courted him to live;
He seem'd but to prevent some new success,
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO..

Wherefore weep, my countrymen? Why this general gloom, which pervades our land—those saddened countenances, we every where behold? HAMILTON is no more!—A ruthless hand has shed his blood—By one cruel blow he has been severed from the world, and America, in tears, bewails her loss! Then weep, my countrymen. Your tears, generously shed to the memory of this first of patriots, bespeak the nobleness of your feelings, and loudly proclaim your grateful remembrance of his deeds and worth.

The spirit of Hamilton has taken its flight! In the mansions of bliss, united to that of our Washington, it rests—and America moans her loss irreparable! Irreparable? Yes—for where can virtue and talents, like Hamilton's, be found? America once might boast his equal. Washington, the friend of Hamilton, was her favourite son. But Washington, like Hamilton, now lies low! 'Again, in gladness and in triumph, they meet,' to enjoy the blissful rewards of their glorious lives.

All-gracious Providence, how have we merited this cruel affliction? In pious presumption! Dare we to murmur at the decrees of high Heaven? No. Thus Heaven has decreed, and to its decrees we must submit. Then dry up your tears, my countrymen; suppress your murmurs, and learn to profit by the life, and emulate the character of our departed friend. Tell to your children what Hamilton was: generous—brave—a stranger to every ignoble feeling—the friend of his country, and of his country's friends. In his bosom glowed the noblest sentiments of our na-

ture. His life—But hold! Who will dare to undertake the arduous task of portraying his character and life? To such a task, talents like Hamilton's are equal, and, alas! such talents, like Hamilton's, are now no more! Is then the sad pleasure of recounting his noble deeds denied to us? No. To our children, and our children's children, we will tell what Hamilton did, and we will encourage them to do like Hamilton. And, O! if, in this, success should crown the efforts of any one of us, how proud would be our country! But dare we to hope that, in this our day, another Hamilton will be born? America has been kindly favoured by Providence—But this hope, even in America, would be presumptuous.

What was Hamilton? While yet an almost beardless youth, he was found in the foremost ranks of the gallant assertors of our rights and independence. While thought almost too young to receive counsel, he gave approved counsel to old age and experience. In the war of our revolution, he was one of the chosen friends of our chief. Yes.....Washington honoured him, while yet a boy, with his confidence, and that confidence was never withdrawn. Every where conspicuous, his military fame shone most conspicuously at York. It was there his brave compatriots attested his signal prowess—his gallant foe admired his unequalled humanity.

The war at an end, Hamilton's fame, as a soldier, was almost forgotten in our admiration of the virtues of the citizen, and the talents of the statesman. Of such a man, Americans might justly be proud; and now, indeed, Americans were worthy of the blessings of freedom. At this time they knew how to appreciate the talents and worth of their citizens. They bestowed their confidence, where confidence was due. They rejected, with proud disdain, the arrogant pretensions of flattery and falsehood. For such a time Hamilton lived. Hamilton, who lived for glory, not for power, who was ready at all times to devote himself to his country's service, but disdained the practice of unworthy artifices to obtain its favours. Accordingly, on any trying emergency, to Hamilton the eyes of his fellow-citizens would be directed, and such emergency speedily occurred. The want of an efficient constitution was about to produce all the horrors of anarchy and misrule: hence the appointment of a convention to frame a government of more energy, and Hamilton was one of its most shining ornaments. That convention offered to their country a government, which, in its operation, was found to answer the fullest expectations of its friends, and to which even its secret enemies dared not to deny the merit of having raised our country to the most elevated height of prosperity. Hamilton's great powers were exerted to procure its ratification; and his luminous essays, in defence of the Federal Constitution, and in refutation of the multiplied objections, which state pride and individual ambition raised against it, will ever remain imperishable monuments of the splendor of his talents, the grandeur of his genius, and the ardour of his patriotism.

The government was ratified, and went into operation under the highly favourable auspices of a Washington—A crisis of difficulty and danger to Hamilton! The first talents of our country being required to aid in the organization of our government, and to create a system of revenue, Hamilton was appointed, by Washington, to the high post of Secretary of the Treasury. Had he regarded his private ease, or maturely considered the dangers and hazards to which he was exposed, he would have declined the acceptance of it. But Hamilton was incapable of consulting his own interest, when put in competition with the public weal. For the good

of his country, he readily put at hazard the reputation and honours which he had already acquired. And here again the secret hopes of Hamilton's and his country's enemies were disappointed. His fame shone forth with redoubled lustre. His talents rose superior to the embarrassments and difficulties of his high station. What was supposed to be above the reach of the greatest abilities, Hamilton appeared to accomplish with ease. In the infancy of our government, while thus the brightest worthies of America were labouring to establish order and tranquility, commenced the revolution of France; a revolution which aimed at the destruction of all peace and order in the civilized world; a revolution, hostile to religion and to government, and which, under the pretext of promoting reforms, and diffusing the principles of liberty and the rights of man, was endeavouring to pull down the political establishments of the world, and to procure every where the aid of other governments and other people, in their work of destruction. Now, indeed, a dark and portentous cloud had overcast our political horizon. France, eager to enlist us under her banners, had already excited in her favour the sympathies of our people, and every exertion was to be made to secure our government in support of their daring and unprincipled measures. But, blessed be God! Washington was our President, and Hamilton his most confidential adviser. The cloud, which was about to obscure forever our glory and fame, was dispersed. Neutrality was established, and the machinations of France defeated.

Having given a vigorous and successful support to the proclamation of neutrality; having provided ample resources for the fulfilment of our public engagements, and having established in the finances of our country a degree of order and arrangement, which seemed to bid defiance to the assaults of impotence and hostility, Hamilton withdrew from public life, to resume his profession, and to make provision for a growing family, whose interests, in his zeal for the welfare and happiness of his country, he had too long neglected.

The high rank, to which his talents entitled him at the bar, was quickly obtained. His integrity, equally with his resplendent abilities, secured to him the implicit confidence of his clients, and Hamilton was considered the proper model for those, who were emulous of fame and distinction in his profession.

But, although withdrawn from public life, he had not become indifferent to the public interest. His bosom glowed with unabated love for his country, and he stood ready, whenever public danger approached, to place himself between it and America. But a few years after his retirement from the treasury, the rapacious demands, and reiterated insults of France, obliged us to arm in defence of our rights and independence. Washington was invited from his beloved retreat, to take the command of our forces. In looking around him for associates in the honours and perils of warfare, his eyes fixed upon Hamilton; the man to whom he had often given his confidence, and on whose integrity and love of country he knew that he could implicitly rely. In the arrangement of officers, he was placed the second in command, because he was first in the affections of his chief. Washington demanded it, and Washington was obeyed.

France, discovering that America was determined upon resistance, dared not to attempt her subjugation. Peace being made, Hamilton joyfully sheathed his sword, to resume once more the labours of his profession. In the discharge of its duties, with satisfaction to his clients and honour to himself, he remained till the fatal day, on which, in the maturity of his fame, and in the fulness of his excellence, he was cut off by his ruthless foe!

Such was the man, for whose loss my countrymen mourn. The day of his death was a day of

deep affliction, of unutterable woe. When Hamilton died, there fell a man, of whose equal all America, all Europe cannot boast. The qualities of his heart had endeared him to his friends. His unbending probity and inflexible love of country, had gained him the confidence of his most rancorous political foes. His brilliant talents and varied excellence had acquired to him the admiration of the world.

In the violence of party, it was not to be expected that worth, even like that of Hamilton, would shield its possessor from obloquy. But his integrity was far above the reach of malignity. He was said to be ambitious. Of what? Of his country's glory and his country's fame. To secure them he was ever ready to sacrifice even his life: that life, the value of which was so fully known, and the loss of which is so deeply regretted.

In the universal grief, which the fatal disaster of the 11th of July produced, the dissensions of party are forgotten, and all unite in bearing testimony of their respect for the exemplary worth of the departed patriot. When again shall Americans witness this pleasing melancholy spectacle? When again will the whole people of a great empire be bound down with affliction and sorrow, by the death of one of its great men? Never! For never again will a Hamilton die.

Maryland.

M.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN BUTLER.

THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN, Esq. a young lawyer and native of New Hampshire, who for three years past has resided in the city of London, is the Author of a singularly witty and ingenious poem, in the best manner of SAMUEL BUTLER, under the title of 'Terrible Tractoration!'. A Poetical Petition against Galvanising Trumpery and the Perkinistic Institution. In four cantos most respectfully addressed to the royal College of Physicians. By Christopher Caustic, Esq. M. D. L. L. D. A. S. S. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Aberdeen; and honorary member of no less than nineteen very learned Societies.

In England, such has been the celebrity of this humorous Poem, that within two months from the publication of the first edition, a second has been called for by the partiality and taste of the public. The satire and irony of the burlesque Poet are not employed solely against the enemies of the Institution, which it is his principal object to defend. In his excursive flight of poetry, and in the well written and amusing notes to his merry cantos, he has very successfully ridiculed many of the disciples of the *new school*, who, either by Jacobin politics, or atheistical philosophy, or perverted literature, have, during the reign of *republican* delusion, attempted to disturb the peace, and deface the felicity of mankind. The author, whom we know to be a staunch disciple of the old school, and who has always proved himself an anti-gallican, anti-jacobinical, and anti-fanatical partizan, has acquitted himself with great ability in that part of his work, which is occupied in satirizing the upstart innovators of the time. He has attracted the notice of WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq. who has liberally praised the poet, and testified his friendship for the man. The suffrage of the author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, one of the first critics and poets of his age, at once silences every cavil, and supersedes even the commendation of partial friendship. We exult to find, that a large impression of this work, published by Mr. Stansbury, of New-York, is nearly sold; and we hope, that the *well-principled* wit, who has so severely lashed the foolish and the flagitious in the old world, will brandish his scourge

against the culprits of the new. If jacobinism and fanaticism provoked a just indignation abroad, what emotions in such a mind, will those hateful powers excite at home?

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The public attention has been for some time directed to a resolution, proposed and adopted in the legislature of Massachusetts, by Mr. Ely, in the following words:

"Whereas by the constitution of the United States it is provided, that the representatives shall be apportioned among the several States, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all other persons; and further, that for the choice of the president and vice-president of the United States each state shall appoint a number of Electors, equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in Congress.

"And whereas the said provisions were so manifestly unequal at the time the constitution was formed, that they could have resulted only from the spirit of conciliation and compromise which influenced the eastern states; because, in consequence thereof, a representation of the states is produced, unjust and injurious in its operation, both as it regards the number of free inhabitants in the several states, and their property.

"As in a state where a slavery of men is established by law, the slaves have no voice in the elections—but a Planter, possessing fifty slaves, may be considered as having thirty votes, while a farmer of Massachusetts, having equal or greater property, is confined to a single vote.

"And whereas the effect of these provisions has been rendered still more unequal and injurious, by the course of events, since the constitution was established, by an augmentation of the number of slaves in the southern states, and also by an increase of personal property in the eastern states, arising from the commercial spirit of its inhabitants.

"And whereas the said provisions have been rendered more injurious by important political changes, introduced during the present administration, in the purchase of Louisiana, an extensive country, which will require a great number of slaves for its cultivation, and when admitted into the Union, agreeably to the cession, will contribute, by the number of its slaves, to destroy the real influence of the eastern states in the national government, and also in the alteration of the original mode of electing the President of the United States, whereby, in the appointment of that important magistrate, the weight of the small states, (among which are most of the eastern states, where there are few or no slaves), is greatly diminished.

"And whereas the apportionment of the direct tax, the only compensation proposed by the constitution to the states, not holding slaves, for the aforesaid unequal principle in representation, is now merely nominal, as the national revenues are, principally derived from commercial imposts, the present administration having repealed the excise laws, which operated, in some measure, by a tax on luxuries, to equalise among the several states the contributions to the public burdens; and having also recently assessed additional millions on commerce, of which the eastern states must pay much more than their due proportion—so that instead of contributing less than their proportionate share of public expense, as was contemplated by the constitution, as a counterpart to unequal representation, they contribute more.

"And whereas a union of the states, a measure so important in its consequences, cannot, harmoniously, exist for a long period, unless it be founded on principles, which shall secure, to all free citizens, equal political rights and privileges in the government, so that a minority may not govern a majority—an event, which, on the principles of representation now established, has already happened, and may always happen.

"Therefore, to preserve the union of the states upon sound and just principles, and to establish a foundation of general harmony and confidence among all the citizens of the United States, by securing to them now, and at all future periods, equal political rights and privileges,

MOVED,

"That the senators of this commonwealth, in the congress of the United States, be instructed to take all proper and legal measures to obtain an amendment of the constitution of the United States; so that the representatives be appointed among the several states, according to the number of their free inhabitants respectively, and for this purpose that they endeavour to obtain a resolution of two thirds of both houses of congress proposing such amendment to the legislatures of the several states in the union, and that a committee be raised to bring in a resolve for that purpose."

The passing of this resolution, must be regarded as a measure of the first and greatest importance. In its fate are involved consequences, which are intimately connected with our peace and union; and, as it will, probably, be ere long submitted in a constitutional manner to the decision of the people, it imports them to discuss with calmness and temperance, before it becomes their duty to act upon it. Superficial thinkers will pass it by; and, indeed, considering the spirit of the times, and that it is intended to diminish that overgrown power, which is now in its full blaze, consuming the vigour and the resources of the complaining state; its success can hardly be hoped for. But reflecting men will give it their best and most profound consideration; that, should it be rejected, they may be able to foresee, and to know, upon whom to charge the consequences that may ensue. It imports the state of Virginia too, which now wields the sceptre of empire, to deliberate: to divest herself for a little while of her pride and her loftiness, and to reflect upon the tendency of the measures, she has pursued and is pursuing.

The constitution of the United States has been declared, by the framers of it, to have been 'the result of a spirit of amity, and of that mutual deference and concession, which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensable.' Great indeed were the difficulties which impeded its formation, and the obstacles, to be surmounted previously to its adoption. The members of the convention were not only embarrassed by differences of opinion, as to the theory of government, but 'the difference among the several states, as to their situation, extent, habits, and particular interests,' was so great, as to call for sacrifices and concessions, which, in any other less favourable state of things than that, which then presented itself, might in vain have been hoped for or expected. Every thing however contributed to make the occasion favourable to the great object, which we had in view, 'the consolidation of our union.' The harmony and the mutual attachment of the different states, excited, by their having been engaged in one common struggle for national independence, and the dangers and the hardships which they had encountered together; the general complacency, produced by their success; the manifest insu-

iciencies of the confederation, which had, for a time, under the pressure of external circumstances, kept them together, and the physical languor too, which succeeded the violent efforts they had made. All these contributed greatly to the success of the attempt. They were peculiar to the time, and, perhaps, can hardly be expected ever again to concur.

Under these favourable auspices the convention assembled: and perhaps an assemblage of more enlightened statesmen, or of truer patriots, never was witnessed in any age, or in any country. They came together under a sense of common danger, and determined to sacrifice local interests and prejudices, their private opinions too, as far as they might conscientiously, upon the altar of their country. The difficulties, however, which presented themselves, were great, and sometimes produced despondency in the most sanguine. After a session of many months, a form of government was agreed upon. It was indeed the result of a spirit of amity, mutual concession, and deference. In it were supposed to have been nicely balanced the power, the population, the situations, the extent, habits, and particular interests of the different states. These differences too, it is to be recollected, seemed to distinguish the United States into four divisions, Northern, Southern, Western, and Atlantic. The plan of government proposed, was admirably contrived to reconcile them. The constitution of the Senate, and the mode of electing the chief executive magistrate, were the prominent features of the system which conciliated the affection and attachment of the Eastern and smaller states. These, in the existing state of things, were supposed to provide sufficiently for their security, and for giving them that weight in the national government, to which they justly supposed themselves to be entitled. The Southern and larger states, on the other hand, were not unmindful of their interests. They took care, that these should not be sacrificed or disregarded. About the future and prospective operation of the government, they were less anxious; well knowing, that their extensive territory, inviting a rapid increase of population by emigration, admitted of the formation of new states, which would gradually diminish the influence of the Eastern and smaller states in the senate. They knew, that these advantages must insure to them all they could wish or desire. One sacrifice, however, to the *lordly pride* of Virginia was required and granted. The wealth and the greatness of her citizens were measured by the number of slaves, who were cheered by their smiles, or depressed at their frowns. These could not be disregarded; and the *ancient dominion* demanded, that their weight should be cast into the scale, against that of the *freemen* of the North. A proposition so repugnant to the feelings, the spirit, the prejudices, the education, the habits, the independence of the North, would, probably, at any other time, have been received with contempt and indignation. These emotions were in some degree produced; but at length a compromise was made, by giving to Virginia a representation of three fifths of *her slaves*—a compromise, which at the time was thought to involve little more, than a sacrifice of *opinion*, to *pride*; and to be sufficiently balanced by the *permanent* provisions of the constitution: but, these being essentially changed, it has proved, as will be shewn in the sequel, the source of the most incalculable injuries and wrongs to the Eastern states; has become an enormous evil, and must be removed, to afford any chance for a continuance of the union of these states.

Not to weary the patience of my readers, I shall defer the further investigation of this subject to future numbers. What is now submitted,

will, I hope, be candidly weighed and considered. No man more honestly appreciates the importance of our union, to our prosperity, felicity, safety, and perhaps our national existence, than myself. That these may be vigilantly guarded, is my motive for submitting to my countrymen the reflections of no hasty or hypochondriacal hour. I am neither a factious partizan, nor a growling malecontent, but utter the sincere opinions of an intemperate zeal. Happy, if my motives be candidly appreciated, and happier if my arguments can check the effervescence of civil commotion.

HORTENSIVS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LEVITY.

The following fragment of a journal was picked up by a traveller, while *tantiing* along the banks of the Patoinac.

Monday, 8 o'clock, 20th February, 1804.

Left Sally—damn'd bore, to rise early—but must seem industrious, though nothing to do. Met Madison at breakfast—don't much like him—talked of virtue and conscience—thought he looked hard at me—Gallatin's the man—never hear such stuff from him—no danger too of his pushing me out—good fellow! pay him well, and he'll do any thing—*point d'argent, point de suisse*."

10 o'clock. Wrote half a page of my dissertation on cock-roaches—servant came in to say, people below wanted to see me on public business—cursed their impertinence—sent word, I was out. Why don't they go to Gallatin or Madison—office of President must be sinecure—trouble enough to sign bills and messages—returned to my cock-roaches, in a fret, and could not write. Received note from Gallatin, inclosing bill I told him to read yesterday—says, it's all right—signed it, and sent it to the senate. Mem. to ask Gallatin, what's its purport.

Took up Port Folio—saw the name of *Gabriel Jones*—found myself in a cold sweat; and threw it into the fire. Wonder folks will talk of old stories—better mind their own business—troublesome fellow that Editor—worries me cursedly—lets nothing escape him. Beau Dawson lounged in—had on pair of new breeches—devilish proud of 'em—thought more of them than of me—mentioned pretty mulatto girl at —'s—made my mouth water—take a peep at her—Sally's growing stale—told him to bring her in the back way. Beau talked of manufactures of France, famous hair-powder, and almond-paste—stock he brought with him almost out. Mem. must make another errand for him.

12 o'clock. Randolph came in—looked rather queer—found he'd been trying to answer that damn'd fellow Griswold—desperate case—made many bold assertions, but was detected in all—got into a cursed scrape, and was obliged to sit down—damn'd provoking, can't find any one to cope with Griswold—Jack's flippant enough, but quite on the surface, better than any of our side—though—tried Giles, found he wouldn't do—been looking out some time to buy over a Fed of talents—can't meet with one who'd take a bribe—very strange that.

Ordered my horse—never ride with a servant—looks proud—mob doesn't like it—must gull the boobies. Adams wouldn't bend so—had rather lose his place—knew nothing of the world. Pass'd Merry and his wife—saw her whisper and smile—look'd foolish—thought she was laughing at me—Why do women of fashion come to this country?—wish she had staid in England—heard her jest once about my dirty stockings—must cringe to 'em now though!—

hope he hasn't written home about my first reception of them—only did so to please our party, and to shew the world, that republicans affect not to conduct themselves by the rules of gallantry and politeness.

Stopp'd at Judge K—'s, to be qualified to a deposition—swore on a volume of 'Devil on two Sticks,' by mistake—pretended to make a fuss about it—afraid I overacted my part—K. was seized with a coughing fit—believe him to be a sneering son of a bitch. Found Paine waiting to dine with me—sorry I invited him from France—nothing gained by him—people despise him—all owing to his imprudence—gave him some hints—a man may be an atheist without proclaiming it to the world—pleasant fellow tho'—several good jokes on the new testament—talked of the vision of Machiavel—outrageous about the restoration of the clergy in France. To put him in good humour, drank success to the invaders of England—plied him well with brandy, and, as usual, left the stay-maker under the table.

Received letter from Lewis, giving account of the Osage Indians—wonderfully curious terrapins—dare say it's a fine country—must have a breed—send commissioners to make a treaty with 'em. Dr. Mitchell came to tea—spoke of his new method of drying frogs—his new chemical nomenclature—folks cursed obstinate—will stick to Lavoisier's—all of a piece with preferring America to *Fredonia*—Read me a part of his letter to king of Naples—wonder who he got to do it into Latin—good thing his signature of *Centumvir*—a prig of a fellow—glad to get rid of him—no bad plan tho' of drying the frogs.

10 o'clock. Went to bed—could not sleep—took up *National Intelligencer*—found myself getting drowsy—began one of Cæsar Rodney's speeches, and soon fell into a slumber.

[To be Continued.]

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

We are glad to perceive that the 'Philadelphia Company of Booksellers' have Perrin's French Fables in the press. Among the elementary books of a polite and almost universal language, this deserves the attentive perusal of the tyro, who will find much useful and correct information in the various tracts of Perrin. His grammar is still advantageously consulted, and his 'Exercises' have strengthened the mind of every pupil.

Mr. John West, of Boston, is publishing Wanostrucht's 'Recueil,' which is another useful school book.

Mess. P. W. and L. Blake have published, at Boston, a beautiful edition of Johnson's Dictionary, in miniature, of the English language.

Mr. H. Caritat of New-York has, at length, completed an 'Explanatory Catalogue' of his very extensive and valuable Circulating Library. This useful pamphlet is modelled after the Catalogues Raisonnés of the French, and occasionally presents a slight analysis, or a brief character of the most curious or valuable books. Some of the criticisms are derived from foreign journals of celebrity, and some appear to be formed by the proprietor, either from a deliberate, or hasty perusal of the books under review.

Mr. Samuel F. Bradford has published the five first volumes of Mavor's Universal History, is industriously proceeding with the series, and will soon complete, to the advantage of the general reader, a work not unworthy of the title of an excellent abridgment.

Mr. Mathew Carey has published several cheap, correct, and valuable editions of the Holy Bible. These editions, as appears by the liberal testimony of many clerical scholars, are, for accuracy and beauty, highly honourable to the publisher.

A new work, under the title of '*The Literary and Scientific Almanac*,' is announced, in a late London publication, as intended to be issued at the close of the present year.

The object is, to present to students and lovers of literature such correct lists and tables, both literary and scientific, as may serve the purposes of reference and inquiry on every subject. Among other lists there will be the following:

1. Of all contemporary living authors, specifying their names, age, residence, and works.
 2. Of books published within the year.
 3. Of literary journals and newspapers, foreign and domestic.
 4. Of learned societies, and the names of the members of the most considerable.
 5. Of book societies, book clubs, and permanent libraries, with the name of their president, steward, secretary, or librarian.
 6. Of names of booksellers in the United Kingdom, and of eminent publishers abroad.
 7. Of universities, and the names of their professors; with other useful particulars relative to students, the university business, &c.
 8. Brief sketches of the annual progress of the various arts and sciences, with the new improvements and discoveries in each, and lists of new patents.
 9. Notices of eminent literary characters, who have died in the course of the preceding year.
 10. Curious and important tracts in physics and in science, depending on numbers, with brief tables of latitudes and longitudes, a chronology, table of dynasties and contemporary sovereigns; chemical tables, &c. &c. &c.
- Communications are invited from all persons, who may be interested in the correctness of either of the foregoing lists, to be addressed to Mr. Phillips, No. 71. St. Paul's Church-yard.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Wood, describing the *Seekers*, who came to preach at Oxford in 1647, says, with the sneer of an orthodox Oxonian, "The generality of them had *mortified countenances, pining voices*, and eyes commonly, when in discourse, *lifted up*, with hands lying on their breasts. They mostly had *short hair*, which, at this time, was commonly called the *committee cut*."

The classic GIFFORD, expressing his virtuous contempt for a late French novel, the licentious spawn of a jacobin hussar, declares, that 'if this gallant gentleman wield his sword no better than his pen, he must afford equal disgust to his colonel and his critic.' We do not remember a finer example of easy alliteration.

Preston, a beautiful poet of Ireland, is the author of the following Anacreontic.

I love the friend, I love the lass,
That freely takes the circling glass.
I love to see the dancing eye,
With the wine in lustre vie;
Or the coral lip combine
With the ruby of the vine.
Fill it, fill the mantling bowl,
Pledge me every thirsty soul;
'Tis Perdition to old Care,
Pleasures to the young and fair.
Pleasures teeming, rising, flowing,
Never cloying, ever growing,
Pledge me now, ye young and fair,
'Tis perdition to old Care.

Of I've heard Francisco say,
Wine was but a bottled ray,
From the blessed orb of light,
Giving sunshine in the night,
Giving summer's genial heat,
When December tempests beat.
Give me light, the gloom to cheer;
Quick, a bowl of sunshine here—
Let meridian bumpers pass,
The sun delights to shine thro' glass,
If claret bottled sunshine be,
Eternal torrid zones for me.

I twine the wreath my brows to bind,
And Love among the roses find;
Find him lurking like a bee,
On harm intent, and harm to me—
By the wings I held him fast,
And in the racy goblet cast.
'Little cause of mighty ill!
Little urchin drink thy fill!' I thought him dead, and drain'd the bowl,
And drank down Love, alive and whole.
Fatal, fatal to my rest!
He lives, he moves, within my breast;
His pinions flutter at my heart,
I feel within a thrilling smart! [Ibid.]

A Lady once asking a French Ambassador, who had resided a long time in Poland, whether it was true, that the Polish ladies were as white and as cold as the snow, which covered their plains; he replied, 'It is so true, Madam, that I have often caught cold, by conversing with them.'

ANTIPATHIES.—Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it threw him into a fever. Ambrose Paré mentions a gentleman, who could not see an eel, without fainting. Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abano never could drink milk. Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs. Uladislau, king of Poland, could not bear to see apples. If a pear were shewn to Chesne, secretary to Francis I. his nose would bleed, from exertion to restrain his displeasure. Henry the third, of France, never could sit in the room with a cat. One of the bravest of officers, never dared to look at a mouse, unless he had a sword in his hand. The philosopher Chrysippus had such an aversion to be saluted, that if any one bowed to him, he would fall down.

As the servant maid of Mrs. H. of the Dublin theatre, was following her mistress on a cast to Cork, where she had gone a few days before to join a strolling company, she was overtaken by three ruffians, who brutally violated the unfortunate girl. When she arrived at the theatre, the violated damsel ran immediately to her mistress behind the scenes, and told the dismal tale. At the conclusion of the story, Mrs. H. who was dressing for the Queen in Hamlet, exclaimed with a solemn voice, in the language of Shakespeare, 'Aye, it had been so with us, had we been there!'

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The poetry of 'B' is received, and we shall cheerfully print it, without mutilation. We hope this writer will continue to contribute to this Journal. We have expected, for some time, another sketch from the tourist. We have not forgotten either the vivid tints of his landscape, or his striking likeness of a 'good and great man. So correct a pencil, and such pleasing colours, will always recommend the artist.

'A Philosopher' appears to have wholly forgotten to what sect he belongs. He neither laughs with Democritus, nor weeps with Heraclitus.

* Mr. JAY.

A correspondent, who has sent us a splendid specimen of Spanish poetry, with a spirited translation, is entitled to our particular thanks. Few literary communications will be more agreeable to the Editor, than elegant extracts from the Spanish classics, with a version either literal or free.

A criticism upon a recent pamphlet is rejected, because it would excite a temporary attention to a juvenile crudity, of which the author himself, at a maturer age, will be ashamed.

The poem, in our last, though from the free muse of Mr. Lewis, is not merely pure and decorous, but philosophical and true. It is a rational scheme of innoxious pleasure, and Ethics might sanction what Epicurus has thus sung.

'The Rambler' has roved excursively, but has not even approached the lofty castles of Doctor Johnson. He wanders, it is true, but like a vagrant, not like a liberal and curious speculator.

'Y,' is better calculated for a newspaper than a magazine.

The verses to 'Emma' are flowing, and deserve a smile of approbation from the lady.

'Rowland' has studied Martial and the French epigrammatists sedulously; and translation or imitation of such originals will be alike admired by the lover of the Classics, and the laughter at Drollery.

In the poem of 'Sancho' there is a sort of pert vivacity, but it is like the briskness of bottled beer. Even his heaviness does not entirely sink him, according to the simile of Pope,

As forc'd from wind-guns lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky;
As clocks to weights their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
Him Emptiness and Dulness both inspire,
And are his elasticity and fire.

The ardent admirers of Mr. Moore cherish a lively hope, that the fascinating friend, and the sweet poet, after enjoying the hospitality of his countrymen in the British provinces, will shortly return to gladden the social and literary circle on the banks of the Delaware. The Editor will greet him, with that warmth of welcome, which the presence of such a friend inspires, and many an Horatian spirit will exclaim,

.....Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Kuris honorum opulenta cernu.
Hic in reducta valle, Cariculae,
Vitabis aestus, et fœc Teia
Dices laborantes in uno
Penelope, vitæque Circen.

'Asmodeo,' with the most smiling good humour, has at once complimented and criticised the familiar ballad style of Mr. Wordsworth. There is no malice in the wit of our valued correspondent, and his laugh is the mirth of a gentleman, not the grin of a rustic.

'Florian,' who has frequently evinced his acquaintance with Spanish literature, is requested to translate, for the Port Folio, whatever he may find interesting in the works of the scholars of Valladolid or Salamanca. Some of the fables of Yriarte, to whom Florian has often alluded, will be highly agreeable to the Editor, who is anxious that this paper should almost constantly reflect the literary beauties of the European continent.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BOTHWEL CASTLE.*

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.
Author of the "Pleasures of Hope."

Thou hoary warrior, bent with years,
And swiftly mouldering to decay,
Faint-gleaming on my raptur'd sight,
As through the vale of Clyde I stray,
And view thy pine-wav'd, rocky steep,
The morn with mellow ray adorning!
Pouring her beams o'er hill and dale,
Far sweeter than the smiles of morning!

Behold, she flings her lustre wide,
And calms the brownness of the wood:
Where, tow'ring high in stately pride,
Thy walls frown awful o'er the flood:
Thy walls, from pristine grandeur chang'd,
How sullen o'er the wave impending!
And with the ivy's mantling green
Their hoary, moss-grown fragments blending.

While on thy turret's airy height,
With awe-transported thoughts I gaze,
Recall'd by fancy's magic power,
I see the sons of other days!
Their aspect bold, their stately mien,
To every breeze their banners streaming,
Their moony shields, with living blaze
Irradiate from the turret gleaming.

But hark! through every spacious hall
The bugle's long-protracted sound!
And see the courser's proudly prance,
With proud impatience paw the ground;
Lo! from th' expanding portal wide,
Horsemen and horse in order sally,
Glance through the forest's deepening gloom,
And sound along the bosky valley!

High Honour's dazzling reign, farewell!
Ye days of chivalry adieu!
On you my earliest thoughts were bent,
Still do my wishes tend to you—
Oh! still your poet's dreams delight
The visionary pomp displaying,
Till fancy's living hues shall glow
With scenes far brightest in decaying!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Mr. Younge has lately published select odes of Anacreon. We copy one, that the reader of taste may compare it with the elegant version of Mr. Moore. It will be immediately seen that the latter is incomparably the best. In justice to Mr. Younge, it must be declared, that, if Mr. Moore's version did not set all competition at defiance, Mr. Younge's translation of this ode might be perused with pleasure.]

Master of the rosy art,
Try the pleasing, friendly part,
Paint my beauty all divine,
Colour you, and I'll design.
Make her tresses easy lie,
Softly touch'd, and black the dye;
If your tint so far prevails,
Paint them breathing odorous gales.
Next her forehead, smooth and fair,
Gently raise beneath her hair.
Form a brow on either side,
Mix them not, nor yet divide;
Let no eye distinctly see
Where they part, or where agree;
Then her eye-lids must arise
Black and circling o'er her eyes.

* Published from the author's manuscript.

Now her eyes your hand require;
Paint them sparkling as the fire,
Awful, as the queen of arms,
Lively as the queen of charms.
Next attempt her cheeks and nose;
Blend the fairness thro' the rose;
Then her lips persuasive grace
Softly courting an embrace;
Let a thousand graces deck
All her Parian marble neck.
Painter! now, to clothe the rest,
Form a purple, slender vest,
Clear, pellucid, that her skin,
Half observ'd, shall lye within;
Prying fancy thus may know
Wond'rous beauties are below.

Hold! enough! I see the fair:
All her charms confess'd appear,
Such the work in every feature,
Voice would make it real nature.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, &c.

Cease the sighing fool to play;
Cease to trifle life away;
Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
Which all, alas! have falsely flown!
What hours, Catullus, once were thine,
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,
When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl, who smil'd so rosy sweet—
The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again.
You met—your souls seem'd all in one—
Sweet little sports were said and done—
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers, indeed, was nothing loath.
Such were the hours that once were thine,
But, ah! those hours no longer shine;
For now the nymph delights no more
In what she lov'd so dear before;
And all Catullus now can do,
Is to be proud and frigid too;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery.
The hey-day of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he court one favour more;
But soon he'll see thee droop thy head,
Doom'd to a lone and loveless bed,
When none will seek the happy night,
Or come to traffic in delight!
Fly, perjurd girl!—but whither fly?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?
Who now will drink the syren tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own?
Who now will court thy wild delights,
Thy honey kiss, and turtle bites?
Oh! none.—And he, who lov'd before,
Can never, never love thee more!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
TO EMMA.

I've travers'd the grove, where the woodbine has
twin'd
And the wild note of melody greeted my ear,
Where soft-flowing rivulets gracefully wind,
And moss-cover'd banks, deck'd with lilies, ap-
pear.

* Chi più diravvi allora
Che v'ama, che v'adora?
Chi più suo ben sua speme
Allor vi chiamerà?

Metastasio. *L'Amor Prigionero.*

I've tasted the joys of each rural delight,
The beauties of spring have enchanted my
eye,
The dew-drop of morn, and the stillness of
night,
Had pleas'd me, before thou had'st taught me
to sigh.

But groves, with their woodbines, nor melody
wild,
Nor soft-flowing rivulets graceful to view,
Nor moss-cover'd banks, where the lilies have
smil'd,
Have half the delights that are center'd in
you.

Nor rural enjoyments, nor beauties of spring,
Nor dew-drop of morning, so pearly and bright,
Nor yet the soft stillness, which evening doth
bring,
Without thee, my Emma, can yield me de-
light.

For, Oh! with what rapture and transport of
bliss,
I dwell on those graces, which round thee
entwine,
And oft where thy steps have imprinted a kiss,
With ecstasy trace all the charms that are
thine.

OAKLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO JULIA.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever;
They seem'd in very being twin'd,
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widow'd ivy shines,
Torn from its dear and only stay;
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its blooms away!

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

A captive thus to thee, my girl,
How sweetly shall I pass my age,
Contented, like the playful squirrel,
To wanton up and down my cage.

When death shall envy joy like this,
And come to shade our sunny weather,
Be our last sigh, the sigh of bliss,
And both our souls exhal'd together!

EPIGRAM.

Frank once ask'd a friend 'don't you think I speak well,
Though I ne'er take a book from its shelf?'
'How the talent you've gain'd,' said his friend, 'I can't
tell,
But, I own, you speak well.....of yourself.'

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 34.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 99.

Who seest appall'd the unreal scene,
While fancy lifts the veil between.

COLLINS.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

IN one of those rare but interesting societies, where amusement can be obtained without the intervention of play, where reigns the free interchange of sentiment so grateful to a cultivated intellect, where the only desire is to please, and the only solicitude to instruct, our conversation accidentally turned on the difference between real and visionary objects. We endeavoured to trace their analogy, and ascertain the relation that subsists between a continuous dream and a long meditation, between the enthusiastic contemplative, and the cool observer. It was suggested, that a fervid imagination sometimes creates a belief of reality, equally strong with the evidence of actual vision. This position was generally controverted, and the discussion continued with some warmth, when a French officer remarked, that he believed a single fact more satisfactory than a whole volume of abstract reasoning, and would, therefore, with the assent of the company, relate an event calculated to throw some light on the subject. He added, that the circumstances he was about to narrate, had happened to a captain of his regiment, that they had fallen under his own observation, and that all his brother officers could vouch for their authenticity. He promised to observe the most scrupulous exactitude in his recital, except in the substitution of fictitious names, and claimed indulgence for some minutiae of detail that he had heard too often to be able to omit, and for the reflections he might occasionally interweave with a subject in which he felt deeply interested. The company acquiesced, as may be supposed, without much difficulty. His story was as follows—

"After a severe engagement in Italy, during the course of the last war, our wounded officers were transported to Milan. Dorville, one of the number, was carried to the hospital. His wounds left but small hopes of his life; but the powerful assistance of art, together with the still more operative aid of a youthful and vigorous constitution, snatched him from the jaws of death. On resuming the use of his reason, after an alternate delirium and stupor of more than a month, he made numberless inquiries as to his situation,

the symptoms of his disorder, and all those particulars so interesting to a man, who is in some manner restored to existence, who experiences new sensations, and who feels the buoyancy and vivifying energy of nascent health, a delight only known to those, who have recovered from dangerous indispositions.

A nun, of the order of Charity, answered him with as much modesty as if she had not essentially contributed to his cure, and as circumstantially, as if she had never left him for a moment. He opened his curtains to view the person, who gave him such affable and satisfactory replies. Judge of his astonishment, when he saw, at his bed-side, a young woman of about eighteen years of age. He remarked a pair of eyes beaming with candour and beneficence; he caught an affectionate but timid glance; he surveyed one of those tender, intelligent, and pensive countenances, which excite a more lively interest, and are more powerfully attractive, than even consummate beauty. He was struck with the elegance of her form, and the dignity of her demeanour, and, captivated by an assemblage of graces, veiled under a habit that added new stimulus to desire, by holding out insuperable obstacles to enjoyment.

Dorville, amazed to find so many charms in an asylum of misery, was still more so, when he understood that Adelaide, the name of the nun, had been his only attendant, during his illness, that she had watched over him both night and day, with the most admirable patience and tender solicitude, that she had scarcely allowed herself a moment of repose, and in fine that he owed her his life. Born with one of those ardent tempers, which render a man, at the same time, so amiable and so unhappy, which augment our miseries, by amplifying our affections, Dorville sublimated every sentiment into a passion. He immediately abandoned himself to the utmost excess of sensibility. He no longer dared to accept of the services which she unceasingly proffered. He conjured her, upon the approach of night, to retire, and it was upon that condition alone that he himself could be induced to take repose. But repose was not long reserved for him. He was seized with a passion too violent to be misunderstood. The deference due to Adelaide's habit, gratitude for her benevolence, and the awe inspired by the purity of her manners, bound him to conceal an attachment, which every effort to hide only served to disclose. He soon perceived this effect by her sudden reserve. Fearful of losing all, he then hazarded an avowal of what he had secretly sworn never to reveal. He expected a repulse, met with it, and was almost overwhelmed. Every topic of consolation which she suggested, only operated to heighten his despair: every motive adduced to conquer his love, only increased its intensity: every endearment of condolence appeared an additional torment. His mistress, agonized by her own feelings, resolved to leave him, and was upon the point of abandoning her patient to a sister nun, when one of his wounds broke out afresh, and her compassion forced her to remain.

Our regiment was about that time ordered into winter quarters at Milan. I visited my friend every day. I there found Adelaide, and witnessed her assiduities. She sometimes dressed the wound before me, and I have frequently seen tears fall, which she in vain laboured to suppress. Dorville never spoke; but his eyes were piercing, and his silence full of passion. So much delicacy, united to such vehemence of affection, a language so irresistibly eloquent, the sympathy of misfortune, that persuasive energy of soul, which characterises true love, all combined to inspire Adelaide with a passion equally ardent. She trembled at its approach, but did not hesitate to entrust him with her sentiments. She knew him to be generous, and thought her virtue less endangered by implicating his honour in her defence. In making the most solemn vows that it should be inviolably respected, he calculated too little on the infirmity of human nature. He soon disclaimed their obligation, and lavished caresses, prayers, and tears. Adelaide reminded him of his promise, and a tender word from her usually calmed his transports. 'What!' would she say, 'must my ruin be the price of my attachment? Would you entail infamy on her whom you love?' He threw himself at her feet, renewed his protestations of repentance and respect, and felt that the repulses of innocence, however irksome at the moment, are not altogether devoid of pleasurable ingredients for the man, who respects the object of his love. When he reflected on the sanctity of her habit, on her artless innocence, on her many and poignant sorrows, he accused himself of a want of generosity, and resolved to abandon his pursuit forever; but no sooner did his mistress appear, than every resolution was instantly forgotten.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS WARTON.

[Continued.]

His next publication was *Poems on Several Occasions, English, Latin, and Italian, with Translations by John Milton, viz. Lycidas, L'Allegro Il Penseroso, Arcades, Comus, Odes, Sonnets, Miscellanies, English Psalms, Elegiarum, Liber, Epigrammatum Liber, Sylvarum Liber, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, and other Illustrations, 8vo, 1785.* A second edition, with corrections and improvements, appeared after his death, in 1790. The chief purpose of the Notes is to explain Milton's allusions, to illustrate or to vindicate his beauties, to point out his imitations, both of others and of himself, to elucidate his obsolete diction, and by the adduction and juxtaposition of parallels universally gleaned both from his poetry and his prose, to ascertain his favourite words, and to shew the peculiarities of his phraseology. His commentary is enriched with some occasional illustrations by his brother Dr. Warton. In the second edition, the Notes appear to have undergone an entire revision. Some notes, which were in the

first edition, he has omitted in the second; intending, as is evident by the references, to introduce them, and probably with considerable additions, in his edition of Milton's larger poems, which he was preparing for the press. Many of his own notes, not to be found in the first edition, are inserted in the second, together with some which are marked with the initials of the names of Warburton and Hurd. A multitude of corrections are also made, in which he probably availed himself of the hints of friendly criticism.

This was the last publication he gave to the world, except his official Odes, and many excellent notes in the variorum edition of Shakspeare 1786, which are distinguished by his name.

His health began to decline a little time before his death, but not in such a manner as to give much alarm to his friends. He had been some time ill with the gout; but was thought in a fair way of recovery. On Thursday, May 20. 1790. he appeared remarkably cheerful, and supped, and passed the evening in the common-room. Between ten and eleven o'clock he sunk in his chair. His friends thought him only dozing; but on approaching, found him struck with the palsy, and quite dead on one side. He was immediately conveyed to his room, and continued insensible till his death, on Friday, about two o'clock, in the sixty-second year of his age. On the 27th of May, in the afternoon, his remains were interred in the Chapel of Trinity College, with the highest academical honours.

A new edition of his Poems, including the pieces emitted in the edition 1777, and the New-Year and Birth-day Odes, for 1786, 1787 and 1788, was printed in 1791. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1791, with his Birth-Day Odes for 1789 and 1790, Sonnet in imitation of Spenser, and his Latin poems ad Somnum and Qui fit Mæcenas, omitted in former editions, received for the first time into a collection of classical English poetry.

His character was truly amiable and respectable. To his friends he was endeared by his simple, open, and friendly manners; to the University of Oxford by his long residence and many services; and to the public by the valuable additions which have been made by his talents to English poetry, antiquities, and criticism. His mind was more fraught with wit and mirth than his outward appearance promised. His person was unyielding and ponderous, and his countenance somewhat inert; but the fascination of his converse was wonderful. He was the delight of the jovial Attic board, anniversaries, music meetings, &c. and possessed beyond most men the art of communicating variety to the dull sameness of an Oxford life. With eminent abilities, and scholastic accomplishments, he united those conciliatory talents, that amiable sociability of manners, which could, to the claim of respect for the author, add that of esteem for the man. He was a liberal scholar, an agreeable companion, a warm philanthropist, a disinterested Christian, and an amiable man.

His social qualities, says a writer in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1790, 'had long endeared him to the members of his own society, among whom he constantly resided. The brilliancy of his wit, the solidity of his judgment, and the affability of his temper, gave to all who had the happiness of his acquaintance, the most pungent regret for his irreparable loss. His literary productions have rendered him peculiarly eminent as an annotator, a biographer, an antiquary, and a poet; and he may be deservedly considered as the ornament, not only of the university, but of the literary world at large. Such, indeed, was the vigour of his mind, the classical purity of his taste, the extent and variety of his learning, that his memory will be

forever revered as a profound scholar, and a man of true genius. Learning must deplore him as one of her best and most valuable ornaments.'

As an author, he has chiefly distinguished himself as a biographer a historian, a critic, and a poet.

In his Lives of Dr. Bathurst and Sir Thomas Pope, we find that art, propriety, and ease, which characterize the productions of those whose talents have been carefully cultivated by reflection and study. But they will not, perhaps, by the generality of readers, be deemed either instructive or entertaining. Of the memorials of Dr. Bathurst, which have been transmitted to posterity, few are at this time interesting or affecting enough to engage the attention of the public; but he may be credited for his industry, and the difficulties he surmounted in attaining the necessary information to complete his work. The insufficiency of the materials which time has preserved concerning Sir Thomas Pope, has engaged him to enter occasionally into historical digressions. Among other national transactions, he gives an interesting relation of the persecutions of the Princess Elizabeth. But on losing sight of Sir Thomas Pope, he detracts from the merit of his performance, considered as a composition. The principal figure in the picture being eclipsed by the decorations that surround it, the eye is fixed on the latter, and neglects the former. Indeed, the life of a person whose capacity was slender and limited, who never sustained or merited any important office, and whose sphere of action was narrow, is not properly an object of curiosity. The mind does not willingly bestow its attention on insignificant circumstances; its sensibilities can only be awakened by what is shining and illustrious. The literary toil which should be employed in narrations concerning those who have displayed valour in the field, or wisdom in the cabinet, should never be wasted in inquiries concerning men who have acted in inferior or subordinate stations. The portion of the laborious drudge, who is put in motion at the command of a master, and who neither plans nor thinks, is silence and obscurity.

As an historian, his reputation is founded on his History of English Poetry; the very name of which warms the heart of every man of taste and elegance. An history of English poetry has long been a desideratum in the learned world. A plan of this kind had been agitated by Pope, in which our poets were classed under their supposed respective schools. It was afterwards adopted by Gray. The substance of Gray's plan, which was that of Pope, considerably enlarged, extended, and improved, is given in his 'Life.' Both these plans Warton has rejected, and has chosen to conduct his work in a chronological series; for this obvious reason, that it exhibits, without transposition, the gradual improvements of our poetry, at the same time that it uniformly represents the progression of our language. Yet he has not always adhered so scrupulously to the regularity of annals, but that he has often deviated into occasional digressions. His reasons for commencing his annals with the Norman accession, rather than the Saxon government, seem conclusive; the former being the era when our national character began to dawn. His work is introduced by a Preface, which is at once elegant and instructive, and two dissertations, on the Origin of Romantic Fiction, and, on the introduction of learning into England; in which are discovered such exquisite and genuine elegance, such profound and extensive erudition, such acute and rational deductions, that we are at a loss to determine what is their prevailing beauty; yet the analogy between European and Arabian

legends, and the probable accounts how the same spirit and genius of fiction might be transferred from Asia to these northern climes, are not, as it should seem, a probable solution, even with the assistance of the Crusades, for the nature and variety of European romances. Much we conceive, must still be left for the native exertions and the original product of invention. The innumerable hords that migrated from the North-East, and overflowed the West, were not without their romantic fictions; of a different species, indeed, from the Arabic fabling; but the latter came quickly to incorporate with them; and the romance of the Arab seemed only as a splendid caparison to the chivalry of the Goth. To his opinion with respect to the peculiar influence of women under the Gothic establishment, we readily subscribe; but the small degree of attention and respect with which the Greeks and Romans treated the fair sex, and that inconsiderable share which they were permitted to take in conversation, and the general commerce of life, seem carried to an extreme which the classical writers (to whom he appeals) will scarcely warrant. Had the female insignificance and seclusion, ascribed to classic times, been predicated of the women of modern Greece, the remark had been just. But fixed on the eras of Sophocles and Alcibiades, of Propertius and Tibullus Brutus and Cato, it loses all manner of propriety. In regard to the second dissertation, and that on the Gesta Romanorum, prefixed to the third volume, we have nothing to do but to approve and admire. The period of antiquity at which he commences his work, is by no means a field for popular recreation. Some of the flowers, indeed, which may be collected in a scene so vast and uncultivated; are neither without fragrance nor beauty; but these are not to be enjoyed by a taste formed upon modern composition. The obsolete terms, and uncouth numbers, through which the few rays of genius which appear in that remote era must appear, almost eclipse their lustre; and leave it entirely indiscernible, except to such eyes as are accustomed to derive pleasure from a long and distant retrospect. These observations will apply to the various extracts given of metrical romances, and other legendary performances, from the commencement of the history till the days of Chaucer. We do not deny, but that Langland has merit; his descriptions are picturesque, his characters just and natural, and his satire poignant; but the harsh versification, and antiquated style in which he writes, must render these beauties imperceptible to the greatest number of readers; and we must still denominate the age of Chaucer not only the era of refinement in English versification, but even the dawn of poetical genius. How glorious the meridian at which it arrived, under the auspices of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, we need not attempt to describe.

The predominant features of this agreeable and instructive work, are elegant composition, acute and genuine criticism, and literary research. But it is not Warton's principal merit, that he investigates his subject with the patience of an antiquary, and the acuteness of a critic; from his accurate delineation of character, it is evident that he has inspected the manners of mankind as they, occasionally pass before him, with the penetrating eye of a philosopher. This praise he has merited by his preliminary Dissertations by his elaborate account of Chaucer and his poetry, and by his reflections tending to establish a full estimate of the genius of the poetry of Queen Elizabeth's reign; which compose the concluding section of his third volume. The History of English Poetry has rare and striking merits, and may be justly considered as a valuable accession to English literature. But it is not

without its defects. He has shown, it would seem, more solicitude in collecting his materials, than perspicuity and accuracy in arranging them. Hence it has been found so dry and oppressive, as to subdue the eagerness of the generality of readers; and hence nearly one fourth of the second volume is filled with errata and amendments to the first; a circumstance the more remarkable, as he was not tied down to precipitate publication by a subscription; as his business was literature; as he had been long accustomed to the use of the press; and as he was equally possessed of learning and leisure.

[To be Continued.]

MEDICAL.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DISSERTATIO MEDICA INAUGURALIS,

DE

MENTIS LITERARUM STUDIOSE INCITAMENTIS,
MALIS ET REGIMINE.

AUCTORE ANDREA STEWART.

EX conditione ista quæ homini obigit, ratio naturæ intelligentis undique enitet.

Corporis ipsius forma vel ad usum accommodatior, vel ad speciem pulchrior fingi non potest. Sensus, tanquam animi speculatores, ex conformatione situque suo, et ad res percipiendas, et à periculo cavendum, callidissime sunt accommodati. Membrorum structura artuumque nexus, stabilitatem simul facilemque motum corpori præstant. Intestina fabricam insuper ita machinata est natura, ut, dum pulmones apertissimi sunt ad ducendum spiritum istum, qui sanguinem vi sua vitali identidem imbuunt, liquore gastrico, motuque ventriculi et intestinorum concoquatur cibus; unde à lactiferis secernitur et resorbetur succus iste, quo nutrimur, qui tunc ad cor fluit, et inde in omnes partes permanat; et ex fluido isto corpus subinde reficitur, et ad omnia ejus munera aptum evadit. Huic machinæ tam multiplici etiam, quo homo ex omni parte instructus, consilioque naturæ dignior existat, præfectus est animus, variis facultatibus et dotibus præditus. Et inde fit ut longè inter cætera animalia emineat. Hic enim dum aliorum corpora prona sunt, sublimis oris aspectus, sensusque latè rerum interpretes dati fuerunt. Dum cætera corporis tantum, hic et mentis ingenii oblectatione perficitur. Hujus igitur causa, terra condita et ornata fuisse videtur; et in ea, si fortè legum rationisque naturæ interpret fieri, aut ingenii vim insitam pulchritudinem ejus contemplando polire cupiat, quanta rerum et ad cultum (ne dicam usum) delectationemque ejus comparata est ubertas! Nam ut mentis ipsius dotes nunquam satis mirandas præteream,....quis unquam vel rei minutissimæ fabricam speciemque; vel mundi ipsius ordinem, venustatem et amplitudinem perlustraverit, qui in iis solertiam, et rationem prorsus divinam, non agnovit? Qualia sunt vis et sapientia ista, ex quibus non solum materiæ brutæ planè et inertis atomi mutationes subire, et chemicè seipsos disponere queant, sed constantes etiam fiunt astrorum motus, quorum si vel unum fuerit deturbatum, ingentem secum traheret ruinam?

Quisnam putet, ni mens ista divinior desit, annum cursum et quotidianam terræ conversionem, efficientes tam ratas tempestatum dieique noctisque vicissitudines, et unde tanta et tam varia hominibus proveniunt commoda, rem esse indignam, cui studium impenderet? Et si animum ad orbem ipsum, quem homines incolæ teneant, ex omni parte instructum, et in usum eorum accommodatum verteremus, quanta et quam latè accedunt mentis rerum studiosæ incitamenta!...Quam justum libramen istud, quod oceanum inter et tellurem intervenit! et quantum, ut alia præteream, vel in forma ipsa orbis agnoscitur! notum est enim iis, qui operam physicæ dederint, terras, si iste omnino rotandus esset, mari oppletas et obrutas fore.

Quis porro non videt, ut aër iste tenuis, qui nos undique, velut oceanus quidam æthereus involvit

et circumfluit, dum aliter vitam foveat, animanti cuique spiritum salutiferam largiatur! Et quoniam usu multo noxius paulatim fieret, natura instituit, ut frigus acre et venti agitantis qui mare summum tractusque virentes præstringunt, continuo vim ejus renouent, et ad munera sua idoneum reddant. Hujus insuper talis est natura, ut circum orbem fusus subinde, præsertim quum venti æquora soli subdita perfiant, magna vi aquæ imbutus evadit. Hæc primò per campos longè liquentes diffusa, deinde in nubes coacta, iterum in terras pluvia effunditur. Hinc fiunt fontium perennitates, fluminum lapsus et humus latè mollis et segeti apta. Ex sole caloris luminisque fonte etiam speciem ornatiorem induit natura, et volente anno quasi vita et lætitia perfunditur undique terra. Hinc verè novo, cæli imbris et solis calore fotæ, gemmas protrudunt arbores, et campi longe virescunt. Lætæ hinc sub æstate proveniunt segetes, fervet latè opus, pecudes pastu gaudent, et arident omnia circum. Hinc denique autumnus flavis vestit agros aristis, et dum lætum ubique conciliat animum, cuique animanti victum copiosè largitur.

Quàm varia præterea et exploratu digna est, ista morum, vitæ, et conformationis, quæ in singulis animantium generibus agnoscitur, ratio! Horum alia gradiendo, alia serpendo, aves volando, et pisces denique nando apta, natura effinxit. Mirè quoque iis regionibus, quas singula incolunt, accommodata fuerunt; sub septentrione enim villorum aut lanæ vestitus est contra frigus tutamini; dum meridiem versus, pilosus et tenuior pellis, ne corpus æstu lædatur efficit. Sunt etiam plerumque armis, præsidii causa instructa; et ne plura dicam, instinctibus istis gaudent, quibus quodque eorum etiam si ratione expers in seligendo idoneo cibo, et procreando atque conservando genere suo, certissimè regitur.

Sed dum hæc singula quasi jure suo, animum ad scientiam et studia humaniora ducunt; species rerum universa vix minùs eodem tendit. Quis enim unquam, naturæ mutationes indentidem subleant copiam, decus et amplitudinem, præsertim si ingenium ad musas proclivius esset, perlustraverit, cui non erat voluptati?

Si ad terræ interiora spectes, ibi vis magna metallorum recruduit,....ibique natura immania semper et inexplandanda molitur. Facilis humus undique dum cælum æstiva luce recluditur, flores, fruges, fructusque fundit; et inter hyemem cum etiam, folia deciderint, et terræ ornatus latè senuerit,....vastitas immanis, nubila, tenebræ et fulgura coruscantia, dum cordi humano aliter terrorem incutiunt, menti ingenuæ voluptatem quandam præaltam subministrant. Natura quidem nunc speciem augustam potiùs, vel etiam horrendam, nunc verò lenem, cultam, et venustiore inquit. Pulchritudo et majestas quædam abnormis ubicunque regnant.

Hic montes silvestres attolluntur, illic valles jacent per quas errant amnes. Hic arva segete læta patent, illic saltus et lustra ferarum. Huc adde lenes rivorum strepitus, vestitus riparum, concentus avium, nemorumque comas.

'Speluncæ,' etiam, 'vivique lacus, et frigida Tempe,'....mugitusque boùm, mollesque sub arbore somni,....non absunt.

Has inter amenitates, cum cælos latè patentes, cum mare ingens subinde refluens, et terras tanta varietate distinctas, lustremus, tanquam liquida voluptate perfunditur animus. Numen aliquod persentire videmur, quod naturam universam pervadit, conservat, quasi anima imbuunt, et latè pulchritudine ornat. Et in hac tanta rerum ubertate, quomodo fieri potest, quin animus ingenuus, si locus modò doctrinam excolendo datus fuerit, amore ejus corripere?

Plura autem restant. Literæ enim istæ, quibus artes atque res hominum gestæ, poetarum munera, et quicquid unquam de naturæ ordine et ratione compertum fuit, memoriz fuerunt prodita,....fiunt etiam quasi cognitionis fontes, et studiorum incitamenta.

Et inde, prout sua quemque trahat indoles, vel cultum, vel scientiam abunde haurire licet. Hoc modò vetustas reviviscit, et cum viris istis clarioribus, quorum vitæ et exempla nobis sunt proposita, colloquimur. Ortus et provector ætas Scientiarum, cum divitiis, ut ita dicam, mentis humanæ cunctis, nisu multo, et per longinqua tempora comparatis, recluduntur. Cultum, sapientiam, incepta, et quodcunque vel hominum singulorum, vel gentium memoria dignius fuerint intuemur, et intuetu suscipimus. Quum homines igitur sese ad studia humaniora contulissent, innumera ferè, si ingenio saltem acriore sint, animum percipiunt. Scientiæ fontes undique patent. Dulcedo quædam gloriæ sese subdit; atque proventus fructus simul et delectationis quam plurimus, dum ulteriora petunt, remuneratur ita ut, quò plùs scient, eò plùs scire cupiant. Doctrinam excolendo quidem, animus, haud aliter quàm corpus inter cibum et exercitiationem, validus et potens fit; et revera, homines isti, qui animum ita disciplina quadam rationis altiore conformarunt, et ditaverunt, vix minùs ab aliis, quàm hi à cæteris animalibus distant. Dotes, quibus ad consilium, imperium, cæteraque vitæ munera difficiliora pollent, excelsiores sunt, et quæ præmia honoris sibi, quasi jure suo, vindicant. Et ubinam genitum, quidem, fuit iste unquam tam ferus et immensuetus repertus, qui etiam si nequam possideret, tamen possidendas et laudandas esse censeret?

Sin verò delectatio sola peteretur,....unde aptius vel uberius, quàm ex Studiorum cultu, quæ homines semper, 'esse animi remissionem liberalissimam et humanissimam judicant,' haurire liceat? 'Cætera enim,' ut ait Cicero, 'neque omnium hominum sunt, neque temporum, neque locorum: sed hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant; secundas res ornant, adversis perfrugium et solatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foras, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.'

Sed, quum vita, rerum literarumque studiis decita, ita incitamentis et deliciis suis abundet,....ex altera parte fatendum est, eam sæpe etiam malis et incommodis stipari. Et, quoniam omnes, in re tantæ magnitudinis versatos, eniti oportet, ut qualia sint et quomodo effugienda compertum habeant,....de causis atque naturâ eorum fusius aliquid disserere erit necesse.

Mala igitur, quibus studiorum amantiores sunt obnoxii, et fonte vario proveniunt; atque eò semper graviora sunt, quod mens culta et expolita acris persentit. Furtim plerumque obrepunt; et molestiæ aliquid, potiùs quàm damni, sub initio præ se ferunt. Si quando autem diutius invaluisse, sævitiam quandam insolitam, ni fortiter iis obviam itum fuerit, sibi adiscunt; et tandem eò usque nonnuquam, ut et animi corporisque vires labefactarint et perdiderint, evaserunt.

Sed ut altius omnia repetamus:....cum homines operam literis dederint, nulla forsitan res est, quæ sese malis ubertiorum præstat, quàm doctrinæ nimia et intempestiva coactatio. Et in hanc plerumque necessitate quadam incidunt.

Ubique animus in studia humanitatis et scientiæ proclivior est, vi alta ingenii ac rationis ferè semper gaudet: et dum ordinem naturæ perquirat, vel opes vetustatis recolit, delectatur, non solum propterea quod doctrina locupletatus fuerit, sed etiam quod usus et honores, quibus doctrinæ ista inserviat, præspicit. Et inde fit, ut, quo plus comperiat, eò vis major accedat incitamenti. Siquis igitur, facultate quadam philosophiæ præditus, et hoc modo concitatus, in studia sua totus incubuerit, vix aliter in iis versabatur, quin tandem animus ejus in nisum cogitationis perpetuum sese daret. Et, ex hujusmodi consuetudine, si forte usu diuturniore obfirmata fuerit, quanta et quam varia proveniunt mala! Modus est in rebus quem nemo unquam impune transgressus est. Mens ipsa, fortasse, ita snapte natura fuerit conformata, ut vim cogitandi facile perferre queat. Sed, dum corpori, quod planè inexcitabile est, multisque casibus ob-

noxium, præsît, ex mutuo eorum et mirando quidem nexu et consensu, altera alterius habitui semper obtemperatur. Et quoniam, inter nisum mentis nimium vel diuturniorem, corpus, dum motibus ejus paret, labefactatur, mens ipsa, haud aliter, ut ita dicam, quàm arcus, qui tensus diu manserit, elasticitatem ejus simul incumbendo perdit. Huic etiam accedit, quod menti contemplationi deditæ, cum in ulteriora semper nititur, quodcunque munus ab hac vitæ ratione alienum, sese obtulerit, invisum ferè erit. Et, siquando res aliqua cogitationes ejus subito dimoverit, et delectationem, qua jam potitura erat, surripuerit, fieri non potest, quin tædii ac perturbationis multum ei exinde conciliaretur.

Quinetiam hæcce literarum aviditas studiosos facile in secessum urget. Domi fere sese abdunt, quod locus ibi minùs interpellationi datur: Et, si modo mentis ingenique voluptate perfruantur, et doctrinæ opes, paulatim fortassè vel sibi ipsis inutiles futuras, undique comparent, omnium, quæcumque ad corporis sanitatem pertineant, juxta sunt improvidi. Dum alii inter suos latantur, vel, per agros fortassè vagantes, subinde vires ex aère puro et exercitatione repetunt, illi suâ sponte ab his omnibus exulant. Sed, quoniam sese impune à naturâ diu alienare nequeunt, malis paulatim obidentur. Tenebrosus aliquid mentem suffundit; et, sine dôtibus istis salutiferis, quas aër et exercitatio ministrant, sanguis quasi venis moratur, nervi soluti fiunt, et systema totum rapidum, laxum, et effæctum evadit.

In consuetudine autem mentis rerum literarumque studiosæ, alia, præter nisum intempestivum, ferè nocent.

Commercium vitæ solitum plerisque est voluptati. Sed, quo res ita sese habeat, multa quidem, quæ docti rariùs sunt, veluti morum comitas urbanior, et sales quidam, vel levis saltem sermonis facilitas, debent accedere. Exulanti verò, ut ita dicam, ab aliis, et contemplationi altæ perpetuò dedito, nec locus idoneus ferè nec indoles, quæ ad hujusmodi cultum cum adducerent, scientiæ amantiori adsunt. Cultus externus etiam, graviore diu posthabitus, paulatim spernitur: et, quum hic desit, siquando in cœtu solitò versetur, brevi ferè constat dotes, quibus ad scientiæ munera præalta valeat, cum ingenio istius, levis, ac festivi, minimè convenire.

Sed dum solito colloquio ita parum aptus sit, ex altera parte, sæpiùs ab eo suâ sponte abhorret. Diu nova et recondita exquirere et mirari assueti, quod aliis in aperto est, et communis equidem sermonis consuetudo, vix oblectamenti aliquid offerunt. Et revera, dum, scientiæ amore inexplabili percitus, spatium cogitationis suæ undique ampliare conatur, respicere, et cum aliis, de his rebus, quæ jam amplius mentis complexum adimplere, vel novi aliquid subministrare nequeunt, colloqui, est, quod rariùs sine inquietudinis sensu conceditur.

Ita ipsum vitæ commercium, quod, ut jam dixi, plerisque est voluptati, sæpe doloris potiùs quam remissionis conciliatrix evadit. Sub noctis adventum, è negotiis suis elapsi, mercator et artifex sese queunt in gremium consortionis pergratæ, ubi, inter nugas fortassè risusque hilaritatem, curæ mordaces citò aufugient, recipere. At post nisus mentis validos, dieique labores quantoslibet, ubi reperiri potest cœtus iste, ni fortè paucissimorum quidem, unde doctus, sese non potiùs pertæsum, et cum desiderio adamatæ solitudinis multo, eriperet?

Sed, fortasse, cultus et amplificatio mentis ipsa, sunt aliquando causæ infelicitatis ejus gravissimæ. Cæteris præjacet undique spatii inexploranti quædam amplitudo, diu inter progrediendum, novi, pulchri et excelsi aliquid, cum delectationis inde provenientis plurimo, subinde largitura. At, cum naturæ studiosi, ab altâ contemplatione destiterint, et intra limites cogitationis solitæ, ut ita dicam, sese receperint, res ferè notæ, et communes, complexui

mentium suarum vix sufficiunt; ideoque, vacui, vexati, et miseri fiunt.

Est etiam, ubi, innumera ista, quæ vel recensuerunt, vel recensuri sunt, circumspicientibus, animus, vix aliter quàm si per mare altum, vastum et ignotum tenderent, obstupet et quodammodo deficit.

Ex alterâ parte, si studiosi musis operam suam potiùs dedissent, ratio mentis est nonnihil diversa; vim istam enim, quæ poetæ innascitur, contemplando speciem rerum, vel quicquid decoris et aptitudinis iis insit, quæ mens ipsa effingit, subinde expolunt. Et inde fit, ut mores ingenique hominum, vel etiam literarum, gustu quodam facillè dignoscant.

At sensus iste cultior, qui in secessu deliciarum iis plurimum præbet, foras prodeuntibus, propterea quod multum à vitæ consuetudine solita dissidet, haud rarò multum infelicitatis conciliat. In eo rerum statu, quem fictrix imaginatio simulat, quodcunque sese offerat, est ex omni parte cultum, decorum, et amabile. Concinnitas et elegantia ubique enitent. Homines, quibuscum colloquuntur, et quasi hominorantur, dôtibus ornatissimi sunt. Ingenio, cultu, et honoris atque amicitiae consuetudine quadam præaltâ et insolitâ, valent. At siquando è somniis istis excitati, prodierint, et in hac rerum hominorantur turbâ sese versari animadverterint; nihil ferè est, gustui mentis acriori conveniat. Dissimilitudo quædam, molestiæ et doloris causa uberrima, undique agnoscitur. Amicum vix inveniunt; et tædio, vel etiam fastidio, nonnunquam ducti, tandem à vitæ commercio et officiis sese ex magna parte alienarunt.

Ex hac mentis indole aliâ etiam proveniunt mala; quicquid enim illis vel molesti, vel adversi, in vitæ decursu inciderit, ab eâ ferè vim novam et aliquando sævitiam mutuât.

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Observations upon certain passages in Mr. Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, which appear to have a tendency to Subvert Religion, and established a False Philosophy.

[Concluded.]

In the course of this curious train of evidence against the blacks, Mr. Jefferson says 'It would be unfair to follow them to Africa for this investigation. We will consider them here, on the same stage with the whites, and where the facts are not apocryphal on which a judgment is to be formed.' What! would it be unfair to view them in their own country and native condition, where the better sort live fearless and unrestrained? And does justice bid us examine their mental powers, while in a state of servitude, rendered sullen by ignominy, and broken down by labour? And although in large and civilized communities there never appear more than a few scattered geniuses who deserve attention, does impartiality command us to criticise the talents and literary productions of a few negroes who have escaped the unhappy lot of their brethren; and because they fall far short of European excellence, to degrade their whole race below the rest of mankind? This may be modern equity, taught by modern philosophy. Mr. Park, however, who seems not to have been actuated by such refined notions of justice, has very ungenerously visited them in their own country; and he has discovered, without submitting them 'to the anatomical knife, to optical glasses, to analysis by fire or by solvents,' that almost every feature of the mental portrait which Mr. Jefferson has attempted to delineate, is as unlike the original, as the most fantastic appearance which his curious looming mountain ever assumed, was to its real figure. Mr. Park has clearly shown, in the account of his adventures,

that their love is not 'more an eager desire than a tender delicate mixture of sentiment and sensation.' They appear not only susceptible of the purest love, but many of them to possess hearts so generous and compassionate, that civilized nations might profit by their example. Although they have not 'been liberally educated,' nor 'lived in countries where the arts and sciences are cultivated to a considerable degree,' they have carried their arts to a much higher degree of excellence, than to 'crayon out an animal, a plant, or a country.' And there is every reason to suppose that they are not inferior in oratory to the native Americans. This, at least, is certain, that their thoughts are often far, very far, 'above the level of plain narration.' We find, too, that misery can produce poetry among them: not their own misery, but the misery of a disconsolate and nearly famished traveller, whom their kindness relieved. And while they have subjects like the story of Denman and Abdulkader, we must acknowledge that, however rude their compositions, the heroes of their songs are not inferior in magnanimity to any in the Iliad or Æneid. The last argument which is brought against their being of the same species with the whites, is a comparison between them and the slaves of the Romans. A great deal of trouble is taken to show that the condition of the ancient slaves was much more deplorable than that of the enslaved Africans; and we are told that, 'notwithstanding these and other discouraging circumstances among the Romans, their slaves were often their rarest artists. They excelled too in science, inasmuch as to be usually employed as tutors to their master's children.' Every classical reader must be astonished that a person who presumes to quote so freely from the ancients as Mr. Jefferson has done, could, even while he was treading on classic ground, overlook this obvious distinction between the ancient and modern slaves. The negroes who are brought to this country are poor uncivilized creatures, as ignorant as they are unfortunate, and the greater part of them brought up in servitude before they come: but the ancient slaves, all know, were captives in war, oftentimes equally civilized with their conquerors, and frequently far superior to them in all the fine arts and useful sciences. No wonder, then, that they should be often freed, and even employed as instructors.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes Intulit agresti Latio.

A precious sample this of philosophical reasoning: because the uncivilized Africans are not as good sculptors and poets as were the enslaved Greeks, they are not worthy to be called men. Mr. Jefferson, however, very tenderly advises us not to draw a hasty conclusion, as that 'conclusion would degrade a whole race of men from the rank in the scale of beings which their Creator may perhaps have given them.' Very pretty truly! the scale of beings which their Creator may perhaps have given them. Now let the reader add to this piece of tender advice the following passage; and if prejudice has not cast a veil before him darker than night, he cannot but perceive that the whole drift of what we have been examining is to establish the brutal theory mentioned at the beginning of this long paragraph. The passage is this: 'It is not against experience to suppose, that different species of the same genus, or varieties of the same species, may possess different qualifications. Will not a lover of natural history, then, one who views the gradations in all the races of animals with the eye of philosophy, excuse an effort to keep those in the department of man, as distinct as nature has formed them? Here let

us leave the black men. And the reader, no doubt, is as happy to quit this tiresome investigation as is the writer.

We will say nothing of Mr. Jefferson's seventeenth Query, in which he treats of the different religions in the State of Virginia. The principal arguments in it are adduced to prove the impropriety of a religious establishment; the merits or demerits of which it is not our business to discuss. And as to the unbecoming levity with which religion in general is there treated, William Smith, Esq. of South-Carolina, in the Letters of Phocion, has already exposed it so judiciously and so handsomely, that every body who is displeased with Mr. Jefferson's book must regret that Mr. Smith himself did not undertake to 'scrutinize and strip it of its borrowed garb.'

Thus have we gone through the principal parts in the Notes on Virginia which appear hostile to the religion of our forefathers. And it is hoped that no misrepresentation has been made, and nothing indecorous uttered. If, however, these observations be guilty of any injustice, the writer of them solemnly declares that he is unconscious of it; and, as an honest man, would rejoice to be corrected.

It is easy enough to deny any thing. The axioms in mathematics have been denied; even our existence has been doubted. But can any person who believes the testimony of his senses and reason, deny that the book which offers a theory of the earth contrary to the scripture account of the creation; which denies the possibility of an universal deluge; which considers the Bible history as no better than ordinary tradition; which extols Voltaire and the French Encyclopedists, the imps who have inspired all the wickedness with which the world has of late years been infested; which says that the natives of America are older than those of Asia, though scripture says that the world was peopled from one pair, placed in Asia; which considers it as a doubtful matter whether the blacks be really men, or only an intermediate grade between us and the brutes; and which esteems all religions 'good enough;' can he deny that this book is an instrument of infidelity? Surely not: it bears the stamp of modern philosophy as palpably as *Le compère Matthieu*; not from its learning or ingenuity, but from the insidious manner in which it conveys what are called its philosophical doctrines. At all events, if by twisting and glossing over the passages quoted, a doubt can possibly remain as to the justice of the charge brought against them, it must be confessed that the author of the Notes on Virginia is one of the most confused and unintelligible writers that ever the world produced. And all good Christians should ardently hope that he would prefer the imputation of being a bad composer, to the suspicion of being an humble follower of modern French philosophers. Wretched, indeed, is our country, if she is to be enlightened by these philosophers; philosophers whose industry is equalled by nothing but their vanity, whose pursuits are impeded by no danger nor difficulty; by no law, human or divine; who think nothing too great for them to grasp, and nothing too minute to be observed: they dig into the bowels of the earth, and climb the loftiest mountains; they traverse the ocean, and explore the regions of air; they search the written records of antiquity, and the traditions of savages; they build up theories of shells and bones and straws. And for what? Is it to render more stable the uncertain condition of man? Is it to alleviate one of the miseries which afflict his nature? No; it is to banish civilization from the earth, that we may be reduced to the state of savages; to pluck from the wretched their sweetest consolation; to extin-

guish the only light by which the Christian hopes to cheer the gloomy hour of death; to quench the thirst for immortality which the Creator has attached to our nature; to degrade us from the rank of angels, to which we are taught to aspire, that we may complete the catalogue of brutes. In Great Britain, thanks to her pious and learned divines and philosophers, they have been silenced and put to confusion. There, a veteran band has met them face to face; has given them blow for blow, fact for theory, solid reason for superficial gloss, and contempt for ridicule. But in this country, though no one has genius to write like Voltaire, and though party squabbles engross the principal attention of the community; yet, when the business of regulating the commonwealth affords leisure for other considerations, there is hardly a young spark to be found who is not a profound pollician, and a philosopher into the bargain. The newly licensed attorney, who can scarcely draught a declaration; the merchant's clerk, whose highest knowledge is to get a note discounted; the young doctor, who does not know the difference between the 'skin and scarf skin;' and the young buck, who knows nothing at all; can all talk, by the hour, about the rights of man, and about mammoth bones and oyster-shells; they can make it as plain as an axiom, that all mankind are as equal as a set of ninepins; and that Moses knew no more about the age of the world than a Mohock.

The writer cannot conclude these remarks without expressing his regret that more of the well-disposed among his young countrymen do not devote their leisure hours to the attainment of useful learning, rather than to frivolous amusements or political wrangling. If more took pains to understand the nature of the subjects about which they pretend to dispute, there would necessarily be more thinking, and less talking; and we might reasonably expect that sober investigation would take place of that illiberal and individual abuse which is so prevalent; more becoming the Moors of Ludamar than civilized Americans. If but a few young men of talents would devote their spare hours to the attainment of true knowledge, and join hand and heart together, they might in time become a Spartan phalanx, which would, at least, make a noble, if not a successful stand against the barbarian host, who, it is to be feared, are silently plotting to throw off the restraints of religion, and to bear down the essential principles of government.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REV. MR. ABERCROMBIE'S SERMON.

We understand, from valid authority, that, in consequence of the request of many of the literary and political friends of the Rev. JAMES ABERCROMBIE, that gentleman intends, in the course of a few weeks, to publish his sermon on the death of General HAMILTON. Themes so copious and interesting, as the baneful practice of duelling, and the last mournful consequence of this Gothic vice, will not only excite, but, we may take leave to add, will display the powers of the reverend orator, as a Christian minister, and an eloquent panegyrist.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NEW TRANSLATION OF VOLNEY'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

The celebrated author of *Travels through Syria*, has very lately published at Paris *Tableau du Climat et du sol des Etats Unis, &c.* For the honour of our country, we are happy to learn that a translation of this interesting work is now

in a state of great forwardness, by Mr. CHARLES B. BROWN, of this city, whose talents as an author in various walks of literature have been long advantageously known to the public, and whose scrupulous purity of style, industrious habits, and knowledge of the French idiom, render him fully adequate to the task of a translator. We have had the double opportunity of seeing a portion of Mr. Brown's translation, and that published for Mr. Johnson, the British bookseller. It gives us pleasure to add, that the domestic version is fully equal, if not superior, to the foreign; and, for the reputation of a very ingenious man of letters, and the emolument of one of the most respectable booksellers in America, we sincerely wish that these travels may be purchased with avidity, and criticised with candour.

LEVITY.

[From Gray's Norfolk Register.]

CIRCULAR LETTERS—Are not more common from our knowing members of congress to their constituents, than they are from the kind, attentive, and intelligent merchants of the Hans-Towns to their friends in America. These latter, also, never fail to print their circulars, which they generally send in duplicate and triplicate; with price-current and other papers inclosed, in such quantities, as to amount to no trifling sum for postage in the course of a year. Another circumstance attends the receipts of those communications; from ignorance of the topography of this country, or carelessness of the expense occasioned, the writers frequently send them to that port most distant from their address. Many acts of retaliation have been practised; a merchant of Baltimore once inclosed to Rucker and Wortmann of Hamburg one hundred of their own letters, by way of Spain—and a wag in Philadelphia, some years ago, addressed the following letter to another Hamburg house, which we republish as a specimen of good practical humour.

Philadelphia, Dec. 10, 1797.

To Mr. J. Amberg, a merchant in Hamburg.

I had the peculiar satisfaction of receiving, on the 7th instant, by the way of Baltimore, your very respectable favour of the first of January last, covering a price-current of Hamburg, and a state of your market for articles of import as well as export.

Having been honoured with several like communications from you, by the way of Boston, New-York, &c. for which I have paid several dollars postage, I thought it but just and grateful to make some handsome acknowledgements of such singular favours, and have, therefore, inclosed, for your perusal, Poulson's Almanac, for the present year, in which you will find some very shrewd prognostics of the weather; and although the year will in a few days expire, yet it will, no doubt, afford you great pleasure to know that we mostly have some kind of weather in this outlandish country; and, furthermore, it must prove very agreeable to be informed of the kind we have had even in times past.

For your further information, I have sent herewith 'Gale's Independent Gazetteer,' for Jan. 3, 1797; in it you will perceive advertised for sale, 'twenty thousand weight of rappee snuff, fit for exportation;' a capital job; and several other advertisements and articles of equal value and present utility.

I have annexed, for your particular government, a list of several articles of domestic produce and manufacture, which, I have no doubt, will also contribute much to your advantage.

This goes via England, and you may expect to have the benefit of frequently hearing from me in the same way. Waiting your very agreeable commands, I am yours, &c.

PRICES-CURRENT,

INCLOSED IN THE ABOVE LETTER.

Potato's—Small ones, 2s. 10d. to 3s. 3d. per bushel; large and mealy, 3s. 9d. to 4s. 6d.

Cabbage—Small and rough, 2d. to 4d. per head; large, fit for sour-croute, 6d. to 10d.

Onions—Red and strong 5d. to 10d. per rope; white and comfortable, 1s. 3d. to 1s. 10d.

*Magnolia Flowers—2d. to 5d. per bunch; none at the market.

Bear's meat—Best quality, 10d. to 1s. 6d. per lb.

Samp—9d. to 11d. per quart.

Rabbits—Skin and all, 5½d. to 11½d. per piece.

Opossums—Single bellied, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 7d. per piece; double bellied, 5s. to 7s. 6d.

Eggs—Fresh laid and virgin, 1s. 8d. to 2s. with chickens in the same.

Cows Tails—1d. per piece.

Bull's do.—2d. to 4d. do.

Pepperpot—Made of tripe, 3d. a cupful; with chickens in it, 5d.

*Cash—7s. 6d. per dollar.

Articles marked thus *, are not to be depended upon for large supplies.

THE CONVENIENCE OF COUGHING.

[From the Sentimental Magazine.]

SIR,

There are few disorders incident to the human frame, which people seem more desirous of curing than a *cough*. For their timidity, in this respect, I never could obtain a proper reason. Coughing is, unquestionably, in some cases, attended with a degree of pain; but, have we actually arrived at an age of light, and reason, and philosophy, and yet cannot endure a little pain? Admitting that the pain is on some occasions troublesome; or granting that it is, on those occasions, much greater than it has been represented; is there nothing to balance it? Is not the possession of a cough, and the liberty of using it when we please, an advantage of the first importance? It is, indeed, so valuable a substitute for speech, that I do not see how we can part with it, without suppressing those opinions, which we are not allowed to give in words.

The great utility of *coughing* appears principally in the senate, the pulpit, and at the bar. To begin with the senate. Suppose a member had made a speech so long as to become tiresome, and so dull as to create no interest, and that he still persists in wearing out the patience of his hearers, what are they to do? None of them dare to interrupt him in words; not even the Speaker of the house himself can request him to conclude before he pleases. What then is to be done? Why, sir, half a dozen, or a dozen of his brethren begin a coughing *chorus*, which they repeat until he is completely put to silence. And it very fortunately happens that this venerable assembly hold their sittings in winter, when coughs are more frequent than at any other season, and when, consequently, a member may provide himself with this method to reply, at a very easy rate.

In the church, coughing is of considerable service. If the rev. Mr. A—, or the dean of B—, or the bishop of C—, happen to say any thing which seems to allude to a person or persons present, they can immediately commu-

nicate their opinions to one another, by a gentle, tickling cough, ay, and understand each other through a whole dialogue, at the expense of the preacher, who thinks, poor man! that their lungs are touched; whereas it is only their consciences.

At the bar, during the harangue of some able and eloquent lawyer, I have often heard a clandestine cough between his opponent and the jury, which was translated into very plain English when they came to give their verdict. Winks and nods any person may detect, but the language of coughing is confined to your old practitioners.

In the private intercourses of life, the advantage of coughing have, I dare say, been experienced by most persons who will honour this letter with a perusal. At the tea-table, when characters come to be discussed, upon which occasion it may not be always safe to speak out, a cough supplies the want of words. Praise an absent character, and accompany your words with a proper intermixture of coughing, and the company will immediately understand that you mean the very reverse of what you say. In another case, when a person advances any thing to which you are not disposed to assent, but which, for certain reasons, you do not choose to contradict, a cough will explain your intention very fully. This is particularly useful when listening to what old aunts and uncles advance, from whom we have great expectations, and who, therefore, must not be thwarted. It will likewise often happen that we are tempted to laugh, and yet must suppress it: this is exceedingly painful, especially when we see another person in the same situation. The laugh begins involuntarily; but any expert person may soon change it into a fit of coughing; and when he is black in the face, who will dare to dispute the severity of the disease?

In playing at cards, I know, from experience, that coughing is much resorted to, although I can by no means defend any practice that is unfair. The Tabithas and Dorothys, however, do not scruple to inform each other of the state of their hands by means of a gentle coughing *duet*, intelligible only to themselves, I am convinced I have lost many a game because my opponents were not provided with pectoral lozenges, or sat with their back to the door, or slept with a window open, or some other cause; while I well know they would not have parted with their cough for five shillings per night.

I have thus, Sir, set down at random some of the advantages of coughing; and I hope that the ingenious gentleman who executes the medical department of your Magazine, will hereafter mention this disorder with a becoming tenderness, and not hint at a cure, which, I am persuaded, would be to all the personages above mentioned a very great misfortune.

I am, Sir, &c.

TUSSIPHILUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SECOND VOLUME OF

PINKERTON'S GEOGRAPHY.

Messrs. CONRAD have, with great care and expense, at length completed an edition of a most valuable scientific work, and vol. II, of Pinkerton's Geography, exhibiting a view of our own country, will probably be perused with still more interest, than the first. During the progress of this work through the Press, we have had leisure to examine the criticisms of every Literary Journal which deserves attention, either for its age, accuracy, or reputation. We find

an universal suffrage of the critics, in favour of these volumes, and the *Edinburgh Review* which is not less remarkable for its rigour of analysis, and the severity of its strictures, than for sparkling wit, and ingenuity of illustration has very liberally extolled our author. Even the Anti-Jacobin, a journal which is austere to that party in politics, of which, it is supposed, Mr. Pinkerton is a member, has, on this occasion, omitted all acrimony of invective, to give place to the most candid commendation. It appears, therefore, that this ingenious, copious, and useful system of a science, at once popular and indispensable, is eminently entitled to the patronage of the American Public, and we have the satisfaction to state that the enterprising booksellers, who have embarked in an expensive undertaking, will not be reluctantly rewarded for their useful labour.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMERICAN EDITION OF FERGUSON'S ROMAN HISTORY.

Messrs. Poyntell and Co. will shortly put to press Dr. FERGUSON'S History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic. Few books of the historical class abound more in sterling good sense, and practical wisdom, than this instructive narrative of the exploits and dissensions of a great people. The style of Dr. Ferguson is manly, nervous, perspicuous and simple. It is not perpetually 'ambitious of ornament.' It does not so much resemble the tawdry purple of Gibbon and Gillies, as the more modest array of Xenophon and Cæsar. It is the style not of declamation, but of business; and to adopt a fine allusion from HORACE, Splendat usu.

This excellent work has passed through five editions, by the last of which the American copy will be regulated. The Publishers, studious of the reader's economy and convenience, intend to compress the five volumes into three. These will be carefully and elegantly printed, in a manner, which will not dishonour the American press, nor tarnish the reputation of a book, which the soldier may study for its military, and the statesman, for its political, science; a work, whose lessons, if they do not inspire additional confidence in the old theories of Government, will, at least, deter the most outrageous Patriot from rashly tempting the new.

Mr. H. Maxwell, has printed in a very beautiful manner, a small edition in octavo, of Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' together with many fugitive Poems, some of which have never before appeared, except in ephemeral publications. This edition is rendered still more valuable to the lover of fine Poetry, in consequence of the agreeable addition of that charming Poem, 'The Pleasures of Memory.' This elegant volume is

* This is a new Journal of Literature, published quarterly in the capital of Scotland; and, as we are informed from the most correct and respectable authority, is conducted by a club of Oxford and Edinburgh scholars, who have displayed so much Genius, Learning and industry in their critical researches, that their Review, though still in its infancy, rivals in extent of public patronage, the most favoured of the old and established Journals. In the front of these Scottish Critics, we find the name of H. Brougham, Esq. who has recently distinguished himself by a profound and eloquent work, on the Colonial Policy of Great Britain. We have had an opportunity, which we eagerly enjoyed, to peruse some of the initial numbers of the Edinburgh Review, and, with the exception of a very few articles, either of dangerous latitude, or fastidious and merciless censure, we had every reason to admire the wit, and acuteness of the ingenious young men, who, under 'the shelter of academic bowers' so ably analyse the Literature of the age.

a favourable specimen of American typography; and we are assured by one, whose professional employment demands a diligent scrutiny of the pages, and who has brighter eyes to detect the moles of error, than we, that this is nearly an immaculate edition.

Mr. James Humphreys, has published an excellent, and greatly improved edition of Montefiore's Commercial Dictionary. The Publisher has obtained the assistance of some ingenious American, who has manifested great industry, as well as ability, in the useful task of correcting and enlarging this work. It is incomparably superior to the London edition, and in its present reformed state, ought to be the manual of every merchant. The nature, extent, and use of the various alterations in these volumes are very well indicated in a Preface by the American editor, written with perspicuity, spirit and elegance.

LAW INTELLIGENCE. COURT OF KING'S BENCH

THE KING V. STEPHENS AND AGNEW.

This case was argued to-day at great length, and with universally acknowledged ability, by Mr. Attorney General, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Garrow, Mr. Adam, Mr. Wood, and M. Abbott on one side; and by Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Gibbs, on the other. To detail all the arguments which the ingenuity of Counsel suggested on so apparently simple a point, as the legal definition of the word 'until,' would occupy at least three columns of a newspaper; for the arguments exhausted three hours of the time of the court, but without tiring at all the patience either of the Judges or the Jury. We shall endeavour to shew the importance of the word 'until,' in the present case with as much conciseness as perspicuity will admit of.

By the 33d. George 3. cap. 52, certain penalties are inflicted on British subjects, in the service of Government, or of the East-India Company, residing in the East-Indies, for taking bribes, &c. To constitute the completion of the offence against which the statute is directed, it is requisite that the bribe shall be taken, whilst the party taking it is resident in India, and in the service of Government, or the East-India Company. No person in a different situation comes within the meaning of the statute. The averment in the information on which the defendants were found guilty is, that they were in the service of the East-India Company, for a great length of time, to wit, from the 1st of January, 1794, until the 29th of November, 1795; and that they committed the offence, &c. on the 29th of November, 1795. On all sides it is admitted, that they could not commit the offence (as servants of the East-India Company, &c.) when divested of that character and description which is incorporated with the substance of the crime. Mr. Dallas had moved in arrest of judgment on the ground that until was a word of exclusion of the 29th November, 1795. By being described as servants, &c. until that day, they could not, he contended, commit that offence, as servants, &c. on that day. Many learned arguments were urged; many cases cited; and even some pleasantry found way into the discussion. Said the Attorney General, 'If I ask a friend to dine with me and stay until the next day, is he to order his carriage a twelve at night, before the next day?'

Mr. Erskine repeated the line—

As chaste as ice until the marriage day.

Are you to exclude the marriage day, and to presume the lady unchaste at the close of the preceding day? Yet such is the consequence of the doctrine of exclusion.

Mr. Dallas. If my friend, the Attorney General, insists on *until* being an inclusive term, were I to ask him to dine, and knowing his time to be precious, should say, 'I'll not send for you until dinner is ready,' I should fulfil my invitation were I to send for him when dinner is over. And Mr. Erskine's illustration is still more unfortunate, for if *until* be inclusive, the bride must be 'chaste as ice,' the entire of the marriage day; which my learned friend, some years ago, would not, I think, have contended for.

The Court for the present, postponed their decision.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Ruricola's wood is 'exempt from public haunt,' and he finds 'tongues in the trees.' We know him to be blest with that genuine independence,

..... Whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

The political remarks and salutary cautions of HORTENSIVS claim an attentive and dispassionate perusal. The style of this writer, like his sentiments, is manly and pure, neither ranting, like the demagogues of the day, nor tawdry, like the orations of the hour. In our next number, we shall resume the thread of his speculations, and it is peculiarly agreeable to the Editor, at this time, to call the attention of his countrymen to the things which belong to their peace. It may not be dissembled, it may not be suppressed, and it shall not be spoken, in a voice craven or low, WE ARE ON THE EVE OF GREAT DISASTERS. We approach rapidly to the crisis of political fever. It imports us, therefore, vigilantly to regard and boldly to indicate the symptoms; and to act with a decisiveness, promptitude, and spirit, proportioned to the peril of the hour. The example of our correspondent, and the wishes of the Editor, are fully justified by the authority of Sir WILLIAM JONES, who was, indeed, a free, sovereign, and independent man, and who has said with truth and eloquence. "It has long been my opinion, that, in times of national adversity, those citizens are entitled to the highest praise, who, by personal exertions, or active valour, promote, at their private hazard, the general welfare; that the second rank in the scale of honour is due to those, who in the great council of the nation, or in other assemblies, legally convened, propose and enforce with manly eloquence, what they conceive to be salutary or expedient on the occasion; and that the third place remains for those persons, who, when they have neither a necessity to act, nor a fair opportunity to speak, IMPART, IN WRITING, to their countrymen such opinions as their reason approves, and such knowledge as their painful researches have enabled them to acquire.

With these restrictions, the sword, the tongue, and the pen, which have too often been employed by the worst passions to the worst purposes, may become the instruments of exalted virtue; instruments, which it is not the right only, but the duty of every man to use, who can use them."

It is our anxious wish that 'ASMODEO,' a correspondent not more a favourite with the Editor than with the public, will promptly accede to our proposition, that he would present our readers, in the form of essays, comprising two or three of the Idylls, an entire poetical version of Solomon's Songs, on the model which A. so judiciously adopted, in the charming specimens inserted in our second volume. If this exhortation of the Editor be lightly regarded by his

respectable correspondent, or if a poet's indolence, or a country gentleman's occupation, interfere, still ASMODEO may be stimulated to the accomplishment of this task, so much desired by the Editor; by the assurance, that, in the opinion of the accomplished Mr. MOORE, no pastoral poetry, in any American publication, is comparable to the above specimens, versified from the elegant Epithalamium of the Ovid of Judea. In a late interview with Mr. M, a critic whose taste and judgment in polite literature would hardly be denied by the most arrogant Zoilus, we listened, with a cordial assent, to the most liberal encomium upon the peculiar qualifications of A, for this enamelled walk of tender and amatory poetry, beautiful for its happy union of the graces of nature, and simplicity with all the splendor of oriental ornament.

We hope soon to have a favourable response from A; and, meanwhile, if he wish to consult the new version, and, above all, the elegant notes of John Mason Goode, appended to this Hebrew pastoral, we can furnish him with the volume. We strenuously advise A to preserve the metre he originally adopted, as one of the principal objections to Mr. G's translation is the heaviness which his choice of stanza sometimes imposes; while, on the contrary, the vivacity and fluency of Asmodeo's measures are finely adapted to represent the Loves and Graces of Eastern Poetry.

'Harcourt's complaint of the coquetry of his Amanda, and of her visible partiality to a weak and coxcombical rival, would not be interesting even to our gayer and lounging readers. The case is not a new one, and, though it may deserve compassion, will be pronounced, by every woman, too common and trite. He, and his favoured rival are the Edwin and Sir Topaz of Dr. PARNELL.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But, one Sir Topaz, dress'd with art,
And, if a shape can win a heart,
He has a shape to win.

'FLORIAN's correspondence is resumed, and the literary amusements of this author are not less pleasing to many, than useful to him. We gladly accept his proffer. A series of papers of that classical cast, to which he alludes, is not only highly agreeable to the Editor, but interesting to that description of scholars, which he is most solicitous to enrol on the list of his judicious friends. Critical canons, derived from the immortal work of the Poet of Mantua, must always combine beauty with use.

'Retrospect, from the moral pencil of 'E' will be regarded with great complacency by every contemplative mind. Themes of sorrow do not always weaken, they often fortify the spirit, and it refreshes the eye to be sometimes averted from the gaudy tulips of life, and to repose on the sober cypress.

An ironical 'Eulogy on the Times,' by the comic author of 'Terrible Tractoration,' is derived from a volume of original Poems, which Mr. Fessenden has very lately published in London. They add to the fair fame of this ingenious writer, and their claims to public notice are fully sanctioned by the decisive approbation of W. GIFFORD, Esq. who, we know, examined and revised the manuscript, which was submitted to his friendly criticism. We have very often manifested our respect for the opinions of the translator of JUVENAL. We venerate his principles, and we repeat his Poetry. If he has praised the Poems of our American Bard, this is a sufficient reason for their favourable reception at home and abroad.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RETROSPECT.

ADDRESSED TO W*****

When youth's soft paths, by fancy's feet were worn,
And joy's gay carol wak'd the blue-ey'd morn;
'Twas mine to pour on memory's lucid stream
The sunny radiance of hope's golden beam:
To watch, with timid glance, each sparkling ray,
And, raptur'd, mark the 'vivid reflex' play—
To cull Hyblean fragrance from the bower,
The snowy blossom, and the blooming flower,
With myrtle wreaths the olive leaf to twine—
For friendship and the balm of peace were mine:
Till wisdom's voice breath'd softly in mine ear,
'Thy place of rest, Eliza, is not here;
Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart,
Arise! and on the wings of faith depart.'
Truth's starry seal attests the solemn sound,
And nature, trembling, felt her keenest wound;
Round my frail breast her plastic hand had wove
The soft, endearing ties of filial love;
All that was sweet, or delicate, or fair,
All that was feminine, in voice or air;
Each look, each gesture, mildly beam'd on me,
And all, my sainted mother! died with thee!
In heaven's pure image was thy virtue form'd,
By wisdom cultur'd, and by kindness warm'd;
Meek piety, with soft maternal grace,
Shone on thy brow, and smil'd upon thy face;
Thou wert the guiding star, serenely bright,
That shed on life's dim vale its mellow light.
God is my witness, that I ask'd not wealth,
Nor human honours, nor the glow of health—
But, Oh! my bursting heart! what pangs were thine!
Each treasure'd blessing calmly to resign!
Yet HE, who taught the lightning where to rise,
And heard his thunder rend the stormy skies;
That Power, who bade the foaming billows roll,
Their force can temper, and their rage control:
Can'st bind the whirlwind, bid the earthquake cease,
And, in the wreck of nature, whisper peace.

E

FROM THE PALLADIUM.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

If the following extract from a volume of 'Original Poems,' published in England, by THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN, Esq. (and of which, perhaps, the writer of this article is the only person in the United States who is possessed of a copy), meets your approbation, you will please to give it a place in your useful publication. It may be well, however, for the sake of your whimsical innovators in religion and politics, whose heads are generally as weak as their hearts are wicked, to premise, that this little poem is *ironical*, its author no disorganizer, nor a disciple of Paine or Godwin, but indulges himself in a sneer at the expense of those, who are sedulously employed in sapping the foundations of civilization and social order.

EULOGY ON THE TIMES.

Let poets scrawl satiric rhymes,
And sketch the follies of the times,
With much caricaturing;
But I, a *bon-ton Bard*, declare
A set of slanderers they are,
E'en past a Job's enduring—

Let crabbed cynics snarl away,
And pious parsons preach and pray
Against the vices reigning;
That mankind are so wicked grown,
Morality is scarcely known,
And true religion waning—

Societies, who vice suppress,
May make a rumpus; ne'ertheless,
Our's is the best of ages;
Such hum-drum folks our fathers were,
They could no more with us compare
Than Hottentots with Sages.

It puts the poet in a pet,
To think of THEM, a vulgar set;
But WE, thank G—, are QUALITY!
For we have found the eighteenth century,
What ne'er was known before, I'll venture ye,
Religion's no Reality.

Tom Paine and Godwin both can tell
That there is no such thing as hell!
A doctrine mighty pleasant;
Your old wives tales of an *hereafter*
Are things for ridicule and laughter,
While we enjoy the *present*.

We've nought to do, but frisk about,
At midnight ball and Sunday rout,
And Bacchanalian revel;
To gamble, drink, and live at ease,
Our great and noble selves to please,
Nor care for man nor devil.

In these *good times*, with little pains,
And scarce a penny worth of brains,
A man with great propriety,
With some small risk of being hung,
May cut a pretty dash among
The foremost in society.

Good reader, I'll suppose, for once,
Thou art no better than a dunce,
But wishest to be famous;
I'll tell thee how, with decent luck,
Thou may'st become as great a buck,
As any one could name us.

When first in high-life you commence
To virtue, reason, common-sense,
You'll please to bid adieu, sir;
And, lest some brother rake be higher,
Drink, till your blood be all on fire,
And face of crimson hue, sir.

Thus you'll be dubb'd a *dashing blade*,
And, by the genteel world, be said
To be a *man of spirit*;
For *stylish folks* despise the chaps,
Who, think that they may rise, perhaps,
By industry and merit.

With lubric arts, and wily tongue,
Debauch some maiden, fair and young,
For that will be genteel;
Be not too scrupulous; win the fair;
Then leave the frail one to despair:
A rake should never feel.

When wine has made your courage stout,
In midnight revel sally out,
Insulting all you meet;
Play pretty pranks about the town,
Break windows, knock the watchmen down,
Your frolic to complete!

Besides exhibiting your parts,
You're sure to win the ladies' hearts
By dint of dissipation;
Since 'every woman is a rake,'
A fool may know what steps to take
To gain her approbation.

By practising these famous rules,
You'll gain from *wicked men and fools*
A world of admiration;

And, as we know, from good authority,
Such folks compose a clear majority,
There needs no hesitation.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

While loudly blows the hollow blast,
And all without is dark and drear,
Fond memory points to pleasures past,
And calls forth warm affection's tear.

Bright fancy oft recalls the hours,
Which stole on downy wings away,
When friendship twin'd her fairest flowers,
To deck my brow with colours gay.

Remember'd joys, like pleasing dreams,
Leave sweet impressions on the heart;
When through life's clouds affection beams,
It takes from woe its keenest dart.

SELECTED POETRY.

VERSES ON SHAKESPEARE.

On a biforked hill, with fame's ever-green crown'd,
Encircled with azure serene;
Whilst the sylphs of his fancy play'd wantonly round,
Willy Shakespeare enliven'd the scene.

As all-pensive he sat, keen-ey'd Wisdom drew near,
Just sent from the regions above;
And smiling she whisper'd this truth in his ear,
Thy lays breathe the spirit of Jove.

To his side came the muse of the bowl and the blade

To hail him great prince of her art;
Whilst Comedy round all those dimples display'd,
That give a brisk pulse to the heart.

Bright Genius approach'd him with pleasing respect,

In her arms a young eagle she bore,
To shew, if unshackled with icy neglect,
To what wonderful heights she could soar.

Recumbent before him, straight dropt the sweet maid,

And expanding the wings of her bird,
'Take the quill of Sublimity, SHAKESPEARE,' she said,

'And go fashion the tear-starting word.'

To Genius he bow'd, as he pluck'd forth the quill,

To the breeze were his vestments unfurl'd,
Like a sun-beam, with fancy he fled from the hill,

To charm and illumine the world.

For the good of mankind he rare precepts convey'd,

And his strains had such power o'er the ear,
That, whenever he pleas'd, from the concourse
that stray'd,

He could draw forth a smile or a tear.

Old Time knew his worth, with the sigh of esteem

From the earth bid sweet Willy arise;
With his genius he fled, but has left us his theme,
Which shall ever be dear to the wise.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUBBORN OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 35.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 100.

Story of Dorville and Adelaide concluded.

Adelaide, supported by her piety, by the recollection of her vows, and by the retrospect of a life, until then irreproachable, for a long time successfully combated the violence of her passion. Her triumph was, however, embittered by that secret and corrosive sorrow, which 'sheds no tear,' 'but consumes the heart.' The idea particularly that she rendered him miserable, for whom she would have sacrificed her life, became too oppressive to be endured. This impression, which no love truly ardent can ever withstand, determined her fate. She yielded: and the day that crowned the wishes of her lover, was for her a day of unutterable despair. From that moment she thought she read her shame in every eye. Her religious principles agitated her conscience with all the terrors of remorse. That love, which had enslaved her, which had cost her so much, she no longer regarded, but as the most atrocious of crimes. When she fulfilled the duties of her order, the most noble and the most useful, but at the same time the most melancholy and appalling, that a religious society could impose, or human beneficence select, the scenes of death continually present to her eyes, deadened the fire of sense, and excruciated a mild and timorous mind with all the agonies of the bitterest compunction.

Adelaide's griefs became every day more and more poignant. Her violent struggles between love and duty, and the fatigue of incessant attendance on Dorville, soon overpowered a weak frame. She was attacked by a fever which, from the commencement, was predicted to be mortal, and which hurried her rapidly to the grave.

Dorville who had carefully concealed his passion from the world, could not dissemble his sensibility for her loss. The most fatal consequences were apprehended from the first transports of his despair: but the effervescence of the moment, soon subsided to give place to a gloomy and morbid melancholy. He foretold that he would soon follow her; no longer slept; and refused to take nourishment of any kind.

We were deeply affected with his deplorable situation, and used every endeavour, but without effect, to rouse him from his dejection. Alarmed at the futility of our efforts, we one day in the course of conversation, expostulated with a warmth which from the motive, could not be

displeasing. We tenderly reproached him for his want of confidence, conjured him to listen to our intreaties; we even had recourse to tears, when he hastily interrupted us and replied: 'My friends, your attempts are fruitless; it is impossible to soften my sorrows; they must last as long as my life. What can console a man for such a loss? Absence—but I have not that resource.'

He stopt. We waited in silence for an explanation of these strange words—his countenance suddenly became more animated; he rose and exclaimed, 'Adelaide is dead! dead indeed! but not absent! She is there,' added he, pointing to an arm-chair in the room. 'Yes, she is there! I see her just as I see you. She looks at me; listens to me; if I approach, she retires, but never disappears.'

He was again silent and we forbore reflections, which could be productive of no beneficial effect on a malady too far removed from the common stamp to yield to ordinary remedies. Chance, oftentimes the most propitious on such occasions, inspired us at least with some hopes of saving our friend. A public festival happened to be given at Milan. All those detestable women, who, as it is said, preserve the morals of a city by corrupting them, attended as usual. In traversing the place, I was attracted by the remarkable resemblance which one of them bore to Adelaide. I mentioned the circumstance to a brother officer, and asked him if he wished to see a portrait of Dorville's mistress, probably more exact, and certainly more substantial than the Phantom which haunted his imagination. His surprise was soon equal to mine. On examining her features more narrowly, we found the likeness almost perfect. We immediately determined to take advantage of this singular encounter for the recovery of our friend. Convinced that the 'ideal vision' must vanish before the reality, and the force of imagination cede to the testimony of sense, we formed a plan to present this woman to Dorville in Adelaide's dress. Having agreed with her on her disguise, on the rendezvous, the signal on which she was to present herself, and every thing requisite for the performance of her part, we went in search of Dorville, and pressed him to give us a last mark of friendship. 'We are about to part,' said we, closely embracing him, 'and we shall never perhaps meet again.' Seeing him moved, we continued our importunities, and exacted as the proof required, his company to supper that evening. He could not refuse—he arrived in due time and sat down to table. Not a word escaped him until the end of our repast, when, in order to excite those emotions we thought necessary to a total revolution of ideas, we spoke to him of the fatal day, on which he inhaled the last sigh of his mistress. Without making a reply, he fixed his eyes stedfastly on an obscure part of the room, arose, and extended his arms, as if about to embrace the object, that his fancy thus realized. We then gave the appointed signal. The fictitious Adelaide appeared—he perceived her, fell backwards, trembled violently, and ex-

claimed, 'Oh my friends!—my friends! save me—I am lost—I saw but one, and now I see two.' We immediately endeavoured to undeceive him. He was seized with strong convulsions, and died, calling on the name of Adelaide. F.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

[It is some time, since the first prediction from the Lay Preacher, in the character of a *soothsayer*, was announced. We have, at length, been able to obtain a part of his vaticinations; and it is probable more will appear in due time.]

"And it came to pass, when all that knew him before time saw that behold he prophesied among the prophets, then the people said one to another, IS SAUL ALSO AMONG THE PROPHETS?"

Shade of BICKERSTAFF, leave awhile thy favourite haunts, and cease thy mockery of the ghost of persecuted Partridge; deign to visit and to inspire 'the last, the meanest of thy sons;' nor wilt thou come alone, but bring with thee Irony, with 'joco serious face,' and Humour ever new, and flashing Wit, and frowning Satire, Judgment with head serene, and Penetration with bright lynx eye.

Thou too I call, well natured ARBUTHNOT, shrewd Scotchman, amiable, witty, and wise; who erst didst dip thy poignant pen in the same standish with thy SWIFT, keenest of writers, who 'twinn'd with thee,' come, nor leave behind Learning with his load of books, and Archness, laughing over her shoulder.

Debonair spirit of STEELE, thou second Bickerstaff, following thy leader with no unequal step, come and *tattle* in my ear of Agrippa and Lilly, and trine and horoscope. Lastly, ye Highland seers, will ye descend from the lofty Caledonian mount, and come from *farthest* Thule to aid a countryman and disciple. When the voice of a Sawney is heard, ye must listen, ye must approve. In north British accent on you *I call*; be present with all your powers, Foresight with boundless vision, Discernment spying all things, and distinguishing between each, and shrewd Conjecture, guessing well, and Sagacity with Socratic face.

But far from my oracular seat be every necromantic agent. Hence, thou wandering Jew, and fly, ye 'wier'd sisters.' Nor philtres, nor spells, nor incantations, are mine. Thrice I wave my wand of snowy hue, emblem of the intention pure, and no lying spirit can I see, and no malignant thought do I entertain. Wide is the circle I draw, but it is to include no

'Root of hemlock, digg'd in the dark.'

I look forward to discover the useful and the true, and, like Prospero, I would 'break my staff,' if it did not point to a moral aim.

Tired, and almost breathless, with my ascent up the steep of rhapsody, I now gladly descend to my usual level, and proceed in my plain way. My business now is not to declaim, but to foretel. The almanac style is simple, and both 'Poor Robin'

and 'Poor Richard,' my simple predecessors, prognosticated in a style which had no resemblance to that of Plato, or any of his imitators.

Last night, I looked, for some hours, at the heavenly bodies, and from the information I derive from very excellent glasses, the most inconstant of the planets will govern, at least during the genial days, the whole band of females in America. Lovers and muslin robes will both be discarded very often. Matrimony will at one time be imagined crowned with flaunting roses, and at another laden with sickly rue. The credulous lover, and the experienced Benedick, will sometimes maintain opposite theories, touching the privileges of the sex. The ruddy nosed widow will still swallow noyau, when nobody sees her, and as for Miss Cackle, the *elderly young lady*, who never made but two slips in her youth, why she will still continue, after the twelfth dish of tea, to talk evil of all the neighbourhood.

Many democrats, confident of the potency of my art, have applied to me to ascertain if they were right in their hopes of a revolution, and the ultimate triumph of jacobin arts and principles. I have ever made it a rule to resolve all such queries by the rules of palmistry. But the hands of these gentlemen are either so dirty with the vileness of their occupations, or so closely clenched to smite every person and every thing in their way, that it is impossible to discern the lines by which I can foretell. I have, however, examined the fiery aspect of Mars, and have pored both upon Luna and Mercury. The first planet assures me they will always bluster and look big, and even dabble in blood, if it should spout from a guillotine. By the second I learn, that, like Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, Poin, and the rest of that *moral* gang, in the play, they will persevere in acting the part of 'gentlemen of the *shade*, minions of the moon, under whose countenance—they steal;' and, in answer to my eager inquiries every night, 'light finger'd Sir Mercury' declares, upon his word and *honour*, that even the famous medicine, which bears his name, will not preserve from pollution the democratic body much longer, but a long course of hemp must ensue, and for many years this drastic physic must be taken. As some of those, who consulted me, were *philosophers*, I observed, when making these my funereal responses, that it must be a sweet consolation to them to reflect, that death itself was a great *revolution*, and even Hell no bad emblem of their favourite form of government.

The character and habits of my dear native country will continue, for some years, nearly the same. Wealth will be almost exclusively pursued; and sometimes through foul paths. Certain dupes will complain of our perfidy, and many foreign merchants will conclude, that punctuality is not the most conspicuous of our national virtues.

The book of fate does not clearly indicate that any man of extraordinary genius will, at present, appear in America. I see, however, certain philosophers, poets, and painters, in *embryo*. What is very odd, although such a new born, and, comparatively, unlearned country, requires the aid of all the ability of her sons, yet I can discover that Columbia will be almost unconscious of the existence of these her sprightly children; and it is a curious phenomenon, which I modestly leave to the explanation of the Philosophical Society, that the eyes of most of the votaries of learning and of the lovers of the fine arts are steadfastly fixed upon Europe. My second sight, my horary inspection, and all my calculations agree in this, that if another Count Rumford should appear, he would soon find himself in the service of the Elector of Bavaria, or at the head of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. If another West, or Copley, or Trumbull, attracted by the love

of fine forms, should dip the faithfullest pencil in the brightest colours, though he will not have an opportunity to sell, in his own country, many yards of canvas, however sweetly tinged, yet he will crayon on British tablets a full length portrait of British generosity. The motto, which one of these American artists has chosen for one of his pictures, is highly curious. It is Scriptural, and, though distant, I can read it very legibly with my Scotch spectacles. On the wall of a palace, I see an historical picture. It represents Maccenas and Horace, banqueting with Augustus. The inscription is from St. Luke, 'Behold they, which are gorgeously appparelled, and live delicately, are in King's courts.'

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HORTENSIUS, No. II.

In my last number, I endeavoured to lead my fellow-citizens to a contemplation of the difficulties and embarrassments, which opposed and retarded the formation and adoption of the Federal Constitution. The impressions of fear, produced by imminent danger, are too quickly effaced, when it seems to have ceased. This passion was implanted in our breasts to admonish us to shun, not only instant, but to avoid future dangers; and a wise man, not content with having merely escaped, inquires into the causes of his alarm, where they existed, and how they were shunned, that he may derive safety from experience.

If we could return to the years, which elapsed between the acknowledgment of our independence in 1783, and the formation of the federal constitution, and revive the apprehensions, then entertained for our country; if we could review the dark and portentous calm, which then prevailed over our political horizon, and call to our recollection the dreadful anticipations of the wise and the patriotic, we should shudder to perceive how nearly we had approached a state of things, which involved our national existence, and threatened the destruction of every blessing, for which we had so long and so ardently struggled. Let it be remembered that such a state of things existed previously to the year 1789; but that as soon as the 'SUN OF FEDERALISM' arose, the dark clouds of despair were dispelled, and were succeeded by a genial warmth, which gave life and animation to every thing within its influence. If so great and sudden a change instantly followed the adoption of the federal constitution, can we doubt to what cause to attribute it? It is unnecessary to inquire. The cause is felt, is acknowledged by all. The federal constitution gave us respectability abroad, and confidence at home; it enabled us to discharge our debts, and to exchange the downcast looks of insolvency, for the cheerful and manly countenance of conscious probity. It created a government able at once to restrain, and to protect her citizens. Truly might it be said that, from that period, we began to sail upon the 'full tide of successful experiment.' But we are now told that the 'sun of federalism' is set. Yes, it has set; the assertion cannot be contradicted. Every act of the present administration has a direct tendency to destroy the principles of federalism and the constitution, and to make it a mere *caput mortuum*, a substratum for the lordly Virginian to erect his ancient dominion upon, to the oppression and destruction of every other part of the union. 'The sun of federalism is set,' I receive the confession; it comes from the party accused, and Mr. Jefferson and his friends have acted fully in the spirit of it. The constitution of the United States has ceased to be *Federal*;

every feature of *Federalism* in it has been defaced; it has ceased to be an *union of states*, as was intended; and has become a *Virginian government*, in which Virginia policy and Virginia interests are considered and regarded to the exclusion of the interests of the eastern and middle states. 'The sun of federalism is, indeed, set,' and, unless it rise again, nothing remains for us but to be subjected to the dominion of Virginia, or to shake off the yoke, by taking the station to which our strength entitles us. God forbid that such an alternative should be forced upon us. It may be prevented. But if it be imposed, I trust that the eastern and middle states will not long hesitate in making their choice. But let us not despond. Justice is on our side, and, if Virginia will consider her true interests, she will perceive that they require all that we ask. She cannot be permitted to triumph over her sister states, to trample the constitution under her feet, and to rule us, as her caprice or her interest may require. The stern and honest character of the eastern people forbids it—they will never submit to it. It is to be hoped, that, under this persuasion, Virginia may yet be induced to be content with that station which has been assigned to her, and to relinquish an advantage, which ought never to have been granted, and which has long since been fraught with the deepest injustice, I mean *the representation of three fifths of her slaves*. The union of the states is her salvation, let her beware how she shakes it.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

The orations against Catiline.

[Continued.]

"Thus then, Catiline, pursue your resolution: depart at length, out of Rome: the gates are open. It is too long a time, that the army of Mallius has expected you for their General. Take away with you, all the wretches, who resemble you; purge the city of that contagion, which you have spread in it; deliver it from those Panicks, which your presence excites; let the walls interpose between us and you. You cannot remain here any longer; I will not suffer you: I will not endure you: I will not tolerate you. Do you hesitate to do by my order, what you resolved to do of yourself? I, the Consul, command our enemy to go out of Rome. And who can still detain you? How can you support the residence of a city, in which there is not, a simple inhabitant, except your accomplices, in whose eyes you are not an object of horror and terror? What is the domestic infamy with which your life has not been loaded? What is the outrage with which your hands have not been defiled. Finally what is the life that you lead? For I wish to speak to you one moment, not with the indignation you deserve, but with the pity which you merit so little. You come and appear in this Assembly: very well!—In this great number of senators, among whom you have relations, and friends, and connections, who is the man from whom, you have obtained a salutation, or even a look? If you are the first who has received a similar affront, do you expect that voices will be raised against you, when silence alone, when this decree the most grievous of all, has already condemned you? When at your arrival, the seat remained vacant around you, when the Consular senators, as soon as you were seated, have quitted their places which might be near you? With what front, with what countenance can you support so many humiliations? If my slaves dreaded me, as your fellow-citizens fear

you, if they looked at me with the same eye, as all the world regard you, here, I would abandon my own house; and yet, you hesitate to abandon your country, to fly into some desert, to hide, in some distant solitude, this your guilty life, reserved for punishment! I hear you answer me, that you are ready to go into exile, if the senate pronounces the decree:—No. I will not propose that to the senate; but I am about to put you in a situation to know their disposition towards you, in such a manner, that you cannot longer doubt of them. Catiline! Go out of Rome! and since you wait for the word exile, exile yourself from your country!—Well! what!—Catiline, do you remark the silence? And would you have more? If I had said as much to Sælius, to Marcellus, Consul as I am, I should not be in safety in the senate. But it is to you that I address myself, it is you, whom I order into exile, and when the senate allows me to speak thus, the senate approves me; when it is silent, it pronounces; its silence is a decree."

"I say as much of the Roman Knights, of that honorable body, which surround the senate in so great numbers, whose sentiments and voices you might have heard, as you entered this place, and whose hands ready to be laid on you, I have so much difficulty to restrain. I will be answerable, that they will follow you as far as the gates of the city, which for so long a time you have longed to destroy.—Depart then: you have so often said that you waited for an order of exile, which might render me unpopular. Be content: I have given it: complete your design, by obeying it, of exciting against me that enmity, from which you promise yourself, such great advantages. But if you would furnish me with a new subject of glory, go out with that retinue of robbers, who are devoted to you; go with the dregs of the people; go to the camp of Mallius; declare an impious war against your country! go, and throw yourself into that haunt, to which your stupid fury, has long called you. There; how perfectly you will be satisfied! What pleasure worthy of you, will you there enjoy? To what horrible transports of joy, will you resign yourself, who, throwing your eyes around you, not one single honest man is to be seen or heard?—And you, conscript Fathers, hearken with attention, and engrave in your memories, the answer, which I think I ought to make to the complaints, which appear, I must acknowledge to have some foundation in justice.—I seem to hear my country, that country which is dearer to me than my life, say to me: Cicero what are you doing? What! the man whom you acknowledge to be my enemy, the man who is about to carry war into my bosom, who is expected in a camp of Rebels, the father of crimes, the head of a conspiracy, the corruptor of my citizens, do you suffer him to depart from Rome!

Do you send him to take arms against the Republic! Do you not load him with irons! Do you not drag him to death? Do you not consign him to the most terrible punishment? What restrains you? Is it the discipline of our ancestors?—Frequently even individuals, have punished with death, scoundrel citizens. Have the laws limited the chastisement of guilty citizens?—Those who have declared themselves against the Republic have never enjoyed the rights of citizens. Are you afraid of the reproaches of the succeeding generation? But the Roman people, who have conducted so early through all the degrees of elevation, up to the best of their dignities, without any recommendation from your ancestors, without knowing you any other way than by yourself, obtaining from you very little gratitude, if there is any consideration, any apprehension, which can make you forget the safety of your citizen."

"To this sacred voice of the Republic, to the complaints which she may address to me, conscript fathers, this is my answer. If I had believed, that the last course would have been to put Catiline to death, I would not have suffered him to live a moment, in fact, if the greatest men of the republic, have honoured themselves by the death of Flaccus, of Saturninus, of the two Gracchi, I ought not to fear, that posterity will condemn me, for having put to death this robber, an hundred times more guilty, this murderer of his fellow-citizens; or if it was possible, that so just an action, could excite hatred again me, it is one of my principles that we ought to regard as titles of glory, the enemies we make by our virtues. But there are, even in this order, men who see not all our dangers and all our evils, or who will not see them. These are the men, who by shewing themselves too weak, have nourished the hopes of Catiline; it is they, who have fortified the conspiracy, by refusing to believe it. Influenced by their authority, a great number of citizens deluded or wicked, if I had been severe with Catiline, would have accused me of cruelty and tyranny. At this day, if he resorts as he resolved to do, to the camp of Mallius, there will be no man stupid enough to deny that he has conspired against his country. His death would have restrained the plots which threaten us, but would not have entirely stifled them. But if he carries away with him all that execrable rabble of assassins and incendiaries, then, we shall not only have destroyed that plague, which has been nourished and grown up among us, but we shall even have annihilated the very seeds of corruption."

"It is not on this day only, conscript fathers, that we have been surrounded with snares and ambushes; but it seems, as if all this tempest of fury and of crimes, had been gathering a long time, to break out under my consulate. If among so many enemies, we strike at Catiline alone, his death would give us time to breathe, to be sure; but the peril would still subsist, and the poison would be shut up in the bosom of the republic. Thus, then I repeat it, let the wicked separate themselves from the good; let our enemies assemble in one retreat; let them cease, to besiege the consul, in his house, the magistrates on their tribunals, the fathers of Rome in the senate to collect torches to set fire to our habitations; in fine, that we may see written on the front of every citizen, his sentiments for the republic, I will be responsible, conscript fathers, that then will be in your consuls vigilance enough, in this order, sufficient authority, in that of the Roman Knight an abundance of courage, among all the good citizens, concord and union, that, on the departure of Catiline, all that you can fear from him and his accomplices, will be at once discovered suppressed and punished."

"Go then, with this omen of our safety and your ruin, with all the Satellites which your admirable machinations have attracted around you, go! I say Catiline! Give the signal, of a sacrilegious war.—And thou, Jupiter Stator! whose temple was erected by Romulus, under the same auspices with Rome herself! Thou, in all times implored as the protector of the Roman Empire! Thou will preserve, from the rage of this robber, thine altars, these walls, and the lives of all our citizens; and all these enemies of Rome, these plunderers of Italy, these villains leagued together by the same crimes, will be also, dead or alive, united forever in the same punishment."

It was, no doubt, the first punishment of Catiline, to have this thundering philippick, to endure. By coming to the senate he exposed himself to this tempest. There was no possibility of interrupting a consul, speaking in the midst

of the Senators: the usage indeed, permitted no man to interrupt any senator in giving his opinion. Nevertheless, neither the voice of Cicero, nor that of conscience, were able to intimidate Catiline, so much as to take from him the courage to reply. He assumed an hypocritical countenance, and arose to answer; but he had scarcely uttered a few vague phrases, which Sallust has preserved for us, relying upon the opinion which his birth ought to secure to him, in opposition to that of Cicero, when the murmurs arising on all sides, convinced him, that the privileges of a senator were no longer acknowledged in him. Immediately a general clamour, hindered him from proceeding; the names of parricide and incendiary, resounded in his ears; it was then necessary to throw off the mask, and being no longer master of himself, he left for his last farewell to the senate, these furious words, cited by several historians, and whose energy is remarkable. "Since I am driven to extremities by the enemies who surround me, I will extinguish under ruins the fires which they light up about me." The event justified the policy of Cicero. The night following Catiline went out of Rome with three hundred men in arms, and proceeded to put himself at the head of the troops of Mallius. We know what was the issue of this war, and in the bloody battle in which he was defeated, his soldiers were almost all killed, and Rome and Italy were delivered from what was most vicious among them, and the most dangerous to their repose. If any one inquires why Catiline, before whom Cicero had explained his intentions and his views, should take precisely the party which the consul desired him to take; it was because there was no other for him to take; it was because, that, every thing being discovered and Rome so well guarded, that it was not possible to attempt anything, he had no other resource, than open force and the army of Mallius.

Soon after his departure, Cicero ascended the tribunal of harangues, and rendered an account to the Roman people, of all that has passed: This is the subject of the second oration against Catiline. The orator proposes, in this, principally to dissipate, the false and insidious alarms, which the secret partizans of Catiline affected to disseminate, by exaggerating his resources and the danger of the republic, Cicero opposes to these insinuations as cowardly as they were insidious, the faithful picture of the forces of the two parties and the contrast between, the Roman power and that of an army of desperate robbers. In fact, it was evident, that nothing would be feared from Catiline, but a coup de main, one of those sudden and unforeseen insurrections, or seditions which might overthrow a city. It was only in Rome that he was truly formidable: reduced to make war in form, he must fall. Accordingly every thing concurred, to make it appear, that the views of Cicero were as just, as his conduct was noble and patriotic.

That of the conspirators was so imprudent, that it precipitated their ruin long before that of their chief. He had left in Rome Lentulus and Cethegus, and some others of his principal confidants, to watch the moment, to disembarass themselves if it were possible of this indefatigable consul, the greatest obstacle to all their designs, to set fire to Rome, and attack the senate in the instant, when Catiline should shew himself at the gates with his army, and finally to increase their party, till that time, by all imaginable means. They attempted to draw into their design the deputies of the Allobroges, and transmitted them a plan of their conspiracy with their signature. All was carried, at once, to Cicero. Armed with decisive proofs he convoked the senate, orders before him Lentulus, Cethegus, Ceparius, Gabinius and Statilius, who not sus-

pecting that they were betrayed, complied with his orders, he seizes on their persons and carries them with him, to the senate, where he first introduces the deputies of the Allobroges. Their depositions are heard; the dispatches are opened; the proofs are clear. The criminals are forced to acknowledge their signatures and their seals. It is, upon this occasion that they report a beautiful saying of Cicero to Lentulus. This conspirator was of the family of the Cornelians, the most illustrious of Rome. He was himself at that time Pretor. His seal represented the head of his great-grand father who had been an excellent citizen. Do you know this seal? Says the consul to him, it is the image of your ancestor who deserved so well of the republic, how is it possible that the mere sight of this venerable head, should not have restrained you, at the moment when you was going to make use of it, for signing a crime?

The senate decreeds rewards to the Allobroges, and thanks and honours, without example to the consul; they ordained the festivals called supplications, which after the triumph, were the reward of the most honourable victories. Cicero harangues the people, and explains to them, all that had been done in the senate, and from what danger Rome had been delivered. This is the third oration against Catiline. Finally, nothing remained but to decide the fate of the criminals. Silanus, designated consul for the following year, gives his opinion, in favour of death. His opinion is followed by all who speak after him, till they came to Caesar, whose opinion is perpetual imprisonment, and confiscation of their estates. He had already great influence and his judgment might draw after it, the more voices, because even those who were the most attached to Cicero, fearing that one day an account might be demanded of him of the blood of citizens, who, in the ordinary forms, could not be condemned to death, but by the people, appeared inclined to indulgence that they might not expose a great man, whom they loved. They seemed to look to his countenance, for the judgment they ought to give. Cicero perceived the new danger, which the republic was in, at this critical moment. He knew that the friends and partisans of the conspirators, wished nothing more than to be put in a condition to force the prison; and if the senate had softened, in so important a deliberation, this would be enough to raise the party of Catiline. The intrepid consul, arose to speak, and it is in this harangue which is the fourth oration against Catiline, that he has manifested, the highest elevation of his sentiment, and that devotion of a soul, truly Roman, which knew his own personal dangers, and set them all at defiance, for the safety of the state.

[To be continued.]

MEDICAL.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DISSERTATIO MEDICA INAUGURALIS,

DE
MENTIS LITERARUM STUDIOSE INCITAMENTIS,
MALIS ET REGIMINE.

AUCTORE ANDREA STEWART.

[Concluded.]

Ambiunt literarum præmia; sed nullum fortasse genus hominum est, quod in invidiam est proclivius, quam docti, qui præmia ista adjudicant; et cum res ita sese habeat, impetus, quo periciuntur ut inter se detrectarent, tanto ferè gravior est, quam quod inter alios sentitur, quanto mentis ingenique dotes mechanicæ arti et rationi præstant. Et ob eam causam, siqui, in hoc curriculo, ad laudem et honorem evadunt, mentem, quatenus fieri queat, solitudini minimè obviā præ se ferre debent.

At revera, cum ingenio acri et idoneo, sentiendi quædam facultas exquisitior, quam usu multo etiam ut jam dixi, expolitur, ferè semper est consociata; et inde fit, ut quo plus impetui graviore sint obnoxii, eò minus ad istum feliciter sustinendum sint parati. Et hoc modo quidem, spiritus iste invidiæ mordax, veluti siquando veri novo relabertur hyems lethifera, primitias et spem omnem ingenii, haud rarè oppressit, vel penitus delevit.

Sin verò his malis, graviora, ut res domi angustior, derelictio amicorum, vel eorum quos penitus dilexerint, mors in natura forte accesserint, quanta plerumque est animi ægritudo!

Homo, quantislibet dotibus præditus, est quodammodo imbecillus, multisque casibus, quos neque providere neque antevertere possit sapientia sua, obnoxius. Sed, quamvis cujusque profecto malis acerbitas sua semper insit, aliis aliis modis, pro vitæ ingenique ratione, eā patiuntur.

Omne, quodcumque malum homini acciderit, si modò animus, inter negotii consuetudinem, hilaresque amicitias amicitias, ab eo sapius avertatur, vim suam modicam paulatim deperdit. Intra solitudinem, autem, quæ ipsa est patens uberrima malorum, cum tristis et adversi cujusvis memoria diu alicui, suapte insuper indole in tristitiam procliviori, ingruerit; concidunt indies spes læta, alacritas, et vis acrior ingenii. Et, revera, res eo usque nonnunquam perducta fuit, ut tanquam cumulo obrutus, animus et charitate amicorum, vel ex cunctis, quas præbet vita, deliciis, solatium percipere nequiret.

Amicitias naturæ, quæ quondam ei deliciarum plurimo essent, silvæ, rura, et rigui in vallibus amnes, tandem amplius ad delectationem non valuerunt. Solis ipsius lux, quæ omnibus ferè secum lætitiā addert, invisā facta fuit. Atque omnia denique circumspicienti speciem inanimam, tristem, lugubrem, et mentis habitui consentaneam induerunt.

His, quæ jam dixi, addendum restat, quod mala, quibus studiosi sunt obnoxii, nonnunquam, præsertim si diutius animo incubuerint, in hypochondriasm abeunt. Et ista quidem, siquando in systema altius descenderit, est omnium fortasse, in quos homines incidunt, si demas insaniam ipsam morborum dirissimus. Furtim obrepit; et, quoniam corpus ferè prius quam animus adoriatur, per signa compluria dyspepsie, languoris, et virium fractarum paulatim sese ostendit. Flatus et murmura per illa grassantur; segnis et molestus fit cursus sanguinis: nervi, qui animo proximè inseriunt, labe altā correpti, ad munera sua non amplius sufficiunt; debilitas urget; et ubique macies, torpor, et lassitudo invalescunt.

Ad hæc verò tandem accedit morbus animi gravior. Bona valetudo, negotia, et remissiones hilares, plerisque sunt contra mæstiam tutamini satis apto. Siquibus, autem, in secessu degentibus, fractis jam viribus, et sensuum habitu morbo, animus dolore ac falsis imaginibus assidue obsideatur, fieri non potest, quin, etiamsi ipse esset sanus, metu et mæstia diuturna obrueretur. At, revera, in hypochondriasi, animi ipsius habitus est depravatus; et inde sit, ut morbus quodammodo vi duplici ingruat. Tristitiæ eò usque indulget æger, ut cogitationes suæ, quæcumque sint, hac tandem omnino imbuantur. Fictis malis, quæ à veris nequit dignoscere, luditur. Sub nocte tristia somnia, et interdiu periculā dirā, subinde ei minitantiā, animo observantur. Terra, cui incedit, fortasse sub pedibus subsidere, vel tectum, sub quo degit, capiti suo irruere videtur. Morbus quidam, aliis verò minimè obviū, vitam aggreditur; vel animus ipse, è corpore elapsus, fatum suum irrevocabile jamjam subiturus est. Aliqui etiam se vitreos esse putantes, timuerunt, ne forte corpora suā fragiliā, si foras prodissent, occursu repentino, comminuerentur. Locos quosdam et homines, alii metu supersticioso correpti, ut inauspicatos evitarent. Et revera, opiniones et imagines fictæ, quibus aliis temporibus alii fuerint ludibrio, tam varix quam horrenda fuerunt. Inter signa hujusmodi, si tan-

dem altius inveteraverint, morbus plerumque invictus grassatur. Impetus ejus, præsertim inter studiosos, quorum ratio vitæ ei magis favet, viam (ut ita dicam) qua tendit, strage tristissima sternit. — Omnia in periculo versantur, et in pejus indies ruunt. Systema humanum, quod tam mira fabrica et tanta partium varietate instructum, naturæ scienti parere, et quasi symphonia dulci vibrare solet. — laxatur ita, ut tristitia tantum et discordia edat. Mens ipsa, diu sensu depravato obsessa, et vi ficticis imaginationis exagitata, tormentis suis paulatim succumbit; et, quantumvis antehac doctrinā, vel ingenio valido, insignis fuerit, imbecilla et effæta inter stragem corporis labitur. Ægotans miser, ultra medicatrices herbarum, vel amicitias ipsius suaviloquæ potestates, sibi ipsi, ut ita dicam, superfluit; et mors denum superveniens è malis et miseris eum sola eripit.

Hæc ferè sunt incommoda, quæ literarum studiosis obtingant. Varia quidem sunt, et nonnunquam, ut ex supradictis constat, prægravia; et, quoniam omnes ab iis quam maximè præcavere oportet, pauca de mentis regimine quo evitari possint, subjicienda decrevi. Hoc verò quam breviter expediam.

Omnibus igitur, literarum cultui deditis, qui mentem sanam in corpore sano, servarent, curæ imprimis esse debet, ut modò ac rationi naturæ sedulo obtemperarent. Solitudo nimia, vigilie, atque nistis diuturniores ac vehementes sunt effugienda: et, diu operam dent ne corporis habitus, à quo mentis indoles multum profecto pendet, quid detrimenti capiat; — talis est instituenda studiorum ratio, ut, vel lectionis et cogitationum varietas, vel remissio tempestiva, laborem alternans, animum fessum subinde recreent et reficiant.

Segni et mordaci curæ est imprimis omnimodis obsistendum. Et cum hoc consilio — assidue studere oportet, nequid animus negotio et incitamentis idoneis vacuus sit; tunc enim, vix fieri potest, quin aciem suam, ut ita dicam, in seipsum converteret, et dolorem quamplurimum inter fictas miseras subinde cerneret. In ludæ finem etiam, oblectamenta et exercitatio modica sub dio, propterea quod mentem, à nisu et obtutu suo, quasi furtim avertant, multum plerumque proderunt. Ludi quidam, præsertim ubi de pignore leviores certetur, hoc modò exercitationem simul et incitamenta conciliant. Neque amulatio vel equitatio in aère puro et libero, dummodo tempestiva sint, huc minus tendent: — inter ruris amicitias enim, è studiis suis elapsi, docti ita oblectati, præsertim si socius hilarior adsit, curarum fient, quasi invitati, inmemores: mentis tenebræ diffugient; atque vires et alacritas facillè redibunt.

Juvabit insuper aliquando, in cætu, et commercio hominum, vel etiam in negotiis versari: nam inde cultum studiorum repetentes, ad omnia ejus munera aptiores evadent.

Sed præ cæteris, amicitiam dulcem et seculam quam oportet colere. Post altas suas labores, animus æger et defatigatus, hinc inde solatium in amicitia oblectamenta, quasi ad invicem in se, ultro annititur.

In cætu aliorum quidem remissione leviores sumus; sed in gremio, ut ita dicam, et inter benivolentias illorum tantum, quos diligimus, potest ægritudo animi gravior elici.

Sin autem mala è consuetudine studiorum, in tempestiva et schola proveniant, jam prædicta, quoad incubuerint, et morbum obtingent, remedia fuerint; ad remedium adque valetudinem reverti erit necessitas.

Corporis habitui morbo, ratione, et animi, si nea victus, exercitationis, et medicamentorum, et occurrendum: et interea animus, si non levior, et festinatione quodam negotio et solatio, si non potest, mulcendus, et occupandus est. Si vero hæc vitæ alacritas diversitas dondum non inveniatur, fuisset, ad periculum nationem tantam, et vitam, quamquam levi, propterea quod nonnullam, tam aliter desperatis, ad sanitatem vixit, reverti possumus.

Inter perigrinandum multa quidem bona ex aëre puro et exercitatione proveniunt. Sed in eo præcipue prodest, quod memoria pristini doloris, tantò plerumque obscurior fit, quantò longius à locis et hominibus, qui eam revocare soleant, recedimus. Res novæ et inopinatæ etiam, quæ subinde in conspectum veniant, ægrotantem à suis malis paulatim alliciunt. Et quum vis morbi, hoc modò, fuerit labefactata, et spei amœnitates tandem, velut lux cœli jucunda, menti ariserint, omnia indes meliora cedunt. Hæc ferè sunt remedia, quæ in mala animi diuturniora tantùm prosunt. Citra varia oblectamenta, et negotii festinationes, alia potiùs nocent, vel levaminis aliquid saltem vix secum afferunt. Et in hanc sententiam juvat mihi demùm, verbis ornatissimi Poëtæ, propositum meum absolvere:

These chronic Passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure,
Diversions, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wise,
In vain your friends would reason down your pain.
O ye whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress or friends untimely fall n!
Court not the luxury of tender thought,
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft Enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint: go seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
Lay schemes for wealth, or pow'r, or fame, the wish
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day,
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting ev'ry hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appennines,
Or, more adventurous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot, and raging through the sky
The lofty trumpet swells the mad'ning soul,
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LONDON EDITION OF DR. LINNÆ'S

'POWERS OF GENIUS.'

From the 'Albion Press,' Mess. T. Williams and T. Hurst, two of the London Booksellers, have reprinted, from the second edition of the Philadelphia copy, 'The Powers of Genius.' It is a fashion of late to print every poetical work in the most ornamental manner, with the smoothest paper, the brightest types, and the finest engravings, which can be procured. This has been aptly called the luxury of literature, and it has been brilliantly displayed in the book before us. A more charming union of the Printer's skill, and the Engraver's art, can scarcely be imagined, and we rejoice to witness such honours paid to the literature of our country. One circumstance, however, demands some animadversion. The author's name is published without any addition, and his original preface, which indicates the place and date of its composition, has been expunged by the British bookseller, who, doubtless, had his reasons for this omission, but, as Deborah says in the Vicar of Wakefield, *I should like to know those reasons.* The volume, in its English dress, has all the air of an English production, and, as such, will unquestionably be regarded by all its readers. This is an injury to America, and to one of her ingenious children. In the infant state of our literature, it is but seldom that a tolerable book appears. Whenever this is happily the case, let it receive, if not the brilliant meed of Renown, at least the simple acknowledgment of legitimacy. In the history of British republication of our native books, we have more than once remarked a similar deception. The interesting romances, from the pen of a well known and elegant writer in this city, are regularly reprinted at the Minerva Press, without the least hint of their origin, and Mess.

Lane and Newman talk of Mr. C. B. Brown, as if perfectly unconscious that he writes on *this side* of the Atlantic. The Robinsons published, two or three years since, the 'Life and Adventures of Dr. Underhill,' but the birth and parentage of the book seemed wholly to escape their recollection. Some London *Lethe* had washed away every American trace, and the doctor figures in the British capital as an unfortunate *English* physician, who, unhappily, had the double misfortune, for a short time, to **keep school in America*, and to be detained *six years* in captivity at Algiers. We have some right to prove what the lawyers call an *alibi*; as we actually sat by the *American* author, while he was writing the above adventures, and know, that, at *this present writing*, he neither prescribes nor compounds in the city of London, but administers the justice of his country from the supreme courts of Vermont. But to return to the poem, which has given birth to these remarks. It is well known, as the performance of Dr. LINN, an amiable clergyman and ingenious poet of this city, who, we hope, will be incited to continue his literary pursuits, satisfied that they attract the regard of Englishmen, and are read by candid critics, in the belief that *the Powers of Genius* are not wholly unknown on this side of the Atlantic.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NEW LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

Mr. G. KEARSLEY, one of the London booksellers, has published a very perfect and commodious edition of Dr. JOHNSON'S Dictionary of the English language, in *four* large and beautiful volumes in royal octavo. This circumstance alone, would render this edition more popular, than that of the original folio, or quarto. But there is another, and cogent reason for every scholar to be solicitous to peruse in this form, the most elaborate performance of Dr. JOHNSON. A *new Biography* of the great Lexicographer has been written by Dr. J. ASKIN, whose talents, in this delightful walk of Literature, are familiar to the public, and whose graceful simplicity of pure English style, must be equally obvious, and admirable to all, who have formed their taste upon the classical models of ADDISON and GOLDSMITH. One might suppose that the faithful memory, and minute information of Boswell, the tell tale volubility of Mrs. Thrale, the laborious accuracy of Sir John Hawkins, and the elegant narrative of Arthur Murphy had communicated every thing pertinent to the character of JOHNSON. But in a wide field, exuberant with vegetation, and copious of flowers, there is always something for careful Industry to glean, and for grateful Genius to admire. Dr. ASKIN, with his peculiar powers for the task, will either gratify our love of anecdotes, by narrating something new and rare, or at least will please the taste and imagination of the Polite Scholar, by a skilful arrangement of those materials, which by other artists have been rudely or imperfectly employed.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SHAKSPEARE IN THE PRESS.

The first volume of the new American edition of SHAKSPEARE is now in the press of Mr. MANNING, one of the proprietors, and the work is advancing

* Many of the London Literati, we are assured, consider it as a moot point, which was the most ignominious condition of servitude, but as others very impudently suppose that the Algerine republic, in point of strength, dignity, and stability, is greatly superior to the American, they, with their usual prejudices, have not hesitated to prefer the slave to the schoolmaster.

with as much speed as the difficult nature of the task will justify. In reprinting an edition, from the text of STEEVENS and REED, the pages, mottled with many varieties of typographical character, and abounding in quotations from authors, whose style is obsolete, or uncouth, demand a revision at once scrupulous and *slow*. To *drive* such a work, with celerity, through the press, would be disgraceful to the Editor, detrimental to the Printer, and a disappointment to the Public. Subscribers may rest satisfied, that the proprietors are not careless of their obligations, and that the anxious care, which imposes a temporary delay, it is hoped, will be crowned with the accomplishment of the task, in such a manner, as not to mock the expectations of the students of SHAKSPEARE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FESSENDEN'S ORIGINAL POEMS.

Flattered and animated, by the patronage of the English public, extended towards his first and *unacknowledged publication, Mr. FESSENDEN has published in London a volume of 'Miscellaneous Poems.' The London copy has not yet reached us, nor the opinions of any of the Reviewers. But we have authority to say, that the manuscript was perused by Mr. GIFFORD, the poet, who gave it his sanction, and the favourable opinion of such a judge, is certainly entitled to the highest respect, and will naturally influence many, both at home and abroad, to peruse Mr. Fessenden's productions with avidity. We are informed that the author has secured, in this country, the copy-right of his work, and the volume will probably appear in an American dress, in the course of the present autumn. We wish that the Author may be praised, by men of Taste, and rewarded by men of Fortune.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN IRONICAL ORATION ON DRUNKENNESS.

Delivered in the University of Pennsylvania, June 6, 1804.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Your benevolent countenances and ardent eyes speak the interest you feel in the occasion of our meeting. Your hearts throb for the young gentlemen, who appear before you candidates for the honours of our University. While they stand panting to start in the career of life, your favour inspires them with the hope of reaching the goal with glory.

Amid the general interest felt on this occasion, I tremble for myself. Lest I should incur, both from you and my colleagues, the imputation of intolerable vanity, when I inform you that I rise to put the finishing hand to their yet incomplete education. I am thoroughly sensible of your acquisitions and merits, my honoured peers; but, I trust, you will believe, without an oracle, that *something* is yet wanting to the perfection of your philosophy; and, aspiring to the summit of science, will receive a discovery not only with patience, but with applause. A discovery, that the most distinguished accomplishment, the virtue of all virtues, the chief of virtues, is—*drunkenness*.

* The satire, 'Terrible Tractoration' was a fair experiment on the public opinion. This poem was published without a name, and without a patron. By all the Journalists in succession, it was attributed to the first wits of the age, and it is not yet generally known in England, that the author is an American.

I perceive upon your countenances mingled emotions of surprise and disgust. But, O ye that have believed so many things without a reason, hear me!

That drunkenness is a virtue you will not doubt, if you will only consider that it has been more universally practised, in all ages, than any other virtue; and has achieved some of the most distinguished exploits in the annals of man. Need I remind you that the father of the new world is drawn drunk on the title-page of history: or that his posterity are, at this day, reaping the fruits of his virtue. Need I relate how Babylon, famed for her stupendous towers, delightful gardens, splendor of conquest, and extent of empire, terminated her illustrious drama with drunkenness. Shall I celebrate the hero of Macedon, who finished the conquest of the world by drink. Shall I quote the heroes of Greece and Rome, whose works give immortality to their empires, and have, time immemorial, been esteemed decisive in philosophical disquisition. You know, learned youths, that their finest hymns celebrate this divine virtue. But it is unnecessary to produce the monuments of Grecian or Roman drunkenness; or to celebrate the northern conquerors, who, as drunken as brave, laid the empire of Rome in ruins, that the vineyards of Calabria might enable them to perfect this virtue. The truth is, antiquity is profuse in her praises of this virtue of drunkenness. She attests that amidst changes of laws and manners, revolutions in governments, and the catastrophe of cities and empires, drunkenness has figured illustriously. You might suspect my patriotism, American youths, were I to omit so favourable an occasion of wiping from my country the slanderous stigma of certain European philosophers, who assert that talents and virtue dwindle in our western clime. An illustrious philosopher and politician has vindicated the claims of the Aborigines of our country to talents and eloquence, equal to any thing which Greece, Rome, or Europe, can boast. I have only to add, that in the competition of virtue, their drunkenness will bear comparison with that of any nation in the world: which is a strong corroboration of the modern philosophy, that savage life is most propitious to virtue.

Although our infant republic may not yet have obtained that rank in drunkenness, which she is destined to hold among the nations of the earth, yet there are hopeful symptoms of a laudable ambition. Academies, for the instruction and practice of this virtue, spring up daily; line our high-ways, decorate our streets, crowd our alleys—under the various denominations of hotels, inns, taverns, beer-houses, grog-shops, and boozing gardens, for the peripatetic school. And as these are all supported by the voluntary contributions of the students, their number and decorations are an accurate standard of the measure of this virtue. Already a swallow cannot fly our streets, without infringing against their emblematic signs. There the sun stands still till they have finished their bottle; here the moon and stars, obsequious to virtue, light them in and out, at all hours of the night. Jefferson foregoes the cares of government to preside over these sons of science. Nelson and Buonaparte, on the thundering steeds of war, direct these high spirits to glory. The grand Turk himself abjures his faith for their company. Or, perhaps, an angel on wing hovers over the door to waft to heaven the happy martyrs, who fall sacrifices to virtue!

These, however, are monuments only of private virtues. I must triumph in the glory of my country, who, in her high political character, bows to this queen of virtues. Revolutions, treaties, extension of empire, elections of officers, every distinguished era and prosperous event she

consecrates to memory by drink. Honoured be your shrines, ye fathers of your country, who consecrated the fourth of July to drink! ordaining that thirteen toasts, and a bumper to the union, should annually cement our affections to the federal constitution; with a provision to increase the number, according to the growing prosperity of the nation. And thrice blessed be thy bones, immortal Genius, who amendest the constitution by the addition of six volunteers. Time, who wears away the monuments of human grandeur, shall witness this monument of political wisdom, rearing its pyramidal head, and increasing amidst the storms of future centuries. I see, I see, the glorious day approach, (for Louisiana is our's), when our grandsons, outstripping the virtues of their sires, shall quaff twice seventeen bumpers, and twice six volunteers, to the prosperity of our favoured land; millenium of drink! I hail thy approach!

But I check my too adventurous flight, and shall content myself with demonstrating to you the advantages which you, young gentlemen, may reap from drunkenness.

[To be continued.]

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A new Comedy, from the pen of Mr. T. DIDDIN, was produced at this Theatre, under the title of *Guilty or not Guilty?* The principal characters are—

Lord Rigid	Mr. Archer.
Edmond Rigid	Mr. Elliston.
Major Corslet	Mr. R. Palmer.
Mr. Balance	Mr. Chapman.
Charles Balance . . .	Mr. Palmer jun.
Sir Harry Pointer . .	Mr. De Camp
Lady Rigid	Mrs. T. Woodfall.
Mrs. Balance	Mrs. Ward.
Suzette	Miss Grimani.
Sophia	Miss Woodfall.
Nancy	Mrs. Gibbs.
Deborah	Mrs. Randall.

The story is taken from FONTAINE'S Novel of *The Reprobate*; and on the opening of the piece, we are told that the Hero of it, Edmond, has been expelled the university, turned out of the army with disgrace, associated with gamblers abroad, and that, on his return home, he had attempted the life of his father, and the honour of Lord Rigid's second wife: the seduction of an amiable young woman (daughter to a veteran officer) is also attributed to him; and such is the terror inspired by his very name, in the village where he resides, that he is obliged to live in a state of perfect seclusion. His father, with a view to reclaim him, proposes to him a wife, and introduces him to his ward Sophia, and in doing so, becomes involved in a duel with her lover, Sir Harry;—Edmond interferes, and this event tends to a full explanation of his conduct, and he is united to the Major's daughter.

As a light Comedy, this Piece is, we think, superior to any of Mr. DIDDIN'S former productions. It is replete with humour, interest, and morality.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

While America, the parent country of the author, is profoundly silent, Europe is lavish in praise of Sir Benjamin Thomson, that other Howard, combining with the highest talents the most liberal philanthropy. An English author remarks, that he 'hopes the directors of the interior government of his country will have the sense and wisdom to profit from his most valua-

ble and important work, whose truly philosophic and benevolent author must feel a joy and self-satisfaction, far superior to any praise, which man can bestow.' In that masterly poem, '*The Pursuits of Literature*,' is found the following honourable mention of an American, in voluntary exile from his native country.

'Yet all shall read, and all that page approve,
When public spirit meets with public love.
Thus late, where Poverty with Rapine dwelt,
Rumford's kind genius the Bavarian felt,
Not by romantic charities beguiled,
But calm in project, and in mercy mild,
Where'er his wisdom guided, none withstood,
Content with peace and practicable good;
Round him the labourers throng, the nobles wait,
Friend of the poor, and guardian of the state.'

It was the good fortune of this American genius to be patronized, in his youth, by Sir John Wentworth, a British Maecenas, and another name for munificence and generosity. He then drank copiously of all the streams of English favour, and, at length, presided in the councils of a Prince. It is said, by I know not what malicious Londoner, that Thomson, in America, was, for many years, a plough boy, next a clerk in a retail store, and lastly, as one of the highest honours to which American ability could aspire, was a village surveyor, and by his *Columbian* friends was much praised, though by no means paid, for his skill in arithmetic. Our prejudiced author adds, that he has little doubt if the present Count Rumford had remained at home, he would have had a very comfortable cottage, coeval with the oaks that surrounded it; that he would have been assessor of the parish, and gained some paper dollars for his trouble; and to relieve his own hunger, as well as that of the swine which surrounded him, would have devised new modes to prepare Indian corn, and other schemes for the culture of the potato.

The following whimsical *humbug*, is from a London paper.

A gentleman, whose attention has been greatly directed to the character and temper of BUONAPARTE, and is therefore capable of judging what will be the inevitable consequences of his temerity, can impart some intelligence of vast importance to Gentlemen or Ladies of Fortune. Whoever wishes for further information, must inclose a pecuniary compliment, and propound their question, which will be immediately answered. If an interview is required, and the Advertiser is satisfied with the manner of requiring it, and the motive, he will grant it. Address to Mr. J. L., No. 14. Old Cavendish-street, Oxford-street.

On Friday evening, while some Volunteers were exercising in St. Paul's church-yard, a crowd of people assembled on the out side of the railing, and amongst others, a decent looking man, apparently from the country; he stood by a Gentleman, and, with seeming earnestness, asked what was meant by 'stand at ease?' The other very civilly explained; and, the better to elucidate his observation, stood in the military position, when the ruffian snatched his watch, and ran off, and his flight being favoured by some associates, escaped through Doctor's Commons. [lb.]

Instead of creating only one Constable in France, hundreds ought to have been appointed, in order to take into custody a gang of Ruffians, who have seized the crown, and robbed the People of their Liberty. [lb.]

A very homely man, acting Mithridates on a French theatre, when Monimia says to him, 'My lord, you change countenance,' a young fellow in the pit exclaimed, 'for heaven's sake let him.

PROLOGUE—Written for the play of Richard III. performed by the young gentlemen of the Naval Academy, Gosport, during Easter week.

When high events our deep attention claim,
Excite our wonder, and survive to fame,
The Muse recalls them on her mimic stage,
And points the moral still to every age.
That purpose his, see rising to our view
The glorious scenes immortal Shakspear drew,
There, as we mark another's failings shewn,
We find the justest mirror for our own:
And as each pageant passes in our view,
Look at ourselves: behold that mirror true;
Hence fair instruction see deriv'd to all,
See Justice triumph, and Ambition fall;
When dark Hypocrisy assumes her veil,
How Virtue triumphs when her projects fail.
What dread of guilt alarms not every breast,
When dreams of horror break the murderer's rest?
What fears of certain retribution rise
When tyrants perish, and a Richard dies?
Nor less to Honour's paths our steps incline,
When deeds of glory in her pages shine,
And these brave youths, who laid the despot low,
With kindred ardour bid our bosoms glow.
Then, should that chief, who wakes the world to arms,
Whose hostile frown that prostrate world alarms,
Our fleets evade, escape the ocean's roar,
And plant his banners on the British shore;
Shall we, dismay'd, our well earn'd honours yield,
And shrink with terror from the patriot field?
Ye sacred spirits of our sires forbid!
Forbid it Heaven!—let the deeds they did,
In this dread hour of strife, their sons inspire,
To meet the danger with their native fire:
Let Agincourt, let deathless Blenheim tell,
How erst the vaunting foes of Britain fell;
Let trophied Egypt, let Lincelles proclaim
We still are worthy of the British name.
What! fear those foes we've oft with glory fought?
Perish the wretch, who dare avow that thought!
No! rush to battle, bid the invader know
We've set our lives upon the doubtful throw.
If fate demand our dying country's fall,
Then nobly perish in that country's call!
Or, once again, his sanguine hopes confound,
His fane of glory level to the ground,
While conscience pointing to Domingo's coast,
To Acre's plains, to Jaffa's murder'd host,
Unnerves his arm—may then this boaster fly,
This dark usurper, sink, despair, and die!

[Lon. paper.]

PAT'S HINT TO BONAPARTE.

Tune—Darby Galligher's.

Arrah, Monsieur Amie,
Bonaparte ma chree,
Do you think we'll agree,
While you wrangle with brother John;
Now take care of your bacon,
By my soul you're mistaken,
For we are the lads that will help one another on.

If you think you're so clever,
As to whack us together,
Just come over the river,
You, spalpeen, we'll let you know,
Not one inch of Britain
You shall have to sit on,
Augh the wrong thing you've hit on.
As sure as I'm singing now,

O to be at
Your napper, you brat,
Here's John Bull and Pat,
The tight boys that can leather you;
Then be asy at home,
For if hither you come,
Musha, here is your doom,
In sweet London we'll feather you.

Now, in crossing the dub,
Who knows but your tub
May meet with a rub,
That will rub your conceit away;
British tars are the boys,
Who regard not your noise,
Long life to the joys,
How they'll batter your pate away!

Then come, if you dare;
Each soldier, each tar,
Pants high for the war,
Which you threaten you'll to them bring:
Fait, there is not a man,
In each spot of our land,
But has join'd heart and hand,
For his country and noble KING.

O to be at
Your napper, you brat,
Here's John Bull and Pat,
The tight boys that can leather you;
Then be asy at home,
For if hither you come,
Musha, here is your doom,
In sweet London we'll feather you.

[Lon. paper.]

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The fine satire from 'Climenole,' is just received. His choice of topics, and his mode of treating them, are perfectly to our taste. This favourite correspondent is assured that his essays can never be too frequently communicated, nor too copiously extended.

'A Caledonian' shall be treated with all that liberality, which such a *bonny lad* deserves.

The affectionate and elegant tribute, from 'Jaques,' to the memory of HAMILTON, is entitled to a much higher place in literary estimation, than those vulgar wailings, which usually deform our gazettes, and 'petrify' one, in a single stanza.

The Medical Thesis, which, with so much Roman elegance and with such Esculapian skill, discusses a topic, interesting to every man of letters, is from the Edinburg school, and was kindly communicated by a friend, recently from that seat of Science.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

JAQUES ON HAMILTON.

In solitude, though Rumour's aspen tongue
May ring upon the ear her changing notes,
Yet oft, like fleeting forms, which Fancy calls
To build the morning dreams which lovers know,
They pass away, and busy Mem'ry bears
But faint impression of the idle sounds!
Yet oft, when Silence sleeps upon the leaves,
Intrusive Rumour wakes me from my dreams
With tales so mournful, and so oft repeated,
That e'en in solitude I may not choose
But sorrow, and the heart, responsive still,
Murmurs the melancholy tale to air!
Oh! then, to startled Fancy's sickened vision,
The morning music of the robin dies,
The brook's pure waters stagnate in their course,
And the green foliage of the lofty woods
Assumes a sickly cast. Suspicion then
Steals to my ear, and whispers me to shun
The harmless peasant, lurking near my haunts,
Intent on blood. Contagion too takes wing
From crowded streets, and flying on the breeze,
Rears many a sod, and rudely sculptured stone
Within the grave-yard of the village church!—
Rumour! with all thy hundred busy tongues,
Thou canst not tell a tale so sorrowful
To pierce my country's heart, as that which late
The sighs of millions breath'd upon thy ear!
Oft may a parent, while his orphans mourn,
Sleep with his fathers in the mouldering tomb;
Yet kind Oblivion soon will chase the tear
From swelling lids; for Pleasure's gaudy beam
Dries Sorrow's source, as I have often seen
The verdant brook escape from summer suns.
Humanity has ceaseless cause to weep,
For 'man was made to weep.' So sang the bard,
Whom, when the Muses left their sacred groves,
To claim the mortal who had stol'n their lyre,
They found on Scythia's music-gifted hills

Warbling a song of sweetest minstrelsy,
While round his plough the wondering peasants
flocked.

Athens her orator,—her CÆSAR, Rome
Have mourned. Her noble CHATHAM, Albion
mourns,

And Sparta's honours gather round the grave
Beneath whose turf Leonidas was laid.
These men were great and good, and merited
The fairest honours, and the warmest tears.
Thou too, my country! hast a debt to pay,
Of which Peruvian mines were poor to rid thee!
No! let thy lips dwell ceaseless on the name,
Let thy warm tears bedew the yet green grave,
And let the laurels, which thy love may plant,
Thicken around the fame of HAMILTON.

For he was thine, and only thine, my country!
Thy fields attest his valour in thy cause;
Thy senate hung in rapture on his lips,
Which poured as sweet a stream of eloquence
As Athens knew. Full many a sleepless night
His thorny pillow own'd the sighs and tears
Which heaved and streamed for thee and thee
alone!

And in that deed, which laid his bosom bare,
As Honour whisper'd him, he lent his ear,
And, fancying, heard his country claim his life!
Spirit of Genius! Oh! had I that glow
Of intellect, which late illum'd thy soul,
And prov'd Promethean fire no fabled song,
I then should muse, for friendship's partial ears,
Strains not unworthy of thy bright'ning fame!
Yet to thy country still that fame is dear,
And HE, who form'd thee good as thou wert
great,

May prompt some pen to sketch each glorious
deed

That mark'd thy days. Then shall th' historic
page

Record thee as thou wert. Thy val'rous acts
Shall lead the youthful warrior to the field,
Who still shall copy thee, and stay his sword
When Mercy sues. In academic shades,
When youth shall dwell upon that eloquence,
Which Greece alone had rivalled, he shall feel
Ambition lighting all her glowing fires,
His heart shall throb—his feeble pulses swell,
His bright eye kindle, and, with rapid glance,
Dart on the page devoted to thy fame,
And as he gazes on the envied light,
Which thou hadst early reach'd, he yet may
deem

It well befitting his advent'rous flight
To seat him there. Some youthful Solon too,
Whom fate may lead to build an empire up,
Shall gather wisdom from thy lum'ous mind,
Which saw its country, even at its birth,
Fast sinking to the tomb where states repose,
And, nobly rescuing it from Faction's grasp,
Pointed the path to Honour and to Fame.
The page of Hist'ry, too, with pride shall tell
That when the treasures of thy country laid
Within thy easy grasp, they could not tempt
Thy honest soul. Oh! it shall proudly say,
'Lo! his grey hairs announ'd the hour of rest,
Yet Poverty still claim'd him as her child!
The simple narrative, which Truth shall tell,
Shall prove thy brightest, fairest eulogy!
Time, as he steals along, and ceaseless yields
Fictitious greatness to Oblivion's tomb,
Shall own thy fame superior to his power,
And feel the splendor that encircles thee!
The foes of Virtue, HAMILTON! were thine,
And thine her dearest friends! She lesson'd thee
When Pleasure's syrens wanton'd in thy path,
To fix thy steady eye on Honour's form,
And deem the hours mispent, which found thee
not

Thy country's MENTOR; and she promis'd thee
The sweetest recompense for all thy toils,
Which Virtue gives, and souls, like thine, desire!

For know, when truth shall dissipate the gloom,
Which faction thicken'd to obscure thy fame,
That thou shalt find, wherever Honour lives,
Hearts warm, lips busy, and remembrance prompt
To speak of one, whose bosom knew no guile.
JAQUES.

—
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

You are welcome to make whatever use you please of
the enclosed.

B

SERENA, IN A MOURNING DRESS.

So have I seen behind some sable cloud,
(Its skirts just tinted with a silver hue)
The queen of planets veil'd in lovely gloom.
Such gloom as o'er the sadd'ning landscape sheds,
The soft and soothing spirit of the sigh.
Such as the poet courts, when fancy's pow'r
Wakes the lov'd shade of some departed hour;
Breathes in regret's dull ear a soothing strain,
And almost bids past joy, be joy again.

LODINUS.

—
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EVENING.

Ah! sweeter far! when noon inflames no more,
And day's last sunshine sleeps along the shore;
When o'er the fading scene, with gentler sway,
Ev'n sheds her soft and solitary ray—
For the last gleam, that gilds her parting sky,
Detects responsive lustre in the eye.
So, says Serena, so expire the brave,
So sinks neglected Genius to the grave!
Quick o'er her cheek is spread th' indignant glow,
And hallow'd sighs ascend to fancied woe—
Soft as the breeze that sheds the dews of Ev'n;
Pure as the soul, that wafts their breath to heav'n.

LODINUS.

—
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lines, occasioned by a visit to the Summer residence of
a friend, during the *Winter*.

Deserted pile! severe, indeed, thy fate,
Gone is thy summer transport's fleeting date—
The guardian trees that clos'd thy awful form,
Sent their broad shade, or shelter'd from the
storm;

In winter's bleak and cheerless aspect clad,
Mourn to the sullen blast a murmur sad:
And as thou brav'st the fierce assailing sky,
And nature's slumb'ring ruin meets thine eye,
Methinks—or 'tis the gale—I hear thee sigh!
Respected mansion! oft has fancy here,
Breath'd the pure sigh, and shed the impassion'd
tear—

For, here reposing, virtue rears her shrine,
And the mild aspect of her bliss is thine.
Thine o'er the kindling forms of youth to trace
The sire's mild dignity, the mother's grace,
Commingle sweet...to high refinement wrought,
The glow of feeling, and the grasp of thought.
This, ardent as the vows of saints forgiv'n,
That, strong and tow'ring as the mind of heav'n,
Combin'd in friendship's soft encircling zone,
And breathing o'er thy shades a rapture all their
own.

Such was thy bliss, ere nature sadness knew,
And the bright season seem'd to smile for you.
Now through thy hall no cheerful echoes ring,
Nor life-inspiring beauty wakes the string;
No more the lawn, in moon-light softness drest,
Courts the lov'd wand'rer to its dewy breast;
Or 'neath the porch, at twilight's sacred hour,
Wakes the dread tale of death its spectral pow'r;
Of clay cold hands of murder's shrouded blow,
The couch convuls'd, and shriek of midnight
woe.

Affrighted fancy, gazing on the beam
That doubtful moonlight flings across the vale;
Starts—as the watchful owl's prophetic scream,
Shakes the low whispers of the passing gale.
At each still pause that saddens on the ear,
Tho' not a sound invade thy silence drear;
Save the lone cricket from th' untrodden floor,
Save the faint murmurs of the distant shore;
Tho' the short splendors of each parting day
Shed o'er thy solitude a feeble ray,
Yet with the spring that solitude shall smile,
And haste the hour that makes thee blest, sweet
pile!

Brings to thy bosom's wish the social train,
And bids thy walls resound to joy again!

LODINUS.

—
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lines, suggested by a perusal of the life of Chatterton.*

.....And yet there are, who, borne on fortune's
tide,

Down the smooth vale of time unconscious glide;
Ne'er dream of wretchedness while they repose,
Nor wake to other cares; to other woes.

And when the north wind rages through the
sky,

Withhold from bleeding Poverty a sigh;
Leave those to weep, who, torn from all held
dear,

In want and silence shed the frequent tear;
Who, rear'd 'mid Fortune's noon, ill brook the
shade,

And feel, with tenfold sense, its damps invade;
Feel more than chilling frost, Neglect's con-
troul,

And all the horrors of a wintry soul.
For ah! how oft from Penury's cold grave,
Nor worth, nor all the power of mind can save.
Condemn'd through life a ceaseless war to wage,
With all the pride and dullness of the age,
Still vain each wish, o'erwhelm'd each hope
elate,

Oft Genius sinks desponding to her fate—
Or moves th' indignant pensioner of pride,
Her triumphs blazon, nor her spoils divide;
And, wrapt in chilling gloom, ne'er feels the
day,
Taught by her hand round happier Wealth to
play.

Ah, stern decree! that minds, whom Heav'n in-
spires
With more than angel thought, than angel fires,
Whose virtues vibrate to the tend'rest tone,
And wake to woe, ere half her woes be known;
From the high boon a sterner fate derive,
And suffer most to suffering most alive!

LODINUS.

—
"HE SAID, IT IS FINISHED! AND HE BOWED HIS
HEAD, AND GAVE UP THE GHOST."

St. John, Chap. 19, v. 30.

Hark! from the cross the earth-convulsing sound,
Descending with prophetic swell,
Bursts in ten thousand thunders on astonish'd
hell!

Angelic voice! ascending, soft and clear,
It met the bending seraph's ravish'd ear,
Swift thro' the skies th' immortal accents ran,
And Heav'n exulting, hail'd the new-born man.
So erst while stretch'd o'er nature's wide do-
main,

Unpeopled darkness held her ebon reign;

* These lines, with a few variations, appeared, some
time ago, in the *Morning Chronicle* of New York; it
is, therefore, optional with the Editor whether or not to
republish them.

When thro' the gloom creative radiance flew,
And call'd to birth distinct each blended hue;
Beam'd on the realms, where Beauty slumb'ring
lay,

And woke her various graces into day—
O'er the wide concave swell'd angelic lays,
And perfect nature breath'd harmonious praise—
Nor less the praise that o'er redemption reign'd:
This sang a world *created*, that a world *regain'd*.
Fir'd by the sound, see men of humbler clay
Lift their bold vision to immortal day;
Hail in life's sunset, more than life inspires,
And cry 'tis finish'd! as the world retires.
Yes, such thy joy, blest man, when all is o'er
Of pangs and tears that earth's rude climate
bore;

When the last stream of day deserts the sky,
And thund'ring millions shout their maker nigh;
'Tis o'er! the God of heav'n and earth proclaims,
And earth and heav'n are wrapt in instant flames.
'Tis o'er! triumphant Hope exulting cries,
And springs indignant to her native skies.

New-York.

LODINUS.

—
SELECTED POETRY.

[The following elegant stanzas, written on the expect-
ed nuptials of the late Lady Harriet Hamilton, are
introduced in a very beautiful and pathetic poem,
entitled "The Year of Sorrow," by the Hon. W. R.
Spencer.]

Fresh flowers which on the fountain brink
The breath of day-spring rears,
Whose dainty blossoms only drink
The rain-bow's diamond tears.

Such flowers alone my hand shall wreath
For Harriet's genial bow'r;
Such flowers alone their sweets shall breathe
On Harriet's* bridal hour.

Pure as Elysian mornings break,
Fond hopes her fair cheek flush;
Pure as the sinless thoughts, which wake
The cherub's infant blush!

Oh! for a voice, if such there be,
Which sighs have never broke;
Oh! for a harp, whose melody
Of sorrow never spoke!

For thee, Tyrone, their strains should flow,
Since ev'ry bliss divine,
Which saints believe, or seraphs know,
With Harriet's heart are thine.

Yet, thine are joys beyond the scope
Of fiction's brightest theme;
Brighter, than all which youth can hope,
Or love or fancy dream.

Smile on thy green hills, Erin, smile,
Thy woes, thy wars, shall cease,
An angel to thy troubled isle
Bears Concord, Joy, and Peace!

* The departed Lady Harriet Hamilton, eldest daugh-
ter to John James Marquis of Abercorn, was shortly to
have been married to Henry de la Poer, Marquis of
Waterford, Earl of Tyrone.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 36.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum
payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 101.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

TO the reader, who delights in the creations of Fancy, there are few poetical pieces that will yield more pleasure, than the Castle of Indolence of Thomson; none that will more completely gratify his imagination, by an unbounded and luxuriant indulgence in natural description and imagery.

From the allegorical form, and apparent looseness of expression, resulting from the style of the versification, it does not appear, at first, to have so methodical an arrangement, as a better acquaintance will discover. We must, nevertheless, feel disposed to allow it some perfection, considering it as the offspring of seven years labour of the author of the Seasons.

The two cantos, into which this poem is divided, display a contrast of argument and an opposition of description, of considerable art and ingenuity. The stern dictates of reason are nearly forgotten in the fascinating delusions of the imagination; and though we cannot avoid yielding to the sound and conclusive arguments of the former, yet does the latter hold out lures and deceptions, flattering to our love of ease and natural dependency, that we cannot avoid, without difficulty, the net of the baneful enchanter.

Perhaps no subject admits of more sophistry, or could be more artfully descanted upon, than the vanity and futility of human pursuits. It has been a most copious source of declamation, at all times and in all countries, to the philosopher and satirical poet.

Considering the subject in the abstract, and as bearing relation to a future life, it is the most true and impressive manner in which to treat it. But, considering us as formed for active life, an indifference to its duties and occupations cannot reasonably or consistently be encouraged as praiseworthy, or at all conducive to happiness here.

In Milton's Comus, there is much artful argument used by the voluptuous enchanter, who certainly disguises the most unbounded licentiousness and immorality in the language of a very pleasing and imposing philosophy. Nothing proves the weakness of our intellect more forcibly than these kind of contrasts, where the truth

is found so nearly allied to both, that it requires nice discrimination to make the just distinction.

In the present instance we cannot avoid being pleased with the attractions of this retreat, from which Want and Care are far distant, and where Ease and Pleasure abound, and which, though delusive, have their analogy in that future mansion, upon which a warm imagination sometimes delights to dwell.

Some quotations, that will be made in the course of this sketch, will fully prove the appositeness of the above remarks as to the plausibility of the sophisms, which fill the first canto, and the interest we are compelled to take, so far as the premises upon which the arguments are founded. It appears that our author's first intention was the composition of a few stanzas, descriptive of his own attachment to ease and indolence; but he soon discovered that the subject would admit of a greater extent, and might be treated in a manner to convey the most useful and salutary instructions, while it admitted of all the embellishments which a descriptive and moral imagination could afford. Hence we find a long and regular work upon the subject, in two cantos; the first containing an appeal to our passions and imagination, ornamented with very appropriate scenery; the second an address to the reader, wherein is pointed out the fallacy of the former arguments, and the true duties and sources of happiness to mankind as at present constituted.

The following introductory lines convey the moral upon which the superstructure is reared.

O mortal man! who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate,
That like an emmet thou must ever moil—
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date,
And certes there is for it reason great;
For tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

These lines will remind him, who may have seen Zimmerman's book on the 'Ill effects of Solitude,' of the many examples therein given of the bad consequences resulting from suppressed passions, and seclusion from the active scenes of life.

The poem opens with a fine description of the valley, in which the castle is situated. Every thing that can be considered in unity with the subject, is here placed before our eyes with the vivid colouring and happy arrangement of the author of the Seasons.

Was nought around but images of rest;
Sleep soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery buds, that slumberous influence kest
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green
Where never yet was creeping creature seen;
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurried everywhere their waters sheen,
That as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,
Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Full in the passage of the vale above
A sabbath, silent, solemn, forest stood.

Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idleness fancied in her dreaming mood,
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of black'ning pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to flow.

We have a perfect Elysium presented to our imagination in the succeeding lines, and we feel tempted to turn aside with the passengers, and confine our wanderings to such delightful pleasure grounds. The castle is truly the palace of Luxury and Indulgence; downy couches, the splendid allurements of the table, the charms of beauty, the power of music and poetry, and an abstraction from the disquietudes of the soul, dazzle our senses, and we think of nothing less than the transformations of Circe, or her voluptuous son.

The place being so interestingly described, we listen next to the fascinating oratory of the deceitful possessor, addressed to the numerous passengers, who, in their journey along the paths of life, approach his gates.

The charms which surround them, seconded by so persuasive eloquence, prove irresistible, and they turn in, overjoyed at the termination of their labours.

The contrast so often made of the 'unearn'd pleasures' of the animal creation, and the 'toil worn man,' is handsomely drawn, after which come these animated verses:

Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-dropping sweat of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
And of the vices an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain.
For when hard hearted interest first began
To poison earth, Astrea left the plain,
Guile, Violence, and Murder seiz'd on man,
And for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

Come ye! who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill, but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
Forever vain; come, and withouten fee
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
Of pure delight; O come, ye weary wights, to me.

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure, ethereal calm, that knows no storm,
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform
And torture man, a proud malignant worm,
But here instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart—

O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When sudden comes blind, unrelenting, fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those, who mock you gone to Pluto's reign;
But sure it is of vanities most vain
To toil for what you here untiring may obtain.

[To be continued.]

POLITE LITERATURE.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.

[Translated from the French]

On the subject of Philosophy....History....the Theatre....
Pieces of Poetry....Literary Olios....Anecdotes of Li-
terature....Languages and Style.

The periodical work, to which you intend to devote your labours, may succeed, although there are already too many works of this kind. You ask me, what line of conduct must be pursued to render such a journal grateful to our age, and to posterity. I will answer you, in two words: be impartial. You possess science and taste, if to these you add justice, I predict permanent success. Our nation loves all kinds of literature, from the mathematics to an epigram. None of the journals generally speak of the most brilliant portion of belles lettres, I mean dramatic pieces, nor of the great number of charming poetical works, which support daily the amiable character of our nation. Your journal may be a receptacle for almost every thing, even a song, any thing well written, is not to be disdained. Greece, who boasts of having given birth to Plato, glories in her Anacreon; and Cicero does not make us forget Catullus.

PHILOSOPHY.

You possess a competent knowledge of geometry and physics, to give an exact account of books of this kind; and you have enough of understanding and taste to speak of them with that art, which strips them of their thorns, without loading them, with unbecoming flowers.

I would particularly advise you, when you shall make philosophical extracts, first to present to the reader a kind of historical abridgment of the opinions suggested, or of the truths established.

For example, is the question of the vacuum under discussion? Mention briefly the manner in which Epicurus thought he had proved it; shew how Gassendi rendered it more probable; expose to view the infinite degrees of probability, which Newton has added to this opinion, by his arguments, by his observations, and by his calculations.

Is a work on the nature of air under consideration? It is proper, in the first place, to shew that Aristotle and all the philosophers knew that it had weight, but were ignorant of the degree of that weight. A great number of ignorant persons, who are desirous of knowing at least the history of the sciences, men of the world, young students, will learn, with avidity, with what force of reason, and by what experiments the great Galileo combated the first error of Aristotle on the subject of air; with what art Torricelli weighed it, as we ascertain the weight of any thing in a balance; by what means its elasticity was discovered; and, finally, how the admirable experiments of Hale and Boerhaave have discovered effects of air, which we are almost forced to attribute to properties of matter, unknown until our day.

Does a book, filled with calculations and problems, on the subject of light, make its appearance? How much pleasure will you afford to the public, by exhibiting the feeble ideas entertained by eloquent and ignorant Greece on the subject of refraction; the opinion of the Arab Alhazen, the only geometrician of his time, respecting it; the conjectures of Antonio de Dominis; the system of Descartes, of which he made an ingenious and geometrical, but false application; the discoveries of Grimaldi, whose life was but too short; finally, the truths established by Newton; truths the most bold and

luminous, to which the human mind is capable of attaining; truths, which open a new world to our view, but which still leave a cloud behind them!

Shall a work be composed on the gravitation of the celestial bodies, that admirable part of the demonstrations of Newton? Will you not gratify your readers, if you give the history of this gravitation, from Copernicus, who had but a glimpse of it, from Keller, who was bold enough to announce it as if by instinct, to Newton, who has demonstrated to the astonished world, that it presses upon the sun, and the sun upon it?

Attribute to Descartes and to Harrot the art of applying algebra to the mensuration of curb, integral and differential calculation to Newton, and afterwards to Leibnitz. Name occasionally the authors of all new discoveries. Let your journal be a faithful register of the glory of great men. In exposing opinions, in supporting, in combating them, carefully avoid injurious expressions, which irritate an author, and frequently a whole nation, without enlightening any one. Nothing of animosity, nothing of irony. What would you say of an advocate-general, who, in summing up a cause, should outrage, by poignant expressions, the party whom he condemns? The office of a journalist is not so respectable, but his duty is almost the same. You do not believe in pre-established harmony, must you, on that account, decry Leibnitz? Will you insult Locke, because he believes God sufficiently powerful to communicate, if he will, thought to matter? Do you not believe that God, who has created all things, can render this matter and this faculty of thinking eternal? That if he has created our souls, he has also the power to create millions of beings different from matter and from soul? That thus the sentiment of Locke is respectful to the Divinity, without being dangerous to men? If Bayle, who knew much, has doubted much, remember that he has never doubted of the necessity of being an honest man. Be also honest, and imitate not those little minds, who, by vile abuse, outrage an illustrious shade, whom they would not have dared to attack, during his life.

[To be Continued]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

The orations against Catiline.

[Continued.]

"I perceive, Conscript Fathers, that all eyes are turned upon me, and that your minds are employed, not only upon the dangers of the Republic, but upon mine. This personal interest, which intermingles with the sentiment of our common misfortunes, is a testimony, undoubtedly very delightful and very flattering; but I conjure you, in the name of the Gods, to forget it altogether, and laying aside my particular safety, think only on your own and that of your children. If such is my situation, that all the evils, all the afflictions, all the adversity must be accumulated on me alone, I will support them not only with courage, but with joy, provided, that by my labours, I can insure your dignity and the safety of the Roman people. Since they have decreed me the consulate, you all know, the tribunals, the sanctuary of justice and the laws, the field of Mars, consecrated by the Auspices, the assembly of the senate, which is the refuge of nations, the asylum of our household gods, regarded as inviolable, the domestic bed, where every citizen ought to repose in peace, in fine this seat of honour, this curule chair, have been for me, but theatres of dangers, constantly renewing, and of continual alarms: it is upon these conditions that I am Consul—I have

suffered; I have dissembled; I have pardoned: I have healed many of your wounds, by concealing my own; and if the Gods have decreed, that it shall be at this expense, that I am to save, from the sword and from fire, from all the horrors of pillage and devastation Rome and Italy, your wives, your children, the priestesses of Vesta the temples and altars of the Gods; whatever may be the destiny that awaits me, I am ready to submit to it. Lentulus has been able to believe that the destruction of the Republic was attached to his destiny, and to the Cornelian name: why should not I glory that the epocha of my consulate, has been fixed by the Destinies to save the Republic? Think then only on yourselves, Conscript Fathers, and cease to think of me. In the first place I ought to hope, that the Gods, protectors of this Empire, will grant me the recompence which I have merited; but if it happens otherwise, I shall die without regret; for never can Death be either disgraceful for a brave man, nor premature for a consular senator, nor to be dreaded by a wise man. It is not that I glory, in being insensible to the tears of my brother who is here present, to the grief which you all express for me; it is not that my thoughts are not often occupied on that extreme affliction in which I left at home, a consort and a daughter equally dear to me, equally struck with my dangers, a son still an infant, that Rome seems to carry in her bosom, as a pledge for my performance of the duties of my consulate; it is not that my eyes do not, involuntarily turn towards a son-in-law, who attends in this assembly, as well as you, with inquietude for the event of this day. I am touched with their situation, and their sensibility, I acknowledge; but this is one reason the more why I should save them, all with you, even at the expense of my own existence than to see them all enveloped with you in the same ruin. In fact, conscript fathers, look at the storm, which threatens you, if you prevent it not. The question is not here of a Tiberius Gracchus, who wished only to obtain a second tribunate; nor of Caius, who excited an uproar in the assembly of the Comitia among the rustic tribunes; nor of Saturninus, who was only culpable of the murder of a single citizen, of Memmius: You have to pass sentence on those, who have remained in Rome, only to set fire to it, here to receive Cataline, and cut all your throats: you have in your hands their letters, their signatures, their acknowledgments. They have attempted to raise insurrections among the Allobroges, to arm the slaves, to introduce Cataline into our walls; in one word, their design was, after having put us all to death, not to leave a single citizen who might weep over the ruins of the state. This is proved; this is avowed—this, conscript fathers, is what you have already decided. What was it, in effect, that you did, when you passed in my favour, a decree of thanks, for having discovered and prevented a conspiracy of villains, armed against the country; when you compelled Lentulus to retire from the pretorship; when you committed him and his accomplices to prison; when you ordained a supplication to the gods, an honor which before me, was never granted, but to conquering generals; when you have honoured with the greatest recompences, the fidelity of the Allobroges? All these acts, so solemn, so multiplied, are they not a condemnation of the conspirators? Nevertheless, since I have thought it my duty to lay this affair in deliberation before you, since the question is to resolve on the punishment due to the guilty, I must declare first of all, what a consul ought not to omit to explain. I well know that there reigned in mens minds, a kind of giddiness and fury, that they sought to excite tumults, that they had pernicious designs; but I had never believed, I confess, that Roman citi-

zens were capable of forming such abominable plots. If you believe that but a few are engaged in them, conscript fathers, you deceive yourselves. The evil is more extensive than you imagine. It has not only gained Italy, it has passed the Alps, it has glided secretly into the provinces; lingering and delay can only encrease it; you cannot too soon suppress it, and whatever part you take, you have not a moment to lose. Your resolution must be taken before night."

[To be Continued.]

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN IRONICAL ORATION ON DRUNKENNESS.

Delivered in the University of Pennsylvania, June 6, 1804.

[concluded].

Happiness, supreme happiness is its gift! Happiness, which extinguishes the desire of all other enjoyments. Once drunkards and parents, wives, children, estate, characters, body, soul,—all, all, are a cheap sacrifice to the enjoyment of the beatific bowl. Then it annihilates misery. The drunkard is insensible of the hour he spends dressing for the tavern, the hour he is going to the tavern, the six hours he sits in the tavern, the two hours he is staggering from the tavern, and the ten hours he sleeps, after having returned from the tavern;—twenty hours out of twenty-four—leaving only four short hours, to the wretchedness of rational existence. What a deduction from misery! A man, who, according to the parish register ought to be three-score years of age;—has, on this system been detained but a few months in this valley of tears.

Your academic life, young Gentlemen, by exposing you to the company of men, that know more than yourselves, must have corrupted your minds, with modesty, and diffidence. Drunkenness is the sovereign antidote against those mean habits. Mark the stripling in a debauch, he speaks with the confidence of a hero, and emphasis of an oracle;—traps his father, laughs at his mother's ignorance, and scoffs at the folly of all mankind;—his fearless mind brooks no controul. Confident of his powers, and influenced with tremendous courage, he dares and achieves incredible exploits, such as breaking glasses, burning chairs, kicking waiters, and knocking down watch-men, with a thousand such feats, which by an apt figure of speech he calls, *playing the devil*.—But of all the mental advantages, resulting from drunkenness, there is one that I would mention with peculiar emphasis: it is, indeed, worth all the rest put together. There is something within us, whether it be a natural principle, or a corruption of our nature, or a prejudice of education, for it certainly does exist,—which is the cause of our most excruciating torments: it is more imperious in its orders, than all the professors in the University; and more severe in its corrections, than regimental flogging. In the old English language, it is called *conscience*; but modern philosophy terms it moral sense;—I presume with a charitable motive of detaching some disgusting association of ideas. Well, gentlemen, drunkenness exterminates this hydra. In six month's time it will sponge the conscience as clean from the soul, as if it had never been there.

The advantages of this virtue to health, are too well ascertained to require investigation. Universal experience proves that it warms us in winter like muff, and mitens—and cools, like a fan, the rage of the dog-star. Physicians are sensible of the efficacy of drunkenness, that they mix all their medicines with alcohol, which is the

very soul of potable liquors. Or rather, to tell the honest truth, they disguise this precious medicine, with their poisonous drugs—which has been the occasion of many a brave man's death; who, had he lived on pure alcohol, would have had nothing to ail him. For as there is but one disease—*debility*, and but one medicine, excitement; it follows that he, who lives on excitement can never be sick.—But suppose he should fall sick from an inattention to this salutary regimen;—a recurrence to the practice of this virtue, will be a pharmacopia of medicine, and system of surgery to him. His biliary ducts will be emulged, his nerves invigorated and his breast purged of phlegm by a daily emetic. If plethoric, he phlebotomises, like an hypotamus, on the first stum he meets, and is frequently found under a tavern table, or at the corner of the streets, in a position extremely favourable to the medical operation, invented by the bird Ibis.

I conclude with the simple remark—that drunkenness is essential to your characters, as politicians, and the best support of our Republican institutions. It humanizes society into the most perfect union. King and Cobler, Priest and Fiddler, are all *hail-fellows-well-met* over the bottle. The haughtiness of wealth, the sternness of virtue, the aristocracy of talents, all vanish before drink. Justice, temperance, fortitude, patience, and all stale prejudices are extinguished by this virtue, as lesser light by the rising sun. A glorious equality of taste and talents, of virtues and pursuits is the consequence. It is such a promoter of humility, that I defy the world to show me a drunkard, that does not of choice prefer lower company, than he was used to while sober. Without drunkenness you cannot shine as politicians. What will you do with the seventeen toasts, and six volunteers on the 4th of July, to say nothing of the new festival of St. Louisiana, and the numerous other festivals consecrated, and to be consecrated to virtue, in the rubric of intoxication.

But what I have said may be sufficient to remove prejudices, to convince you of the value and tendency of this virtue of drunkenness, and particularly to inspire you with disgust at the miserable water-system of some pale moralists and philosophers; who, if they had been blessed with early initiation into our system, would not now be exhibiting the deplorable spectacle of human nature sinking beneath gray hairs, and old age.

I could descant for an age upon this divine virtue, but I am too thirsty to proceed.

Fathers, go in peace to the shade of your grandsires. slow old age shall not oppress your sons: mothers, your hopeful progeny shall rise to distinction: And you, ye bright fair, favour us with your smiles, and your applause: But should you avoid our company, abhor our practises, and bestow your amiable persons on the sons of Sobriety,—Then! O then! we shall be compelled to revert to old Christian rules, and temperance may yet become a Virtue!!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Original letter from General HAMILTON, on the subject of Arnold's treason, and Andre's fate.

Since my return from Hartford, my dear friend, my mind has been too little at ease to permit me to write to you sooner. It has been wholly occupied by the incidents, and the tragic consequences, of Arnold's treason. My feelings were never put to so severe a trial. You will have heard the principal facts before this reaches you; but there are particulars, to which my situation gave me access, that cannot have come to your knowledge from public report, which I am persuaded you will find interesting.

From several circumstances, the project seems to have originated with Arnold himself, and to have been long premeditated. The first overture is traced back to some time in June last. It was conveyed in a letter to Col. Robinson, the subject of which was, that the ingratitude he had experienced from his country, concurring with other causes, had entirely changed his principles: that he now only sought to restore himself to the favour of his prince by signal proof of his repentance: and that he wished to open a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton for this purpose. About that period, he made a journey to Connecticut, on his return from which to Philadelphia he solicited the command of West-Point; alledging that the effects of his wound disqualified him for the active duties of the field. The sacrifice of this important post was the atonement he intended to make. General WASHINGTON hesitated the less to gratify an officer, who had frequently rendered eminent services, as he was convinced the post might be safely trusted to one, who had given so many distinguished proofs of his patriotism. The beginning of August, he joined the army, and renewed his application. The enemy, at this juncture, had embarked the greatest part of their force on an expedition to Rhode-Island, and ~~our~~ army was in motion, to compel them to relinquish the enterprise, or to attack New York in its weakened state. The general offered Arnold the left wing of the army, which he declined, on the pretext already mentioned; but not without visible embarrassment. He certainly might have executed the duties of such a temporary command, and it was expected from his enterprising temper that he would gladly have embraced so splendidly inviting an opportunity; but he did not choose to be diverted a moment from his favourite object, probably from an apprehension that some different disposition might take place, which would exclude him. The extreme solicitude he discovered to get possession of the post would have led to a suspicion of treachery, had it been possible from his past conduct to have supposed him capable of it.

The correspondence, thus begun, was carried on between Arnold, and major Andre, adjutant-general to the British army, in behalf of Sir Henry Clinton, under feigned signatures, and a mercantile disguise. In an intercepted letter of Arnold's, which lately fell into our hands, he proposes an interview 'to settle the risks and profits of the co-partnership;' and in the same style of metaphor, intimates an expected augmentation of the garrison, and speaks of it as the means of extending their traffic. It appears by another letter, that Andre was to have met him on the lines, under the sanction of a flag, in character of Mr. John Anderson. But some cause or other, not known, prevented this interview.

General WASHINGTON, crossed the river in his way to Hartford the day these dispatches arrived. Arnold, conceiving he must have heard of the flag, thought it necessary, for the sake of appearances, to submit the letters to him, and ask his opinion of the propriety of complying with his request. The general, without his usual caution, though without the least surmise of the design, dissuaded him from it, and advised him to reply to Robertson, that whatever related to his private affairs must be of a civil nature, and could only properly be addressed to the civil authority. This reference fortunately deranged the whole plan, and was the first link in the chain of events that led to the detection. The interview could no longer take place in the form of a flag, but was obliged to be managed in a secret manner.

Arnold employed one Smith to go on board the *Vulture*, and bring Andre ashore, with a pass for Mr. John Anderson: Andre came ashore accordingly, and was conducted with a picket of ours, to the house of Mr. Smith, where Arnold and he remained together in close conference all that night and the day following. At day-light in the morning, the commanding officer at King's ferry, without the privity of Arnold, moved a couple of cannon to a point opposite where the *Vulture* lay, and obliged her to take a more remote station. This event, or some lurking distrust, made the boatmen refuse to convey the two passengers back, and disconcerted Arnold so much, that by one of those strokes of infatuation, which often confound the schemes of men conscious of guilt, he insisted on Andre's changing his uniform for a disguise, and returning in a mode different from that in which he came. Andre, who had been undesignedly brought within our posts in the first instance, remonstrated warmly against this new and dangerous expedient. But Arnold persisting in declaring it impossible for him to return as he came, he at length reluctantly yielded to his persuasion and consented to change his dress, and take the route he recommended. Smith furnished the disguise, and in the evening they arrived at King's ferry together, they proceeded to Crown-Point, where they stopped the remainder of the night, at the instance of a militia officer, to avoid being suspected by him. The next morning they resumed their journey, Smith accompanying Andre a little beyond Pine's-bridge, where he left him. He had reached Tarrytown where he was taken by three militia men, who rushed out of the woods and surrounded him.

At this critical period, his presence of mind forsook him—instead of producing his pass, which would have extricated him from our parties, and could have done him no harm with his own, he asked the militia men if they were of the upper or lower party—distinctive appellations known among the enemy's refugee corps*. The militia men replied, they were of the lower party; upon which he assured them he was a British officer, and pressed them not to detain him, as he was upon urgent business. This confession removed all doubt, and it was in vain he afterwards produced his pass.—He was instantly forced off to a place of greater security, where he was carefully searched, and in his stocking feet were found several papers of importance, delivered to him by Arnold. Among these were a plan of the fortifications of West-Point, a memorial from the engineer on the attack and defence of the place, returns of the garrison, cannon and stores, copy of a council of war, held by General WASHINGTON a few weeks before.

The prisoner was at first inadvertently ordered to Arnold, but upon recollection, while he was still on the way, he was countermanded, and sent to Old Salem. The papers were enclosed in a letter to General WASHINGTON, which having taken a route different from that by which he returned, made a circuit, that afforded leisure for another letter, through an ill-judged delicacy written to Arnold, with an information of Anderson's capture, to get to him an hour before General WASHINGTON arrived at his quarters; time enough to elude the fate that awaited him. He went down the river in his barge to the *Vulture*, with such precipitate confusion, that he did not take with him a single paper, useful to the enemy. On the first notice of the affair, he was pursued, but much too late to overtake him.

A moment before his setting out he went into Mrs. Arnold's apartments, and informed her, that certain transactions had just come to light, which must forever banish him from his country. She fell into a swoon at this declaration, and he left her in it to consult his own safety, till the servants, alarmed by her cries, came to her relief. She remained frantic all day, accusing every one who approached her, with an intention of murdering her child, (an infant in her arms) and exhibiting every other mark of the most genuine and agonising affection. Exhausted by the fatigue and tumult of her spirits, her phrenzy subsided towards evening, and she sunk into all the sadness of distress. It was impossible not to have been touched with her situation; every thing affecting in female tears, or in the misfortunes of beauty; every thing pathetic in the wounded tenderness of a wife, or in the apprehensive fondness of a mother; and every appearance of suffering innocence, conspired to make her an object of sympathy to all who were present. She experienced the most delicate attentions, and every friendly office, till her departure for Philadelphia.

Andre, without loss of time, was conducted to the head-quarters of the army, where he was immediately brought before a board of general officers, to prevent all possibility of misrepresentation, or cavil on the part of the enemy. The board reported, that he ought to be considered as a spy, and according to the laws and usages of nations, to suffer death: which was executed two days after.

Never, perhaps, did a man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less. The first step he took after his capture was to write a letter to General WASHINGTON, conceived in terms of dignity without insolence, and apology without meanness. The scope of it was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous or interested purposes, asserting that he had been involuntarily an impostor; that contrary to his intention he was to meet a person for intelligence, on neutral ground, he had been betrayed within our posts, and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise; soliciting only, that to whatever rigour policy might devote him, a decency of treatment might be observed, due to a person, who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonorable. His request was granted in its full extent; for, in the whole progress of the affair, he was treated with most scrupulous delicacy. When brought before the board of officers, he met with every mark of indulgence, and was required to answer no interrogatory which could even embarrass his feelings. On his part, while he carefully concealed every thing that involved others, he frankly confessed all the facts that related to himself; and upon his confession, without the trouble of examining a witness, the board made their report. The members of it were not more impressed with the candor and modest firmness, mixed with a becoming sensibility which he displayed, than he was penetrated with their liberality and politeness. He acknowledged the generosity of the behaviour towards him in every respect, but particularly in this, in the strongest terms of manly gratitude. In a conversation with a gentleman, who visited him after his trial, he said—he flattered himself he had never been illiberal, but if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them.

In one of the visits I made to him (and I saw him several times during the confinement) he begged me to be the bearer of a request to the general, for permission to send an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton. 'I foresee my fate, (said he) and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life; yet I am recon-

ciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, will have brought it upon me. There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness. I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well, to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or that others should reproach him, on a supposition that I had conceived myself obliged by his instructions to run the risk I did, I would not for the world leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days.' He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears in spite of his efforts to suppress them, and with difficulty collected himself enough afterwards to add. 'I wish to be permitted to assure him I did not act under his impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclination as to his orders.' His request was readily complied with and he wrote the letter annexed, with which, I dare say, you will be as much pleased, as I am, both for the diction and sentiment.

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked, that since it was his lot to die, as there was a choice in the mode, which would make a material difference to his feelings, he would be happy, if it were possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought this indulgence, being incompatible with the custom of war, could not be granted; and it was therefore determined in both cases to evade an answer, to spare him the sensations, which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

When he was led out to the place of execution, as he went along he bowed familiarly to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked with some emotion, 'must I then die in this manner?' He was told it had been unavoidable. 'I am reconciled to my fate (said he) but not to the mode.' Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added 'it will be but a momentary pang;' and springing upon the cart performed the last offices to himself, with a composure, that excited the admiration, and melted the hearts of the beholders. Upon being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if he had any thing to say, he answered, 'Nothing, but to request you will witness to the world that I die like a brave man.' Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies, he died universally esteemed and universally regretted.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of Andre. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. It is said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence, that rarely accompanied so many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem, they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome, his address easy, polite and insinuating....By his merit he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he is at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity; sees all

* A band of marauders, who receive no pay, but subsist by plunder.

the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never seen in so favourable light, as through the medium of adversity. The clouds that surround him are so many shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down little vanities, that in prosperous times, serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humanity that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it through envy; and are much disposed by compassion, to give the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of Andre's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satire of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary, is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit Andre; while we could not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is however a blemish in his fame, that he once intended to prostitute a flag; about this a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great: let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

Several letters from Sir Henry Clinton and others, were received, that Andre came out under the protection of flag, with a passport from a general officer in actual service, and consequently could not be justly detained. Clinton sent a deputation composed of lieutenant general Robertson, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. William Smith, to represent, as he said, the state of Major Andre's case. General Green met Robinson, and had a conversation with him, in which he reiterated the pretence of a flag, urged Andre's release as a personal favor to Sir Henry Clinton, and offered any friend of ours in their power in exchange. Nothing could have been more frivolous than the plea which was used. The fact was, that, besides the time, manner and object of the interview, change of dress, and other circumstances, there was not a single formality customary with flags; and the passport was not to Major Andre, but to Mr. Anderson. But had there, on the contrary, been all the formalities, it would be an abuse of language to say, the sanction of a flag for corrupting an officer to betray his trust ought to be obligatory. So unjustifiable a purpose would not destroy its validity, but make it an aggravation.

Andre himself has answered the argument, by ridiculing and exploding the idea in his examination before the board of officers. It was a weakness to urge it. There was in truth, no way of saving him: Arnold or he must have been the victim, the former was out of our power.

It was by some suspected Arnold had taken his measures in such a manner, that, if the interview had been discovered, in the act, it might have been in his power to sacrifice Andre to his own security. This surmise of double treason made them imagine Clinton might be induced to give up Arnold for Andre; and a gentleman took occasion to suggest this expedient to the latter, as a thing that might be proposed by him. He declined it: the moment he had been guilty of so much frailty, I should have ceased to esteem him.

The infamy of Arnold's conduct, previous to his desertion, is only equalled by his meanness since. Besides the folly of writing to Sir Henry Clinton, assuring him that Andre had acted

under a passport from him, and according to his directions, while commanding officer at a post, and that, therefore, he did not doubt, he would be immediately sent in; he had the effrontery to write to general Washington, to the same purpose, with the addition of a menace of retaliation, if the sentence should be carried into execution. He has since acted the farce of sending in his resignation. This man is in every sense despicable. In addition to the scene of knavery and prostitution, during his command in Philadelphia, which the late seizure of his papers has unfolded; the history of his command at West Point is a history of little, as well as great villainies. He practised every dirty art of speculation, and even stooped to connections with the suttlers of the garrison to defraud the public.

To his conduct, that of the captors of Andre forms a striking contrast: he tempted their integrity with the offer of his watch, his horse, and any sum of money they should name. They rejected his offers with indignation: and the gold that could seduce a man high in the esteem and confidence of his country, who had the remembrance of his past exploits, the motives of present reputation and future glory to prop his integrity, had no charms for three simple peasants, leaning only on their virtue and a sense of duty. While Arnold is handed down with execration to future times, posterity will repeat with reverence, the names of VANWERT, PAULDING, and WILLIAMS.

Copy of a letter from Major ANDRE, Adjutant-General, to Sir HENRY CLINTON, K. B. &c.

Tappan, Sept. 29, 1780.

SIR,

Your excellency is doubtless already apprised of the manner in which I was taken, and probably of the serious light, in which my conduct is considered, and the rigorous determination which is impending.

Under these circumstances, I have obtained General Washington's permission to send you this letter; the object of which is to remove from your breast any suspicion, that I could imagine I was bound by your Excellency's orders to expose myself to what has happened. The events of coming within an enemy's posts, and of changing my dress, which led me to my present situation, were contrary to my intentions, as they were to your orders; and the circuitous rout which I took to return, was imposed (perhaps unavoidably) without alternative, upon me.

I am perfectly tranquil in my mind, and prepared for my fate, to which an honest zeal for my king's service may have devoted me.

In addressing myself to your excellency on this occasion, the force of all my obligations to you, and of the attachment and gratitude I bear you, recurs to me. With all the warmth of my heart, I give you thanks for your excellency's profuse kindness to me; and I send you the most earnest wishes for your welfare, which a faithful, affectionate, and respectful attendant can frame.

I have a mother and three sisters, to whom the value of my commission would be an object. as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income. It is needless to be more explicit on this subject; I am persuaded of your excellency's goodness.

I receive the greatest attention from his excellency General Washington, and from every person, under whose charge I happen to be placed. I have the honor to be,

With the most respectful attachment,

Your excellency's most obedient,
And most humble servant,

JOHN ANDRE, Adj. Gen.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, APRIL 27.

DEAKIN V. RILEY.

This was an action to recover a compensation in damages for breach of promise of marriage, the Defendant having broken such promise by marrying another woman.

Mr. Serjeant COCKEL, in his opening, stated that the Plaintiff, Mrs. Deakin, was a respectable woman, residing in Birmingham, the widow of a man who long bore an excellent character, while employed as a guard to the Shrewsbury mail coach. The Defendant carried on the business of a cabinet-maker and upholsterer in the same place, and frequently visited at Mrs. Deakin's house after the death of her husband. In the course of such visits he pretended to feel an attachment, and proposed marriage. Mrs. Deakin had no children, and there was but little difference between her age and Riley's, who was about twenty-seven. As she possessed some property, he advised to add it to what he had, and with the whole he would carry on the upholstery business to their mutual advantage. Mrs. Deakin, who took some time to consider of his offer, said she had no objection to comply, and if he really was serious, she would make application to her trustee to regulate and dispose of her property, so that they might act together. An agreement being made to that effect, they commenced living together as man and wife; her goods were sold, the money was given to the defendant, and the marriage ceremony was only protracted in consequence of his asserting that a temporary inconvenience prevented him from immediately making the affair known to his family. It was necessary (the learned counsel observed) to pause, as this part of the Plaintiff's character would be censured by the counsel conducting the defence; if, however, she was blameable in too easily submitting to live with the Defendant, her character, before she became connected with him, was as fair as any woman's could be. After the defendant had lived with her some time, she became pregnant, and in that situation he left her, on finding he could marry to more advantage. The promise of marriage would be proved by evidence; also that the unfortunate woman's property had been sold, with other facts, upon which the Jury could not fail to give their verdict for the plaintiff.

Richard Harrison being called, said, he was a hair-dresser at Birmingham; he knew Mrs. Deakin's husband—he was guard to the Shrewsbury mail, and had a house by the Dog Inn, Birmingham, where Mrs. Deakin became a widow on the 10th of May, 1802. About the latter end of August, or the beginning of September, in the same year, the defendant, Joseph Riley, came to witness, and asked to speak with him, before Mrs. Deakin, at three o'clock that afternoon, at her house; he accordingly went, and Riley said to him, in the presence of Mrs. Deakin, 'Do you know I am going to marry Mrs. Deakin?' Witness said, he did not. Riley replied, 'I am going to marry her, and will marry her.' Witness asked, when they would marry? Riley said, 'that on account of a difference between him and his sister, who was averse to the match, he could not marry then, but would in a short time.' A conversation then took place respecting Mrs. Deakin's property. She had a house well furnished; and it was proposed to witness who was trustee of her property, that the furniture, &c. should be immediately sold, and the money given to Riley to put into trade; the goods were accordingly sold by Mr. Smith, an auctioneer, and the money procured in consequence, amounted to 27*l*. The linen and china

of Mrs. Deakin were all she had left, and Riley had expressed the greatest hurry to have the things disposed of. Shortly after, witness received Mrs. Deakin into his house. She was then with child, and remained with him during her lying-in.—Riley used to visit her, and the child, by his order was christened at St. Philip's church. The nurse was also paid by him till after Christmas, about which time Riley was married to Miss Jane Evans, whom witness described to be a rich broker's daughter, of Worcester-street, Birmingham. Mrs. Deakin being deprived of her house and goods, went to live as servant with a lady named Wheatly, afterwards to the Dog tavern in Spiceall street, where she lived when the defendant first became acquainted with her, and finally, lodged in the house of a married man named Palmer, in which situations the witness had no opportunity of observing any improper behaviour on her part. On cross examination, witness said the child was born April 1808, and that Mrs. Deakin was situated in a profitable employment at the Dog tavern, when her husband died, in May, 1802.

This was the only evidence adduced.

Mr. Serjeant Bessr, in behalf of the defendant, contended, that the character of the Plaintiff ought to prevent the Jury from giving credit to the case as made out; it was only supported by one witness, brought 150 miles from the country. The cause might have been tried in Warwickshire, if the party bringing the action had not been afraid of being known to the Jury as a person of bad character. The conduct of the Plaintiff, in forming the connection she had done, within a month after the death of her husband, ought to impress upon the Jury, that she was not entitled to bring the present action; and if they should be inclined to give a verdict to the plaintiff, the damages could not be too trivial.

No witnesses were called for the Defendant.

Mr. Justice Roome summed up the evidence, and said he was disposed to express a sentiment which he had early imbibed, respecting causes similar to the present, namely, that the man who intrigues for money is guilty of an aggravated offence. The defendant had taken the plaintiff's, and thereby prevented her from procuring her livelihood in the same decent manner in which she lived when he first knew her. It was a deliberate and unmanly part, to reduce a woman to the situation in which the plaintiff stood. There was nothing in her conduct to her discredit, except the grounds on which the action was brought; and if the Jury believed the witness, who had conducted himself properly, and told a probable story, they must find a verdict for the Plaintiff, and give her such damages as they thought adequate to the injury she had sustained.

The Jury, after a short deliberation, found for the Plaintiff—damages 150*l*.

HILL v. FAWCETT.

This cause, which stood for trial, excited an uncommon degree of expectation and curiosity in the Theatrical world. It was an action for an assault, and the combatants were both Knights of the Sock. The charge was prepared, the Jury sworn, the Judges arranged made a terrible show. The Learned Serjeant retained for the complainant was commencing the Prologue, when the parties agreed to refer the subject to the criticism of a more private tribunal, and accordingly the piece on the record was withdrawn—we are therefore unable to give even a faint outline of the fable. Some of the incidents, which have reached us from report, and consequently may be incorrect, we will venture to state. We understand the plaintiff, Mr. Hill, of vocal celebrity, happened to walk into the

Green-room of the Theatre, to which he was attached, upon a certain evening, when the paraphernalia of his nether habiliments were not in the most perfect state of appointment—a button had escaped from a situation in which its locality was peculiarly important. This naturally caught the eye of Mrs. Atkins, who, with great good nature, assisted the sloven in arranging the decomposition of his galligaskins. The matter might have passed over as an ordinary transaction, but the defendant, Fawcett, who observed the kind offices tendered by the Lady, thought proper to indulge his mirth at the expense of the plaintiff; in short, he quizzed him, to such a degree, that the wrath of Mr. Hill vented itself in expressions which admitted but of one alternative—Fawcett had recourse to it, and knocked Hill down.—Such was the ground work of the Drama announced for public exhibition. It was whispered that Mrs. Atkins, disliking the part she was to perform, had not only omitted the rehearsals, but had altogether declined coming forward. The audience retired very much dissatisfied.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMERICAN TRANSLATION OF POTHIER'S TREATISE ON INSURANCE.

In a country, whose genius is so commercial as our own, and where the spirit of enterprize animates every man of business, questions on the usage and law of insurance are perpetually arising; to be ignorant, or even doubtful of which, were most pernicious to the interest and credit of the merchant adventurer. Of all the books, written to elucidate the various contracts, existing among mankind, those of Monsieur POTHIER, a French lawyer of the highest celebrity, are pre-eminently entitled to notice for their admirable correctness, propriety, perspicuity and good sense. Such is the clearness of his method, the soundness of his law, and the wonderful facility of his style, that the writer of this article, though not an adept in the intricacies of the French idiom, and not professionally stimulated to the study, cannot open the various volumes of this elegant writer, without dwelling with a fond delight, upon pages, so opulent in useful rules of business, and so bright with all the clearness of illustration. The possession of a book from so learned an author, on a topic so interesting as that of *Insurance*, must be a treasure to every lawyer, and merchant. But, with one exception, this treasure has hitherto been locked up in a foreign casket, and many, who have not time or inclination for the study of the French language, are naturally anxious for the key. We are happy, both for the sake of the legal and mercantile classes, to have it in our power to announce, that an American gentleman possessing an intimate knowledge of the original, has just finished a very accurate translation of Pothier's treatise. This will be immediately put to press, and will appear in a very short time. If the translator should in the public estimation have rendered an useful service to the merchants and lawyers of his country, he will be stimulated to proceed with a version of such other tracts of Pothier, as either for curiosity or use, may be advantageously added to our forensic studies. The writer cannot dismiss this article without citing the irresistible authority of Sir WILLIAM JONES, who has praised Pothier with an elegance and an emphasis of expression, only rivalled in those classical books, of whose spirit he so brilliantly shared.

At the time when Le Brun wrote, the learned M. POTHIER was composing some of his admirable treatises on all the different species of ex-

press or implied contracts; and here I seize with pleasure an opportunity of recommending those treatises to the English lawyer, exhorting him to read them again and again; for if his great master, Littleton, has given him, as it must be presumed, a taste for luminous method, apposite examples, and a clear manly style, in which nothing is deficient, nothing redundant, he will surely be delighted with works, in which all these advantages are combined, and the greatest portion of which is law at Westminster as well as at Orleans: for my own part I am so charmed with them, that, if my undissembled fondness for the study of jurisprudence were never to produce any greater benefit to the public than barely the introduction of Pothier to the acquaintance of my countrymen. I should think that I had in some measure discharged the debt, which every man, according to Lord Coke, owes to his profession.

THE MAN IN THE MOON. A NEW PERIODICAL PAPER.

Our readers may remember, that some time since, in the course of our Miscellaneous paragraphs, we mentioned that a new series of essays under the whimsical but expressive title of *The Man in the Moon*, was announced for publication in the city of London. We have just learned, that a complete octavo volume of these papers, has been published, consisting of animadversions on the politics, morals, and manners of the day. This work has been favourably received, and the Editor of 'The European Magazine' a very elegant and judicious Journal, informs us, that *The Man in the Moon*, comprizing twenty four papers, is a mélange of good humoured strictures, on the manners, and literature of the times. Many of the characters introduced, are drawn from the life, and the satire, with which the author has lashed prevailing follies, is at once forcible and delicate.—We hope this volume will soon be introduced in America, where a taste for this agreeable species of Literature, seems to be on the increase.

VIRGIL.

Mess. POYNTELL and Co. continuing their praiseworthy zeal for the diffusion of classical knowledge in this country, have published a fine edition of the works of VIRGIL. It is printed by Mr. Maxwell, in a style of neatness, which will not detract from the reputation of his Press; and it has been very accurately revised by several gentlemen of competent skill, who have diligently consulted the best editions, particularly the *Princeps*; that of Heyne; the magnificent folio of Foulis; and the splendid quarto of Dulau. It were presumptuous for the editor to pronounce a work spotless, to effect which, would demand the *hundred hands* of one character in ancient fable, and the *hundred eyes* of another. But it is just and true to aver that the American Copy is more correct, than the London Original. For the honor of our country, for the benefit of studious youth, and for the promotion of correct taste in literature, we hope that the works of Virgil, one of the most splendid specimens of ancient wit, will be perused at every Grammar School, and College in America. From the correct and elegant style, in which Mr. POYNTELL and his partners have now printed four* of the Roman classics, we may reasonably anticipate such a full measure of public approbation, that these Gentlemen may be encouraged to reprint many of the finest specimens of Grecian, Roman, and British genius.

* Cæsar, Virgil, Horace, and Sallust. The two last of which will likewise be noticed in this Journal.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 37.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 102.

[Criticism on the 'Castle of Indolence' concluded.]

IN describing some of the amusements of these mortals, who, having drank of the waters of oblivion, are free to pass their time as they will, Thomson indulges in some very satirical reflections upon the various pursuits of society. Folly and Vice are rendered conspicuous in the well-drawn character of the miser, spendthrift, and the author, in the detail of the dissipation and extravagance of the city, the dark intrigues of party, and the ridiculous results of warfare.

The following verses will serve as a specimen of this satire, and the first may possibly bear an application to some of our American cities.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts and cars and coaches roaring all,
Wide pour'd abroad, behold the giddy crew,
See how they dash along from wall to wall.
At every door hark how they thundering call;
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall,
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night.

But, what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire;
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife,
Most Christian Kings, inflam'd by black desire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour;
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

As the first canto closes, the scene changes, and the deception begins to appear—

Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.

The consequences of indolence and luxurious indulgence begin to be discovered, and the allegory is well supported by fine personifications of Disease, Lethargy, Dropsy, Hypochondria, Spleen, Gout, and Apoplexy.

At the commencement of the second canto, we have these lines, which may, probably, prove soothing to the luckless wretch, who has not basked in the smiles of prosperity;

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky;
Nor bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve.

The genius displayed in the arrangement as well as matter of the poem, is happily continued throughout.

In the compass of a very few verses Thomson has condensed a highly poetical account of the origin and progress of science and the arts from the east, until they attained perfection in that favoured island, the general character of whose people and institutions he has repeated in all his compositions in the most elevated and flattering style. We see, as it were, in one point of view, his original, warlike, savage countrymen, the building of cities and cultivation of fields, the arrival at perfection in every product of genius and industry, and the threatened decline of all, from the introduction of luxury and licentiousness. When the parts of this description are so well connected, and form so beautiful a whole, it is superfluous to give a detached quotation. The passage is easily recalled by those who have read it with an interest the piece merits.

The following verse seems so applicable to the times, and our peculiar situation, that I must be excused for inserting it as a lively and well-drawn portrait:

A rage of pleasure maddened every breast;
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran;
To his licentious wish each must be blest,
With joy be fevered, match it as he can;
Thus vice her standard rear'd; her arrier ban
Corruption called, and loud she gave the word,
Mind, mind yourselves, why should the vulgar man,
The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord,
Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford.

The progress of this baneful wizard's power and success at length reaches the ears of industry, who, roused by indignation, is induced to abandon his retreat for the purpose of extirpating this ravaging monster before it was too late.

Accompanied by his minstrels, he approaches this Elysian vale; at the sight of which an exclamation escapes, pretty much to the same purport as the previous remarks in this essay upon the proximity of vice to virtue.

Irresolution, and a subserviency of Reason to Passion and Indolence, where they have gained ascendancy in spite of the judgment and wishes of the incapacitated mortal, are accurately described.

The address of the minstrel to the wavering and irresolute multitude, answers the purpose of reclamation, and contains unanswerable arguments in opposition to those formerly advanced, and which are exemplified by many appropriate similes.

Did I not consider quotations as generally tiresome, I would copy some verses that in a very beautiful manner describe the changes that were produced in the visions of these deluded mortals, by clearing the mist from their mental sight,

Precipices, destructive and loathsome objects are now substituted for what was so enchanting; they are astonished at their own blindness, and reformation is the consequence. It was not, however, the lot of all to escape this wretched thralldom. Some are consigned over to beggary and scorn, from whose persecutions they cannot fly or expect relief.

Hitherto nothing has been attempted but an outline of the plan of this poem, very little else can be done in examining a production of this description, which is not shackled by the rules of the various and rigid nature which regulate the more elevated kind of poetry. I will, therefore, close my remarks, in a few words, by giving such a character as more properly belongs to this order of poems.

In considering this production, the reader must be very fastidious, indeed, if he discerns any thing defective in the poet's powers of imagination. It is never languid nor uninteresting, though of considerable length, and wrote in a stanza which is not always favourable to energy or animation. The plan is complete and methodical; the subject well supported, and highly interesting; the imagery striking and poetical; the versification as smooth and flowing as his master Spenser's, or any of his imitators. I think it has the advantage of the Minstrel of Beattie, by being of more general application and utility.

A CALEDONIAN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

No. 9.

[Continued from No. 12.]

Memorabilia Democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science; interspersed with anecdotes, characters, and speeches, of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats. By SLAVESLAP KIDNAP, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651.

Washington—Printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

I owe an apology to the public for the abrupt manner in which these essays were interrupted; particularly as it happened at the moment when intelligent men began to take a great interest in their success. The opportunity which this circumstance offers, seems favourable to a large and minute development of myself, my purposes, my engagements, and my connexions, with all other like personal elucidations, forming the most voluminous part of the writings of my countrymen. And having consulted my two worthy and admired friends Doctor— and Doctor Samuel L. Mitchell, they both were of opinion, that the occasion was fair, and ought not to be neglected, 'Ille ego qui quondam,' and 'quorum pars magna fui,' being, as they assured me, the choicest passages in the *Æneid*. To chaunt which, with variations and additions, was the great object, as

it was the sweetest reward, of their literary labours. But having had the misfortune, as they term it, of being bred up in the monkish discipline of our ancestors, and having some scruples of conscience, the result of ancient prejudices, at blowing myself up to a consequential size, after their example, by the force of my own wind, I have determined to leave the public in ignorance concerning myself, and the causes of my omission. I shall be content if I can create in my readers that interest for my subject, which contemporary writers, for the most part, exclusively claim for themselves. Here, however, I cannot refrain from refuting a calumny, which, I find, in certain circles, has received currency, and which implies that I am wholly unequal to the task I have undertaken; and that I have sunk under the greatness of Mr. Kiddnap's work. Than which nothing is more false. I desire to be thankful that I am blessed with an excellent constitution of body, well adapted to that intense application, which is necessary to pursue and analyse the rich vein I have opened; and, I speak after the fashion of brother essayists, I feel no incompetency to the task. So that, if I can escape the ordinary calamities and temptations, which beset newspaper patriots—if paper continue plenty, and geese moult and multiply, as of late, about the capitol; if, notwithstanding truth cannot now, as formerly, be given in evidence, I steer clear of a prison, and be not, like some of the greatest and ablest friends of our present administration, obliged to abscond for forgery, swindling, or murder, I have no doubt that I shall make, under the auspices of Mr. Kiddnap, a collection of whatever is rare or valuable, either in politics or literature, among the democrats of these United States—a collection, which will be sought for, and deposited in the cabinets of the curious, like amber, not on account of its extraordinary worth, but because it has drawn together and preserved, in a strange manner, all the light, hollow, rotten, filthy bodies, which have come in its way; and exhibits, with great accuracy, their many defects and obliquities, through the medium of its natural transparency.

My readers, also, must not imagine, because I have suspended this publication, that I have been wholly negligent of its interests. On the contrary, I have the satisfaction of informing them, that I have, after painful endeavours, succeeded in opening a correspondence with Mr. Kiddnap, who has not only expressed his entire approbation of these essays, but has also promised, from time to time, to aid my future labours with such annotations and additions, as the present state of democracy in the United States, (so entirely different from its condition when his work was first put to the press), seems to demand. The fruits of this correspondence will, I dare promise, be not less pleasant than the other productions of this great man. He has, however, annexed one condition to his offer of assistance and farther elucidation of his subject, which is, that in this review, I should not confine myself to the order in which his work made its appearance, but that I should select such parts as he should previously prescribe. All other controul he disclaims, neither deprecating censure, nor soliciting applause. A proposition so reasonable, and indeed so advantageous, I could not find in my heart to refuse, and now hasten, on my part, to fulfil, by presenting to the public, according to his direction, some extracts from his ninety-seventh chapter, entitled '*An inquiry into the literary merits of Thomas Jefferson, il divino.*' Although my readers will readily believe that I cannot subscribe to the unqualified praise, which Mr. Kiddnap bestows, yet I shall postpone all remarks of my own for the present, not only because I find it a thankless task to interrupt an

author in the midst of his admiration and interjection of wonder, with the cool calculations of a reviewer, but also out of respect to Mr. Jefferson, who is, I am told, never so ill at ease as when any adverse wind turns aside the gross incense of his admirers. After the ordinary introductory remarks, which critics use to display their learning, and swell their volumes, Mr. Kiddnap thus proceeds.

"I enter upon this examination of the literary merits of our dear Jefferson with a deep sense of the greatness of the design, and my inadequacy to it. How wide is the field! How untrodden! Infinitely more difficult is it to select, than to gather the thousand fruits and perfumes, which are scattered, in such wild confusion, by his creative hand. The abstract, as he is, of all that is glorious in democracy. The very sun of republicanism. The softest politician. The prettiest philosopher. The mightiest and most heroic economist. His mind is the repository of the knowledge of all ages and countries. His heart a perpetual bleeding fountain of philanthropy. Great is he, in all qualities and attributes, in all purposes and projects. Whether like the olympic Jupiter, shaking his ruddy locks, he thunders forth messages from the capitol, or like him with Europa, toys with Matthew Lyon in brutal gambols, or, like the same god with Danae, descends on Duane in a golden shower,

Di captis adspirare meis.

The persevering malignity of the enemies of our president, demands speedy and minute justice for his literary efforts. This task, lofty as it is, be mine. Turn we first to his philosophical works. Here the fire of his genius glows with a mild and unclouded lustre. Here the purity of his pen is a perpetual emblem of the unsullied whiteness of his heart. Here the precision and elegance of his style forever indicates the strong, discriminating mind, competent always to make just adaptation of language to circumstances, persons, and occasions. In the heat of political controversy, inaccuracies may have escaped from his pen. Homer, it is said, at times slumbers. It is not wonderful then, if the keen eye of Jefferson should occasionally be closed. In his philosophical works, however, we may challenge the utmost malice of criticism. Among these he never nods. With time to think and prepare, correctness always distinguishes his style, and taste selects it for her perpetual residence. I commence my examination with that master piece of chaste composition, which may be found in the twelfth page of the advertisement, preceding the fourth volume of the '*Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia for the purpose of promoting useful knowledge.*' In January 1797, Mr. Jefferson was chosen president of that association, and its secretaries, having given him a written notice of his election, received from him the following elegant and classic reply.

Monticello, January 28, 1797.

Gentlemen,

I have duly received your favour of the 7th inst. informing me that the American Philosophical Society have been pleased to name me their president. The suffrage of a body, which comprehends whatever the American world has of distinction in philosophy and science in general, is the most flattering incident of my life, and that to which I am the most sensible. My satisfaction would be complete, were it not for the consciousness that it is far beyond my titles. I feel no qualification for this distinguished post, but a sincere zeal for all the objects of our institution

and an ardent desire to see knowledge so disseminated through the mass of mankind that it may at length reach even the extremes of society, beggars and kings. I pray you, gentlemen, to testify for me to our body my sense of their favour, and my dispositions to supply by zeal what I may be deficient in the other qualifications proper for their service, and to be assured that your testimony cannot go beyond my feelings.

Permit me to avail myself of this opportunity of expressing the sincere grief I feel for the loss of our beloved Rittenhouse. Genius, science, modesty, purity of morals, simplicity of manners, marked him as one of nature's best samples of the perfection she can cover under the human form. Surely no society, till ours, within the same compass of time, ever had to deplore the loss of two such members as Franklin and Rittenhouse: Franklin, our patriarch, the ornament of our age and country, whom philosophy and philanthropy announced the first of men, and whose name will be as a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of heaven, when the memory of his companions of the way will be lost in the abyss of time and space. With the most affectionate attachment to their memory, and with sentiments of the highest respect to the society, and to yourselves personally, I have the honour to be, gentlemen,

Your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

TH. JEFFERSON.

Messrs. Samuel Magaw
Jonathan Williams
William Barton
John Bleakly.

Secretaries of the
A. P. Society.

I shall attempt to point out some of the beauties of this celebrated answer. For no where is the happy genius of this great man more apparent. In the first place I remark that an ordinary writer would have imagined that his chief object, on such an occasion as this, was to inform the secretaries of his acceptance, or refusal of the office, to which he had been elected; and accordingly would have directed all his labours to that end. Not so Mr. Jefferson. It is a favourite maxim of his, never to commit himself. He has, accordingly, managed himself so dexterously as to keep the society in total darkness upon the very point, on which it required information, and to communicate which was the natural purpose of his letter. He tells the secretaries that he has received their letter, is flattered by its contents, and conscious the honour is beyond his deserts; that what he wants in merit he is willing to make up in zeal. He laments Rittenhouse, and celebrates Franklin's apotheosis. But whether he accepts the office of president, we are just as wise, at the end, as at the beginning of his letter. So that in case of any danger resulting from the exercise of the office, he is yet at liberty to deny that he ever accepted it. This *Fabian policy* is one of those characteristic traits of greatness, in which, it may be doubted, if any man ever excelled Mr. Jefferson. The phraseology of the first sentence, also, is very remarkable, and entirely in his own peculiar manner. He understands, as he carefully expresses himself, not that he has gotten the office of president, which he does not seem much to value, but that he has obtained, what he values highly,—the name. This fills his fancy. On this his imagination dwells with delight. I think there is farther, plainly perceptible, in this expression, that refined shrewdness and sarcastic keenness, which we shall have frequent occasion to notice in Mr. Jefferson. For by his nice selection of the term name in this connexion, he obviously means to be understood, first, that all the honour, the American Philosophical Society can bestow,

are merely nominal; and next, that, if it were not for the name of it, the attainment even of the presidency of that society would be worth nothing at all.

Notwithstanding my respect for Mr. Jefferson, I cannot but dissent from his assertion in the next sentence. I cannot agree that the American Philosophical Society "comprehends whatever the American world has of distinction in philosophy and science." I know many men, full as distinguished as any member of that body, who are not elected into it. I confess, that Mr. Jefferson's desire to return the compliment, he had received, with interest, has carried him a little beyond what the truth of the fact will warrant. As he could not but know that there was a great deal of science and knowledge, in the American world, which never did, and probably never would, get into that society. I know that some of his friends, in their constructions upon this sentence, lay great stress upon the qualifying terms '*in general*,' and maintain, that he means it to imply that the members of that society were not famous for a PARTICULAR AND ACCURATE KNOWLEDGE OF ANY THING, but were distinguished only by a general acquaintance with philosophy and science. Although this is entirely conformable to that dry humour, which, as I have mentioned above, Mr. Jefferson can exhibit upon occasion, yet it always appeared to me to be a harsh and forced construction; and, what is worse, it does not seem to help my friend, in the least, on the score of correctness, inasmuch as it cannot be denied that there are now, and always have been, in this American world, a great many scientific smatterers, men very loud in their pretensions to philosophy and science in general, who, however deserving, have never reaped the honors of that fraternity.

The use of the word 'TITLES,' in the plural, in the ensuing sentence, is very happy. A common writer would have expressed himself, here, in the singular. Apprehending that all the literary reputation he had acquired, through his whole life, was, in a collective view, the title from which he derived the distinction. But Mr. Jefferson is as precise, as a Virginia attorney, giving his opinion on the validity of the bill of sale of a slave. He seems to say, 'I have examined the case. It is this. I have written an essay on a mould board, another on the great claw, I have baptized it the megalonyx, and demonstrated that it is not the megatherium. I have prepared an account of the Mammoth and given a drawing of its bones. These are my titles; I am conscious the dignity is greater, than such exertions in the case of science, merit.' This whole process is implied by that happy use of the plural.

In the succeeding sentence, Mr. Jefferson seems, again, to have forgotten himself. His animosity to kings is well known, and as he never suffers an occasion to escape, to make them feel his displeasure, it was natural he should seize upon so fair an opportunity as the present, to make them experience the weight of his resentment. But why should he so grossly insult the beggars? Why reduce them to a level with kings, whom Mr. Jefferson, we all know, considers as the lowest of mankind? Why intimate that, notwithstanding the universal diffusion of knowledge, in this country, it had not reached that valuable class of citizens? Surely Mr. Jefferson knew that he was under more obligations to them, having received from them a more active support, than to any other description of men in the United States. I have stated these sentiments to Mr. Jefferson, who is under the deepest affliction at the unintentional wound he has given to suffering humanity, whose interests are always near his heart. And he has assured me,

that it is his firm intention, in the next volume of these transactions to make a suitable apology to the beggars. I mention this, lest any sense of this insult, should render the beggars cool, as to his success, at the ensuing election, in which case, I have great doubts, whether he could attain the Presidency. I shall now notice another instance of Mr. Jefferson's precision, in style, as well as his rigid adherence to principle. No man is a credible witness in his own cause. Mr. Jefferson knew, therefore, that let him swear as stoutly as he would to '*his zeal and dispositions*,' the society were bound to give no credit to his testimony. But a great man is never at a loss for expedients. From this dilemma, in which he was necessitated, either to say nothing, or to say what the society were not obliged to believe, he extricates himself with singular address. He prays the committee itself, to testify, in these particulars, in his behalf. Assuring them, that let them testify as much as they will, they cannot go beyond his feelings, or, in other words, that they will be in no danger of the act against perjury. This method of testifying by proxy as to the state of one's own feelings is entirely an invention of Mr. Jefferson. It is, also, not less convenient than it is admirable. But the misfortune, in this case, is, that neither Mr. Magaw, nor Mr. Williams, nor Mr. Barton, nor Mr. Bleakly have ever given the depositions required. There are certainly none, in the transactions of the American Philosophical Society, and, I am credibly informed, none on the files of its secretaries. An omission much to be lamented, especially as it bears, constructively, a reflection on Mr. Jefferson's sincerity, inasmuch as it implies that neither of those gentlemen was willing to risk his reputation, by testifying, in the cause. I hope, however, they will all set themselves about correcting this procedure, as soon as possible. And if each will, separately, depose before a magistrate, and accompany his evidence, like Mr. Jefferson, in the affair of Logan, with all the usual captions and legal formalities, they will not only discharge an incumbent duty to their President, but also perform an acceptable service to their fraternity; by furnishing a large and valuable portion of materials for a future volume. It being obvious, from the number and expansive nature of the publication of their Society, that one of the chiefest and most important ends, of its patriotic labour, is the encouragement of paper, and other infant manufactures of our country.

The next object worthy of attention is the epithet, which the affectionate heart of Mr. Jefferson selects for his predecessor. It is not, as one would expect, great, immortal, illustrious, or the like; but it is, our beloved Rittenhouse. Now this is the excellence of the philosophy of the present day. It makes all its professors amorous. And when other objects fail, it is their rule to fall in love, with one another. But this reciprocal passion among philosophers has the following peculiarity, which is very remarkable;—that death, which, in other amour; is very apt to render the surviving bereaved, languid and indifferent, makes disconsolate, widowed philosophers burn with much more intense heat. And I have observed that, he, who is about to take the chair of the deceased, never fails to be seized with very desperate paroxysms, on such occasions.

The ensuing sentence exhibits a specimen of Mr. Jefferson's genius and taste, as wonderful, as is rare. First;—what a spirit does he throw into the peace, by that noble personification of '*genius, science, modesty, purity of morals and simplicity of manners*.' The three first of these gentlemen, have been, if I mistake not, embodied before. But the two last are wholly indebted to

M. Jefferson for the corporeal shape, in which they appear. Having noticed the persons, I will next attend to the object, for which they are created. This is very particular. Being no other than '*to mark Dr. Rittenhouse as one of nature's best samples of the perfection she can cover under the human form*.' Observe, reader, the grandeur of this idea.—First, nature is here represented as a Birmingham manufacturer. Next, she is sending out to America '*samples of perfection*.' Next, a house of great credit. Messrs. Genius and Co. is associated, expressly for the purpose of putting '*the tower mark*,' on the Doctor, before exportation. And last of all, Messrs. Genius and Co. who are, naturally, very anxious to keep up the character of the manufacture, are made to apologise for the deficiency of the sample;—that although it is not the best, yet that it contains as much, as could possibly be gotten under '*the cover*.' They seem to say, '*considering the size of the package, we have made great stowage*.' If Mr. Jefferson had staid his hand, here I think, no work ancient or modern could have compared with this either in style, or execution. Unhappily, however, like other great masters in design, he has injured the effect, by crowding too many characters upon his canvas. For immediately after is seen, Dr. Franklin, as '*a patriarch, and the ornament of our age and country*,' '*with philosophy and philanthropy*' very solemnly announcing him '*the first of men*.' In all this, there is very great want of unity in design. For as Dr. Rittenhouse had just before been declared to have been '*marked*,' by five respectable, authorised, inspectors, as the '*best sample of human perfection*,' it was to be expected that two such judicious personages, '*Philosophy and Philanthropy*,' would have paid some attention to their recommendation, and made so solemn an announcement in favour of Rittenhouse, rather than of Franklin. So that, it must be confessed, Mr. Jefferson by attempting too much, in one piece, has given a very confused and inconsistent effect, to the whole. For he is reduced to this dilemma; either that '*genius, science, modesty, purity of morals and simplicity of manners*' laboured under a great mistake, when they put upon Dr. Rittenhouse '*the mark of the best sample of human perfection*,' or else, that '*Philosophy and Philanthropy*' were guilty of a most unpardonable error, in '*announcing Dr. Franklin the first of men*.' This however is not the whole misfortune of our hero. For he goes on to assert that '*the name of Franklin will be as a star of the first magnitude, in the firmament of Heaven, when the memory of his companions of the way will be lost in the abyss of time and space*.' Now, as poor Rittenhouse was, undoubtedly, '*one of the companions of Franklin's way*' we have great cause of lamentation at the fate to which Mr. Jefferson subjects him. Alas!—that '*the best sample of the perfection nature can cover under the human form*' should be doomed to be '*lost in the abyss of time and space*.' Weep, friends of Rittenhouse, weep. Clothe yourself in sackcloths, Rather O—rise and avenge his injured fame."

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.

[Translated from the French.]

HISTORY.

To journalists, few subjects are more grateful than that of History; it is within the reach of every man's capacity, and the most congenial to his taste. We are, it is true, equally desirous to acquire a knowledge of nature, as to inform ourselves of the actions of Sesostris or Bacchus; but application is requisite to examine. For in-

stance, by what machine, a great quantity of water may be furnished to the city of Paris; which is to us an object of importance; and we have merely to open our eyes, in order to read the ancient fables, which are transmitted to us under the title of Histories, which are repeated to us daily, and are of but little importance to us.

If you give an account of ancient History, proscribe, I conjure you, all vain declamations against certain conquerors. Let Juvenal and Boileau, from the recesses of their cabinet, lavish ridicule on Alexander, whom they would have fatigued, and disgusted with incense, had they lived under him; let them call Alexander, madman; do you, impartial philosopher, consider in Alexander, that captain-general of Greece, nearly resembling a Scanderberg, a Huniade, like them commissioned to avenge his country's wrongs, but more fortunate, more illustrious, more polished, more magnificent. Do not merely represent him subjugating, the entire empire, of the enemy of Greece, and pushing his conquests even to India, whither the domination of Darius extended; but represent him giving laws, amidst the tumult of war, forming colonies, establishing commerce, founding Alexandria and Scanderoon, which are this day the centre of oriental commerce. These are the features in the conduct of kings, which we ought to study; and these we neglect. What good citizens will not be more delighted with an account of the cities, and ports, which Caesar built, of the calendar which he changed &c. than with that of the men murdered by his command.

Let it be your peculiar care, to inspire young persons, with more taste for the History of recent times, which is necessary to us, than for ancient History, which is mere matter of curiosity; let them reflect that the modern has the advantage of being more certain, because it is modern.

I would particularly desire you, to recommend a serious attention to the study of the History of the age, immediately preceding, that of Charles V, Leon X, and Francis I. That is the age, in which a revolution was effected in the human mind, as in our world, that has changed every thing.

The brilliant age of Louis XIV, gives the last touches, to the picture which Leon X, the Medicis, Charles V, and Francis I, had sketched. I have been long engaged in writing the History of this last age, which ought to be an example to future ages; I endeavour to exhibit the progress of the human understanding, and of all the arts, under Louis XIV. May I be permitted, before I die, to leave this monument to the glory of my nation! I have abundant materials to erect this edifice. I possess ample memoirs, of the advantages which the great Colbert has procured, and had contemplated for his own nation, and for the world; of the indefatigable vigilance, and provident care of a minister of war, destined by nature to be the minister of a conqueror; of the revolutions which have happened in Europe; of the private life of Louis XIV, who has been in his family an example to men, as he has sometimes been an example to kings. I possess memoirs of frailties inseparable from human nature, of which I love not to speak, but that they give value to virtues; and I already apply to Louis XIV, this fine expression of Henry IV, who said to the ambassador of Don Pedro: *what! has not your master virtue enough to have some faults?* But I fear that I have neither time nor ability, to finish this great work.

I pray you to impress it on the public mind, that if our modern Histories written by contemporaries, are more certain in general, than ancient Histories, they are sometimes more doubtful in the details; I explain. Men differ from each

other in profession, party, religion. The soldier, the magistrate, the jansenist, the molinist, do not view the same facts, with the same eyes; this vice is common to all ages. A Carthaginian would not have written a history of the Punic wars, in the spirit of a Roman, and he would have reproached Rome with the perfidy, of which Rome accused Carthage. We have but few ancient historians, who have written in opposition to each other, on the same event: they would have cast doubt over those things, which we at this day regard as incontestable. However slight the probability attached to them, we respect them for two reasons; because they are ancient, and because they have not been contradicted.

We contemporary Historians, are in a different situation; our position frequently resembles that of belligerent powers. Bonfires have been made at Vienna, at London, at Versailles, for battles which had been gained by no party; on either side, they cry victory, both parties have reason. How many contradictions with respect to Mary Stuart, the civil wars of England, the troubles of Hungary, the establishment of the protestant religion, the council of Trent! Speak of the revocation of the edict of Nantz, to a Dutch burgomaster, it is an imprudent act of tyranny; inquire of a minister of the French court relatively to the same subject, it is a stroke of sound policy. What do I say! The same nation, at the end of twenty years, no longer entertains the same opinions which it originally entertained of the same event, of the same person; this I have witnessed with respect to Lewis XIV. But what contradictions shall I not have to encounter on the subject of the history of Charles XII! I have composed his singular life from the memoirs of M. de Fabrice, who was, during eight years, his favourite; from the letters of M. de Fierville, who was ambassador at his court; from those of M. de Villelongue, for many years a colonel in his service; from those of M. Poniatowski. I have consulted M. de Croissi, ambassador of France at the court of this prince. I now learn that M. Norberg, chaplain of Charles XII, is at present engaged in writing a history of his reign. I am confident that the chaplain will often have regarded the same actions in a point of view different from that of the favourite and of the ambassador. What shall be my determination in this case? Immediately to correct myself in those particulars, wherein this new historian is evidently right, and to leave the rest to the judgment of disinterested readers. What part do I act on this occasion? that of a painter, who, with a feeble, but faithful pencil, strives to represent men such as they have been. I feel a perfect indifference with respect to Charles XII and Peter the great, except as to the benefits which the latter has conferred on mankind. For me, they are objects neither of flattery nor of slander. I shall treat them and Louis XIV, with the respect due to deceased monarchs, and with that respect which is due to immortal truth.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

The orations against Catiline.

[Continued.]

He discusses in this place, the opinion of Silanus, and that of Caesar, always with the greatest regard for the latter. He has even the address to make it perceived, that it ought not to be suspected, that his advice had been dictated by a criminal indulgence. He enters ably into the thought of Caesar, who not wishing to have the appearance of sparing the conspirators,

had affected to consider, a perpetual imprisonment, as a punishment much more severe than death, which is but an end of all evils. He dwells upon this idea, and insists upon the pains of death, only because the circumstances, and the interest of the state render it necessary. After this detail he seems to assume new forces, to inspire the senate with all the courage, with which he is himself animated, and this last part of his discourse, inspires that interest, mixt with admiration, which is one of the most beautiful effects of eloquence.

"I ought not to conceal from you, what I hear every day: from all quarters, there come to my ears, the discourses of those, who seem to fear, that you have not sufficient means, or forces, to execute what you shall have resolved. Deceive not yourselves, Conscript Fathers; every thing is prepared, every thing is foreseen, and every thing is safe, both by my care and vigilance, and still more, by the zeal of the Roman people, who are determined to preserve their Empire, their Property and Liberty. You have in your favour, all the orders of the state: citizens of every age, have filled the public places and the temples, and occupy all the avenues, which conduct to the place of this assembly. It is in fact, because this affair is the first since the foundation of Rome, in which all the citizens have had but one sentiment, but one interest, excepting those, who too certain of the fate which the laws reserve for them, had rather fall with the Republic, than perish alone.—I except these very cheerfully, I separate them from us; they are not our fellow-citizens; they are our most mortal enemies. But all the others, great Gods! With what ardour, with what courage, with what a concurrence, they present themselves, to assure the dignity and the safety of all! Shall I speak to you, of the Roman Knights, who, yielding to you the first rank in the state, contend with you only in zeal and love for their country? After the long debates which have divided you, this day of danger, and the common cause have attached them all to you; and I dare to be responsible to you that all the parts of the public administration, ought no longer to fear any injury, if this union, established during my consulate, can be forever maintained. I see here among you, I see replenished with the same zeal, the tribunes of economy, those worthy citizens, who, in this same day, to concur in the general defence, have quitted the Functions which called them another way, and have renounced the profit of their offices, and sacrificed every other interest, to that which calls us together. Who, indeed, is the Roman, to whom the aspect of his country, and the day of Liberty, are not dear and precious blessings? Forget not int his number, the freedmen, who by their labours and their merit, have rendered themselves worthy of sharing in your rights, and to whom Rome has become a mother, while her children, the most illustrious by their birth and their names, have wished to annihilate her. But what do I say of freedmen? There is not a slave, whose master renders his servitude supportable, who has not the conspirators in horror, who does not desire that the Republic should subsist, and is not ready to contribute to it, with all his power. Lay aside then all anxiety, Conscript Fathers, concerning what you have heard, that an agent of Lentulus endeavoured to excite the artisans and the common people. He has attempted it, indeed, but in vain; he has not found one, so destitute of resources or so depraved in character, as not to desire to enjoy in tranquillity the fruit of his labour, his dwelling and his bed. This whole class of men, cannot found its hopes of subsistence, but upon public tranquillity: their gains diminish when their shops are shut: how would it be if they were set on

fire! Fear not then that the Roman people will fail you: be afraid only of failing the Roman people. You have a consul, whom the Gods, in snatching him from ambushes and from Death, have not preserved for himself, but for you. Our common country, menaced with swords, and torches by an impious conspiracy, stretches out her suppliant hands; She recommends to you her capitol, the eternal fires of Vesta, pledges of the duration of this Empire; she recommends to you, her walls, her Gods, her inhabitants. Finally, it is upon your own lives, on those of your wives and your children, on your property, on the preservation of your firesides, that you have to pronounce a sentence, this day.—Think, how very little was wanting, that this edifice of Roman grandeur, founded by so much toil, elevated to such an height by the Gods, was not overthrown in one night. It is for you, to provide, that hereafter, no similar enterprise, may be, I do not say committed, but even meditated. If I hold such a language to you, Conscript Fathers, it is not to excite your zeal, which, no doubt is superior to mine; it is, to the end, that my voice, which ought to be first heard, may acquit itself in your presence of the duties of your consul. I am not ignorant, that I am making myself, as many implacable enemies as there are conspirators, and you know how numerous they are; but they are all in my eyes, vile, feeble and abject; and although it should one day happen, that their fury, excited and supported by some enemy more powerful, should prevail against me, over your rights and those of the Republic, I shall never repent of my actions or my words. Death, with which they threaten me, is reserved for all men; but the glory, with which your decrees have covered me has been reserved only for me. Others have been honoured, for having served their country; but your decrees have attributed to me alone, the honour of having saved it. For ever celebrated in your Histories and Festivals, be that Scipio who rescued Italy from the hands of Hannibal, that other Scipio, who conquered Carthage and Numantium, the two most cruel enemies of Rome; that Paulus Æmilius, whose triumphal chariot was followed by a powerful king; that Marius who delivered Italy from the Cimbrians and Teutons; above all, the great Pompey, whose exploits have had no other bounds than those of the world; there will remain a place sufficiently honourable, for him who has preserved to the conquerors of nations, a country in which they may come to triumph. I know that foreign victories, have this advantage over domestic, that in the one case the conquered become submissive subjects or faithful allies, in the other those whom a blind fury has rendered enemies of the state, cannot, when you have hindered them from mischief, be suppressed by arms, nor softened by beneficence. I expect therefore an eternal war with the wicked. I will sustain it, with the assistance of all the good citizens, and I hope that the coalition of the senate and the Roman Knights, will be, in all times, a barrier which no effort can overthrow.

"Now, Conscript Fathers, all that I ask of you, as a reward for all I have sacrificed for you, the government of a province, and the command of an army, which I renounced, to watch over the safety of the state, for all the honours and all the advantages, which I have neglected from this single motive, for all the anxieties I have suffered, for all the burden I have taken on myself; all that I request of you is to preserve a faithful memory of my consulate. This remembrance, as long as it shall be present to your minds, will be the firmest rampart that I can erect against personal hatred and envy. If my hopes should be disappointed, if the

wicked prevail, I recommend to you, the infancy of my son, and I shall have nothing to fear on his account; nothing can be wanting to him in due season, either for his safety or his dignity, if you recollect, that he is the son of a man, who, at his own risque, has secured you, from those who threatened you.

"That which remains for you to do, at this moment is, to resolve with promptitude and firmness, on the cause of Rome and the Empire; and whatever you may decide, be assured that the consul will know how to maintain your authority, cause your decrees to be respected and insure the execution of them."

It is, with language like this, that the wicked are intimidated, the weak are encouraged, and the good are confirmed; in one word, that the soul of one man, becomes that of an whole assembly, and of all the people. The sentence of death was pronounced, with a voice almost unanimous, and executed without delay. Cicero, a moment afterwards found the partisans, the friends and the relations of the conspirators, still collected in the public place: they were ignorant of the fate of the guilty, and had not yet lost all hope. "They have lived," said the consul in turning towards them; and this single word, was a clap of thunder, which scattered them all in a moment.—It was night.—Cicero was escorted home, amidst the acclamations of the whole people, and followed by the principal senators. Torches were placed at the doors of the houses to illuminate his progress; the women were at the windows, to see him pass and to shew him to their children. Some time after, Cato before the people, and Catulus in the senate, decreed him the title of Father of his country, an appellation so glorious, that in the course of time, flattery applied it to the Imperial dignity, but Rome while she was free, as Juvenal happily expresses it, never gave it, but to Cicero alone.

Roma patrem patriæ, Ciceronem libera dicit. All these facts are so well known, we are so familiar with them, even from our first studies that I should not have recalled them to memory, if they had not made a necessary part of the object which engages us and the works which we consider; and I have been so much the less able to abstain from it, as it is more delightful in composing the history of Genius, to make at the same time that of Virtue.

[To be continued.]

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HORTENSIVS, No. III.

The weight and influence of Virginia, as a state, when opposed to the other states individually, are great. The extent of her territory, the greatness of her population, and influence over her immediate neighbours, populated by emigrants from her own bosom, possessing all the nationality for which Virginians are remarkable, all these circumstances give to Virginia, in the scale of states, great preponderancy. To remedy this inequality, and to prevent the wrongs, which it had occasioned, and was likely to occasion, was a favourite and honourable object of the framers of the federal constitution. Hence that instrument gave jurisdiction to the courts of the United States in 'controversies between states, and citizens of another state.'

The honesty, the utility, and the wisdom of this provision, without any particular reference to Virginia, are obvious. Are not the principles of justice the same, whether insisted on by one man against a million, or by a million against one man? Should not the rights of an individual citizen be secured as well as the rights of a state, the creature of individual citizens, created for the protection

of its rights? To maintain a contrary doctrine, is to convert a shield into a sword, and to plunge it into the heart of the possessor. In every free government every free citizen should have equal justice and protection. The great Frederic of Prussia used to say, that 'judges ought to know that the poorest peasant is a man as well as the king himself: all men ought to obtain justice; since in the estimation of justice, all men are equal; whether the prince complain of a peasant, or a peasant complain of a prince.' Such were the sentiments of a king; what ought to be the sentiments of republicans, who boast of the purity, the justice, and the equality of a republican form of government? Considerations like these produced a constitutional provision for the suability of states, a provision, to use the language of an eloquent statesman, who assisted in the formation of that constitution, 'tending to exhibit the sublimest spectacle of which the mind can form an idea, that of a great state kneeling at the altar of justice, and sacrificing its pride to a sense of right.'

But the pride of Virginia was too great for such a sacrifice. She was first to claim the privilege of injuring individuals of other states in their property, their liberty, and lives, 'of enjoying the high privilege of acting thus eminently wrong,' without controul. The sovereignty of Virginia could not brook the sovereignty of equal justice and equal laws. She was the foremost to make war upon this provision of the constitution. Maryland was first called, by an individual citizen, into a federal court, and, to her eternal honour be it remembered, that, deeming it no degradation to do justice even to an individual citizen, she appeared by her attorney general, and did what justice required of her. Virginia took the alarm at so virtuous an example. She feared that it might be followed by other states, and therefore she hastened to destroy the constitutional provision. She was unwilling to have her justice measured by any other than her own tribunals. She feared that the stream might flow too purely for her policy and her views. Her legislature, therefore, hastened to denounce the first attempt to enforce the constitutional provision in the case of Chisholm against the state of Georgia. STATE SOVEREIGNTY WAS, TO HER, so precious in opposition to the sovereignty of the United States, that, to use the contemptuous language of one of her senators,* she felt the same interest for it, 'whether it were the little state of Delaware herself, or the still

* See the speech of General Mason, one of the Virginia senators, on the repeal of the judiciary law. This offensive expression was about to be noticed by Mr. White, a respectable senator from Delaware, but he was prevented by an apology as insincere and mean, as the expression was illiberal and improper. Mr. Mason explained by saying that 'he did not mean, by what he said, anything derogatory to the state of Delaware, on the contrary, he entertained a high respect for that state.'!! To such pitiful and inconsistent apologies are men often driven, when thoughts, which they dare not openly avow, get tongue. Mr. White was about to proceed, but upon the vice-president stating that the words attributed to the gentleman from Virginia were improper, and ought not to have been permitted, and he hoped the gentleman from Delaware would take no further notice of them, Mr. White concluded, by saying 'as the gentleman from Virginia is now pleased to deny his intention, in obedience to the chair, I shall spare myself the trouble, and his feelings the pain, of a retort, that very readily presents itself.' This note would not have been subjoined, but that it is too manifest that the sentiment uttered by Mr. Mason towards Delaware, is the sentiment of Virginia towards her sister states. Her system is a system of pride, and encroachment upon their rights and liberties, one which, by her power and her intrigues, and, above all, by the advantage she derives from the representation of her slaves, she has carried on, but too successfully.

more insignificant republic of St. Martin's. She raised the hue and cry, that state was attacked, and to be destroyed. The patriotic consolidation of the states was intended, and, by gaining over to her views the weak and the wicked, she obtained an amendment (or rather an alteration) of the constitution, providing that 'the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law and equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States, by citizens of another state, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state.'

Thus was one of the fairest features of our constitution defaced and destroyed—the peace and harmony of the states compromised, and the eternal and immutable laws of justice violated. Nay more, one of the principal barriers to the encroaching spirit of Virginia is thus thrown down. This is but the first step in her march. We will follow her, and we shall find, that, by her address and her influence, increased greatly and unreasonably; by granting to her the invidious privilege of having her negroes represented, she has formed and accomplished designs yet deeper and more destructive against the constitution, to which these United States have assented to be bound; and that unless she be stopped in her course, nothing remains for us but her triumph over the ruins of whatever is dear and valuable to the middle and eastern states.

MISCELLANY.

ON THE UNCOUTH NAMES OFTEN USED BY WRITERS TO EXEMPLIFY CHARACTERS.

SIR,

Somebody, I think, has very properly taken notice of the odd names which Dr. Watts has used to distinguish those characters, which he introduces to illustrate his moral instructions. The characters are commonly grave; but the names are often such as give them something of a ludicrous air. He was a man of learning, judgment, and angelic goodness; but I know not whether his taste in literary matters has not been too highly appreciated. I do not recollect the fictitious name which was selected as an instance of absurdity; but in looking for it, I found those of Polonides, Polyramus, Fluvio, and Credonius; all of which are strangely uncouth. Such are also in the same book, Jocander, Positivo, Scitorio, Scintillo, Thebaldino, Niveo, and Plumbinus.

If writers mean to give their characters the appearance of truth, they should not select ancient names for living persons, much less names formed by their own capricious invention, and such as were never given to men of any age or country. We know, indeed, that the name is a mask; but the mask of a respectable character should resemble neither a monster nor a caricature. Let all fiction, which is intended to please, approach as nearly as possible to reality.*

I own I am not pleased with the generality of our dialogue writers, who give their persons Greek and Roman names, though at the same time they may talk like Englishmen, and allude to modern customs, manners, and places. There is an incongruity in these, which lessens much of the entertainment which the dialogue might otherwise afford.

Why may not modern names be admitted into modern dialogue? You will say, perhaps, Palamon and Philander, Eugenius and Eusebius, have a prettier sound than Smith, Johnson, Walker, Benson, Hudson. The Latin and Greek languages have a prettier sound than the English; and, therefore, you may, for the same rea-

son, write the whole dialogue in those languages. It is another point in favour of Greek and Latin names, that, as the Romans did not use the ceremonious salutations of the moderns, a great deal of trouble is avoided by omitting the unmeaning modes of address, Sir, Madam, Your Grace, and My Lord, which some imagine necessary when they introduce a conversation between such personages as Mr. Smith, Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Melville, Lord Clarendon, and the Duke of Kent.

But, I think, these ceremonious appellations may be omitted with less violation of probability and propriety, than is caused by introducing Greeks and Romans, talking about the doctrines of Christianity, the laws of our country, and other subjects, on which they could not be made to converse, without a violent anachronism.

When the subject relates entirely to antiquity, ancient names are not improper; indeed, as the ancients may be supposed better acquainted with such subjects than the moderns, the mind is pleased with the propriety of introducing them as the interlocutors.

But while the matter is good, it is not right to cavil at trifles which are no more than forms. Perhaps my remarks are hypercritical: that they may not be tedious, I will here conclude them.

I am, SIR,
to borrow one of Dr. Watt's names,
Your humble Servant,
POLYRAMUS.

SIR,

I am a great lover of learning, but not having had the advantage of a liberal education, I am totally unacquainted with the learned languages; and I lament the defect as a real misfortune. I hear much of their excellence, and you may suppose it a great mortification to me, that I am unable to read those books which have been celebrated as the finest productions of the human intellect. I endeavour to compensate my defect by reading English authors; but I often stumble upon Latin mottoes and sentences, which I suppose to contain some jewel, too precious to be exposed to vulgar view, and locked up in a casket of which I have not the key.

But I am not only puzzled and mortified with mottoes and sentences, which I do not understand, but often with strange names of characters in moral writers, and of persons who converse in fictitious dialogues, which, I have no doubt, contain some significant meaning, which I am at a loss to unriddle.

Dr. More, in his Dialogues, introduces the following persons; Philotheus, Bathynous, Sophron, Philopolis, Euister, Hylobares, and *Cuphophron*. Every one of these is expressive of the character introduced; but I should have been quite in the dark about them, and have wondered at their oddity, if the Doctor had not obligingly explained their meaning in one of the first pages of his volume. I wish the example had been followed by many others, who introduce me into the company of persons, whose characters I do not know, because I do not understand the meaning of their crabbed names.

I humbly conceive, that it would be quite as well, if writers suffered the characters to open themselves to the reader in the course of the conversation; and I see no good reason why christian and surnames of honest Englishmen, may not be given to persons who come forward to talk on subjects, which they must understand far better than the wisest of the ancients; I mean such as Dr. More discusses, the attributes of God, and his Providence in this world; but in truth, I find, on inquiry, that these names are not the names of ancients. They occur not in his-

tory, but are compounded of words that seldom met before, to express ideas which can only be understood by those who are acquainted with the learned languages. Such names appear to me to have no more propriety than some of those which, in the times of fanaticism, were used by the Puritans, such as, Praise-God Barebones, Make-peace Heaton, Kill-sin Pimple, and Fly-debate Roberts; the names of some among the jurymen impannelled in Sussex, during the usurpation of Cromwell.

I acknowledge, however, that the ancient and high-sounding names adopted in English dialogues, give a dignity to the discourse; but I, who am a mere Englishman, wish to see Englishmen introduced, without being ashamed of their names, and do not know why the names of Clarendon, Temple, Raleigh, and a thousand others, equally well sounding, might not answer the purpose as well, as names borrowed from Greece and Rome; and, as to the significance of the above mentioned compound appellations, what should I be the wiser for it without an explanatory table? What must I think of Dr. More's *Cuphophron*? I should not know the sense of the word; and, I am sure, I could not admire the sound. Few Gothic names are of more difficult pronunciation.

But I ought not to judge decisively, as I profess myself no scholar. I only submit to you my complaint, as an English reader. I shall be much obliged to you to desire gentlemen, who my hereafter write dialogues, and introduce uncommon names, as exemplifications of their instruction, either to give modern names, or such as are known in history, or else, always to add an explanatory table.

I am, SIR, Your's, &c.
AN ENGLISH READER.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE. FOR THE PORTFOLIO.

James Humphreys proposes to print in weekly numbers, from the last London edition, (a number to be published every Saturday Evening till the whole are finished) SERMONS by HUGH BLAIR, D. D. F. R. S. Edin. one of the Ministers of the High Church, and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. Prefixed with an Account of the Life and Character of the Author, by James Finlayson, D. D.

Each number to contain two Sermons, printed in octavo, on a very handsome paper, and on a perfectly new type.....to be delivered to Subscribers, covered in blue paper at the price of eighteen and an half cents, to be paid on delivery.

The Work shall be paged, &c. in such manner, that the whole number of Sermons, when finished will bind up in four handsome Volumes, for each of which Volumes, a Title Page and Table of Contents will be given with the number that is to commence the volume.

Such Subscribers as are desirous of not receiving the numbers as published, may have them reserved till the whole is complete, on advancing two dollars.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The refinement of the arts seems in many instances to be the secret way in which the Providence of Heaven operates for the diffusion of religion. At one moment, by the magnet, it directs the steps of the missionary through deserts, savage as heathenism itself, to redeem their lost tenants from the slavery of ignorance, and to make the 'wilderness blossom as the rose;' and at another, it sends abroad on numberless wings, the effusions of the pious, the reasoning of the learned, and the great tidings of salvation, to comfort the faithful; to confute the infidel, and to inform all men of the path to heaven. The invention of Printing

* Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris. HON.

must be considered by every one, as an incident, which has altered at least half the features of the ancient world; but how can the Christian view it other than as the intervention of Deity to terminate the perversion of his word, to chase away the clouds that obscured and distorted his countenance, and to present us that wisdom, which the Son of Sirach calls 'the unspotted mirror of the power of God, and the image of his brightness.' It has had its evils in disseminating impiety; but it is the hope of good men, and the opinion of wise men, that the evil is small in comparison with the good, and that in the gradual process of time, by the inevitable prevalence of truth, the good will put to flight its cruel adversary.

To apply this invention therefore to a purpose so pre-eminently important, is to give it a dignity far above the splendor of that elegance with which modern art has invested it; and a use transcendently superior to the preservation of the grandest monuments of taste and human learning. By one application of it, the vessel in which we make the voyage of life is merely decked with fantastic flags, and perishable gilding; and by the other, it is furnished with a pilot who defies the blast of rain and tempest, and amid every confusion guides his dependent passengers to the 'haven where they would be.' As the preserver of taste and profane learning, it is comparatively a humble rivulet which dries before the face of one summer's sun, and whose course upon earth is instantly obliterated; but as the distribution of the Word of Life, it may be considered as a branch of those immortal waters which proceed from the throne of God, and as humbly contributing to that universal life which is to be seen 'whither the river cometh.'

In selecting the above work for publication the editor truly hopes that he has the approbation of religious men. Dr. BLAIR is confessedly in the very first rank of elegant critics and philologists; but his reputation in this sphere bears that same humble relation to his renown as a minister of God, which has been above said to exist between Taste and Religion. He is deemed to be a most impressive lecturer to the conscience; a most convincing reasoner with the understanding; and above all, a Preacher who directs his appeals to the heart with an effect almost irresistible. The praise of all serious men is upon him, and the single testimony of many of his admirers, is a sanction to his excellency which will be admitted to be conclusive, equally by the Infidel and the Christian. His sermons are styled by Dr. Samuel Johnson 'sermones aurei ac auro magis aurati;' 'excellently written both as to doctrine and language.' Of one of them he observes, 'to say it is good is to say too little'; and of another, 'his doctrine is the best limited, the best expressed; there is the most warmth without fanaticism, the most rational transport.' Praise from such a man is a judgment not to be reversed; it has been affirmed by the voice of thirty years, and has grown into an universal opinion.

The mode of publication has a particular reference to the ability of people in moderate circumstances. All men are alike interested to receive such instruction as is taught in the school of Dr. BLAIR: but all men are not alike able to spare from the wants of a family, a gross sum which shall make them at once the possessors of his sermons. A few pence deducted from the income of a week, may gradually supply them with the work under the plan submitted, and in the course of a very few months, without an embarrassment of the smallest kind, lay upon their shelves a monitor who is ever pleasing, friendly, and pious. It has a still more particular reference to the avocations of the week. Many of those who ought to be instructed, are engaged through the days of business, with the hourly claim of their respective callings. The evening of Saturday, and the succeeding Sabbath, find them in the possession of their only leisure: and beside that which is given

to public worship on Sunday, this leisure is fully adequate to the perusal of a sermon. A volume at such a moment, however at command, might be put aside as an old acquaintance, or as too heavy for the time: but the novelty of a weekly number, whose very return would beget regularity in the exercise of reading, and whose very size would challenge the attention of that moment, could not but be received and read. The plan has been long a favourite one among societies in England for the diffusion of religious knowledge, and it is hoped will have similar uses in our own country.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FINE ARTS.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS MAJESTY.

Engravings, with a descriptive account, in English and French, of Egyptian monuments, in the British Museum, collected by the Institute in Egypt, under the direction of Buonaparte, and surrendered to the British Commander in Chief, Lord HUTCHINSON, by General Menou.

PROSPECTUS.

As the late projects of Buonaparte for colonizing Egypt, have terminated with little other effect than to aggrandize Britain, except as they may contribute to the advancement of learning; it is presumed that the Monuments collected by the French Institute, and now placed in the British Museum, will through the medium of accurate representations, most effectually promote this end.

Under this persuasion, it is conceived that such representations would be generally acceptable, and liberally encouraged; for, independent of the curiosity attached to the Monuments themselves, or when considered as evidences of art in the wisest Nation of Antiquity, the Sculptures they display, from their extent and importance, must render them to the learned an invaluable acquisition.

To our Navy and Army, through whose valour we possess them, they cannot but be deemed most singularly interesting; since the Work proposed to represent them, will constitute to the world a glorious trophy of British prowess, which the vanquished themselves have been compelled to supply.

With this view, it is proposed to publish Engravings of the several Monuments which the Institute, sent from France for the purpose, had collected in Egypt, but which were surrendered under the 16th Article of Capitulation, by Menou, Commander in Chief, to Lord Hutchinson, by whose orders Colonel Turner received them from Fourier, the President, and brought them to England.

In the number of these Monuments is the celebrated Stone with the hieroglyphic Egyptian and Greek Inscriptions, found at Rosetta; also the magnificent Sarcophagus of Alexander the great.

The Drawings have been made by Mr. Alexander with all possible fidelity, and are engraving by Mr. Medland in the best style of the art.

The whole Collection will not exceed Ten Divisions, at a Guinea each; the first to be published in November, and the rest at short intervals, the whole work being in great forwardness.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The ensuing tribute is one of the most recent productions of its ingenious author.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

BY J. H. L. HUNT.

Adieu, wi' a' thy woodnotes wild,
Thy rural pipe sae sweetly mild,
Thy song that mony a sigh beguil'd
In sorrow's breast;
Adieu, misfortune's tuneful child;
Thou'rt gone to rest!

Though wealth and simple pride refuse
To weep a persecuted muse,
Love, whom ye sang sae sweet, tear-dews
Thy honour'd tomb;
And o'er thee mony a flowret strews
O' gayest bloom.

Fond spring for thee around the plough
Sha' wreath her willows' greenest bough;
And smiling love's warm hallow'd vow
Breathe on thy grave;
Or whisper where yon hill below
The dark trees wave.

Oft when the dying breeze sha' seek
Wi' murmur kiss the ev'ning cheek,
And rustling whispers fitful break
Fra' twilight grove,
Remembrance o'er the wild sha' wake
Thy pipe o' love.

And oft where Tilt's hoarse-dashing wave
Hears round that rock his wild stream rave,
Yon woods, that, as the storm they brave,
Mourn o'er the flood,
Sha' murmur to each sullen cave
In music rude:

While, as thy songs o' freedom sound,
The mighty spirits pour around,
Of Scots wae hae, on patriot ground,
Wi' Wallace bled;
The graves, wi' awful grandeur crown'd,
Bow to the dead!

The flood's majestic genius rears
His furrow'd front sublime in years,
And, as the swelling pomp he hears,
Rolls his dark eye,
And shakes the reeds wreath'd o'er his ears,
Tumbling fra' high.

Night silent comes; the hero band
Sit pond'ring on their native land;
Tilt half enchains wi' rugged hand
His moon-lit wave;
The woods in sullen murmurs grand
Soothe the stern brave!

How solemn thus, when life's aw'd sight
Looks in the grave, the day ance bright
Spread wi' dark clouds, to view its light,
Steal fra' the eye;
And ponder on the gathering night,
Futurity!

But night is gane; the smiling morn
Beams o'er Tilt's rock-broken burn;
Awa' the fairy vision's torn;
And truth ance mair
Points where his lyre lies a' forlorn,
The charm o' Ayr!

Ah, (blush, ye proud, on wealth wha' doat!)
The tune o' life ha' lost its note,
While yet upon his lyre could float
The blithesome strain;
His lips they were a' pleasure swote,
His heart a' pain!

But in the grave no wealthy scorn
Frowns on the muse's blushing morn;
Nor fra' her tear-dew'd brow is torn
The wither'd wreath;
That cherish'd by no dew, forlorn,
Shrunk into death!

Yet shouldst thou scorn a hundred deaths,
On Scotia's wild red blossom'd heaths,
For Burns they weave immortal wreaths;
Fra' ev'ry grove
His lay each ruby lip soft breathes,
That talks o' love!

Adieu, wi' a' thy wood-notes wild,
Thy rural pipe sae sweetly mild,
Thy song that mony a sigh beguil'd
In sorrow's breast;
Adieu, misfortune's tuneful child,
Thou'rt gane to rest!

The following advertisement is copied from the New Jersey Journal:..... To be sold on the 8th of July, one hundred and thirty-one suits in Law, the property of an eminent attorney, about to retire from business.....note, the clients are rich and obstinate. [Lon. pap.]

An Irish print observes, that, in all cases where a jury of matrons are impelled, the foreman should be a woman of respectable character. [Id.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Esta paz no tiene precio,
Vale mas que plata y oro;
De quanto el mundo hace aprecio,
Sin la paz todo es, vileza;
La carestia y probeza,
Teniendo paz, es tesoro.

Con riqueza á manos llenas
Nadie está libre y seguro
De aflicciones ni de penas,
Y el pobre mas desechado
En paz, está regalado
Con un poco de pan duro.*

Vive afligido el monarca,
Si de la paz el semblante
Se le esconde; y de la parca
Temiendo el golpe, desprecia
Honra y riqueza, y no aprecia
Cetro y corona brillante.

Canta alegre el pobrecillo,
Siempre que la paz le espera
Con dulce rostro y sencillo;
La envidia no le enfiaquece,
Y goza quanto apetece,
Teniendo paz verdadera.

La envidia y discordia fiera,
Que en esta tierra habitaban,
La han dexado, y estan fuera:
A los abismos baxáron
Y á todos horrorizáron
Con los bramidos que daban.

Aquesta de la paz diosa,
Con modo que nos encanta,
Executa toda cosa.
En las nubes ha nacido,
Del cielo y de dios ha sido
Producida fuerza tanta.

TRANSLATION.

All the rich mines of silver and of gold,
And treasures ever bought and sold,
Without the gem of peace are poor;
'Tis she, bland guest! whose smiles dispense
Around the hut of indigence
Fresh comforts from her own exhaustless store.

Proud affluence never was, and ne'er will be
From grief exempt—from danger free,
Nor turn aside affliction's feet;
Peace, guardian angel! makes amends
For want of home, and loss of friends,
And makes the scanty crust, tho' mouldy, sweet.

Whene'er she turns the smiling face away,
The Monarch falls to grief a prey,
In fear of fate's terrific frown;
In dread suspense he waits the blow,
Nor heeds what honours wealth bestow,
Nor prizes now his sceptre nor his crown.

Elate with joy, his humble vassal sings
What time fair peace her offering brings,
With jocund step and smiling mien;
Secure from envy—far from strife,
He floats adown the stream of life,
And finds the shady haunts he loves serene.

* Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit. Ecc. 4. 6.

Ambition, care, and discord, neighbours rude,
Shall never with their noise intrude
Where peace has fix'd her hallow'd home;
Doom'd to their own abyss profound,
They scowl the dingy concave round,
And shake with horrid yells the dismal dome.

Here Peace, sole mistress of these verdant plains,
Governs her tributary swains,
With sovereign, but with gentle sway;
In higher regions born,—she came
Adorn'd with robes of purest flame
To teach mankind to Happiness the way.

CALEB.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following is merely an imitation, and a very imperfect one. I have seen a good translation of this elegant epigram, but not having it now in my possession, I have ventured to send you this as a substitute. My copy of the original is considerably different from the one given in the Port Folio.

Lumen Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro
Et potis est formâ vincere uterque deos,
Blande puer, Lumen quod habes concede sorori
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

Bright as th' immortal inmate of the skies,
For one lost eye fair Leonilla sighs,
And Acon, beauteous as Aurora's light,
Laments the want of one fair orb of sight;
To her thine eye resign, so shalt thou prove
Cupid himself, and she the queen of Love.

HARLEY.

SELECTED POETRY.

[A fable, narrated with that bewitching simplicity and archness of humour, which characterise the style of Phædrus, La Fontaine, Smart, and Stevenson, is one of the most attractive, as well as useful forms of poetical composition. The following, by Dr. Aikin, one of the purest and sweetest of living English writers, will be read with pleasure, by all who have a taste for good sense, and easy, unaffected expression.]

THE GOLDFINCH AND LINNET.

A gaudy Goldfinch, pert and gay,
Hopping blithe from spray to spray,
Full of frolic, full of spring,
With head well plum'd, and burnish'd wing,
Spied a sober Linnet hen,
Sitting all alone,
And bow'd and chirp'd and bow'd again,
And, with familiar tone,
He thus the dame address'd,
As to her side he closely prest.

I hope, my dear, I don't intrude,
By breaking on your solitude;
But it has always been my passion,
To forward pleasant conversation;
And I should be a stupid bird
To pass the fair without a word;
I, who have been forever noted,
To be the sex's most devoted;
Besides, a damsel unattended,
Left unnotic'd, and unfriended,
Appears, excuse me, so forlorn,
That I can scarce suppose,
By any she that e'er was born,
'Twould be the thing she chose.
How happy then I'm now at leisure
To wait upon a lady's pleasure;
And all this morn have nought to do,
But pay my duty, love, to you.

What, silent! ah those looks demure,
And eyes of languor, make me sure
That, in my random, idle chatter,
I quite mistook the matter:

It is not spleen, nor contemplation,
That draws you to the cover;
But 'tis some tender assignation;
Well!—who's the favour'd lover?
I met hard by in quaker suit,
A youth sedately grave and mute;
And, from the maxim like to like,
Perhaps, the *sober youth* might strike;
Yes, yes, 'tis he, I'll lay my life,
Who hopes to get you for a wife.

But come, my dear, I know you're wise,
Compare and judge, and use your eyes.
No female yet could e'er behold
The lustre of my red and gold,
My ivory bill and jetty crest,
But all was o'er, and I was blest.
Come, brighten up, and act with spirit,
And take the fortune that you merit.

He ceas'd—Linetta thus replied,
With cool contempt and decent pride,
'Tis pity, sir, a youth so sweet,
In form and manners so complete,
Should do an humble maid the honour
To waste his precious time upon her.
A poor forsaken she, you know,
Can do no credit to a beau;
And worse would be the case,
If, meeting one, whose faith was plighted,
He should incur the sad disgrace
Of being slighted.

Now, sir, the *sober suited youth*,
Whom you were pleas'd to mention,
To those small merits, sense and truth,
And generous love, has some pretension;
And then, to give him all his due,
He sings, sir, full as well as you,
And sometimes can be silent too.
In short, my taste is so perverse,
And such my wayward fate,
That it would be my greatest curse
To have a coxcomb to my mate.

This said, away she scuds,
And leaves beau Goldfinch in the suds.

STANZAS

From the Portuguese of Camoens.

Yes—labour, love, and toil would please
Were toil and labour born for thee;
And fortune's nursing lap'd on ease,
In wealth of heart be poor to me!

Why should I pine for sordid gain?
Or why ambition's voice believe?
Since, dearest, thou dost not disdain,
The only gift I have to give.

Time would with speed of lightning flee,
And every hour a comfort bring,
And days and years, employ'd for thee,
Shake pleasures from their passing wing.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 38.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum
payable in advance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

No. 10.

Memorabilia Democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science; interspersed with anecdotes, characters, and speeches, of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats. By SLAVESLAP KIDDNAP, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651.
Washington—Printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

Mr. KIDDNAP'S discourse on Mr. Jefferson's philosophical works, has a thread so finely spun, and is a web so exquisitely wrought within, that the public cannot fail to rejoice, that I am enabled to continue, without interruption, my extracts from that chapter, which I commenced in my last number; and which thus proceeds:

'This reply to the secretaries of the American Philosophical Society is a literary diamond of the first water; which is the more valuable as it was drawn, with great labour, out of the depths of Mr. Jefferson's mind, and sparkles on the front of this fraternity, in all the native radiance of his genius. It is a great happiness to any society to possess such a prodigy of parts in its president; particularly when he is not niggardly of his splendors, but, on the contrary, is careful to seize all opportunities to lavish, upon its projects, his exhilarating influence. The transactions of this fraternity bear frequent testimony of Mr. Jefferson's condescension, in this respect. Among others, his letter to Mr. Jonathan Williams, recorded in the 222d page of its fourth volume, is a rare instance, as well of literary taste and talent, as of the importance and value of his communications. Indeed, it is a model which I would seriously urge those, who are ambitious of being correspondents of the American philosophical society, frequently to analyse, and diligently to meditate. According to the information, which Mr. Williams gives, in a preceding page, this letter was written, expressly, for publication. As might be expected therefore, we shall find all that precision and elegance, in thought and style, which ought, naturally, to characterise the greatest man in America, and its greatest philosopher, when arraying himself to appear before the public, in so prominent a situation, as head of a distinguished literary institution. I present it to my reader entire; for such a precious compendium of ex-

cellence ought not to be dismembered; particularly as its finely finished parts are put together, in a masterly manner, and its effect, as a whole, is strikingly beautiful.

Monticello, July 3, 1796.

Dear Sir,

I examined, with great satisfaction, your barometrical estimate of the heights of our mountains, and with the more, as they corroborated conjectures on this subject, which I had made before. My estimates had made them a little higher than yours, (*I speak of the Blue Ridge*). Measuring with a very nice instrument, the angle, subtended vertically, by the highest mountain of the Blue Ridge, opposite to my own house, a distance of about 18 miles south-westward, I made the height about 2000 feet, as well as I can remember, for I can no longer find the notes, I then made. You make the south-side of the mountain, near Rockfish-gap, 1727 feet above Wood's. You make the other side of the mountain 768 feet. Mr. Thomas Lewis, deceased, an accurate man, with a good quadrant, made the north-side of the highest mountain, opposite to my house, something more (*I think*) than 1000 feet. But the mountain, estimated by him and myself, is probably higher, than that next Rockfish-gap. I do not remember from what principles I estimated the peaks of Otter, at 4000 feet, but some late observations of Judge Tucker's coincided very nearly with my estimate. Your measures confirm another opinion of mine, that the Blue Ridge, on its south side, is the highest in our country, compared with its base. I think your observation on these mountains well worthy of being published, and I hope you will not scruple to let them be communicated to the world.

I am, &c.

(Signed)

TH. JEFFERSON.

In the first sentence of this famous letter, judging by the old rules of grammar, which were established under monarchies, the pronoun relative 'they,' must necessarily be considered, as having reference to 'mountains,' as its antecedent. Of consequence, it would be construed, that Mr. Jefferson had asserted, that the mountains corroborated his former conjectures. Now, as it is very plain, that neither the mountains, nor their heights, had any agency in this effect, and gave themselves no concern about the matter, but that the support of Mr. Jefferson's pre-conceived notions, was solely owing to the labours of Mr. Williams—the relative 'they' can, in this place have reference only to his barometrical estimate. I am very sensible, that the advocates for 'monkish learning' have burst upon Mr. Jefferson, with a most deafening outcry, for this flagrant violation of one of their 'worm-eaten' rules, in thus making a plural pronoun refer to a singular noun; declaring, that for such a blunder as this, a boy of the lowest form, at school, would have merited the cow-skin. How little can these malignant comprehend the wide 'march' of this great man's mind! Let it, therefore, once for all, be

understood and remembered, that Mr. Jefferson is no less a friend of nature, than he is of man. The liberty and independence of all things lie near his heart. His tender, philanthropic soul has been wrung with anguish, at that cruel despotism, established by grammar, in its ancient discipline; whereby the pronoun is kept in slavery, and is obliged to follow the fates of the noun; as is the adjective, those of the substantive; the verb, of its nominative case, and the relative, of its antecedent. These relics of the tyranny of the schools, it is his settled intent to destroy, by taking every proper occasion, to set at liberty, as far as depends on his authority and example, these oppressed members of speech. An instance of this occurs, in the next sentence, where he says, expressly, that by 'them,' he means 'the Blue Ridge.'

I had, at first, some doubts, concerning the propriety of terminating this first sentence with a word, apparently, so insignificant, as is the adverb 'before.' It always did appear to me to be a very desirable beauty, in every sentence, to reserve the principal idea for the close. Since, there, the mind naturally rests, and never fails to be gratified, both, at perceiving no falling off, and at meeting, with the main object of each member at its period. This, although it was a rule of those ancients, whom the great men, my friends, of the present day, so cordially detest, yet, as it seems to be founded in the nature of the mind, and consonant to sound reason, I could not but approve. On this account, as I have intimated, it was impossible for me to refrain from finding fault with Mr. Jefferson, in the instance, above mentioned. But, here, I have to bewail the inadequacy of my own mind to make a right judgment, touching the elegance and reach of his masterly pen. Being certain, that this great and scrupulous philosopher would not have bestowed such an important place on a term so insignificant, (politics and party-spirit having nothing to do in the case), unless some hidden, but important, truth was intended to be intimated. I made it the pursuit of many anxious days and tedious nights, to fathom the depths of his intent, in this particular. And, recollecting how that great man's style, like some lenses, was distinguished for the quality of showing some things double, and many things multiform, I was enabled, by this clue, to pierce the intricacies of this labyrinth. For since it is very obvious from all Mr. Jefferson's writings, both philosophical and political, that his genius has a fundamental bias, and takes its most exquisite delight, in the bottom, particularly of human nature, so it was also very natural for him to fear, lest, by some untoward mistake, the beginning of his labours should be confounded with their end. To prevent which, he has, doubtless, studied, in this sentence, to make the mind rest, as upon an object of prime import, on the word 'before.' For this being an adverb of place, as well as of time, it is very obvious, that he would be understood to imply, that the final cause of his literary labours did not exist, as much of their nature indicates, behind; but that, notwithstanding such appearances, they

were really, as he expresses it, 'made before.' It is true, he seems to admit, and with great reason, that the former place is the ultimate destination of all his works, yet he here directly asserts, that their origin was quite 'on the other side of the mountain.'

It is a great art, in any writer, and also very difficult to be acquired, to create surprise, in a reader. This is never more effectually done, than at the beginning of a sentence, setting him out, as he thinks, for one place, and at the end of it, contrary to all his expectation, landing him at another. We have, in the next sentence of this letter, under consideration, a most happy exemplification of this exquisite talent. For what reader, who had not the gift of prophecy, could have imagined, when he found himself, at the outset, measuring with 'a nice instrument' the highest mountain in the Blue Ridge, that before he came to a period, by the magic of his author's genius, he should be hunting with Mr. Jefferson, in his writing desk, 'for the notes I then made.' Great life and beauty is thrown, also, into the last part of this sentence, by the recurrence of, 'I' four times, in less than two quarto lines 'I made the height about 2000 feet, as well as I remember, for I can no longer find, the notes I then made.'—But the scales of justice hang even, in Mr. Jefferson's hands. For with what equity, as well as taste, does he make 'you' take precedence in both the following sentences.

The character, which he next draws of Mr. Thomas Lewis is an instance of genius, as wonderful, as it is rare. By a happy arrangement of language, he gives, in a single stroke, his family, fate, accomplishments and possessions. 'MR. THOMAS LEWIS DECEASED, AN ACCURATE MAN, WITH A GOOD QUADRANT.'

The termination of the next sentence is very beautiful. For by the artful position of his syllables and by what is called, changing the place of the Caesura, the sound is made so perfectly to indicate the sense, that one cannot read it aloud, without imagining some heavy body, a stone, or a philosopher, tumbling from an eminence,

'higher than that,—next Rock-fish gap.'

I next notice Judge Tucker, whom I regret to see jaded with a double genitive. As there is no governing noun, the Judge might have been relieved of one of them, without, any injury to the effect of the peice. Concerning this, I am happy that Mr. Jefferson entirely concurs, in my opinion. Indeed the loss of the time, the paper and the ink, expended about the letter, and the comma, which distinguish the genitive case, is such a singular, as well as alarming, violation of those economical rules and habits, about which, both in public and private life, his talents are chiefly occupied, that the circumstance has been a source of serious concern to this great man. Insomuch, that, he has, imitating, in a like instance, some other great hero of antiquity, whose name I have forgotten, enjoined upon his valet de chambre to repeat to him daily, while he is shaving himself, the following memento. 'NEVER USE TWO GENITIVES, WHEN ONE IS ENOUGH FOR YOUR PURPOSE.'

There is great felicity in the use of the word 'measures,' in the next sentence, for like Judge Tucker, it carries double. For it may mean either that the admeasurements of Mr. Williams had confirmed his opinions, or that other general means, he adopted, had produced this effect. To which, however, this happy result is attributable does not appear. We have, here another beautiful instance of Mr. Jefferson's talent, in, what painters call, *claire-obscur*. This, by placing his object in shade, involves the reader in doubt; a state of mind, which, as it is the great source of science for *qui nil dubitet, nil discet*, so it is the

great end, and most successful attempt, of this unequalled philosopher, in all his labours, to produce.

One cannot review this letter, without paying the homage of our highest respect, both to the American Philosophical Society, and to its illustrious President. What a flood of new light is poured upon the world, by this laborious and lucky effort! How mightily is the cause of sound literature advanced, by that very precise and accurate information, abounding not less in certainty, than in science, which constitutes the whole of this important epistle! The sum and substance of which is comprised in the following beautiful expressions. 'I made the height, about 2000 feet, as well as I can remember, for I can no longer find the notes I then made.'—Again. Mr. Lewis 'made the North side of the highest mountain, opposite my house, something more, (I think) than 1000 feet.'—Again. There is another mountain 'probably higher, than that next Rock-fish gap.'—And again. 'I do not remember, from what principles, I estimated the Peaks of Otter.'—Last of all, Judge Tucker's observations 'coincided very nearly with mine.' Mr. Jefferson has, in this letter, inter-woven with infinite address, some of the finest and most masterly touches of the art of that cautious Philosophy, so justly admired and prevalent, in our day. A man, who means to live forever, and who would climb to immortality, as the vulgar say, with little wear of sides, or shoe leather, has nothing, in the world, to do, but to get by heart, with great assiduity those noble phrases, 'as well as I can remember,' 'I do not remember,' 'something more, I think,' 'probably' and 'very nearly,' and he has the prettiest and most approved apparatus, in the world, to set up for a philosopher. He may hang out his sign at once, with the assurance that the American Philosophical Society will be a greedy consumer of all his wares and manufactures. I cannot refrain from exulting, here, at the rapid step, with which, under the auspices of this association, we are advancing to that perfection of Philosophy, which is destined to be the glory of our day. How much more beautiful and illustrative is the language, here, adopted by the elegant Jefferson, than is that cursed old fashioned philosophy, the great project of which was to reduce every thing to a just perception; and which taught that a man before he undertook to illuminate others should, at least, in the first place, obtain clear notions himself; especially upon subjects, so simple, and easy of attainment, as the mensuration of terrestrial objects. Mr. Jefferson has, it is true, great merit in executing such a chaste, I might add, perfect, model of modern philosophical disquisition. But, the American Philosophical Society are certainly entitled to share in these honours, for the very flattering manner, in which they have presented that rare work, to the world, by consecrating an entire quarto page of their invaluable volumes to this mighty aggregation of scientific matter. It is to be hoped, that the great men, who now constitute that fraternity will take especial care to have the height, breadth and thickness of their volumes, as they successively issue from the press, accurately ascertained, 'with a good quadrant,' and carefully registered. For works of this kind must necessarily swell so easily, and to such a gigantic size, under the creative hands of the labourers, they encourage, that I have no doubt, I shall live to see the day, when the height of a complete pile of their transactions shall be as great a desideratum, as is now the height of the Blue Ridge and when it shall altogether deprive this Ridge of that very enviable distinction, mentioned by Mr. Jefferson, of being 'the highest pile, in our country, compared with its base.'

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NIAGARA FALLS.

A Letter from an American officer at Niagara, to his friend at Pittsburgh.

Fort Niagara, October 3, 1802.

DEAR SIR,

In performance of a promise, I made you, to visit, and give you some idea of the Falls of Niagara, so very justly ranked amongst the greatest natural curiosities in the known world, I shall endeavour to give you an account of an excursion thither, in company with Dr. W**** and Mr. M****. Let me, however, first inform you, that I conceive it utterly impossible for the greatest exertion of the human mind to convey to another the impression, which is made upon it while contemplating the vast sublimity of the scenery, which is exhibited to the view. The senses become at once bewildered! The beholder for a while stands fixed as a statue! His eyes appear rivetted on one object, as if fearful the smallest deviation would plunge him into the dreadful abyss beneath. Such was my situation; and I must own that I was at times seized with a strange mixture of fear and pleasure.

As the distance between this post and the falls does not exceed fifteen miles, we did not set out, until ten o'clock in the morning of the 1st instant; and, after dining at Queenstown, a small village in Canada, we arrived at an inn, within a quarter of a mile of the falls, where we intended leaving our horses, and descending to the lowest bank of the river below the falls, in order to have a more perfect view. We were, however, informed that the day was too far advanced to think of descending to the lower bank, and again mounted our horses, intending merely to view the falls, from the road leading to Chippeway, where we proposed spending the night. The astonishment, with which we beheld that tremendous cataract from the road, excited in us a determination to leave our horses, and take a nearer view. We accordingly walked towards a deep hollow place, surrounded with large trees, into which, with much difficulty, we descended about eighty yards, and, after walking about one hundred and fifty yards farther over a marshy piece of ground, covered with bushes, arrived at the 'Table Rock,' which is a large flat rock, projecting some distance over the bank below, and is one hundred and seventy-two feet from the margin of the river, at the foot of the great fall. Here we had a view of the rapids, above the falls, extending more than a mile; of the great or Horse-shoe fall immediately on our right, of the fort Schlossee, or Lesser Fall, in front of us, on the New-York side, and, when we could summon fortitude to approach the edge of the rock, of the dreadful abyss below us; from which issued prodigious clouds of mist, in which was visible one of the most perfect and beautiful rainbows we had ever beheld.

Having spent a considerable time on the Table Rock, we, with some difficulty, found our horses, and proceeded to Chippeway, where we remained all night at a very excellent inn, kept by a Mr. Malklin. Although our accommodations were in every respect excellent, we were unable to close our eyes during the night, as we were unaccustomed to the dreadful thundering noise of the Niagara falls, which, though distant three miles, were distinctly heard.

In the morning, accompanied by a Mr. Cummins, who very obligingly offered to be our guide, we returned to the falls, determined to have a more perfect view, from the edge of the river, an undertaking of some danger and much fatigue. As we approached the falls, the rapid-

ity of the river increased, bounding to a great height, where it met with resistance from the rocks; at length, reaching the brink of a precipice, it is hurried over it, meeting with no resistance, until after a fall of one hundred and forty-five feet!

The falls take a direction, rather obliquely, from the Canada side downwards, and on the same side it is hollowed out (if I may express myself so) into the shape of a horseshoe, and, owing to the resemblance, it is called the 'Horseshoe Fall.'

In about an hour after leaving Chippeway, we arrived at part of the bank or cliff, where we could, with the least danger, descend to the edge of the river. You must know, that the banks of the river, on each side, for several miles below the falls, are almost one continued rock, and so nearly perpendicular, as to make it impossible to descend with any safety to the bottom, excepting at two places—where we descended, and at a place called the 'Indian Ladder,' much nearer to the falls, but which our guide informed us was much more dangerous, owing to the decayed state of the ladders.

Having descended a few yards over broken rocks, we came to a ladder, having one end placed on the top of a large rock, the other leaning against the rock on which we stood. This was by far the most dangerous part of the descent, as the ladder was much decayed, and many of the steps were broken out. Although the distance down the ladder was not more than ten or twelve feet, yet the small space upon which we were obliged to stand, at the foot of the ladder, not more than two feet square, together with the dreadful gulf beneath us on one side, (into which we should have been inevitably precipitated, had any part of the ladder given way), increased our fears greatly. We, however, arrived safe at the foot of the ladder, round which we were obliged to creep, then slide down the rock on its side towards the bank, six or eight feet further. Excepting now and then a slight fall among the rocks, over which we passed, we found no further difficulty in reaching the bottom.

We descended the bank somewhat more than a mile below the falls, yet were completely wet to the skin, owing to the falling of the mist or spray, which issued from the bottom of the falls; the wind, however, was immediately down the river, which rendered our situation very unpleasant.

Having, at length, reached the margin of the river, we had a perfect view of the whole cataract, of the prodigious and frightful piles of rocks, immediately over our heads, appearing as if they would every moment fall upon and crush us to atoms, and down which our guide could scarcely make us sensible we had but a few moments before passed. We now indulged ourselves in contemplating for a while, and at a distance, one of the most terrific scenes perhaps imaginable. What a dreadful chaos of rocks were here presented to our view! what a dreary, desolate, but sublime, appearance! The imagination is instantly hurried into a belief, that the great globe itself is returning precipitately and at once into its original chaos!

After refreshing ourselves with a little wine of an excellent quality, which our good landlord at Chippeway had provided for us, we proceeded towards the edge of the Great, or Horse-shoe, Fall; an undertaking extremely difficult and fatiguing, owing to the huge pieces of rocks, that have fallen down from the bank above, and which were rendered very slippery by the constant falling of the mist. Over those rocks we were frequently obliged to climb, and as often we were under the necessity of crawling, on our

hands and knees, through dark and dismal passages between large rocks, scarcely wide enough to admit our bodies; indeed, without a guide, a stranger would find it a very difficult matter to reach the opposite side of the prodigious heaps of rocks scattered along the edge of the river; and to be lost and alone, in so dreary and uncomfortable a place, would, I assure you, be no desirable thing. But a few days ago, as we were informed by our guide, a stranger, whose curiosity and perseverance had led him to the foot of the Great Fall, although he found his way thither, was unable to effect his return; after wandering about till night came on, the poor man was obliged to lie down among the rocks. Late the next day he was discovered by a little boy from the top of the Table rock, who, guessing his situation, extricated him from this labyrinth.

After having walked and tumbled over such places, as I have just described to you, and in doing which we were nearly two hours, although the distance was but little more than a mile, we arrived at the Great or 'Horse-shoe Fall.' Here I should stop! I have already told you that it was not in the power of words to convey to another even the smallest idea of the awful magnificence of the scene before us. About ten yards from the spot on which we stood, and one hundred and forty-five feet above us, a little to our right, poured down a prodigious sheet of water from the edge of a projecting rock, then dashing against the sides of the dreadful caverns, hollowed out of the rock over which it falls, produces that thundering sound, often heard thirty and forty miles distant, and causes a quick tremulous motion of the earth for several yards around. Here too the spray or mist, rising like thick volumes of black smoke many hundred feet above the falls, forms large clouds, which are seen fifty and sixty miles off. We were induced to advance so near the edge of the sheet of water, as to be able to look into the caverns in the rock behind it; but could remain there but a very few moments, owing to the sudden blasts of air, which oftentimes rushed from between the water and the rock, with such violence as to deprive us for some moments of the power of breathing. It was, in our opinion, utterly impossible for any human being to stand between the sheet of water and the rock over which it falls, yet we are told of those, who have ventured thus far. We were within five or six yards of the sheet of water, and even at that distance found it impossible to remain longer, than a very few moments, without retreating to get breath. We had, from this place, a distinct view of the whole of the Horse-shoe Falls, which was grand beyond description; the extent of which is said to be between five and six hundred yards, and its height, or perpendicular fall, one hundred and forty-five feet. This fall is separated from the next by a small island, covered with trees, which presents itself to the spectator below, is a solid perpendicular rock, and supposed to be three hundred and forty yards wide. The next fall is very small, not more than six or eight yards wide: this is separated from the Fort Schlosser fall by an island twenty yards wide.

Fort Schlosser Fall so called from its being on that side of the river, on which a Fort of that name formerly stood, extends three hundred and fifty yards, and its perpendicular fall is one hundred and sixty three feet. It is by no means equal in grandeur to the Horse-shoe Fall, yet it had a very beautiful appearance falling over an even ledge of rocks. For the height and extent of the different falls, and the intervening islands. I am indebted to Mr. Cummins, our obliging guide, and I have no reason to suppose they

have been exaggerated. For a considerable distance below each Fall, you see a milk-white foam, which has a very pleasing effect. For nine miles below, where it reaches Queenstown, at which place the Falls must have commenced, the water rushes with prodigious impetuosity, over beds of solid stone, and among huge piles of rocks, ten and fifteen feet above the surface of the water. After having viewed this stupendous scene, for more than six hours, and of which I have given so feeble a description, we returned to this place, not a little fatigued, though much pleased

I am, yours, &c.

J. R.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF THOMAS WARTON.

[concluded from page 267.]

As a Critic, his observations on Spenser, an edition of Theocritus, and notes on Milton, entitle him to rank with Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Spence, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Hurd, and Dr. Warton, the most elegant and classical critics of our nation.

His Observations on the Faery Queene, have deservedly obtained the approbation of the learned world. He has been indefatigable in illustrating the obscurities, and bringing out the beauties of the great father of allegorical poetry; but his work has not obtained any very extensive popularity, and has failed to recal the attention of the public to the writings of this neglected English classic.

On the merits of his Inquiry into the authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley, it is unnecessary to enlarge, as they have been already considered and acknowledged in the 'Life of Chatterton.'

His elegant and accurate edition of Theocritus, the great father of pastoral poetry, does honour to the literature of our country. In his Dissertation on Bucolic poetry, if too much is advanced upon conjecture, it must be allowed that there is considerably learning and ingenuity. Though the Scholia on Theocritus are not so numerous as those on some other Greek authors, they are not less valuable. They boast some of the most distinguished names among the school critics and restorers. The principal observations of these scholars, Warton has with great labour, collected and digested, and has at the same time enriched the common treasury with contributions of his own. The reputation of his coadjutor Mr. Toup, as a Greek scholar, is too well established to receive any addition from the highest praise which the present writer can bestow.

For a commentator on Milton he was peculiarly qualified, being not only conversant with the elegant remains of Grecian and Roman learning, but intimately acquainted with those treasures of Gothic and Old English literature, with which Milton, in his younger days, appears to have been singularly delighted, and to which frequent allusions are made even in the 'Paradise Lost.' In spite of objections which may occasionally be made, his Notes and Illustrations must be allowed to contain a rich body of anecdote and criticism. They are manifestly the result of diligent reading and patient research: serving to unfold the treasures whence Milton drew most of his beautiful imagery; to explain his Gothic and classical allusions; to point out the source of many of his conceptions; and, at the same time, to demonstrate and display the strength and sublimity of his genius. These notes which may be called historical, and those at the end of the larger poems, containing a kind of general critique on them, abound with valuable

information, and are drawn up with much judgment and taste. Though in some instances his labour appears superfluous, we cannot but admire the extent of his reading, and the pains he has taken to collate passages, in order to show whence Milton stole every balmy sweet. It by no means indubitably follows, that Milton was indebted to preceding writers to the extent which his collations intimate. Critics, when employed in detecting imitations, are very apt to pursue the matter too far. Later poets are generally represented by them as imitating their predecessors, in instances where it is more reasonable to conclude them alike copied from nature. We coincide in opinion with Walsh, when he says, in one of his letters to Pope, 'In all common subjects of poetry, the thoughts are so obvious (at least if they are natural), that whoever writes last, must write things like what have been said before.' His observations on Milton's religious principles, are such as the text by no means justifies, and seem rather suggested by prejudices than dispassionate reason. But he does ample justice to his genius, and even directly affirms, 'that what was enthusiasm in most of the puritanical writers, was poetry in Milton.'

As a poet, his genius was directed by classic taste and judgment; and his fancy, however seductive, led him not to an affectation of over-laboured ornament. Simplicity and perspicuity, supported by elegance, are the distinguishing marks of his poetry. His compositions are highly finished and original, as far as perpetual classic imitations and allusions will allow; his versification is nervous and correct, his reading extensive, and his knowledge of real nature acquired from an actual survey of her works. It seems as if the most considerable of his poems had been cast in the mould of some gifted predecessor; but, according to those critics, who ascribe the invention of every species of poetry to the Greeks, even Horace himself had his archetypes. It will easily be perceived by readers of taste, that he is of the school of Spenser and Milton, rather than that of Pope. He has manifestly confessedly imitated other poets, Gray, J. Phillips, and, in his New-market, Pope; but in his descriptive poetry, Milton was not only his model, in respect of language and versification, but of ideas. It must, however, be allowed, that he has extended Milton's kind of imagery to more objects, and painted on a larger canvas. His imitations, of Milton, like the pictures of Raphael painted by Giulio Romano, are perfectly copied; but still they are copies.

The Pleasures of Melancholy, one of his earliest productions, is a beautiful Miltonic poem, abounding with bold metaphors and highly-coloured pictures. The indulgence of melancholy, by attending the cathedral service during winter evenings, and the luxury of tragic tears at the theatre, are feelingly and poetically described. The Triumph of Isis, in fertility of invention, and felicity of expression, may challenge a comparison with Mr. Mason's admirable 'Elegy,' which occasioned it. The Inscription in a Hermitage at Ansley Hall, is beautifully simple and characteristic. The Monody written at Stratford upon Avon, is well appropriated and picturesque. The graphical painting of the river, and the fine enthusiasm that follows, are of the happiest execution. The poem on the death of George II. is one of the best of his performances. It is elegant and harmonious, in the highest degree. The verses on the Marriage of the King have equal merit. The whole is finely imagined, and animated with a noble love of his country, its glory and its constitution. His New-market, a satire, has lost none of its stings by time, as the vices at which they are darted are still in full force. The names are admirably turned, and their severity is

by no means overcharged. The Pastoral in the Manner of Spenser, is an ingenious imitation, and the Ode on the Approach of Summer is replete with true poetry; but the imagery is Miltonic and perpetually reminds us of the source whence it was drawn. The use of old words in a poem not called an imitation of some old bard, seems a studied imperfection; such are the words aye, eld, murky, watchet. The frequent mixture of regular trochaics of seven syllables, and iambs of eight, seems a defect. If authority will justify this metrical irregularity, he has Milton in his 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso' on his side, and Gray in his 'Descent of Odin,' 'Triumphs of Owen,' and 'Death of Hoel;' but convenience or inadvertence seem to have occasioned these deviations from regularity, rather than choice or system. The Hamlet is a delightful picture of rural life, or rather of the life of the husbandman. Felix si sua bona norint. But to enjoy what the poet describes, he must possess the poet's enthusiasm. The Ode sent to a Friend on his leaving a favourite Village in Hampshire, is another very agreeable specimen of his talent for descriptive poetry. The Suicide is characterized by bold personification, picturesque description, and pathetic sentiment. The Ode written at Vale-Royal Abbey, is much in the style and manner of Gray's 'Church-Yard Elegy,' and appears to be modelled upon it; yet it wants the simplicity of the latter; but that possibly the magnificence of the subject would not easily allow. He seems also to have had Gray in view in his Crusade and the Grave of King Arthur; for they are much in the wild strains of his Cambrian lyre. They are not inferior to Gray's 'Triumph of Owen,' and 'Death of Hoel;' at the same time, they have more perspicuity. In the Ode for Music, are spirit, force, and fancy, which will give pleasure to an Englishman, as long as the present language remains intelligible.

Among the pieces of pleasantry and humour, The Progress of Discontent is one of the most agreeable. The Castle Barber's Soliloquy, and the Oxford Newsmen's Verses, are Hudibrastic compositions; of which much of the merit consists in the rhymes. The Prologue on the old Winchester Play House, over the Butcher's Shambles, is full of wit and humour. The Phaeton and the One Horse Chair, is a manifest imitation of Smart's fable of 'The Bag-Wig and Tobacco-Pipe.' The Grizzle, and the Epistle to Thomas Hearn, are locally humorous. The Panegyric on Oxford Ale, is so close an imitation of J. Philip's 'Splendid Shilling,' that many of the ideas and epithets are the same. Much humour and pleasantry, however, are displayed in this burlesque poem.

In the construction of Sonnets in the Italian measures, he seems more ingenious and happy than most of those who have attempted that difficult species of composition; but we perceive a stiffness and constraint even in those of Warton, which show them to be aliens, and heterogeneous to our language. The Sonnet, written at Winsland, and to the River Lodon, are eminently beautiful.

It has been observed, that he is particularly happy in descriptive poetry; and he has in his New-Year and Birth-Day Odes, rendered it necessary to extend this praise to his felicity in Gothic painting, for which he probably qualified himself, by his study of Chaucer, Spenser, and other old authors, who have described the seats of 'knights and barons bold;' who

In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of turneys, and of trophies hung.

The Odes for 1787 and 1788, while he had no splendid foreign or domestic events to celebrate,

nor any calamities to deplore, abound with Gothic pictures and embellishments, which give that kind of mellowness to these poems, that time confers on medals and productions of the pencil. Birth-day Odes have so long been treated with obloquy and contempt, that however well they may be written, they are not only read with unwillingness, but with determined severity; and yet we find in those of Warton a Pindaric boldness and fire, which scholars of taste and candour must perceive, however they may withhold their praise. Others, who are not qualified to relish the sublime beauties, and animated graces of the higher poetry, will find ample scope for ridicule in the Gothic pomp and garniture of his verse;

His Norman minstrelsy, and ivied towers,
Knight-errant tales, and Spenser's fancy bowers.

Among the modern Latin poets, there are few who do not yield to Warton. His Latin Poems are valuable, as much for their fancy and genius, as for their style and expression. They discover true classical feeling, and abound with ideas and expressions which have been conceived in the same language in which they are written. The poem on the rebuilding of the Chapel of Trinity College, 1748, is not only the most considerable in length, but seems to contain a greater proportion of beautiful lines than any of his other pieces; all of which have, however, their several merits, and are such as would not disgrace a Roman in the days of Augustus.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. CRITICISM

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

[Life of Geoffrey Chaucer, the early English Poet; including Memoirs of his near Friend and Kinsman John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster; with Sketches of the Manners, Opinions, Arts, and Literature of England in the 14th century. By William Godwin. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1803.]

The perusal of this title excited no small surprise in our critical fraternity. The authenticated passages of Chaucer's life may be comprised in half a dozen pages; and behold two voluminous quartos! The more sanguine of our number anticipated the recovery of the 'Boke of the Lioun,' and the other long lost labours of Adam Scrivenere, the bard's amanuensis; the more cautious predicted a new edition of the Chest of Rowley, and the Shakespeare cabinet of Ireland. Our expectations were yet farther heightened, by the lofty tone in which Mr. Godwin contrasts his own labours and discoveries with those of the former biographers of Chaucer. Tyrwhitt, the learned and indefatigable editor of the Canterbury Tales, had professed himself unable to produce more than a short abstract of the historical passages of the poet's life; and Ellis the elegant historian of our early poetry, has (to use his own words) 'followed Tyrwhitt, in reciting a few genuine anecdotes, instead of attempting to work them into a connected narrative, in which much must have been supplied by mere conjecture, or by a forced interpretation of the allusions scattered through the works of the poet.' But Mr. Godwin censures this resolution, as having been adopted to save the fatigue of minute research after the documents from which a full and formal life of Chaucer might have been compiled.

The fact is, however, that this editor (Mr. Tyrwhitt) made no exertions as to the history of the poet, but contented himself with examining what other biographers had related, and adding a few memorandums, taken from Rymer's Manuscript Collections, now in the British Museum. He has not, in a single instance, resorted to the national repositories in which our records are preserved. In this sort of labour I have been indefatigable, and I have many obligations to acknowledge to the politeness and liberality of the persons to whose custody these monuments are committed. I encountered

indeed, no obstacle, whenever I had occasion to direct my inquiries among the different offices of government. After all my diligence, however, I am by no means confident that I may not have left some particulars to be gleaned by the compilers who shall come after me.' Preface, p. xii.

After this heavy imputation upon a former editor, to whose industry and labours Chaucer is chiefly indebted for the revival of his fame; after the grave self-congratulation of the biographer; his thanks to those who aided, or did not impede his researches; and his modest apprehensions, that, notwithstanding all his diligence, some gleanings may remain for future compilers;—the reader will learn, with admiration, that Mr. William Godwin's two quarto volumes contain hardly the vestige of an authenticated fact concerning Chaucer, which is not to be found in the eight pages of Messrs. Thomas Tyrwhitt and George Ellis. The researches into the records have only produced one or two writs, addressed to Chaucer, while clerk of the works; the several grants and passports granted to him by Edward III, and Richard II, which had been referred to by former biographers; together with the poet's evidence in a court of chivalry, a contract about a house, and a solitary receipt for half a year's salary. These, with a few documents referring to John of Gaunt, make the Appendix to the book, and are the only original materials brought to light by the labours of the author. Our readers must be curious to know how, out of such slender materials, Mr. Godwin has contrived to rear such an immense fabric? For this purpose he has had recourse to two fruitful expedients. In the first place, when the name of a town, of a person, or of a science, happens to occur in his narrative, he stops short, to give the history of the city *ab urbe condita*! the life of the man, from his cradle upwards, with a brief account of his ancestors; or a full essay upon the laws and principles of the science, with a sketch of the lives of its most eminent professors. We will not do Mr. Godwin the injustice to suppose, that this mode of biography is copied from some respectable old gentleman prosing by his fire-side, who halts in the story about Tom, till he has given the yawning audience the exploits and genealogy of honest Dick. We believe he profited by instructions derived from no less a person than Miguel Cervantes. 'If you have occasion,' says that author, 'to mention a giant in your piece, be sure to bring in Goliath, and on this very Goliath (who will not cost you one farthing) you may spin out a swinging annotation. You may say, the giant Goliath, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom David the shepherd slew with the thundering stroke of a pebble, in the valley of Terebinthus. Vide Kings, such a chapter and such a verse, where you may find it written. If, not satisfied with this, you would appear a great humanist, and would show your knowledge in geography, take some occasion to draw the river Tagus into your discourse, out of which you may fish a most notable remark: The river Tagus, say you, was so called, from a certain king of Spain. It takes its rise from such a place, and buries its waters in the ocean, kissing first the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and some are of opinion that the sands are gold, &c. &c. So well has Mr. Godwin profited by these instructions, that the incidents of Chaucer's life, serving as a sort of thread upon which to string his multifarious digressions, bear the same proportion to the book that the alphabet does to the Encyclopædia, or the texts of a volume of sermons to the sermons themselves. A short glance at the work will fully justify this assertion.

Chaucer was born in London.—This is the subject of the first chapter. The commentary is a sketch of the history of London from the year of Christ 50, down to the reign of Edward III,

with notices respecting the principal citizens and Lords Mayor, Henry Picard, John Philpot, Sir William Walworth; not forgetting Whittington and his cat. The proportion of the commentary to the text is as twelve pages to as many lines.—Chaucer must have gone to school.—This is text the second, and forms a sufficient apology for a long essay on the learning of the age; while the probability that, during the vacation, Chaucer must have read romances,* introduces a long dissertation on these compositions, awkwardly abridged from Warton and Ellis. But Chaucer must have gone sometimes to church,—and therefore Mr. Godwin feels himself obliged to give an account of the peculiar tenets of the church of Rome; some of which, particularly those of purgatory and auricular confession, seem greatly to the taste of our philosophical biographer. The author proceeds, with the most unfeeling prolixity, to give a minute detail of the civil and common law, of the feudal institutions, of the architecture of churches and castles, of sculpture and painting, of minstrels, of players, of parish clerks, &c. &c; while poor Chaucer, like Tristram Shandy, can hardly be said to be fairly born, although his life has attained the size of half a volume. How these various dissertations are executed, is another consideration; but we at present confine ourselves to the propriety of introducing them as part of the life of Chaucer. We are aware that Mr. Godwin has informed us, that, 'to delineate the state of England, such as Chaucer saw it, in every point of view in which it can be delineated, is the subject of this book;' and that 'the person of Chaucer may in this view be considered as the central piece in a miscellaneous painting, giving unity and individual application to the otherwise disjointed particulars with which the canvas is diversified.' Now, had the biographer either possessed, from the labours of others, or recovered, by his own industry, facts sufficient to make a regular and connected history of Chaucer, bearing some proportion to the disjointed particulars so miscellaneously piled together, we could have objected less to the digressive matter, although even then we might have required it to be abridged and condensed. But where the central figure, from which the whole piece takes its name and character, is dimly discoverable in the background, obscured and overshadowed by the motley group of abbeys, castles, colleges and halls, fantastically portrayed around it, we cannot perceive either unity or individuality in so whimsical a performance. The work may be a view of the manners of the thirteenth century, containing right good information, not much the worse for the wear; but has no more title to be called a life of Chaucer, than a life of Petrarch.

We have said that Mr. Godwin had two modes of wire-drawing and prolonging his narrative. The first is, as we have seen, by hooking in the description and history of every thing that existed upon the earth at the same time with Chaucer. In this kind of composition, we usually lose sight entirely of the proposed subject of Mr. Godwin's luteubrations, travelling to Rome or Palestine with as little remorse as if poor Chaucer had never been mentioned in the title-page. The second mode is considerably more ingenious, and consists in making old Geoffrey accompany the author upon these frisking excursions. For example, Mr. Godwin has a fancy to describe a judicial trial. Nothing can be more easily introduced; for Chaucer certainly studied at the Temple, and is supposed to have been bred to the bar.

* Mr. Godwin himself may have read Valentine and Orson, while at school; but in the 13th century, romances were the amusement of gentlemen.

'It may be amusing to the fancy of a reader of Chaucer's works, to represent to himself the young poet accoutred in the robes of a lawyer, examining a witness, fixing upon him the keenness of his eye, addressing himself with anxiety and expectation to a jury, or exercising the subtlety of his wit and judgment, in the development of one of those quirks, by which a client was to be rescued from the rigour of strict and unfavouring justice. Perhaps Chaucer, in the course of his legal life, saved a thief from the gallows, and gave him a new chance of becoming a decent and useful member of society: perhaps, by his penetration, he discerned and demonstrated that innocence which, to a less able pleader, would never have been evident, and which a less able pleader would never have succeeded in restoring triumphant to its place in the community, and its fair fame. Perhaps Chaucer pleaded before Tresilian and Brember, and lived to know that those men whose fiat had silenced his argument, or to whose inferiority of understanding, it may be, he was obliged to vail his honoured head, were led to the basest species of execution, amidst the shouts of a brutish and ignorant multitude.' Vol. i. p. 369.

This curious tirade is not to be placed among those occasional flourishes to which authors who affect the striking and the sentimental are so peculiarly addicted. It is not given us a day-dream, in which the writer gives reins to the vivacity of his imagination; but the supposed cases which Mr. Godwin puts, without the least authority from the record, are gravely intended as illustrations of the life of Chaucer. For example, the next sentence informs us—'We have a right however to conclude, from his early quitting the profession, that he did not love it.' And this averment is followed with a list of the unhappy effects which the study of the law produces on the human understanding and temper. We do not think the profession congenial to the feelings of a youthful poet; but it is probable, that he who could stoop to the drudgery of comptroller of the customs, had other reasons for leaving the bar than mere disgust at the profession. For 'cockets and dockets,' and 'sugar casks, and beer-butts, and Common-council men,' (p. 502.) may be supposed to have as benumbing an effect upon the heart and imagination, as cases and precedents, and the ambidexter ingenuity of the bar. Another instance of the laudable manner in which the narrative is bolstered out by imaginary circumstances, occurs where Mr. Godwin treats of Chaucer's confinement in the tower. The biographer is not satisfied with putting the bard into a dungeon; farther severities are conjured up against him; his apartment is supposed to have been changed for a worse. 'It is probable that he was considered as a person of inferior consequence, and obliged to yield his apartment to some statesman of loftier title, who was a few days after conducted to the scaffold.' Nay, further, it is Mr. Godwin's opinion, that his friends were denied access to him, and a mouton or jail-spy quartered in his chamber; both of which suppositions afford a good sentence or two of philosophical condolence.

'It is likely, that he was forbidden the visits of his friends; but by the magic power of fancy he called about him celestial visitants. It is likely, that a jailer or a turnkey was planted in his apartment, under pretence of checking unlicensed attempts at correspondence or escape; but in reality, serving only to exclude him from one of the best inheritances of man, the power of being alone in the silence of elemental nature, and with his own thoughts. Chaucer, however, assisted by the workings of his mind, instead of seeing continually the base groom who attended him, saw only the gods who protected and cheered him in his cell.' Vol. ii. p. 477.

It is needless to examine what foundation exists for such vague suppositions, when we know that Chaucer was so much master of his time and thoughts during his confinement, as to compose his Testament of Love. His biographer might with equal plausibility have grafted upon his story a supposed attempt to escape, and given us a Newgate kalendar chapter from the horrors of Caleb Williams, or the languors of St. Leon.

These assertions rest entirely upon the *gratia dictum* of Mr. Godwin, and with a thousand others are only introduced with an 'it is possible; or 'it is probable,' or indeed the bare conjunction *if*, which having been long renowned for a peace-maker, will doubtless in future be allowed equal virtue in compilation. But we are deeply interested for our own sake, as well as that of the public, in entering our protest against this mode of book-making. If a biographer be at liberty to introduce into his story a full account of every contemporary subject of disquisition, however little connected with his hero, and can assume the further right of connecting his hero, by virtue of a gratuitous supposition, with whatever scenes he may take a fancy to describe, it is obvious, that unless the author's mercy temper his strength, the rights of the courteous reader are in no small peril. To what length Mr. Godwin might have extended his history, not so much of what Chaucer did actually *do*, as of what he and all his contemporaries *might, could, would, or should have done*, cannot now be exactly ascertained. He informs us in his Preface, that after writing about a thousand quarto pages, it was altogether uncertain when he might have drawn to a close. But there exists a superior power, to which even authors must 'vail the honoured head,' and, fortunately for the Reviewers, *Ecce Deus ex Machina!*

'If I, enamoured of my subject, might have thought no number of pages, or of volumes, too much for its development, it was by no means impossible that purchasers and readers would think otherwise. My bookseller, who is professionally conversant with matters of this sort, assured me, that two volumes in quarto were as much the public would allow the title of my book to authorise. It would be in vain to produce a work, whatever information it might comprise, which no one will purchase or read: I have therefore submitted to his decision.'

Upon perusing this sentence, the cold drops stood upon our brow at contemplating the peril which we had escaped; and while we lauded the gods for Mr. Phillips' tardy interference in our behalf, we marvelled not a little at the good man's easy faith, which had so long deferred it.

From these remarks upon the general structure of the work, we may now descend to view the execution of the plan, such as it is, beginning with what relates to Chaucer, who (*pars minima fui*) occupies the least share in his own memoirs. It appears to us, that among the very few facts concerning our bard which Mr. Godwin has given us, some are assumed without due evidence. For example, we are informed, that, 'having passed through a certain course of education, Chaucer was removed to the University of Cambridge.' The only proof which is brought of this assertion, is, Chaucer's having termed himself in the Court of Love, 'Philogenet of Cambridge, clerk.' But we cannot see how the acknowledged falsehood of one part of this designation can possibly prove the truth of the rest; or why Chaucer may not have invented a fictitious character to be attached to a false name. It seems to us much such an argument, as might be adduced to prove that the late Mr. Mason resided at Knightsbridge, inasmuch as that was the pretended abode of the facetious Malcolm M-Gregor. In like manner, we are very willing to suppose, that the old bard was a man of a jovial and festive habit; but we would rather infer this from his writings, than from supposing that he daily consumed the whole pitcher of wine which was allowed him by the king. Indeed, from the address of the host to Chaucer, we imagine a personage of a grave and downcast appearance, very different from the idea we might form, *a priori*, of the jolly author of the Canterbury

Tales: but it would be as ridiculous to argue from hence, that he was an enemy to mirth, as to hold that, with or without assistance, he daily discussed four bottles of wine, because he received such an allowance from the royal cellar.

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANY.

ON ERASMUS'S PRAISE OF MARRIAGE.

Among the marks of modern profligacy may be enumerated the reluctance with which young men enter the marriage state. The affections of many are in vain solicited by any charms besides those of lucre. The times seem to be past, when, in the prime of life virtuous love led young men to select a companion, for the amiable qualities of her mind and person, independently of all pecuniary considerations. The loveliest of women may now pine in hopeless celibacy; for, if they cannot purchase a husband, as they would purchase a gown, with the contents of their purse, they may live and die without one. In vain has nature given them the vermeil cheek, and the eye of sensibility, if fortune has refused her more brilliant gifts. Young men gaze at them indeed, like children at the peacock, and turn away without any tenderness of sentiment, or at least, without any wish to possess the beauty which they admire, on honourable conditions.

It is indeed observable, that young men of the present age too often consider marriage as an evil in itself, only to be incurred when the pecuniary advantages attending it afford a compensation. For the sake of the good, it seems, they sometimes condescend to accept the evil. A most insulting opinion, and no less unreasonable and untrue than contumacious; for marriage, prudent and affectionate marriage, is favourable to every virtue that can contribute to the comfort and happiness of the individual, while it most essentially serves the interests of society.

I was thinking on this subject, when I accidentally opened a little book of Erasmus on the Art of Letter Writing. He gives models of letters on various subjects, and, under the appearance of affording hints, in a didactic way, for the use of students, contrives to recommend several most useful things, with great force of argument, and in a very entertaining manner. I happened to open the book in the place where he is writing a persuasive to marriage, and I was so well pleased with several of his topics, that I determined to select a few of them for the consideration of my readers. I mean not literally to translate, or to give the whole of his persuasive. There are parts in it, which one cannot entirely approve; but there are others, which every heart, that is not spoiled by fashion and false philosophy, must admire.

Is there any friendship, says he, among mortals, comparable to that between man and wife? For the love of you, he proceeds, your wife has ceased to value the tenderness of parents, brothers, sisters; to you alone she looks for happiness, on you she depends, with you she wishes to live and to die.

Are you rich? you have one who will endeavour to preserve and to increase your property. Are you in narrow circumstances? you have one who will assist you faithfully in the pursuit of gain. If you enjoy prosperity, she will double your happiness; if you are in adversity, she will console you, she will sit by your side, she will wait upon you with all the assiduity of love, and only wish that she could appropriate the misfortune which gives you pain. Is there any pleasure to be compared with an union of hearts like this?

I must add the next passage in his own words.

Si domi agis, adest quæ solitudinis tedium depellat; si foris, est quæ discedentem osculo prosequatur, absentem desideret, redeuntem læta excipiat.

She is the sweet companion of your youth, and the pleasant solace of your old age.

What can be more odious than that man, who, as if he were born for himself, lives for himself, heaps up riches for himself, spares for himself, spends for himself, loves no human creature but himself, and is beloved by none?

How will you value your happiness,

—Ubi quis tibi parvulus aula,
Luserit Aeneas,

*qui tuos tuæque conjugis vultus referat, qui te blande
Balbutie Patrem appellitet.*

I know, says he, that you will object that all this happiness depends upon the disposition of the wife, more than on the marriage state. A marriage may be thus happy if the wife be good; but suppose her ill-natured, suppose her unchaste, and suppose the children undutiful. Believe me, the bad husband usually makes the bad wife. You certainly have it in your power to chuse a good one; but what if she should afterwards be spoiled? Erasmus confidently replies: A good wife may indeed be spoiled by a bad husband, but a bad wife is usually reformed by a good one. *Falso uxores accusamus.* No body, he assures us (I am afraid too confidently), ever had a bad wife but by his own fault. And with respect to children, good children, says he, are usually born of good parents; but however they may have been born, they commonly become just such as they are made by education.

But why, continues he, do you so anxiously enumerate the inconveniencies of marriage, just as if celibacy were totally free from them, or as if any mode of human life were not subject to evil and misfortune. If you would have no inconvenient circumstances in your state, you must leave this life. *Sen intra humanam conditionem animum continens, nihil est conjugali vita, neque tutius, neque tranquillius, neque jucundius, neque amabilius, neque felicius.* But if one can restrain one's desires within the boundaries of happiness which belong to human nature, there is no state safer, more tranquil, pleasanter, lovelier, nor happier, than the conjugal.

Though Erasmus is seeking hints to supply the young letter-writer with matter for his compositions, yet I cannot but think that he spoke his honest sentiments, because he spoke with warmth, and, I believe, meant obliquely to censure those unnatural institutions of the Romish church, which tend to discourage marriage. He is very copious on the subject, and advances many arguments, which I have not room to transcribe, and which indeed will appear to much greater advantage in the original. I must not conceal that, to shew his ingenuity, he has written a dissuasive from marriage; but it really contains no argument which is valid, or which is worthy of repetition.

I am of opinion, that the reluctance of many young men of fortune to enter into the state, arises not from any settled conviction of the unreasonableness of the institution, but from profligacy, thoughtlessness, false ideas of pleasure, and a want of rational ideas of human life and the nature of human happiness. But, whatever is the cause, the effect is certainly unhappy both to men and women. Men, indeed, in consequence of their libertinism, gratify their desires in the haunts of vice; and so much the worse for they thus add sin to misery. Women are often kept in a state of celibacy, for which nature never designed them, and to which, I may say, without attributing to them indecency or immodesty, they are in general not much inclined. It is happy, however, that reserve and virtue so far prevail among them, as, for the most part, to prevent them from forming improper connexions.

is consequence of being thus injuriously prevented from making a matrimonial alliance. It is to be hoped, they will still preserve their dignity by preserving their innocence; but their case is hard, and nothing, which a wise legislature can do to alleviate it, should be omitted.

A reformation of manners, among the young men who lead the fashion, would contribute most to the encouragement of marriage; for where libertinism greatly prevails, celibacy, which is favourable to it, will be predominant. Perhaps, if women were instructed in useful as well as ornamental arts, and were less expensive in dress and diversions, the rest might be left to the natural operation of their beauty and agreeable accomplishments. As the small-pox is in great measure defeated, they certainly never appeared more beautiful, than in the present time; and with respect to ornamental accomplishments, they were never pursued with more ardour, or advanced to higher perfection.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OBITUARY.

[We copy the following, from a paper published at Elizabeth-Town, because, from our knowledge of her, who is the subject of its eulogy, we can add our full sanction, to the testimony, which it contains of her virtues, and her amiable qualities.—The employment is a mournful one, but there is yet a melancholy satisfaction to friendship, in recording the virtues which it once had fondly cherished, and whose departure, while it saddens the bosom of a friend, has robbed the domestic circle, of its sweetest charm.]

Departed this life, on Saturday last, at the seat of her father in Elizabeth-Town, Miss *Henrietta Williamson*, second daughter of *Matthias Williamson*, junior, Esqr.—A private worth so pre-eminent in its kind, as that which distinguished the deceased, although its loss be not very interesting to the public, shall not fail of receiving the encomiums of a friend.—All those who were acquainted with this young lady, and to whom her amiable qualities, had endeared her, will deeply deplore her early fate.—Yes, excellent young woman! no splendid monument will, indeed, be erected to perpetuate thy memory? But in the deep regrets of those, who have long been in habits of a delightful intercourse with thee, and whom thy sweet manners, cultivated and improved understanding, always interested and charmed—in the concern which is excited by thy death in the bosoms of those who have frequently held sweet communion with thee at the altar of God—in the tears which the poor and the afflicted, who have been relieved by thy sympathy and benevolence, will mingle with those of thy bereaved family—thou enjoyest an honour more enviable than all that could be bestowed upon thy ashes by brass or marble.—If all those then, who are acquainted with the distinguished virtues and graces that adorned this young woman, can never cease to lament her loss—If tears of gratitude will be shed by the poor and afflicted, on the recollection of the tenderness and assiduity with which she administered to their necessities—Ah! what must be the emotions of that man, who merited and obtained from her one of the purest hearts, that ever beat with the pulse of love, and from whom she was cruelly snatched by death, at the very moment in which he was to receive her, as the companion of his life—the friend of his bosom? Almighty God, who in a mysterious wisdom orderest all things in heaven and in earth, into the hands of thee, with whom, we trust, she had made her peace before her departure from the world, we commend her spirit!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following tribute to GENIUS is from an American Gentleman, and is to be prefixed to the splendid edition of MOORE'S ANACREON, now in the press of Mr. Maxwell.

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF ANACREON.

In many a time, though many a minstrel sung,
In many a version quaint, and many a tongue,
The odes which erst the Teian bard divine,
Rapt in the madd'ning power of love and wine,
Trill'd to the melting lyre, what time around
Admiring Athens heard the extatic sound;
Moore! at whose birth the tuneful sisters smil'd,
Whose pen the loves direct, and graces mild,
Thou, only thou, hast found the art to show
The simple grandeur, and the chasten'd glow,
Which fires the soul, but dies no modest cheek:
Hence sprung the laurels of the ancient Greek!
Nay, if we read the Samian sage* aright, [flight,
That souls through various bodies wend their
No more we wonder, when we all agree,
Anacreon's spirit is transfus'd in thee.

MERCUTIO.

THE RING.

A TALE.—BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Annulus ille viri. OVID. Amor. Lib. ii. Eleg. 15.

The happy day at length arriv'd,
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest maid in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feasts and sports began;
The men admir'd the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth,
The day was pass'd along;
And some the fealty dance amus'd,
And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
Disport'd through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe and crown'd her head
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd
Unto a spacious court,
To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In feat and manly sport.

The bride-groom on his finger had
The wedding-ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
Or lose it in the play,
He look'd around the court to see
Where he the ring might lay.

Now in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been;
It was a Heathen goddess, or
Perhaps a Heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit;—

*Pythagoras.

And thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fasten'd it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announc'd to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went,
But oh! how was he shock'd to find
The marble finger bent!

The hand was clos'd upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp!

Now sore surpris'd was Rupert's mind,
As well his mind might be;
'I'll come,' quoth he, 'at night again,
'When none are here to see.'

He went unto the feast, and much
He thought upon his ring;
And much he wonder'd what could mean
So very strange a thing!

The feast was o'er, and to the court
He went without delay,
Resolv'd to break the marble hand,
And force the ring away!

But mark a stranger wonder still,
The ring was there no more;
Yet was the marble hand ungrasp'd
And open as before!

He search'd the base, and all the court,
And nothing could he find,
But to the castle did return
With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
The night in dancing flew;
The youth another ring procur'd,
And none the adventure knew.

And now the priest had join'd their hands,
The hours of love advance!
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel,
In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers, half-open'd by the dawn,
And waiting for the day.

And Rupert by her lovely side,
In youthful beauty glows
Like Phæbus, when he bends to cast
His beams upon a rose!

And here my song should leave them both,
Nor let the rest be told,
But for the horrid, horrid tale
It yet has to unfold!

Soon Rupert 'twixt his bride and him,
A death-cold carcass found;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then return'd,
But found the phantom still?
In vain he shunk, it clipp'd him round,
With damp and deadly chill!

And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave;
'Twas like the smell from charnel-vaults,
Or from the mouldering grave!

Ill fated Rupert, wild and loud,
Thou criest to thy wife,
'O! save me from this horrid fiend,
'My Isabel! my life!'

But Isabel had nothing seen,
She look'd around in vain;
And much she mourn'd the mad conceit
That rack'd her Rupert's brain.

At length, from this invisible
These words to Rupert came;
(O God! while he did hear the words!
What terrors shook his frame!)

'Husband! husband! I've the ring
'Thou gav'st to day to me;
'And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
'As I am wed to thee!'

And all the night the demon lay,
Cold chilling by his side,
And strain'd him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died!

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left the affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.

All, all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanc'd, he thought
Of coming night with fear;
Ah! that he must with terror view
The bed, that should be dear!

At length the second night arriv'd,
Again their couch they prest;
Poor Rupert hop'd that all was o'er,
And look'd for love and rest.

But oh! when midnight came, again
The fiend was at his side,
And as it strain'd him in its grasp,
With howl exulting cried,

'Husband! husband! I've the ring,
'The ring thou gav'st to me;
'And thou'rt to me forever wed,
'As I am wed to thee!'

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed;
And thus to his bewilder'd wife
The trembling Rupert said:

'Oh Isabel! dost thou not see
'A shape of horrors here,
'That strains me to the deadly kiss,
'And keeps me from my dear?'

'No, no, my love! my Rupert, I
'No shape of horrors see;
'And much I mourn the phantasy,
'That keeps my dear from me!'

This night, just like the night before
In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Says Rupert then, 'My Isabel,
'Dear partner of my woe,
'To Father Austin's holy cave,
'This instant will I go.'

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wonders maint,

Whom all the country round believ'd
A devil, or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert went full straight,
And told him all, and ask'd him how
To remedy his fate.

The Father heard the youth, and then
Retir'd awhile to pray;
And, having pray'd for half an hour,
Return'd, and thus did say:

'There is a place, where four roads meet,
'Which I will tell to thee;
'Be there this eve, at fall of night,
'And list what thou shalt see.

'Thou'lt see a group of figures pass
'In strange disorder'd crowd,
'Travelling by torch-light through the roads,
'With noises strange and loud.

'And one that's high above the rest
'Terrific towering o'er,
'Will make thee know him at a glance,
'So I need say no more.

'To him from me these tablets give,
'They'll soon be understood;
'Thou need'st not fear, but give them straight,
'I've scrawl'd them with my blood!'

The night-fall came, and Rupert, all
In pale amazement, went
To where the cross-roads met, and he
Was by the Father sent.

And lo! a group of figures came,
In strange disorder'd crowd,
Travelling by torch-light through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And, as the gloomy train advanc'd,
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien,
Seated upon a car.

And Rupert, as he gaz'd upon
The loosely-vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
With eyeballs flashing death;
Whene'er he breath'd, a sulphur'd smoke
Came burning in his breath!

He seem'd the first of all the crowd,
Terrific towering o'er:
'Yes, yes,' said Rupert, 'this is he,
'And I need ask no more.'

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
The tablets trembling gave,
Who look'd and read them, with a yell,
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl'd name,
His eyes with fury shine;
'I thought,' cries he, 'his time was out,
'But he must soon be mine!'

Then, darting at the youth a look,
Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner hear'd,
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost,
She from her finger took,

And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes, that breath'd of hell,
She said, in that tremendous voice,
Which he remember'd well:

'In Austin's name, take back the ring,
'The ring thou gav'st to me;
'And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
'Nor longer I to thee.'

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
He home return'd again;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LA PIPE DE TABAC.

TRANSLATED.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In your Port Folio of the 30th of June I observe, that you request a translation of '*La Pipe de Tabac*.' Being in a part of the country, where I have not been able to get a sight of any of your later numbers, I do not know, whether any of your other correspondents has fulfilled this task, and therefore offer the following to your consideration.—As an apology for its imperfections, give me leave to observe, that it was not written '*where tobacco loves to grow*,' but in a wilderness, where I could not get a single whiff to inspire me.—Permit me also to notice the orthography of '*Segar*,' which you have adopted in your paper. Although the French and Spaniards, from whom we have derived the word, spell the first syllable, in the same manner that you do, yet the other way is, in my opinion, more congenial to the powers of the English alphabet, and is sanctioned by a longer usage. Should we even consider it as a foreign word, the first letter is improper; for the cedilla (ç) is never necessary before a vowel. But I shall not enlarge upon this subject, lest you should cry, '*Smoke the critic!*' and shall conclude, by declaring, that I shall be, to my last breath, the sincere admirer of tobacco, and Mr. Oldschool.

Niagara.

ORLANDO FUMOSO.

While one half the world are fretting,
At debts and taxes, peace or war,
I can laugh, while I am sitting
At my ease with my segar.
Yet of me, sure, none will think ill,
(We such changeeful mortals are,)
If a bright eye's roguish twinkle
Makes me forget e'en my segar.

The weary soldier quits his station,
Down from the yard-arm comes the tar;
Quick they banish all vexation,
Puffing away at a segar.
But soon they wake to other blisses,
If they spy a charming fair,
With lips so red and ripe for kisses;
Then adieu to the segar.

Much do I admire the notion
Of the famous Smokomar,
Who, press'd with such sincere devotion,
His mistress' lips and his segar.
This great man took in his pocket
Always, when he went to the wars,
His charmer's picture in a locket,
Wrapp'd in a pouch full of segars.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

*
....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASE'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 39.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1804.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 103.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

Though a strong attachment to Independence, has not permitted me to become a member, of the ancient, and honourable Fraternity, of genuine Loungers, yet as I have never been in love with Labor, nor pursued it further than necessity compelled me, I do not consider myself very remote from them, in practice, and still less in theory. Presuming, therefore on your good will to one, who is related though distantly to your family, I beg you, to publish this letter, in order to answer at once a number of importunate friends, who pester me with remonstrances, and reproofs, similar to those, which I am about to mention.

Not long since, an old College-acquaintance, paid me a visit at my farm; our conversation (after briefly remembering old times, and juvenile pranks) turned upon Politics, a topic, on which my friend, who has been deeply engaged in them, expressed himself with great vehemence, and indeed with passion. Finding, that I heard him with little emotion, that I could very calmly light a new segar, and draw a fresh cork, in the midst of his warmest invectives, he discovered much surprize, and more indignation; pretty severely reproved me, for my apathy and indolence, asserted that it was my duty, as a good man, to stand forth in defence of sound principles, both in morals, and politics, which he said, were in imminent danger, of being banished the country, and concluded by telling me, that if Patriotism failed to excite me, yet *ambition*, the parent of virtue, ought to teach me, how shameful it would be, to live unknown, and die unlamented.—As this was not the first time, I had been thus taken to task, I answered him at some length—that I was neither Rinaldo, slumbering in the gardens of Armida, nor Hercules in the chamber of Omphale—that if indeed, I could alone discomfit the Fiends and Demons, who inchant, and pollute our land, or possessed strength to brain the monsters who infest it; I would burst the shackles of sloth, however, strongly rivetted. That I had not the extravagant vanity, to suppose myself competent to an enterprize, in which men, infinitely my superiors, had failed—that I was only a plain honest farmer, with no other advantage than a tolerable education, and desirous to steal through the 'cool sequestered vale of life' with as much ease, and as little noise as possible; that it would be as rational, to preach tenderness to the hyaena, or gentleness to the wildcat, as humanity, truth, and reason to a Ja-

cobin. That I had seen a maxim in a Law-book, which I thought a good one, '*ad vana aut impossibilia non cogit lex*' and that I deemed myself discharged from the duty, by the impossibility of performing it. With respect, said I, to the gratification of self-interest, in the pursuits of ambition, I have reasoned myself into a belief, on that subject, very congenial with my disposition; that all is vanity under the sun. I find myself at present, very comfortably situated, and why should I wish to change? My farm, supplies me with all the necessaries, and many of the comforts of life. I can afford to open a bottle of wine, on those rare occasions, like the present, when a friend honours me with a call, and we talk over the tale of other times, and renew the memory of joys, that are past. I find leisure on Sunday, to sit, or slumber *sub antiqua ilice*, and there I peruse the Port Folio, and indulge in a luxury which Horace never knew, and which I fear the gallant Mr. Saunter will not approve, a pipe of good tobacco. Shall I then abandon these comforts, to follow the will O wisp ambition? For what purpose? To gain either power or fame. As to the first, to a man of my sentiments, and in a government like ours, it is unattainable. I who may truly say, *odi profanum vulgus*, and who entertain a sovereign contempt for the *civium ardor prava jubentium* shall I have the folly, to hope for the applauses, or the votes of the rabble—it would be as wise to attempt climbing a thorn locust. But suppose all difficulties vanquished, and that the mob who are every thing by turns, and nothing long, should in one of their vagaries raise me to office. Have we not seen the best men, in the most elevated posts, resemble criminals on a high pillory, whom every blackguard, pick-pocket, democrat and negro, was permitted, nay, invited and even hired, to revile, and insult, and pelt with rotten eggs.

And if power be to an honest man, and in the present times neither attainable, nor worth the having, still less is fame. In what consists this meteor? It is the opinion of the world, and so often governed by caprice, prejudice and passion, that no man by deserving can be sure of receiving it, nay, he must expect to meet with obloquy, and clamorous reproach, till envy shall be appeased by his death. Of all men, you my friend, will be the last to believe the people infallible.—The observation of every day, as well as every volume of History, gives the lie to this maxim, at once impious and absurd. *Vox populi vox dei*. The people are as liable to error, in the choice of their favourites, as in any thing else. If by a rare concurrence of fortunate circumstances, a few great men, have during their lives, obtained the merited meed of fame, how many have on the contrary, been loaded with the reproaches, and the hatred of their countrymen. During the most glorious period of the Grecian Annals, it is scarcely possible to find three great men, who escaped the censures of their fellow-citizens, while a hundred were punished for their virtues, by exile, imprisonment, or death. But you will tell me, that posterity has reversed the decisions of their ungrateful contemporaries, and done

ample justice to their desert. You will urge me, to extend my views to distant ages, to erect for myself a monument in the temple of futurity, and to make 'the times to come my own.' But are you sure that even posthumous fame is always just. The opinion of posterity, may be less warped by prejudice, but it must necessarily be founded on testimony, and often on the testimony of interested witnesses. Have we not great reason to believe that the Carthaginian Heroes, have been cruelly misrepresented by the Roman Historians, and do we not know of many similar instances, in more modern times? When violent factions long prevail, errors, prejudices, and falsehoods are likewise of long duration; they outlive the means of detection; their stains penetrate and discolour every page of History, and become at length indelible. At any rate, glory like those who confer it, is mortal, and must have an end, and whether my name be forgotten in fifty or five thousand years, is a matter of but little importance. Even admitting that posthumous fame will always follow virtuous action, is it of any real service to him, who has acquired it? Can he, whose whole sublunary existence, is nothing but lifeless bones and ashes, receive pleasure or profit from sublunary praise?

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death?

Is it worth my while, to sustain toil and trouble, and vexation, and a life of disquietude, and care, in order that those, who come after me, may repeat eulogies, which I shall never hear, and raise monuments which I shall never see? Will posthumous renown, be a thing of which I shall have any knowledge, or from which I can derive any advantage? If it be not, can there be wisdom in making it a motive of action? There is however, one species of fame of which I think, a wise man ought to be desirous, and which is liable to none of the objections, I have enumerated. To most men, I would be unwilling to mention it, because in the present enlightened Age of Reason, I should expect to be answered with ridicule, but to you my friend, whose opinions on this subject, at least, are not dissimilar from mine, I will not be ashamed to say, that the future glory, promised by the Christian system, is alone worthy a rational ambition. It consists not of the approbation of weak and often wicked men, but in that of the wisest, and purest of Beings; it is neither erroneous, nor uncertain, nor of limited extent, and duration, nor is it incapable of being enjoyed. But it will be conferred by the Omnipotent himself, in the presence of an assembled, and applauding Universe; it will be bounded only by space; it will endure, when time shall be no more; and will confer the possession of exquisite happiness, through all the countless ages of Eternity.

Such Mr. Saunter, were the arguments I opposed, to the reproaches of my friend. Though they did not convince, yet they silenced him, and delivered me from his importunities. Encouraged by this success, I have flattered myself, that they may produce a similar effect, on my

other monitors, and therefore as I have stated above, I request you to publish them.

I am, &c.

RUSTICUS.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

Of the other Harangues of Cicero.

At a time when the dangers of the republic took up all the time and engaged all the thoughts of Cicero; when, after having forced Cataline to fly from Rome, he observed all the steps of the conspirators, and sought to possess himself with the proofs of their crimes, he undertook in the tribunals a most important affair, the success of which interested at once his friendship, his eloquence, and his policy. One would find it difficult to conceive how, with him, the cares of the administration left room for the contentions of the bar: how among so great fatigues, which scarcely allowed him a few hours for sleep, the consul had still leisure to be an advocate, and to compose a pleading, as well laboured as that of which I am about to speak; if we did not know what prodigious facility, in study and in business, he possessed from nature and from habit, and what a man may do who is accustomed to make a continual use of his time and of his genius. Moreover, the first of all interests in the estimation of Cicero, that of the state, summoned him to the defence of Licinius Murena, designated consul for the following year, but then accused of intrigue, and who by a juridical condemnation, might lose the dignity he had obtained. He was a citizen full of honour and courage, who had served with the greatest distinction, under Lucullus, and was greatly attached to Cicero and his country. Amidst the troubles and disorders of the public affairs, it was of the last importance that the good cause should not lose such a support, that Murena should enter on his office at the day prefixed, and that they should not be exposed to the dangers of a new election. The circumstances rendered the defence difficult and delicate. Cicero himself, at the request of all the honest men, disgusted at the corruption which reigned in elections, had carried a law against bribery, more severe than any before it. Murena had for his accuser one of his competitors for the consulate, Sulpicius, a renowned lawyer, and also esteemed among the friends of Cicero. But that which gave to the accusation the most weight, it was supported by a man whose character was generally respected, Cato, who at the same time was near obtaining the tribunate. Zealous to make an example, he had publicly said, that the year should not pass away before he had accused one of consular rank. We may believe that the excess of his zeal had infused a portion of precipitation and of ill humour in his pursuits; for, by the relation of historians, Murena, without being absolutely irreproachable, was not within the meaning of the law, and had not permitted himself to proceed farther than that kind of solicitation which had been customary, and which the fairest character blushed not to employ. They could not impute to him any formal transgression, and this was not the example which ought to have been chosen; accordingly he was absolved by all the suffrages. We have heard the Roman orator thunder against Verres and Cataline, with all the vehemence, all the pathos, all the energy of eloquence, animated by virtue and patriotism. We shall soon see his talents and his style, accommodating themselves to a very different tone. We pass, here, from

the sublime to the simple, and we shall see how ably he seizes all the characters, suitable to this kind of oratorical composition, the art of discussion, the choice of examples, the turns of pleasantry, finesse, delicacy, and even gaiety, such at least as the nature of his cause would admit.

Cicero, after having established in his exordium, equally noble and interesting, the relations and connexions which attached him to Murena, after having refuted the imputations of Sulpicius, proceeds thus:

"It is time to proceed to the great support of our adversaries, to him whom we may consider as the wall of defence around our accusers, to Cato; and whatever gravity, whatever interest is engaged by him in this cause, I dread much more, I confess, his influence than his reasons. I shall request, in the first place, that the personal dignity of Cato, his approaching hopes of the tribunate, and the glory of his life may not be converted into arms against us, and that the advantages which he has received to be useful to all, may not serve for the ruin of an individual. Scipio, the African, had been twice consul, had overthrown Carthage and Numantium, the two terrors of this empire, when he accused Lucius Cotta: He had in his favour great eloquence, a great reputation for probity and integrity, an authority such as a man ought to have, to whom the Roman people owed their own. I have often heard it said by our old men, that nothing had served Cotta so much with his judges, as this pre-eminence of Scipio. Those men were so wise that they would not suffer a citizen to be overborne in the tribunals in such a manner as to leave a suspicion that he had been oppressed by the excessive preponderance of his accuser. Do we not also know, Cato, that the judgment of the Roman people saved Sergius Galba from the pursuits of one of your ancestors, a citizen of great courage and high consideration, but who seemed to be too zealously determined on the ruin of his adversary. Always, in this city, the people in a bouy, and particularly those enlightened judges who look into futurity, have resisted the too great power of those who have accused. I wish not to see an accuser discover in the tribunals a superiority too decided, too much power, too much credit: employ all these advantages for the safety of the innocent, for the support of the feeble, for the defence of the unfortunate; but never for the danger and ruin of the citizens. Let no man then come here to say, that Cato, in presenting himself against Murena, has judged his cause. It would be to establish an unjust principle, and to place the accused in a condition too hard and too unfortunate, if the opinion of their accuser were regarded as their sentence. For myself, Cato, the singular esteem which I have of your virtue, does not permit me to blame your conduct and proceedings on this occasion; but perhaps I may find something in them which deserves to be reformed. You commit no faults, and we cannot say of you, that you ought to be corrected; but only that there is something in you which might be softened and moderated. Nature herself has formed you for honesty, gravity, temperance, justice, firmness of soul. She has made you great in all the virtues: but you have added to them certain principles of philosophy, in which our wishes for more moderation, more softness, which are in fine, to say what I think of them, more severe and rigorous, than nature and truth will warrant: and since I speak not here before an ignorant multitude, you will permit me, judges, a few reflections upon that kind of philosophical studies, which in itself is no stranger to your taste or my own.

"Know, then, that all which we see in Cato, which is excellent, which is divine, is of himself,

belongs properly to him; on the contrary, that which leaves something to be desired is not of himself, but of the master whom he has chosen, of the sect he has embraced. There was among the Greeks a man of great understanding, Zeno, whose followers called themselves Stoics. I will present you with a few of his principles: That the wise man has no regard to any title of favour whatever; that he never pardons any fault; that compassion and indulgence are nothing but levity and folly; that it is not compatible with the dignity of human nature, for a man to suffer himself to be touched, moved or softened; that the wise man, even if he is an hypocrite and a counterfeiter, is the most beautiful of men, and the most rich, even while he is begging for charity; that he is a king even in slavery, and that all of us, who are not wise men, are but slaves and fools; that all faults are equal; that every offence is a crime; that he who kills a chicken, when he has not a right, is as guilty as he who strangles his father; that the wise man never repents, is never deceived, and never changes his opinions.

"Such are the maxims, which Cato, whose understanding and information you know very well, has drawn from very learned authors, and which he has appropriated to himself, not indeed like many others, to make them subjects of controversy, but to make them the rules of his life. The farmers of the republic petitioned for a little delay: have a care, said Cato: grant no favours. Unfortunate persons request some relief. It is a crime to listen to compassion. A man acknowledges that he has committed a fault, and asks forgiveness.—It is to render ourselves guilty of the offence to pardon it.—But the fault is but light—All faults are equal.—Have you said any thing without reflection—it is not permitted you to retract it. But I was drawn away by the general opinion. The wise man knows nothing but certainty, and has no regard to opinion. Have you been involuntarily deceived concerning a fact—It is not an error, it is a lie and a calumny. From all this proceeds a conduct perfectly conformable to this doctrine. Why is Cato here as an accuser? It is because he said in senate that he would accuse one of consular dignity. But you said it in anger. The wise man is never angry. But it was a word, escaped of a sudden, which engages you to nothing. The wise man cannot, without shame, change a resolution—he cannot, without a crime, allow himself to be softened: all compassion is weakness: all indulgence a sin."

"And I also, in my early youth, distrusting my own information, have searched, like Cato, for that of the philosophers; but the masters whom I have followed, Plato and Aristotle, have principles. Their disciples, men regular in their opinions, think that even the wise man may allow something to circumstances and particular considerations; that the good man may give way to pity; that there are gradations of crimes and of punishments; that virtue and firmness may grant favours; and that the wise man himself may sometimes be drawn away by opinion, transported with anger, touched by compassion; that he may without shame, retract what he has said, and change his opinion if he finds a better; that, finally, all the virtues have limits, and ought to avoid excess.

"If, with the character you have, Cato, chance had directed you to the same authors with me, you would not have been more of a good man, more courageous, more temperate, more just; this could not be; but you would have been a little more inclined to tenderness; you would not have gratuitously rendered yourself the aggressor, and the enemy of a man full of modesty in his manners, full of honour and greatness in his sentiments. You would have considered, that

fortune having brought you both forward at the same time, for the care of the republic, him as consul and you as tribune, there ought to be between you, a sort of patriotic connexion. You would have suppressed, you would have forgotten, what you had said in the senate, with too much violence, or you would have drawn from your words a consequence less rigorous. Believe me, you are at present in all the fire of your age, in all the ardor of your character, in all the enthusiasm of the doctrines you have adopted; but time, practice, experience, must undoubtedly calm, moderate, and soften you. In fact, those legislators of virtue, those preceptors whom you have followed, have carried, in my opinion, the duties of men beyond the bounds of nature. We may, in speculation, proceed as far as we please; elevate ourselves to the stars; but in practice, in reality, there are limits at which we must stop. Pardon nothing, they say. But I answer pardon, by all means, when there is room for indulgence. Give no attention to any personal considerations. And I say we ought to have no regard to them, farther than duty and equity allow. Suffer not yourselves to be touched with compassion—Never, indeed, to such a degree as to enfeeble the authority of the laws, but always, as far as humanity, the first law of all, prescribes. Be inflexible in your sentiments. Aye, if none better are proposed or occur to you. Thus spoke the great Scipio, who had like you, Cato, the reputation of a man of great information, of a man almost divine in his domestic discipline; but whom, the philosophy of which he made profession, drawn from the same sources with yours, had not rendered more severe than a man ought to be, and who, on the contrary, has always past for the mildest of all men. Lælius had taken the same lessons, and who ever had more softness of manners, or rendered wisdom more amiable? I might say as much of Gallus, of Philip; but I choose rather to take examples from your own house. Who of us have not heard of Cato the Censor, one of your most illustrious ancestors? And who ever was more measured in his conduct and in his principles: more tractable, more easy in the commerce of life? When you praised him in your pleading with equal justice and dignity, you quoted him as a domestic model, whom you proposed to imitate. The ties of blood, the relations of character, give you a better right, it is true, than any of us; but nevertheless, I regard him as an example for me, as well as for yourself; and if you could also, to your natural severity, unite a little of his facility and softness, all the qualities you possess would not indeed be the better, but would become more amiable.

"Thus, to return to what I said at first, the name of Cato ought to be separated from this cause: his authority ought to be of no weight in a legal investigation, or at least to have no influence but in doing good: Attack us by facts. What would you have, Cato? What do you demand? Upon what is your accusation supported? You rise up against intrigue. I defend it not. You reproach me with justifying in the tribunals, what I have proscribed by my laws; I have proscribed intrigue, and I defend innocence. Accuse nothing but crimes and I join you. Prove that Murena has committed them, and I will acknowledge that my own laws condemn him."

[To be continued.]

ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.

[Translated from the French.]

[Continued from No. 37.]

COMEDY.

Let us proceed to the subject of belles-lettres, which will form one of the principal articles of your

journal. It is your purpose to devote much attention to dramatic productions. This project is the more reasonable, as our theatre is more chaste, and is become a school of morality. You will undoubtedly avoid the example of some periodical writers, who endeavour to depreciate all their contemporaries, and to depress the arts, of which a good journalist ought to be the champion. To Molière the preference is justly due, over all comic writers, of every age, and of every country; but let not this preference be exclusive. Imitate the wise Italians, who place Raphaël in the first rank, but refuse not their admiration to Paul Veronèse, Carracci, Corregio, Dominicain, &c. Molière is first; but it would be unjust and ridiculous, to deny to *le Joueur* rank with his best productions. It is worthy only of a man devoid of justice and of taste, to refuse his esteem to *les Menechme*, and not to be highly delighted with *le Legataire universel*. He, who is not pleased with Regnard, is not worthy to be an admirer of Molière.

Have the courage to avow, that many of our minor pieces, such as, *le Grondeur*, *le galant Jardinier*, *la Pucille*, &c. are superior to the greater portion of the minor pieces of Molière; I say superior, in delicate delineation of character, in wit, which abounds in most of them, and even in refined and chastened pleasantry.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of the infinite variety of modern pieces, nor, by applauding a few authors, to whom, perhaps, even that applause would be unsatisfactory, to offend a great number of persons; but, when such works, as *le Préjugé à la mode*, replete with correct delineations of character and manners, and possessing high interest, shall be given to the world; when Frenchmen shall be so fortunate, as to receive presents of such intrinsic worth as *le Glorieux*, let me intreat you, not to diminish their success, under the pretence, that they are not comedies in the style of Molière. Avoid that despicable perverseness, which flows from envy; seek not to proscribe the tender, melting scenes, which are found in these works: for, when a comedy, besides its appropriate merit, possesses that also, of exciting interest; we must be in a very surly mood, to be angry, because an additional pleasure is afforded to the public.

I dare to assert, that, if the excellent pieces of Molière possessed a little more interest, their representation would command more general attention; *le Misanthrope* would not only secure our esteem, but attract crowded audiences. Comedy should not degenerate into insipid, whining tragedy: the art of extending its limits, without confounding them with those of tragedy, is a great art, which merits encouragement, and which it is disgraceful to destroy. To give a finished sketch of a dramatic production, is also a great art. I have always estimated the genius of young men, according to the detail which they gave of a new piece, whose representation they had just witnessed; and I have remarked, that all those, who best acquitted themselves, were those, who have since acquired the highest reputation in their professions. So true is it, generally, that the spirit of business, and the genuine spirit of the belles-lettres, are the same.

To expose in terms perspicuous, and elegant, a subject, which is sometimes confused; and, without attending to the distribution of the acts, to illustrate the intrigue and the dénouement, to narrate them as an interesting history, to draw the characters at a single stroke, to mention those circumstances, in which more or less of probability, or of dexterity, was apparent; to retain the most happy verses, instantly to perceive the general merit, or to detect the general defects of style; all this I have sometimes seen achieved, but it is a rare achievement, even among men of letters, who devote their attention particularly to it: for, to certain minds it is more facile, to pursue the train of their

own ideas, than to give an account of the ideas of others.

TRAGEDY.

My observations on tragedy, will vary but little from those which I have made on comedy. You know what glory this illustrious art has shed upon France: an art more difficult than comedy, and superior to it, because, to compose a fine tragedy, the author must possess the genuine spirit of poetry; but comedy requires only some talents of versification.

You, who so well understand Sophocles, and Euripides, will not seek a vain recompense for the labour which it has cost you, to acquire a knowledge of them, in the contemptible pleasure of preferring them, in violation of your sentiments, to our great French authors. Recollect, Sir, that, when I challenged you, to shew me, in the tragic authors of antiquity, fragments comparable to certain traits even in the inferior pieces of P. Corneille, you acknowledged, that it was impossible. These traits of which I speak, were, for instance, the following verses of the tragedy of *Nicomède*. 'I will,' says Prusias."

Ecouter à la fois l'amour & la nature,
Etre père & mari dans cette conjoncture.

Nicomède.

Seigneur, voulez-vous bien vous en fier à moi!
Ne soyez l'un ni l'autre.

Prusias.

Eh! que dois-je être!

Nicomède.

Roi.

Reprenez hantement ce noble caractère.
Un véritable Roi n'est ni mari, ni père:
Il regarde son trône, & rien de plus. Regnez:
Rome vous craindra plus que vous ne la craignez. †

You will not infer, that the last pieces of this father of the theatre are perfect, because they emit such brilliant coruscations: join with the public, in acknowledging their extreme imbecility.

Agésilas and *Surena* cannot diminish the honour which *Cinna* and *Polyeucte* confer upon France. M. de Fontenelle, nephew of the great Corneille, says, in the life of his uncle, that, if the proverb, 'as beautiful as the Cid,' was too soon forgotten, it is attributable to authors, who were interested in its suppression. No, it was as impossible for authors, to effect the suppression of the proverb, as to effect that of the Cid. Corneille himself abolished it; it is attributable to *Cinna*. Say not with the Abbe de *Saint-Pierre*, that fifty years hence the pieces of Racine will no longer be represented on the theatre. I pity our children, if they relish not these master-pieces of elegance. How must their hearts be formed; if Racine cease to interest them?

It is probable, that the works of the celebrated authors of the age of Louis XIV. will exist as long as the French language. But discourage not their successors, by assuring them, that the career is replete, and that there is no room. Corneille is defective in interest; Racine is often not sufficiently tragical. The authors of *Venceslas*, of *Radamiste*, and of *Electre*, with their great defects, possess

* 'I will,' says Prusias,
Listen at once to nature and to love,
In this conjuncture be, father and husband.

Nicomède.

May I, my Lord, presume counsel to give?
Neither a husband, nor a father be.

Prusias.

Ah! what then should I be?

Nicomède.

A King. Resume,

Nobly resume that splendid character.
A genuine monarch neither father is,
Nor husband. In his throne, his soul is centred.
Reign; and strike terror into haughty Rome.

† *Nicomède*, Tragedie, Acte IV. Scène III.

peculiar beauties, in which these two great men are deficient; and it is presumable, that these three pieces will always remain on the French theatre, since they have maintained their pre-eminence, although performed by different actors, for this is the proper test of a tragedy. What shall I say of *Manlius*, a piece worthy of Corneille, and of the fine character of *Ariane*, and of the high interest which predominates in *Amasis*? I will not speak of the tragedies written during the last twenty years: as I have composed some of them, it belongs not to me to appreciate the merit of contemporaries superior to myself; and, in regard of my dramatic works, I can only say, and request you to inform your readers, that I correct them daily.

But, when a new piece shall appear, say not with the odious author of the *Observations*, and of so many other pamphlets: *the piece is excellent*, or, *it is miserable*; or, *such an act is impertinent*, *such a part is despicable*. Support your opinion by substantial proofs, and let the public pronounce. Be assured, the decree will be against you, whenever you shall decide without proof, even should that decision be correct; for it is not your judgment that is required, but the report of a case, on which the public is to decide.

What will give peculiar value to your journal, is the care which you shall take, to draw comparisons between novel pieces and those of foreign countries, which may be founded on the same subject. In the last century, this point was neglected in the disquisition on the *Cid*: only a few verses of the Spanish original were cited; the situations ought to have been compared. Suppose, that the *Manlius* of *la Fosse*, were now presented to us, for the first time; it would be a high gratification to your readers to have the English tragedy, of which it is an imitation, exhibited to their view. Does an instructive work appear relative to the pieces of the illustrious Racine? Combat the erroneous opinion, which is generally entertained, that the English have not permitted the subject of Phœdra to be introduced on their theatre. Inform your readers, that the Phœdra of *Smith* is one of the finest pieces of which London can boast. Inform them, that the author has closely imitated Racine, even in the amour of Hippolytus; that he has blended the intrigue of Phœdra with that of Bajazet, and that still he boasts of having drawn every thing from Euripides. I think that your readers would be charmed with a comparison of some scenes of the Grecian, the Latin, the French, and the English Phœdra. Thus, in my opinion, would temperate and sound criticism perfectionate the taste of the French, and perhaps Europe. But what piece of sound criticism has been produced since that of the French academy on the *Cid*? and even that is almost as incomplete, as the *Cid* itself.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CRITICISM

[From the *Edinburgh Review*.]

The public are indebted to Mr. Godwin for the recovery of Chaucer's evidence in a question about bearing arms, occurring betwixt Scrope and Grosvenor;* but the manner in which it is narrated, is a good illustration of the strained inferences concerning Chaucer's temper and disposition, deduced by his biographer from the most common and trivial occurrences.

* Chaucer was a man of a frank and easy temper, undeformed by haughtiness and reserve, and readily entering into a certain degree of social intercourse on trivial occasions. This particular is strongly confirmed to us by the curious record of his testimony, in the cause of arms between Scrope and Grosvenor. He

* We hold this to be the only circumstance of importance, which Mr. Godwin's researches have brought to light; and so far our thanks are due to him.

describes himself as walking in Friday Street, in the city of London, and observing there the arms he had seen always borne by the family of Scrope hung out as a sign. 'This inconsiderable circumstance immediately excites an interest in the patriarch of the English language, and English poetry. The Scropes were his friends. He accosts a stranger, whom he perceives accidentally standing by, and asks, 'What inn is that which I observe has hung out the arms of Scrope for its sign?'—'Nay,' replied the other, 'it is no inn, nor are these the arms of Scrope; they are the shield of a Cheshire family of the name of Grosvenor.' In Chaucer, the thus addressing himself to a person unknown, is no evidence of a vulgar, indelicate, and indiscriminating mind. It shews that he was a character, not fastidious enough to refuse to interest itself in trifles, and frank, even and affable in his intercourse with mankind.' Vol. ii. p. 569.

And all this is to be inferred from a question asked of a passenger, the fruit probably of momentary curiosity. This mode of drawing characters ought to supersede that of the ingenious Frenchman, who describes them accurately from seeing the party's hand-writing.

While Mr. Godwin was thus poring upon a millstone, and proclaiming his discoveries to the world, we are surprised that he has omitted the famous tradition, that Chaucer, while in the Temple, was fined two shillings 'for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street.' (See *Fuller* and *Speght*.) This circumstance, with a proper allowance of *possibilities*, would have gone some length in eking out a third quarto. For, in the first place, it is naturally connected with the history of Fleet Street, and Fleet Ditch, and the Fleet Prison, and of Fleet the law-book, and of the Fleet or Royal Navy, with some account of which (so naturally bearing upon the life of Chaucer) the reader must no doubt have been highly gratified. Secondly, the circumstance of the fine would have happily introduced a history of the silver coinage, with an abridge of the Temple records, from the earliest period to the present day; and the political justice of fine and imprisonment might have been discussed in a separate chapter. Thirdly, the mention of the Franciscan, would have paved the way with great propriety for a history of the mendicant orders, and have saved Mr. Godwin the trouble and disgrace of foisting it in elsewhere, upon a much more flimsy pretext. (vol. ii. p. 20.) But, above all, the cause of the scuffle, and the drubbing itself, would have led to many a learned dissertation. It is probable that one or both parties were in liquor. If so, when, how, or with what liquor did they become intoxicated? Was it with wine of Ape, or of Chepe; with Malverie, or with Hippocras? Was it together or separately? And can any light be thrown upon the combat, from the similar affray betwixt justice Shallow when an Inn's of court man, and Samson Stockfish the fruiterer? Again, it is probable that the quarrel originated in some theological dispute,—and the vast and thorny field of controversy might have been accurately surveyed, to enable the reader to fix upon the precise spot occupied by the disputants. Perhaps Chaucer offended the friar by the freedom of his conversation,—and why not insert all the jocose and satirical passages of the *Canterbury Tales*? To illustrate the nature of the beating, Mr. Godwin might have described—

—'Your rouse, your wherit and your dowet,
Tugs on the hair, your bob o'the lips, your thump,
—your kick, the fury of a foot,
Whose indignation commonly is stamped
Upon the hinder quarters of a man,—
With all your blows and blow-men whatsoever,
Set in their lively colours, givers and takers.'

All which knowledge is unfortunately lost to the world, perhaps through the ill-considered interference of Mr. Phillips the publisher.

Some particular passages of the life, are less fancifully and more correctly delineated. Mr.

Godwin combats, and in our opinion successfully, the opinion of those who deny the honourable claim of Thomas Chaucer, to call the poet father; and he has vindicated the relation, which the Dream of Chaucer unquestionably bears to the History of John of Gaunt.

The critical dissertations upon *Troilus* and *Creseide*, and Chaucer's other poems, have considerable merit. They are the production of a man who has read poetry with taste and feeling; and we wish sincerely, that instead of the strange farrago which he calls the life of Chaucer, he had given us a correct edition of the miscellaneous poetry of the author, upon the same plan with Mr. Tyrwhitt's admirable *Canterbury Tales*. It is true, that we could not have expected from Mr. Godwin, either the extensive learning or the accuracy of illustration which Mr. Tyrwhitt has displayed. But, as already noticed, his critical disquisitions have occasional merit; and he might have pleaded the ancient prerogative of commentators, for writing in a more rambling and diffusive style than is consistent with the dignity of history or biography. Mr. Godwin is sometimes rather hasty in his critical conclusions. He exclaims against Chaucer, for 'polluting the portrait of (*Creseide's*) virgin character in the beginning of the poem, with so low and pitiful a joke as this—

'But whether that she children had or none,
I rede it not, therefore I let it gone.' vol. i. p. 305.

If Mr. Godwin had perused the poem attentively, he would have seen that no joke was intended, and that *Creseide* was no maiden, but in fact a young widow.

'And as a widowe was she and alone.'

And again, when invited by Pandarus to do honour to May,

'Eighe! God forbid, quod she, what! be ye mad?
Is that a widowe's life, so God you save?
Pardy you makin me right fore adrad;
Ye bene so wilde, it semith as ye rave.
If sare me wele better, aie in a cave
To bide, and rede on hily saintis lives:
Let maidins gon to dance and young wifes.'

We were much surprised to find, that the *Canterbury Tales*, the most important, as well as the most exquisite of Chaucer's productions, have attracted so little of Mr. Godwin's attention. He might have displayed, in commenting upon poems as varied in subject as in beauty, his whole knowledge of the manners of the middle ages, were it ten times more extensive. But Mr. Godwin, beginning probably to write before he had considered either the nature of his subject, or the probable length of his work, had exhausted both his limits and materials ere he came to the topic upon which he ought principally to have dwelt. The characters, therefore, of the several pilgrims, so exquisitely described, that each individual passes before the eyes of the reader, and so admirably contrasted with each other; their conversation and manners, the gallantry of the Knight and Squire, the affected sentimentality of the Abbess, the humour of mine Host, and the Wife of Bath; the pride of the Monk, the humility of the Parson, the learning and poverty of the Scholar, with the rude but comic portraits of the inferior characters, are, in the history of the life and age of Chaucer, of which they form a living picture, passed over in profound silence, or with very slight notice. The truth is, Mr. Godwin's speed and strength were expended before he came within sight of the goal, and he saw himself compelled with a faint apology to abandon that part of his subject which must have been universally interesting. The few remarks which he has made upon the *Canterbury Tales*, induce us to believe that he has

seen and regretted his error; but it is a poor excuse, after writing a huge book, to tell the reader that it is but 'superficial work,' because the author 'came a novice to such an undertaking.' (See Preface.) It is the duty of an editor, to collect and arrange his materials before he begins to print his work; nor will the public be satisfied with an apology, which ought either to have deterred him from the undertaking entirely, or at least to have retarded the execution of it, till study and labour had supplied the defects of superficial information. As Mr. Godwin is unquestionably a man of strong parts, we by no means discourage him from applying himself to illustrate the history of his country, but we would advise him in future, to read *before* he writes, and not *merely* while he is writing.

The history of 'Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,' occupies a considerable portion of these volumes. He is styled in the title page, Chaucer's near 'friend and kinsman;' an abuse of words, if, as we conceive, *kinsman* can only be correctly used to express a blood relation. John of Gaunt was undoubtedly Chaucer's patron, and ultimately stood in a certain degree of affinity to him, by marrying his concubine, a sister of the poet's wife; but this connection could not give to the bard a portion of the blood of the Plantagenets, or render him in any sense the kinsman of the duke of Lancaster. In the historical part of his work, Mr. Godwin has proposed to himself a splendid plan. Antiquities had, in his opinion, hitherto been the province of

—'men of cold tempers, and sterile imaginations,' whose works are compiled 'with such narrow views, so total an absence of discrimination, and such an unsuspecting ignorance of the materials of which man is made, that the perusal of them tends for the most part to stupidity, the sense, and to imbue the soul with moping and lifeless dejection.' It was my wish, had my power held equal pace with my strong inclination, to carry the workings of fancy and the spirit of philosophy into the investigation of ages past. I was anxious to rescue, for a moment, the illustrious dead from the jaws of the grave, to make them pass in review before me, to question their spirits, and record their answers. I wished to make myself their master of ceremonies, to introduce my reader to their familiar speech, and to enable him to feel, for the instant, as if he had lived with Chaucer.' Preface, x.

This is well proposed, and expressed with that dignified contempt of his predecessors' labours, which especially becomes an author at the moment when he is about to avail himself of the information they afford him. But it is one thing to call spirits from the vasty deep, and another to compel their obedience to the invocation. When we expected to see the heroes of Cressy and Poitiers stalk past in the rude and antiquated splendor of chivalry, as perchance they might have appeared upon the summons of Warton, Ellis, or some such *cold-tempered, sterile-minded antiquary*, the philosophical phantasmagoria of Mr. Godwin presented us with a very different set of beings. It seems to have been his rule, that if it be difficult to think like our ancestors, it is very easy to make them think like ourselves; and therefore, whatever motives Mr. Godwin himself esteems praiseworthy and laudable, he imputes to his hero John of Gaunt, with all the liberality and contempt for congruity of the worthy squire who equipped his Vandyke portraits with modern periwigs. In this respect, the work reminds us of a particular class of novels, said to be 'founded on real history,' in which the *dramatis personæ* are assumed from the ages of chivalry, but appressed in the sickly trim of sentiment peculiar to the Grevilles and Julias of Mr. Lane's half-bound duodecimos. Mr. Godwin's dukes and knights hold, in like manner, the language, we had almost said the cant, of his *sci-disant* philosophy; and argue as

learnedly of the nature of the human mind, of cause and effect, and *all that*, as if they had occasionally presided at Coachmakers Hall. The duke of Lancaster was unquestionably the wisest prince of his time; yet his honored shade must forgive us, if we deem him incapable of framing the profound and polite oration which he is here supposed to address to Chaucer, upon his being appointed an ambassador. We can only afford room to insert the following grand finale: 'Man is a complex being, and is affected with mixed considerations; and your contemporaries will listen with far different feelings to your beautiful and elevated productions, if they flow from an ambassador and a minister of state, than if you remained obscurely sheltered under your natal roof, in the city in which you were born, or sequestered among the groves and streams which adorn your neighbourhood at Woodstock.' And this *tawdler* stuff is supposed to be spoken by John of Gaunt, and to Geoffrey Chaucer! And this is carrying 'the workings of fancy,' and 'the spirit of philosophy,' into the investigation of ages past, and 'rescuing the illustrious dead from the jaws of the grave!' Imbued 'with moping and lifeless dejection, and stupified' as we are, after the perusal of two huge quarto volumes of incoherent narrative of trite sentiment, we cannot help feeling, at such absurdity, a momentary impulse of surprise and indignation!

Of the miscellaneous information contained in these volumes, we cannot be expected to treat at length, especially as the greater part of it has nothing to do with the proper subject of the book. It seems to us, that Mr. Godwin, a novice, as he himself informs us, in the study of ancient history, had applied himself to his task with the ardour of a proselyte. Every fact, every peculiar view of manners which occurred in the course of his reading, had to him the charms of novelty; and he was benevolently eager to communicate to others the information which he had just acquired. But, unfortunately, a mind which has newly received a fresh train of ideas, is almost invariably found incapable to abridge or digest them, as no man can draw a map of a country which he traverses for the first time. Upon subjects not familiar to our thoughts, we must be contented to express ourselves with the crude prolixity of the works from which we have derived our information; and our attempts to be copious and distinct, will commonly produce but a string of tedious and ill-combined extracts, instead of a concise and luminous system. Hence the long, dull, and unnecessary details with which Mr. Godwin has favoured us upon every subject which crossed his path. He could but write in proportion as he read, and empty his common-place as fast only as he filled it. A comprehensive view of his subject we cannot possibly find in his writings; for it was at no time wholly before his own eyes. He knew not when or where to stop; and, in fact, was speeded, from mere want of room, to abandon his work, half-finished, at the moment it became most interesting.

Some of the dissertations, considered abstractedly, possess considerable merit; and we cannot refuse praise to the industry of Mr. Godwin, who has acquired a great fund of knowledge, however ill arranged, upon subjects to which he was so lately an utter stranger. We have already said, that we would be pleased to see some parts of his book arranged as notes upon Chaucer's poems. We find it impossible 'to pick them in a pile of noisome and musty chaff;' but when they are brought forward in a work arranged upon a better plan, our approbation shall be conferred much more willingly than our present censure. A natural consequence of the hurry with which Mr.

Godwin has compiled his work, is the inaccuracy which has occasionally crept in, although less frequently than we could have thought possible. Vere, for example, the favourite of Richard II, is likened to 'Carr, the minion of James I, with these advantages in favour of the former, that he was of an ancient family, and Carr an upstart,' p. 366. This is a mistake. Carr, or Ker, earl of Somerset, was the third son of Sir Thomas Ker of Fairnyhirst, the chief of a very ancient and powerful family, now represented by the marquis of Lothian. As he had unfortunately little personal merit, it is hard to deprive him of the advantage of birth, which he really possessed. The universal predominance of the French language in the reign of Edward III, is expressed with rather too much latitude, vol. i. p. 18. Previous to the birth of Chaucer, a remarkable change had begun to take place in this particular. Histories, and long poems of devotion and chivalry, were already translated out of the Romance or French language into English, and these in such numbers, as sufficiently to demonstrate that they were not required for the use of the lower and middle classes alone. We should have been pleased to have seen the authority upon which the romances of *Robert sans peur* and *Robert le diable* are ascribed to Waer, having esteemed these tales of later date than the Roman de Rou. The story of Anlaf the Dane, who is said to have penetrated into king Athelstane's tent, disguised as a minstrel, is rather apocryphal, especially with the miraculous decoration of William of Malmesbury. Mr. Godwin seems to entertain some doubt of John of Gaunt's flight into Scotland, and residence at Holyroodhouse. But no fact can be better attested. Andrew of Winton, a contemporary historian, has dedicated a chapter to show

'Qhwen of Longcastele the Duke,
Refute intil Scotland tuk.' Book IX. c. 4.

He mentions particularly his progress, in which he was attended by Earl William of Douglas, from Berwick to Haddington, and thence to Edinburgh—

'And intil Haly-rwde-hows that Abbay
Thai made him for to take herbyr.'

This circumstance, and the more recent asylum afforded to Henry VI. are probably alluded to by Molinet, when he terms that country

'De tous siecles, le mendre
Et le plus tollerant.'

The style of Mr. Godwin's life of Chaucer is, in our apprehension, uncommonly depraved, exhibiting the opposite defects of meanness and of bombast. This is especially evident in those sentimental flourishes with which he has garnished his narrative, and which appear to us to be executed in a most extraordinary taste. In the following simile, for example, we hardly know whether most to admire the elegance and power of conception, or the happy ease and dignity of expression.

'Its slender pillars (the author is treating of the later Gothic architecture) may possess various excellencies, but they are certainly not magnificent; and the shafts by which the pillars are frequently surrounded have an insignificant air, suggesting to us an idea of fragility, and almost reminding us of the *bumble vehicle through which an English or German rustic inhales the fumes of the Indian weed.*' Vol. 1. p. 145.

In p. 181, we hear of 'a tune, in which the luxuriance and multiplicity of musical sounds obscure and transmute with disdain upon the majestic simplicity of words.' In other places we find the 'technicalities of justice,'—the *religious nerve* of the soul of man—'young knights who looked upon the field of Roncesvalles with *augmented circulation*—*unforeshortened figures*—an 'ancient baron

neighbourhood to a throne,' and sundry other new and whimsical expressions. But even these conceited barbarisms offend us less than the execrable taste displayed in the following account of Chaucer's early studies.

'He gave himself up to the impressions of nature, and to the sensations he experienced. He studied the writings of his contemporaries, and of certain of the ancients. He was learned according to the learning of his age. He wrote, because he felt himself impelled to write. He analyzed the models which were before him. He sought to please his friends and fellow scholars in the two Universities. He aspired to an extensive and lasting reputation.' Vol. i. p. 436.

We have no doubt that Mr. Godwin considers these short sentences, as the true model of a nervous and concise style. For our part, we find the sense so poor and trite, when compared with the pithy and sententious mode of delivery, that we feel in our closet the same shame we have sometimes experienced in the theatre, when a fourth-rate actor has exposed himself by mousing, slapping his pockets, and, according to stage phrase, *making the most of a trifling part*. We will not pursue this subject any further, although we could produce from these ponderous tomes some notable instances of the mock heroic, and of the tone of false and affected sentiment. Such passages have tempted us to exclaim with Pandarus (dropping only one letter of his ejaculation),

'Alas! alas! so noble a creature
As is a man should *reden** such ordure!'

Upon the whole, Mr. Godwin's friends have, in one respect, great reason to be satisfied with the progress of his convalescence. We hope and trust, that the favourable symptoms of his case may continue. He is indeed now and then very *low*; or, in other words, uncommonly dull; but there is no apparent return of that fever of the spirits, which alarmed us so much in his original publications. The insurrection of Jack Straw (a very dangerous topic) produces only a faint and moderate aspiration breathed towards the 'sacred doctrines of equality,' which it is admitted are too apt to be 'rashly, superficially, and irreverently acted upon, involving their disciples in the most fearful calamity.' The disgrace of Alice Pierce, or Perrers, the *chère amie* of Edward III, or, as Mr. Godwin delicately terms her, 'the chosen companion of his hours of retirement and leisure,' calls down his resentment against the turbulence and rudeness of the Good Parliament. But less could hardly have been expected from the author of the *Memoirs of a late memorable female*.

We cannot help remarking that the principles of a modern philosopher continue to alarm the public, after the good man himself has abandoned them, just as the very truest tale will sometimes be distrusted from the habitual falsehood of the narrator. We fear this may have incommoded Mr. Godwin in his antiquarian researches, more than he seems to be aware of. When he complains that private collectors declined 'to part with their treasures for a short time out of their own hands,' did it never occur to Mr. Godwin that the maxims concerning property, contained in his *Political Justice*, were not altogether calculated to conciliate confidence in the author?

But, upon the whole, the *Life of Chaucer*, if an uninteresting, is an innocent performance; and were its prolixities and superfluities unsparingly pruned (which would reduce the work to about one-fourth of its present size), we would consider it as an accession of some value to English literature.

MISCELLANY.

ON NEGLECTING THE PRACTICE OF DRINKING HEALTH AT TABLE.

Tardē Cyathos mihi das; cedō sanē: benē mihi; benē vobis. PLAUTUS.

SIR,

I lately addressed to you a few observations on the omission of grace at table; and I now beg leave to add some remarks on another omission, which fashion seems to recommend, but which is countenanced neither by the examples of the ancients, nor by reason, nor by a sense of propriety. I observed, on my visit to my old friend in London, that the friendly practice of drinking health at dinner was, in most of the fashionable families, very much on the decline, and in many, totally omitted. Indeed the omission arises from a principle which seems very much to prevail in the present age, and which aims at the abolition of all forms and ceremonies, as meaning nothing, and at the same time giving trouble and excluding ease. Forms and ceremonies undoubtedly have their utility, or they would not have been universally retained in every age and nation, which history has recorded. But allowing some forms to be without meaning, I cannot suppose, unless I throw a severer reflection on the friendship and hospitality of modern times than I chuse, that the drinking of health is, without exception, a senseless and empty ceremony. A man of a warm and a friendly heart usually feels a sentiment of cordial kindness, when he holds the cup of refreshment in his hand, and wishes health and happiness to his friends, who are partaking with him, of the same innocent and necessary pleasure.

The custom prevailed among the Greeks, who carried the elegance which they displayed in the polite arts to the table and social circle, assembled to enjoy the pleasures of the palate and of discourse. Homer, indeed, has given the model in the first book of the *Iliad*, who says of the gods at their feast,

Χρυσίος δ' ἀπείσσει
Διδοίχαι ἄλλήλους.

The manner of drinking to each other resembled what is called among us *pledging*. The person who drank to his friend was said *προπίνειν*, or to drink first. He drank a part of the cup, and then handed the rest to the friend whom he had named. The words which passed on the occasion were *προτίμω σοι χαλκός*, to which the person saluted, *λαμβάνω ἀπὸ σου πῆρας*, which may be thus freely translated: I have the honor to drink to you—I pledge you with pleasure.

It was also the custom, after due respect paid to the gods, to drink to absent friends; and, as an emblem of sincerity, it was established as a law never to dilute the wine drunk on this occasion.

I shall not trouble you with various proofs that the custom of drinking health is justified by the example of the politest people of antiquity. It would be easy to collect them from the writers on antiquities; but the instance alledged is sufficient for my purpose, and will serve to confute those, who hint that the custom is unpolite.

There is surely something peculiarly brutal in sitting down to meals without ever thinking of God or man; in neglecting the grace, and omitting the form of wishing health and happiness to those who sit at the same table. We have seen that it is contrary to the practice of antiquity, and of almost all people in the world, who, though they varied in the forms of the table, agreed in the essential points, in giving glory to God on high, and testifying good-will towards men.

Your's, &c.

A RATIONAL FORMALIST.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CONRAD'S EDITION OF GOLDSMITH'S CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

Having, in a late paper, mentioned, with approbation, the new and improved edition of Goldsmith's essays, published by Mess. Conrads, we are happy to have so early an opportunity, to notice *The Citizen of the World*, now, for the first time, republished from a correct copy. Perhaps no portion of Goldsmith's works has been more deformed by the errors of typography, and the blunders of ignorance, than *The Citizen of the World*, as it is found in Parsons's edition. Whole sentences are omitted, paragraphs transposed, and the author's meaning confounded and polluted by every species of depravation. The text, originally printed in haste, in the *Public Ledger*, was never scrupulously regulated, until the complete edition of Goldsmith's works was undertaken in the year 1803.

These delightful volumes, replete with entertainment, and presenting excellent models of a style, familiar, but not mean, and easy, without negligence, are now published in a neat and commodious style. The Editor recommends these amusing essays to the juvenile American. By studying them with assiduity, he will gradually purify himself from Indian barbarisms, and democratic jargon.

THE EDINBURG REVIEW.

This elaborate and sprightly Journal, which more than once, we have had reason to commend in no vulgar strain of hackneyed flattery, is, agreeably to information, derived from the Editors themselves, conducted upon a principle of Selection: it takes no notice of insignificant works, but enters very fully into the discussion of those, that seem entitled to attention. Combining in some manner the representative functions of a Review, with the independence of original discussion; comprehending every foreign publication, which an extensive continental correspondence can procure; and distinguished by an impartiality, which no party-zeal has yet pretended to call in question; it lays claim to the support of those, who are not satisfied with the indolent and indiscriminating profusion of other Journals.

The Editors were silent upon these pretensions, till they saw how the public was likely to receive them. Their success has been much beyond their expectation, and, they believe, beyond any former example. In spite of the size of their volume, the remoteness of their situation, and all the disadvantages of inexperience, they were enabled, even in their second number, to equal the circulation of several of the established Journals of the metropolis; and they have been convinced, by the constant increase of the demand, that, to secure the patronage of the public, it is only necessary to deserve it, by a diligent and conscientious discharge of their duty.

In this and the preceding Port Folio, we have copied from this new Journal, a most acute, witty, and well-deserved censure of that enormous excrescence of literature, *Godwin's Life of Chaucer*.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, is writing at London an Allegorical Poem, illustrative of a series of designs, by one of the Princesses. The subject is *Cupid turned Volunteer*.

SOUTHEY is engaged on a History of Portugal.

WALTER SCOTT, editor of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and writer of several spirited Poems, is about to publish a Poetical Romance, called the *Lady of the Minstrel*.

* For *dreden*.

The Life and Pontificate of LEO the TENTH, is soon to be expected from Mr. ROSCOE, the elegant and learned historian of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

The Rev. Mr. BOWLES is very forward with a new edition of the Works of POPE. Notwithstanding all the various editions of this author, his works yet stand in need of much contemporary illustration.

The Works of Dr. JORTIN are in the press: he was a pious and respectable member of the Church, whose writings are a valuable addition to British Literature.

Mr. MITFORD is about to present to the public an interesting work on the Harmony of Language.

There is also in great forwardness for the press, a new and enlarged edition of that useful work, the General Biographical Dictionary.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Gifford is employed in writing a Life of Buonaparte.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In the character of Gen. HAMILTON integrity of heart and intellectual ability were combined in a degree singularly remarkable. DRYDEN has portrayed such a statesman, and has boldly contrasted the spirit and frankness of a man of real talents and courage, with those loathsome and paltry devices, practiced by such *mountebank* politicians, as affairs are cursed with in every democratic country.

While *emp'ric politicians* use deceit,
Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat,
He BOLDLY SHEW'D THAT SKILL which they pretend,
And work'd by means AS NOBLE AS THE END.

THE SHRINE—By T. Moore, Esq. To —

My fates had destin'd me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love,
And many an altar on my way
Had lur'd my pious steps to stay:
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sang my vespers there.
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require;
To pass, nor tell a single bead
With them would be *profane* indeed!
But, trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion;
And, every *bumbler altar* past,
I now have reach'd the SHRINE as last.

The celebrated lady Harrington was more remarkable for her love of play than her love of virtue. George Colman wrote the following epigram upon this eccentric lady:

What though I hold of trumps a flush,
And boast a friend in Pam?
Yet I can own without a blush,
That I the loser am.

Alas! this happens every day,
And is each night renew'd:
For who with Harrington can play
And fail of being *Loo'd*.

The character of a noted political trimmer and changeable demagogue, of this city, is happily and exactly hit off in the following lines:

O thou, whom all the zephyrs court,
Who lov'st with every breeze to play,
Changing,
Raging,
Whirling,
Twirling,

Veering a thousand times a day.

A very general apprehension begins at length to prevail throughout the kingdom on the subject of the invasion; namely, the *apprehension* that it will not take place. *Lon. pap.*

The Lord's Supper; a Sketch, by B. WEST, R. A. This is the original design of the great picture in the Collegiate Church, Windsor, and is in itself a most admirable production. We have often had occasion to observe of Mr. West's sketches, that they are in general superior to his finished pictures, and perhaps in no one instance was the observation more true than in that before us. As a composition it is a perfect study, which, any attempt to finish, would have robbed of its chief excellence, namely its masterly freedom of outline. *[Lon. pap.]*

LINES WRITTEN ON A HERMITAGE, IN NITHSDALE.

[From vol. ii. of Burns' Works.]

Thou whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deck'd in silken stole
Grave these maxims on thy soul.
Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost:
Hope not sunshine every hour:
Fear not clouds will ever lour
Happiness is but a name;
Make content and ease thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor gleam;
Fame an idle, restless dream,
Peace, the tenderest flower of spring;
Pleasures, insects on the wing.
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butterflies thy own;
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower
For the future be prepar'd,
Guard, wherever thou canst guard;
But, thy utmost duly done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air
Make their consequence thy care;
Keep the name of man in mind,
And dishonor not thy kind,
Reverence with lowly heart,
Him, whose wondrous work thou art.
Keep his goodness still in view,
Thy trust and thy example too
Stranger, go! heaven be thy guide
Quoth the Beadsman of Nith-side.

The English ladies are informed, by a perfumer, that the much esteemed composition, first compounded for the use of the unfortunate Antoniette, and only used by her during her reign, now stands totally unrivalled in its power of removing superfluous hairs, without the least disagreeable sensation, and leaves the skin clear and white, and free from those blemishes on nature's work. It seems that, by the art of perfumers, painters, &c. a woman can now make and unmake herself at pleasure, and

'Seated on a three legg'd chair,
Take off her artificial hair,
Or, picking out a chrystal eye,
May wipe it clean, and lay it by.'

.....In the present age we should scarcely dream that a serious advertisement like the following, should appear in the Morning Chronicle. 'Mrs. Williams, who formerly studied *astrology*, is returned to town, and vends her Batavian tincture for nervous disorders, &c.' This lady, like the Sidrophel of Butler, if thus skilled in the science of the stars, can easily

'Cure warts and corns by application
Of medicines to the imagination,
Know whatsoever's to be known,
But much more than she knows, can own,
What medicine 'twas that Paracelsus
Could make a man with, as he tells us,
When men may eat and drink their fill
And then be temperate if they will,
When use, and when abstain from vice,
Figs, grapes, phlebotomy and spice.'

Most men are governed by custom or authority, not one in ten thousand thinks for himself; and those few who have courage enough to reject the force of either, dare not act up to their freedom, for fear of incurring the censure of singularity.

ORIGINAL POETRY. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lines written after the departure of T. MOORE, Esq. from Philadelphia.

How oft have I seen, at the first blush of morning,
The wretch, to whose eye-lids repose were a treasure,
Turn, sad, on his pillow, and snatch a short slumber,
As fancy, the while, wove her visions of pleasure.

And then in his light-dreams, all fleeting as showers,
That kiss the new grass, in the morning of spring,
His fair one would smile, as he sigh'd all his passion
And, blushing, receive from his fingers the ring.

At a moment like this, the bright vision would vanish!
In vain would he woo the soft god back again,
The dream of his fancy had gone, and he sigh'd
That pleasure should fly from the footsteps of pain.

Thus to me, youthful stranger! (whom fate has permitted,
To charm us, from friends and from country to roam,)
Thyself wert the vision, that fitted before me,
That stole to my bosom, and made it a home.

But the rainbow of evening can linger not long,
Its mellow tints fade, and we watch it in vain,
And the rose bud, that blooms in the morning of May,
Soon loses its sweets—but its thorns still remain.

And yet, if kind mem'ry be doom'd to revive
In me the impressions, affection has wore,
I shall woo her to visit me oft, for I know
She will shew in, my day-dreams, the image of MOORE. JAQUES.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[While our right witty, and dearly beloved, the TRANSLATOR of ANACREON, was delighting a festive group with sentiment and song, the following complimentary verses, written for the occasion, were sung by one of our sweetest minstrels. The company was indebted for the composition to our entertainer, a gentleman of this city, whose wit is as bright as his wine, and whose powers of entertainment are not confined to the banquet he spreads.]

SONG.

As Jove in good humour was taking his glass,
And lounging at ease, in his vast wicker chair;
His cronies delighted the red goblet pass,
And music and merriment ring through the air.

While jesting and laughter and song were in turn,
And all strove to heighten the general mirth;
Jove bellow'd aloud—'What is that I discern?'
And instantly added—'Why *there goes the earth*.'

All ran to the window to see us glide by;
Then seated again, the chat fell upon men—
Morus talk'd of the days, when Joy liv'd in the eye,
And said we should never see such days again.

'And why may they not?' jolly Bacchus replied,
'Let Jupiter send them ANACREON down;
His name is remember'd with honor and pride,
His presence will give to the world new renown.'

The Gods all agree—'tis an excellent thought,
And second the motion, by Bacchus thus made;
But Jupiter set their opinions at naught
And thus the great King of the Gods gravely said.

'I love well these mortals, though sometimes
they err,
And blessings abundant upon them will pour;
The promise thus made, not an instant defer,
You ask for ANACREON, but I will give MOORE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The ensuing stanzas are a second specimen of Mr. MOORE's talents for the terrible.]

REUBEN AND ROSE,

A Tale of Romance,

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

The darkness, which hung upon Willumberg's
walls,
Has long been remember'd with awe and dis-
may;
For years, not a sunbeam has play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd, as shut out from the regions of
day!

Though the vallies were brighten'd by many a
beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle illumine;
And the lightning which flash'd on the neighbour-
ing stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

'Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse?'
Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave;
'It ne'er can dispel,' said the wizard of verse,
'Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk in the
wave!'

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who could be but Reuben, the flower of the
age!
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though youth had scarce written his name on
her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of
dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and sil-
very feet,
It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and
lawn.

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the man in the
cave,
That darkness should cover the castle forever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

She flew to the wizard—'And tell me, oh! tell,
Shall my Reuben no more be restor'd to my
eyes?'
'Yes, yes,—when a spirit shall toll the great
bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall
rise!'

Twice, thrice he repeated 'Your Reuben shall
rise,'
And Rose felt a moment's relief from her pain;
She wip'd, while she listen'd, the tear from her
eyes,
And hop'd she might yet see her hero again!

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his
Rose;
To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
In the lapse of the billows soon found his re-
pose.

How strangely the order of destiny falls!
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,

When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the
walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the day.

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And she heard but the breathings of night in
the air;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And she saw but the foam of the white billow
there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she look'd at the light of the moon in the
stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the
beam.

And now the third night was begemming the
sky,
Poor Rose on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When hark! 'twas the bell that came deep in
the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering
shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was
decay'd,
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the
tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had foretold?
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot
a gleam;
'Twas Reuben, but ah! he was deathly and cold,
And fled away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah!
never!
Then springing beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR!

Happening some time ago to take up a French book of
the *Old School*, entitled, *Le Comte de Valmont, ou les Egaremens de la Raison*, I came to the en-
closed verses, which appear to me, to be so applica-
ble to a certain great Philosopher of this country, that
I could not resist the temptation of enclosing a copy
of them to you for your inspection. If you can obtain
a liberal translation of them, or think them worthy of
publication, such as they are, you will oblige
A Disciple of the Old School.

Philosophe! il s'en donne le nom,
Comme tous ces Messieurs, qui fiers de leur raison,
Se croyant appelés à reformer la terre,
A tous les préjugés ont déclaré la guerre.
Petits pedans obscurs qui pensent à la fois
Eclairer l'univers et régenter les rois;
Fanatiques d'orgueil, dont la folle manie
Est de se croire un droit exclusif au génie;
Flatteurs en affichant le mépris des grandeurs;
De tout ce qu'on revêt audacieux frondeurs;
Pleins de crédulité pour des faits ridicules,*
Et sur tout autre objet sottement incrédules;
Pensant que rien n'échappe à leurs yeux péné-
trans;

Prechant la tolérance, et très intolérans;
Qui sur un tribunal érigé par eux mêmes,
Jugent tous les talens, en arbitres suprêmes;
De quiconque les flatte orgueilleux protecteurs;
De quiconque les brave ardens persecuteurs:

* Witness the Salt Mountain.

Enfin du monde entier s'arrogeant les hommages,
Pour avoir usurpé la qualité de sages.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPIGRAMMA M. ANT. FLAMINII.

Vidisti nitidas per candida lilia guttas
Ludere, cum tenui decidit imber aqua?
Et rorem de puniceis stillare rosetis,
Cum spirat nascens frigora blanda dies?
Hoc facies, hoc est Ligurinae flentis imago,
Illius lachrymis me ferus urit amor.

IMITATION.

Hast thou not seen, as fell the vernal shower,
The glistening drops down some fair lily pour!
Or the clear dews just trickling down the thorn.
What time cool breezes blew, the breath of
morn?

When Ligurina weeps so bright, so clear,
Steals from her pensive eye the pearly tear,
And as adown her lovely cheek it flows
With Cupid's fiercest flame my bosom glows!

A. S.

SELECTED POETRY.

ELEGANT EXTRACT FROM THE LATIN OF CARDINAL BEMBO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As you devote a portion of the Port Folio to 'Selected
Poetry,' permit me to recommend the following
Verses to your attention. POLITIAN has left an
unfinished Monody on the death of his friend and
patron, Lorenzo de Medeci. It was the belief of the
day that Politian died in the actual composition of
this monody. The celebrated Cardinal Bembo taking
advantage of this circumstance, in the following elee-
giac lines represents Politian as 'attempting, by the
power of music, to revoke the fatal decree which had
deprived him of his friend.' The whole elegy presents
to the mind, with uncommon accuracy, a complete
and entire picture, which the pencil might easily de-
lineate. The original is in Latin. the translation by
Roscoe.

Whilst, borne in sable state, LORENZO's bier,
The tyrant death, his proudest triumph brings
He mark'd a bard in agony severe,
Smote with delirious hand the sounding strings.

He stopp'd—he gaz'd—the storm of passion rag'd
And prayers with tears were mingled, tears with
grief;
For lost LORENZO, war with fate he wag'd,
And every God was call'd to bring relief.

The tyrant smil'd—and, mindful of the hour
When from the shades his consort Orpheus led,
'Rebellious too wouldst thou usurp my power,
And burst the chain, that binds the captive dead.'

He spoke! and speaking, launch'd the shaft of fate,
And clos'd the lips that glow'd with sacred fire;
His timeless doom 'twas thus POLITIAN met,
POLITIAN, master of th' Ausonian lyre.

EPIGRAM.

[The following Epigram from the 'Reporter,' is in the
pointed style of the classic Anthologia.]

Once, at a masquerade, a painted fair
Was wand'ring o'er the rooms in piteous case:
'I've lost my mask,' she cry'd with mournful
air:
'No!' said a friend—'you have it on your face.'

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 40.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1804.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM THE GREAT EARL OF CHATHAM.

[The topic of EDUCATION, hackneyed as it has become, is still so momentous and so interesting, whenever brilliant light is shed upon it, by the lamp of wisdom and experience, that the Editor of the Port Folio would be careless of one of the essential objects of his Miscellany, if he did not always, with eagerness communicate to the public whatever is calculated to invigorate the mental powers. Among the various volumes on this subject from Milton's Tractate to Locke's Treatise and Dr. Knox's admirable system, none is more replete with wisdom, goodness, and every just, generous, and magnanimous sentiment, than a collection of letters, just published under the superintendence of Lord GRENVILLE, and with the concurrence of the right honorable William Pitt, the present Premier of Great-Britain, from the celebrated CHATHAM to his Nephew. These excellent epistles were addressed to Thomas Pitt, while at the university of Cambridge; and they exhibit the most lucid proofs of the warmth of their eloquent author's heart, and the soundness of his head. They have for their noble object the formation of a CLASSICAL SCHOLAR, a Beauclerc, with the spirit of a cavalier, the learning of Sir William Jones, the integrity of a Sully, the generosity of a Henry IV, and the piety of a primitive christian. The Editor most fervently hopes that they may become imprinted on the memory of every studious youth in America. They will not, it is true, teach the *Way to Wealth* by the rules of an exciseman's arithmetic, or a pedlar's economy. They will not prepare the youthful mind for Atheism or Fanaticism. On schemes of swindling, they lay no stress, nor do they explode the classical discipline, as the deformity of a monkish age. But all readers, who have not forgotten their ANCESTORS, all who can taste and relish the sweetness of the ancient page, all to whom honour is a habit, and who estimate wisdom and nobleness of mind of higher worth, than wild land, or stock in the Bank of the United States, will peruse and follow the advice of a CHATHAM. May its influence pervade my country, that our sons may be as plants, grown up in their youth, and their manners polished after the similitude of a PALACE.]

LETTERS FROM THE EARL OF CHATHAM TO HIS NEPHEW.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The following letters were addressed by the late Lord Chatham to his nephew Mr. Pitt (afterwards Lord Camelford) then at Cambridge. They are few in number, written for the private use of an individual during a short period of time, and containing only such detached observations on the extensive subjects to which they relate, as occasion might happen to suggest, in the course of familiar correspondence. Yet even these imperfect remains will undoubtedly be received by the public with no common interest, as well from their own intrinsic value, as from the picture, which they display of the character of their author. The editor's wish to do honour to the memory both of the person by whom they were written, and of him to whom they were addressed, would alone have rendered him desirous of making these papers public. But he feels a much higher motive, in the hope of promoting, by such a publication, the inseparable interests of learning, virtue, and religion. By the writers of that school, whose philosophy consists in the degradation of virtue, it has often been triumphantly declared, that no excellence of character

can stand the test of close observation; that no man is a hero to his domestic servants, or to his familiar friends. How much more just, as well as more amiable and dignified, is the opposite sentiment, delivered to us in the words of Plutarch, and illustrated throughout all his writings! 'Real virtue,' says that inimitable moralist, 'is most loved, where it is most nearly seen: and no respect which it commands from strangers, can equal the never-ceasing admiration it excites in the daily intercourse of domestic life.' Τῆς ἀληθινῆς ἀρετῆς καλλίστη φάνηται τὰ μέγιστα φαινόμενα καὶ τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀνδρῶν ἐνδὴ οὐκ ἀνυμνεῖται τοῖς ἱσθίοις, ὡς ἡ καὶ ἡμεῖς βίος τοῖς συνόντι.

PLUT. VIT. PERICLIS.

The following correspondence, imperfect as it is, (and who will not lament that many more such letters are not preserved?) exhibits a great orator, statesman and patriot, in one of the most interesting relations of private society. Not, as in the cabinet or senate, enforcing by a vigorous and commanding eloquence, those councils to which his country owed her pre-eminence and glory; but implanting with parental kindness into the mind of an ingenuous youth, seeds of wisdom and virtue, which ripened into full maturity in the character of a most accomplished man: directing him to the acquisition of knowledge,* as the best instrument of action; teaching him by the cultivation of his reason, to strengthen and establish in his heart those principles of moral rectitude which were congenial to it; and, above all, exhorting him to regulate the whole conduct of his life by the predominant influence of gratitude, and obedience to God, as the only sure groundwork of every human duty!

What parent, anxious for the character and success of a son, born to any liberal station in this great and free country, would not, in all that related to his education, gladly have resorted to the advice of such a man? What youthful spirit, animated by any desire of future excellence, and looking for the gratification of that desire, in the pursuits of honorable ambition, or in the conscientiousness of an upright, active, and useful life, would not embrace with transport any opportunity of listening on such a subject to the lessons of Lord Chatham? They are here before him. Not delivered with the authority of a preceptor, or a parent, but tempered by the affection of a friend towards a disposition and character well entitled to such regard.

On that disposition and character the editor forbears to enlarge. Their best panegyric will be found in the following pages. Lord Camelford is there described such as Lord Chatham judged him in the first dawn of his youth, and such as he continued to his latest hour. The same snavity of manners, and steadiness of principle, the same correctness of judgment, and integrity of heart, distinguished him through life; and the same affectionate attachment from those who knew him best has followed him beyond the grave.

* Ingenium illustre altioribus studiis juvenis admodum dedit; non ut nomine magnifico segne otium velaret, sed quo firmiter adversus fortuita Mem publicam capesseret.

Quæ Gratia vivo—

—Eadem sequitur tellure repōstum!

Of the course of study which these letters recommend, little can be necessary to be said by their editor. He is however anxious that a publication, calculated to produce extensive benefit, should not in any single point mislead even the most superficial reader: nor would he, with all the deference which he owes to the authority of Lord Chatham, willingly appear to concur in the recommendation or censure of any works, on which his own judgment is materially different from that, which he is now the instrument of delivering to the world.

It will be obvious to every reader on the slightest perusal of the following letters, that they were never intended to comprize a perfect system of education, even for the short portion of time to which they relate. Many points in which they will be found deficient, were undoubtedly supplied by frequent opportunities of personal intercourse, and much was left to the general rules of study established at an English university. Still less therefore should the temporary advice addressed to an individual, whose previous education had laboured under some disadvantage, be understood as a general dissuasive from the cultivation of Grecian literature. The sentiments of Lord Chatham were in direct opposition to any such opinion. The manner in which, even in these letters, he speaks of the first of poets, and the greatest of orators; and the stress which he lays on the benefits to be derived from their immortal works, could leave no doubt of his judgment on this important point. That judgment was afterwards most unequivocally manifested, when he was called upon to consider the question with a still higher interest, not only as a friend and guardian, but also as a father.

A diligent study of the poetry, the history, the eloquence, and the philosophy of Greece, an intimate acquaintance with those writings which have been the admiration of every age, and the models of all succeeding excellence, would undoubtedly have been considered by him as an essential part of any general plan for the education of an English gentleman, born to share in the councils of his country. Such a plan must also have comprized a much higher progress, than is here traced out, in mathematics, in the science of reason, in natural,* and in moral philosophy;

* A passage has been quoted above from the *Life of Pericles*. The editor cannot refrain from once more referring his reader to the same beautiful work, for the description of the benefits which that great statesman derived from the study of natural philosophy.

The lessons of Anaxagoras, says our author, gave elevation to his soul, and sublimity to his eloquence; they diffused over the whole tenor of his life a temperate and majestic grandeur; taught him to raise his thoughts from the works of nature to the contemplation of that *Perfect and Pure Intelligence* from which they originate; and, (as Plutarch expresses it, in words that might best describe a Christian philosopher) insilled into his mind, instead of the dark and fearful superstition of his times, that piety which is confirmed by Reason and animated by Hope: ἀντὶ τῆς φεβερῆς καὶ φαινεύουσας διανοουμένης τῆς ἀσφαλῆς καὶ ἐλπίδος ἀγαθῶν ἐνδείκναι ἐντολή.

including in the latter the proofs and doctrines of that revelation, by which it has been perfected. Nor would the work have been considered by him as finished, until on these foundations there had been built an accurate knowledge of the origin, nature, and safeguards of government and civil liberty; of the principles of public and municipal law; and of the theory of political, commercial, financial, and military administration; as resulting from the investigation of philosophy, and as exemplified in the lessons both of ancient and of modern history.

I call that, says Milton, 'a complete and generous education, which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war.'

This is the purpose to which all knowledge is subordinate; the test of all intellectual and all moral excellence. It is the end to which the lessons of Lord Chatham are uniformly directed. May they contribute to promote and encourage its pursuit! Recommended, as they must be, to the heart of every reader, by their warmth of sentiment and eloquence of language; deriving additional weight from the affectionate interest, by which they were dictated; and most of all enforced by the influence of his own great example, and by the authority of his venerable name.

Dropmore, Dec. 3, 1803.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR CHILD,

I am extremely pleased with your translation now it is writ over fair. It is very close to the sense of the original, and done, in many places, with much spirit, as well as the numbers not lame, or rough. However, an attention to Mr. Pope's numbers will make you avoid some ill sounds, and hobbling of the verse, by only transposing a word or two, in many instances. I have, upon reading the Eclogue over again, altered the third, fourth, and fifth lines, in order to bring them nearer to the Latin, as well as to render some beauty which is contained in the repetition of words in tender passages; for example, *Nos Patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva, Nos Patriam fugimus. Tu Thyre lentus in umbrâ Formosam resonare doces Amarvillida Sylvas.* We leave our native land, these fields so sweet, Our country leave: At ease, in cool retreat, You Thyrsis bid the woods fair Daphne's name repeat. I will desire you to write over another copy with this alteration, and also to write smooaks in the plural number, in the last line but one. You give me great pleasure, my dear child, in the progress you have made. I will recommend to Mr. Leach to carry you quite through Virgil's *Æneid* from beginning to ending. Pray shew him this letter, with my service to him, and thanks for his care of you. For English poetry, I recommend Pope's translation of Homer, and Dryden's Fables in particular. I am not sure, if they are not called Tales instead of Fables. Your cousin, whom I am sure you can overtake, if you will, has read Virgil's *Æneid* quite through, and much of Horace's Epistles. Terence's plays I would also desire Mr. Leach to make you perfect master of. Your cousin has read them all. Go on my dear, and you will at least equal him. You are so good that I have nothing to wish but that you may be directed to proper books; and I trust to your spirit, and desire to be praised for things that deserve praise, for the figure you will hereafter make. God bless you, my dear child.

Your most affectionate uncle.

LETTER II.

Bath, October 12, 1751.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

As I have been moving about from place to place, your letter reached me here, at Bath; but very lately, after making a considerable circuit

to find me. I should have otherwise, my dear child, returned you thanks for the very great pleasure you have given me, long before now. The very good account you give me of your studies, and that delivered in very good Latin, for your time, has filled me with the highest expectation of your future improvements: I see the foundations so well laid, that I do not make the least doubt you will become a perfect good scholar; and have the pleasure and applause that will attend the several advantages hereafter, in the future course of your life, that you can only acquire now by your emulation and noble labours in the pursuit of learning, and of every acquirement that is to make you superior to other gentlemen. I rejoice to hear that you have begun Homer's *Iliad*; and have made so great a progress in Virgil. I hope you taste and love those authors particularly. You cannot read them too much: they are not only the two greatest poets, but they contain the finest lessons for your age to imbibe: lessons of honour, courage, disinterestedness, love of truth, command of temper, gentleness of behaviour, humanity, and in one word, virtue in its true signification. Go on, my dear nephew, and drink as deep as you can of these divine springs: the pleasure of the draught is equal at least to the prodigious advantages of it to the heart and morals. I hope you will drink them as somebody does in Virgil, of another sort of cup: *Ille Impiger hausit spumantem Pateram.*

I shall be highly pleased to hear from you, and to know what authors give you most pleasure. I desire my service to Mr. Leech: pray tell him I will write to him soon about your studies.

I am, with the greatest affection,

My dear child,

Your loving uncle.

LETTER III.

Bath, January 12, 1754.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

Your letter from Cambridge affords me many very sensible pleasures: first, that you are at last in a proper place for study and improvement, instead of losing any more of that most precious thing, time, in London. In the next place that you seem pleased with the particular society you are placed in, and with the gentleman to whose care and instructions you are committed: and above all I applaud the sound, right sense, and love of virtue, which appears through your whole letter. You are already possessed of the true clue to guide you through this dangerous and perplexing part of your life's journey, the years of education; and upon which, the complexion of all the rest of your days will infallibly depend: I say you have the true clue to guide you, in the maxim you lay down in your letter to me, namely, that the use of learning is, to render a man more wise and virtuous; not merely to make him more learned. *Macte tuâ Virtute:* Go on, my dear boy, by this golden rule, and you cannot fail to become every thing your generous heart prompts you to wish to be, and that mine most affectionately wishes for you. There is but one danger in your way; and that is, perhaps, natural enough to your age, love of pleasure, or the fear of close application and laborious diligence. With the last there is nothing you may not conquer: and the first is sure to conquer and enslave whoever does not strenuously and generously resist the first allurements of it, lest by small indulgencies, he fall under the yoke of irresistible *Vitanda est Improbâ Siren, Desidia,* I dare say may be affixt to the curtains of your bed, and to the walls of your chambers. If you do not rise early, you never can make any progress

worth talking of; and another rule is, if you do not set apart your hours of reading, and never suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands, unprofitably and frivolously; unpraised by all you wish to please, and really unenjoyable to yourself. Be assured, whatever you take from pleasure, amusements, or indolence, for these first few years of your life, will repay you a hundred fold, in the pleasures, honours, and advantages of all the remainder of your days. My heart is so full of the most earnest desire that you should do well, that I find my letter has run into some length, which you will, I know, be so good to excuse. There remains now nothing to trouble you with but a little plan for the beginning of your studies, which I desire, in a particular manner, may be exactly followed in every tittle. You are to qualify yourself for the part in society, to which your birth and estate call you. You are to be a gentleman of such learning and qualifications as may distinguish you in the service of your country hereafter; not a pedant, who reads only to be called learned, instead of considering learning as an instrument only for action. Give me leave, therefore, my dear nephew, who have gone before you, to point out to you the dangers in your road; to guard you against such things, as I experience my own defects to arise from; and at the same time, if I have had any little successes in the world, to guide you to what I have drawn many helps from. I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman who is your tutor, but I dare say he is every way equal to such a charge, which I think no small one. You will communicate this letter to him, and I hope he will be so good to concur with me, as to the course of study I desire you may begin with; and that such books, and such only, as I have pointed out, may be read. They are as follows: Euclid; a course of Logic; a course of experimental Philosophy; Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*; his *Treatise on Government*, and *Letters on Toleration*. I desire, for the present, no books of poetry, but Horace and Virgil: of Horace the Odes, but above all, the *Epistles and Ars Poetica*. These parts, *Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.* Tully de *Officiis*, de *Amicitia*, de *Senectute*. His *Catilinarian Orations* and *Philippics*. Sallust. At leisure hours, an abridgment of the History of England to be run through in order to settle in the mind a general chronological order and series of principal events, and succession of kings; proper books of English history, on the true principles of our happy constitution, shall be pointed out afterwards. Burnet's History of the Reformation, abridged by himself, to be read with great care. Father Paul on *beneficiary Matters*, in English. A French master, and only Moliere's Plays to be read with him, or by yourself, till you have gone through them all. Spectators, especially Mr. Addison's papers, to be read very frequently at broken times in your room. I make it my request that you will forbear drawing, totally, while you are at Cambridge: and not meddle with Greek, otherwise than to know a little the etymology of words in Latin, or English, or French: nor to meddle with Italian. I hope this little course will soon be run through: I intend it as a general foundation for many things, of infinite utility, to come as soon as this is finished.

Believe me,

With the truest affection,

My dear nephew,

Ever yours.

Keep this letter and read it again.

[To be Continued.]

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

Of the other Harangues of Cicero.

This single extract, among so many others, would be sufficient to make us feel all the flexibility of the talents of Cicero. It was necessary to throw out of the balance of justice, the weight, which such a name as that of Cato might have in it. He dares to employ ridicule against it; but, if he had not known, how to blunt the point of it, they would not have tolerated him, in making use of it against a man so revered. The cause of Cato would have become that of all honest men, and even of those, who were not such: for, when virtue is generally acknowledged, even those, who love it not, would have it respected: this is a homage, which costs but little, and engages to nothing. With what ability, with what address, he separates the person of Cato, from his doctrines! how he sports gently with one, without weakening in any thing the veneration, which was due to the other! his strokes, in falling on the stoicism of Cato, never reach him; it is, in overwhelming him with panegyrics, that he takes away from him, without being perceived, all the authority of his opinion. For, from the moment that he succeeded in rousing a smile, without offending him, gravity lost all its power; there was no longer any room for it. Accordingly, Cato himself could not preserve his own; he could not himself refrain from smiling, at the portrait which Cicero drew of the stoical rigour; and, half laughing and half scolding, he said, on going out of the audience: In truth, we have a very merry consul.

They were such morsels as these, by which the orator moderated, as far as he could, the austerity of judiciary discussions; they were this sort of episodes, always happily placed, which relaxed the judges, from the fatigues of the quarrels at the bar, the bitterness of juridical controversies, and the bawlings of the advocates. It was this that rendered the eloquence of Cicero so agreeable to the Romans, and caused to be collected with so much avidity, all his harangues, as soon as he had pronounced them. No man ever possessed, in the same degree, the art of diffusing charms over matters of the driest nature; and the true criterion of superiority, is, to be able thus to render himself master of every subject, and to know, in treating of all the varieties, how to seize the tone and the measure of all.

He practiced the same skill again, in pleading the cause of Archias, a celebrated Greek poet, whose title, as a Roman citizen, was very improperly contested. He was born at Antioch; but he had received the rights of a citizen at Heraclea, an allied city, which enjoyed the privileges of Roman citizenship. The archives of this city had been burnt in the time of the social war; and eight and twenty years afterwards, one Gracius, an enemy of Archias, would turn against him this accident, which deprived him of the proof of his title. Fortunately he had in his favour the testimony of Lucullus, whose protection had procured him this favour from the inhabitants of Heraclea. He was defended by Cicero; and the orator informs us, in his exordium, of the rights, which the poet had to his friendship, and even to his gratitude. It is a general observation, that Cicero, in every cause he argues, commences, by establishing the personal motives, which determined him to espouse it; and the pains he takes, in laying the foundation

well, prove, that independently of the cause itself, there were other individual proprieties to be observed, that he might undertake, with general approbation, the part of an accuser, or a defender. It was, for men of consideration, a public function, frequently connected with the interest of the state, very different from that croud of little private law-suits, which the orators of reputation, and the men in office, abandoned to subaltern advocates, to those, who are designated in Latin by a word, which signifies, pleaders of causes, *causidici*. The prosecution of Archias, seemed to be of this last description. It presented only the discussion of a simple fact, which depended, chiefly, on the evidence of testimony, and required only a few minutes of discussion. The discourse of Cicero is not more, than the reading of half an hour, and the fact itself, occupies less than four pages. The rest is an eulogium on poetry and letters, the advantages and pleasures to be derived from them, and the honours, which are due to them. It seems, that Cicero, who, every where, makes profession of an extreme love of poetry, and of those who cultivate it, must have been very happy, to have such an opportunity of presenting them his homage. It was very flattering to Archias, to undertake his defence. We shall soon see, that this conduct does no less honour to the character of Cicero, than to the merit of his client.

The distance, between a Roman consul and a Greek poet, was very great, and the causes demanded not the efforts of an orator. Accordingly, the harangue has scarcely any thing in common with those of the judiciary kind. It resembles much more the demonstrative; and, after having seen Cicero in the sublime and the simple, I have chosen this morsel, as an example of that tempered style, which is characterised by grace, by sweetness, and embellishment.

"If I have any talents, Judges, (and I feel how few they are); any habits of speaking, (and, I acknowledge, they are no more than common); any knowledge in the art of oratory, drawn from the study of letters, which have never been strangers to me, in any part of my life, I am indebted to Licinius Archias, for all these advantages, whatever they may be, and he has a right, to require the fruit and reward of them. As far as my memory can return upon past times, and my earliest years, I perceive him directing my first studies, and introducing me into the course I have pursued, and, if my voice, confirmed and encouraged by his instructions, has been sometimes useful to my fellow citizens, I ought, indubitably, as far as in me lies, to assist him, who has put me in a condition to serve others. What I now say, may surprise those, who attend only to the difference, which they perceive between the nature of my labours, and those of Archias; but eloquence has not been my only study, and all the arts, which relate to the cultivation of the understanding, have with each other a near relation, and belong to the same family.

"Perhaps, also, they may be surprised, that, in a question of law, in a prosecution, which is argued in public, before a Prætor so distinguished, and Judges of such gravity, in presence of so numerous an assembly, I employ a language wholly different from that of the bar; but it is a liberty, which I expect from the indulgence of my Judges, and, I hope, it will not displease them. The character of the accused, a man of letters, an excellent poet, whose leisure and whose labours have always been at an equal distance from the altercations and the noise of the tribunals; the concourse of men of letters, who are drawn together by his cause; your taste for the fine arts, which he cultivates, and that of the

magistrate, who presides over this trial; all authorise me, to believe, that you will allow me to depart a little from the ordinary method; and, if I obtain from you this favour, I flatter myself, I shall demonstrate, that, not only Archias ought not to be cut off from the number of our fellow citizens, but even if he were not one, he would deserve now to be admitted.

"Born of a noble family of Antioch, a city anciently celebrated and opulent, full of learned men, and flourishing in arts and letters, Archias had scarcely completed the studies of infancy, when his writing placed him in the first rank. Very soon he became so celebrated in Asia and in Greece, that his arrival in every city, became a festival; the expectation and curiosity he excited, exceeded his renown; and when they had heard him, this expectation was even exceeded by their admiration.

"Grecian literature was thus diffused throughout Italy, cultivated in all the Latin cities, more than they are at this day, and favoured in Rome itself, by the tranquility which the Republic enjoyed. The people of Tarentum, of Rhegium, and of Naples, were zealous to honour Archias with the rights of citizenship, and with rewards of every kind; and all those, who were qualified to judge of talents, regarded him as a man, whose adoption did them honour.

"Marius and Catulus were consuls when he came to Rome, where his reputation had arrived before him. He there found two great men, one of whom might furnish him great actions to celebrate; the other, uniting with the glory of military exploits, a good taste, and great knowledge, was worthy to hear him, who could sing them. Archias, already clothed with the pretextal robe, was received in the house of Lucullus; and he owes, not only to his genius and writings, but also to his character and manners, this honourable advantage, that the house, in which his youth was entertained, is still, at this day, the asylum of his old age. He was welcome to Metellus, the Numidian, and his son; Emilius heard him with pleasure; he lived with the two Catuli, father and son; Lucius Crassus cultivated his acquaintance; he was closely connected with the whole family of Lucullus, Hortensius, Octavius, Drusus, and Cato; and it is, moreover, an honour for him, that, among those, who sought his friendship, some were influenced by taste, and, because they knew how to value and enjoy his talents, and others wished to make a merit of it."

[To be continued.]

[FROM A FOREIGN JOURNAL.]

CRITICISM

On Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. By Hugh Blair, D. D.

Dr. Blair has analysed some of the compositions of Atterbury, Swift, and Addison; and his observations on their inelegant and ungrammatical expressions will be useful to every one, who wishes to write the English language with purity and precision. We hope therefore he will excuse us, if we take the liberty to point out some of the inaccuracies, which we have observed in these Lectures.

We shall not always attempt to correct his expressions, as it may frequently be necessary to alter the structure of the sentence; and in some cases, the best emendation is not to substitute one word for another, but to omit the whole period, or at least the most exceptionable part of it.

'Terms and phrases, which border too much on vulgar and colloquial language, to be proper for being employed in a polished composition.' p. 427, 4to. edit.

Bating these two slight inaccuracies, 458. Bating this expression, there is nothing that can

be subject to the least reprehension. 480. ii. 294. 437.—*Excepting* is preferable to *bating* in these passages.

Neither are the abilities of any human writer sufficient to supply a continued *run* of unmixed sublime conceptions. 76.—a continued *series*.

In this, and other instances, a more attentive review may probably suggest better emendations than those, which we shall occasionally subjoin.

This general idea must direct the *run* of our composition. 265.—the *tenor* of our composition; or, the *modulation* of our periods.

Such attentions as these are requisite in the common *run* of style. 285.—requisite in *composition*.

A sentiment, which is expressed in a period clearly, neatly, and happily arranged, makes always a stronger impression on the mind, than one that is *any how* feeble or embarrassed. 245.—in *any respect* feeble.

If these be *any how* connected. 333.

The French language surpasses ours, *by far*, in expressing the nicer shades of character. 174.—*by far* may be omitted.

More instances of the true language of nature can [may] be quoted from Shakespeare, than from all other tragic poets *put together*. ii. 511.—all other tragic poets *united*.

We are *every now and then* interrupted by unnatural thoughts. ii. 523.

Some circumstance *poops out*, which ought to have been omitted. 253.—*appears*.

When, to our surprise, a new MEMBER *poops out* upon us. 490.—*presents itself*, or *appears*.

Agamemnon *pitches upon* Briseis. ii. 429.—*demande* Briseis.

All *pitch upon* some one beauty. 28. I *pitched upon* it for the subject of this exercise. 495. He *pitched upon* the war of Troy. ii. 408. Some great enterprize, which he *pitches upon*. ii. 409. *Pitch upon* some moving and interesting story. ii. 480.—*Choose*, or, *select*.

Eloquence rejoices in the *bursts* of loud applause. ii. 35.—rejoices in loud applause.

Poetry included then the whole *burst* of the human mind. ii. 322.—the whole *effusion* of the human mind, or all the *productions*, &c.

The response is made by the *burst* of the whole chorus. ii. 390.—by the whole chorus.

It is the *burst* of inspiration. ii. 399.—the *language* of inspiration.

More instructive to the *bulk* of hearers. ii. 170. The *bulk* of readers. ii. 287. 347. 356.—The *generality*.

Milton has *chalked out* for himself a new road in poetry. ii. 471.

No subject *bias fairer* for being favourable to poetry. ii. 337.—*seems* to be more favourable. To *bid fair* is a vulgarism.

What is called the *anapest*. 173. To rest either on a long, or on a *penult* long syllable. 260, &c.—The word *penult* is an abbreviation, as barbarous as *phyz* and *plenijo*.

AUWKWARD PHRASES.

This much may suffice to have said concerning witticism. 40. *This much* is sufficient to have said upon the subject of beauty. 91. *Before concluding* this lecture. 79. A sick or drunk person. 74.

The most useful art, of which men are *possessed*. 125.—It would be much better, in general, to use this verb in the active form: 'which men *possess*.'

In order to extend *some farther* the first method. 128. The first rude inventors of language would be long of arriving at such general terms. 151. The excuse can rarely, if ever, be *sustained*. 185. With respect to this distribution, *somewhat* singular hath obtained in the structure of language. 145. Which is left *lagging* behind,

like a *tail* adjoined to the sentence; *somewhat* that, as Mr. Pope describes the Alexandrine line,

'Like a wounded snake, draws its slow length along.' 223.—

I just express my thoughts in the simplest manner *possible*. 273. A concise writer compresses his thoughts into the fewest *possible* words. 371. Only *before* proceeding to this. 276. It is the sentiment or passion, which lies under the figured expression, that gives it *any* merit. 277.

Make the application of it *be understood*. 210. To make his subject *be better understood*. 344.—To *illustrate* his subject.

He was fonder of *nothing* than of wit and railery. 397. In his reasonings, *for most* part, he is flimsy and false. 400. 451. *For in place of meaning* to say, that the Latin spoken in Britain was not so debased as *what* was spoken in Gaul and Spain, he means just the contrary. 485. In order to make it *be* distinctly apprehended. 488. *Before entering* on any of these heads. ii. 1. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has given us upon the orations of Isocrates, *as also* upon those of some other Greek orators, a full and regular treatise. ii. 17. The disguise can *almost never* be so perfect, *but* it is discovered. ii. 55. 330. *But for* the truths of religion, *with* the greater simplicity and the less mixture of art they are set forth, they are likely to prove the more successful. ii. 104. Some things, which he may *only shortly* touch. ii. 110. The extreme of *overdoing* in accuracy. ii. 118. I would *advise* it to be always treated with brevity. ii. 131.

The French writers of sermons study neatness and elegance in *laying down* their heads. ii. 171.—The author means, *in the division of their subjects*.

The middle pitch is that which he employs in common conversation, and which he should use *for ordinary* in public discourse. ii. 206.—*For ordinary* is a Scotticism.

He who should tell another that he was very angry, or *very grieved*. ii. 217. Nature must always have done *somewhat*. ii. 228. That *profession* to which he *addicts* himself. ii. 234. It may be fit, therefore, that *before proceeding* farther, I make some observations. ii. 247. When an historian is much *given to dissertation*. ii. 270. Fewer had the means and opportunities of distinguishing themselves *than now*. ii. 255. We *will* read him without pleasure, or most probably we shall soon *give over* to read him at all. ii. 274. They are *much formed* upon the ancients. ii. 283. She *broke into* a smile, *as if* she had *seemed* to say, I will wear you, &c. ii. 351. He must *reckon upon* finding characters. ii. 429.

The best French tragedies make not a deep enough impression on the heart. ii. 518.—do not make a *sufficient* impression.

The plays of Plautus and Terence, both of *whom* were *formed upon* the Greek writers. ii. 537.—*The plays*, which were formed.

REDUNDANCIES.—Sentences, as the author rightly observes, should be cleared of redundant words, and redundant members.' p. 227.

The small stock of words, which men *as yet* possessed. 106. Let us proceed to consider of the style of language, 111. The main design of this lecture is to consider of the means to be used for improvement in eloquence. ii. 228. To *unite together* copiousness and precision. 203. Going *before* them, or following *after* them. 281. What goes *before*, and immediately follows *after*. 293. 415. What goes *before* may give light to what follows *after*. ii. 169. Inserted into what follows *after*. ii. 262. The more exactly *that* this track is pursued, the more *that* eloquence is properly studied, the more shall we be guarded, &c. ii. 5. Provided always *that* so much unity be preserved. ii. 109. He must always take care,

that *any* such allusions be natural and easy. ii. 116. But *for you*, whenever I hear you, I go away displeased with myself. ii. 126. It must needs give pleasure, if we *shall* find the beauty and dignity of the composition adequate to the weight and importance of the matter. ii. 385. The more *that* this unity is rendered sensible to the imagination, the effect will be the better. ii. 413. The nearer *that* a poet can bring the representation to an imitation of nature, the impression will be the more perfect. ii. 510.

Passages, in which things are supposed to be in *own* class, and, at the same time, represented as belonging to *another*.

The relations, which, of all *others*, we have the most frequent occasion to mention. 150. The relations which, of all *others*, is *by far* the most fruitful of tropes. 293. Our past misfortunes afford a circumstance, the most favourable of all *others*, to our future hopes. ii. 63. Sure of acquiring that fame, and even veneration, which is, of all *other* rewards, the greatest incentive to genius. ii. 255.

THE SUPERLATIVE degree instead of the COMPARATIVE.

Which of these two methods is of the greatest utility and beauty. 152. Of the two it is the *easiest* extreme. 217. When our sentence consists of two members, the *longest* should, generally, be the concluding one. 238. It remains, to this day, in doubt, whether his beauties or his faults be *greatest*. ii. 523.

DOUBLE COMPARATIVES.

Lesser differences. 27. Attend to all the *lesser* and more refined graces. 43. ii. 22. The *lesser* forms of poetry. ii. 335.—*Lesser* is a corruption of *less*; but the author has innumerable authorities for the use of it.

Adjectives having a SUPERLATIVE signification, improperly used in a COMPARATIVE sense, or compared by *more* and *most*.

The characters of taste, when brought to its *most perfect* state, are reducible to two, delicacy and correctness. 23.—*Most perfect*, though a common, is not an eligible expression; because *perfect*, being an absolute term, cannot with strict propriety be used comparatively. In this passage it would be better to say, its *perfect*, or, its *most improved* state.

Nothing that belongs to human nature is *more universal* than the relish of beauty. 17. The foundation, upon which they rest, is what has been found from experience to please mankind *most universally*. 31. We can conceive no motive, which would *more universally* operate upon men. 102. The vehement manner of speaking by tones and gestures became not *so universal*. 116. Music is known to have been a more extensive art among them, than it is with us; *more universally* studied. 252. The practice of reading sermons has prevailed *so universally* in England. ii. 43. Nothing has so great and *universal* a command over the minds of men as virtue. ii. 230. The reputation of *great* ancient classics being so early, so lasting, *so universal*, among all the most polished nations. ii. 252. Thuanus has, by attempting to make the history of his own times *too universal*, fallen into the same error. ii. 266.—We may say, more *general*, *more extensive*, &c. but we cannot, with any propriety, say *more universal*.

ADJECTIVES instead of ADVERBS.

We can *much easier* form the conception of a fierce combat between two men, than between a bull and a tiger. 351.—We can *more easily*. It might be requisite for them to be *exceeding* full. ii. 110.

[To be continued.]

MISCELLANY.

ON THE UTILITY OF AMUSEMENTS TO OLD AGE.

It is a natural conclusion from the shortness of life, that none of it should be thrown away; and it is therefore thought wonderful, that there should be many contrivances, to abbreviate the duration of what is confessed already to be too much circumscribed. Now pastimes, of all kinds, are considered as contrivances, to wear away time without reflection, and are therefore censured by severe philosophy, as arguing absurdity in man, who is forever lamenting the brevity of his existence. But, as man is constituted, it must be denied, that the time spent in amusement, is always thrown away; and, perhaps, time thus spent, will be found to lengthen, rather than to abbreviate our duration.

It contributes, when under the restraint of moderation, to confirm health and exhilarate the spirits; both which effects of it not only become causes of long life, but also enable a man to act with vigour and efficacy in the employments of a profession, and in the common duties of society. Thus it not only renders life more comfortable, but more useful.

It is, however, true, that, in the vigorous seasons of youth and health, some serious and important employment should be engaged in, which may serve society, advance the interests of a family, or elevate the meritorious individual in the ranks of civil life.

But in old age, when these ends shall have been accomplished, and infirmities begin to increase,* the active mind will still require an object, and the object ought to be of such a kind, as agitates moderately, not like the storm, but like the gentle breeze of a fine summer evening.

Hobby-horses are very desirable at all ages; but necessary in old age, when the sources of amusement begin to fail. It was this, which induced the sensible and experienced Geron to keep an aviary. He had relinquished a busy life, and retired from London to a little country town, where, though there was an agreeable neighbourhood, there were few diversions but those of cards; which, notwithstanding he liked them very well, could not occupy all his time and attention. They are chiefly a winter, and an evening amusement, and he wanted some pastime, besides reading, for the summer and for his mornings. He therefore built a little room in his garden, and fitted it up, with admirable contrivance, as an aviary. The building of it, the conveniences, and the improvements, which he was continually adding, caused him much pleasure: and it soon became an object of high ambition, to breed the most beautiful Canary birds. He succeeded in his attempts, and, more than once, carried the prize, given by a society of bird-fanciers, for producing a bird of the finest plumage. He taught bulfinches to pipe a tune, and made them presents to his friends, as instances of singular favour. He reared nightingales from the nest, and attended them with all a parent's solicitude. The delicate, the elegant woodlark was one of his first favourites, and he listened with fresh delight, when his birds warbled their morning-melody, which he fancifully considered as songs of gratitude and love to himself, in return for food and protection.

But, that he might secure variety, which is necessary to add a zest to amusement, he has added several other hobby-horses to this his first favourite. He has acquired a taste for tulips, and prides himself, on making a more beautiful

display of this gaudy flower in the month of May, than any florist in his vicinity. I called it a gaudy flower; but I speak like an inelegant spectator, when I use a contemptuous epithet in mentioning it; for, though to a common eye, a bed of tulips presents only a glare of vivid colours, to a connoisseur it exhibits peculiar elegance, as well as finery. Geron views his tulips with the affection and complacency of a lover.

The garden affords him many sources of amusement. He attends not indeed to the olitory, and his strength will not permit him to take an active part in the labours of horti-culture. But he has a small green-house, to every part of which he gives a daily attention; and its various beauty amply repays him, as indeed nothing is more grateful, in return for care and labour, than the tribe of vegetables.

To add to his amusements, he has stocked a fish-pond in a meadow adjoining to his little garden; and, instead of taking out all the fish at once, by emptying the pond, or drawing it, which is the usual practice of country gentlemen, he makes a rule, that no fish shall be caught out of it, but by angling, which he thinks the only fair method of fishing, among those who fish for diversion. His strength will not permit him to follow the piscatory sport in the river, as he can neither stand long, nor walk a great way; and he has the sense, wherever he cannot accommodate the nature of the diversion to himself, to submit himself to the nature of the diversion.

He has many little amusements in the house, as well as in the aviary, the garden, and canal. As he is properly disposed in religious matters, the reading of the Scriptures, with a comment, and of pious books of the best characters, fills up agreeably as well as usefully, an hour or two every day; but more especially, when the weather is rainy, or in any respect, inclement and unpleasant.

Visits, and cards, in moderation, contribute to enliven his time in an agreeable vicissitude; and, the consequence of his wise distribution of his leisure hours, he enjoys a cheerfulness, which contributes, perhaps, more than any thing else, to health and longevity.

His neighbour Bibo ridicules his amusements as trifling and puerile. Bibo is nearly as old as Geron; but he is not yet free from youthful vanity. He is an old beau, sportsman, gamester, and bottle companion; but his infirmities often prevent him from acting in these characters; and when, on a good day, (as he calls it, whenever he is tolerably well) he attempts them, he never acquits himself to his own satisfaction. Old age, and the depredations of time, are his great complaint. He has no resource in himself, and cultivates no taste for domestic and harmless diversions. He mopes over the fire, in the morning, and the bottle, in the afternoon. Melancholy and bodily disease, increased by indolence and excess, accelerate the evils, and aggravate the pains, of age.

How happy would Bibo have been, if he had condescended to give up the gravity of the gamester, and the affectation of the beau, and adopted a taste for some innocent hobby-horse, which he now despises as too childish and unimportant to deserve his notice.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PORTRAITS OF BONAPARTE.

BY VARIOUS PAINTERS.

Bonaparte is rather below the middle size, somewhat inclined to stoop and thin in person; but, though of a slight make, he appears to be muscular, and capable of fatigue; his forehead is broad and shaded by dark brown hair, which

is cut short behind; his eyes, of the same colour, are full, quick and prominent; his nose is aquiline, his chin protuberant and pointed; his complexion of a yellow hue; and his cheeks hollow. His countenance, which is of a melancholy cast, expresses much sagacity and reflection; his manner is grave and deliberate, but at the same time open. On the whole, his aspect announces him to be of a temperate and phlegmatic disposition, but warm and tenacious in the pursuit of his object, and impatient of contradiction.

Paris as it was, and as it is.

The first consul is a well made little man with fine teeth and hands, black eyes, and a nose somewhat approaching to the Roman; complexion very sallow, and cheeks sunk in; features sharp. He wears his dark brown hair combed down in front, and cropped very short behind and round the ears. He keeps a firm and graceful seat on horseback, and his person is then seen to most advantage. He has an intelligent spirit in his countenance, and an eye that bespeaks an uncommon mind. At the grand parade he generally wears a plain cocked hat and blue coat with a scarlet collar, white waistcoat and nankeen or white kerseymere pantaloons with half boots. His white charger was the trained favourite of Louis the sixteenth.

Morrice's View of Modern France.

As he passed several times before the window where I sat, I had ample opportunity to examine his countenance, his figure, his dress and his manner. His complexion is uncommonly sallow, his countenance expressive but stern, his figure little but well made, and his whole person, like the mind which it contains, singular and remarkable. If I were compelled to compare him to any one, I should name Kemble the actor. Though Bonaparte is much less in size and less handsome than that respectable performer, yet in the construction of the features and in the general expression there is a strong resemblance. There is, however, such originality about the appearance of the first consul, that, without having seen him, it is difficult to form an idea of his person. The bust of him in *Sevre china*, which is very common at Paris, and which has probably become equally so in London, is the best likeness of him I have ever seen.

A Rough Sketch of Modern Paris.

At the review, my eye, aided by a good opera-glass, was fixed upon the first consul. I beheld before me a man, whose renown is sounded through the remotest regions of the earth, and whose exploits have been united, by the worshippers of favoured heroism, to the conqueror of Darius. His features are small and meagre: his countenance is melancholy, cold, and desperate: his nose is aquiline: his eyes are dark, fiery, and full of genius: his hair, which he wears cropped, and without powder, is black: his figure is small, but very muscular. He wore a blue coat, with broad white facings, and golden epaulets, the uniform of his regiment, a small cocked hat, in which was a little national cockade. His boots were made in the fashion of English riding-boots. These are destitute of military appearance. The reason, why they are preferred by the French officers, is, on account of the top leather not soiling the knees of the pantaloons, when in the act of putting one leg over the other. Buonaparte rode through the lines. His beautiful charger seemed conscious of the glory of his rider, and bore him through the ranks with a commanding and majestic pace. The colours of one of the regiments was stationed close under the window, where I had the good fortune of being placed. Here the hero stopped, and saluted them. At this time, I was close to him, and had the pleasure of completely

* Solus senescentem reaturs sanus equum, et
Hoc est, senescentem ridens et illa datat. Hor.

gratifying that curiosity, of bel olding the persons of distinguished men, which is so natural to all of us.

Carri's Stranger in France.

I procured a place at a balcony, opposite the north-end of the *Pont neuf*, and about noon, saw him and his whole train arrive. The guards, that preceded and followed him, were the finest, the best dressed, and the best mounted troops in France; and their number, as the attendants upon a *citizen*, were almost incredible!

The procession might be called fine, but it was not grand, even according to vulgar notions of grandeur; though it certainly was afflicting. Amid this military parade, he had the contemptible accompaniment of two running footmen, and four lacqueys, in rich liveries, that stood crowded behind his carriage; which was a common coach of Parisian manufacture, but drawn by eight horses. Even the French tradesmen, among whom I stood, who thought much of show, and who cared nothing for that, which most should have excited attention, after observing the horse-troops, that had passed, and were following and seeing this carriage, and the four footmen behind it, exclaimed, 'Ah! que c'est mesquin!'

I have several times been close to his person. His stature is diminutive, his complexion sallow, and his physiognomy bears those marks, that denote the labours of his mind. It is careworn; but it is also susceptible of great variety. From his atrabilious complexion, choler might certainly be predicted; but, from the sedateness of his eye, not of that sudden and impetuous kind, to which he is so very subject.

Holcroft's Travels.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESS. COLON AND SPONDER.

It is incident to me, when fatigued with many a prolix page through the day, to cheer the jaded mind at night with the sweets of poetry. I have lately formed a nosegay of foreign flowers which I hope will please others, as much as they have delighted me.

TO THE SHADE OF BURNS.

Mute is thy wild harp, now, O bard sublime!
Who, amid Scotia's mountain solitude,
Great nature taught to 'build the lofty rhyme,'
And even beneath the daily pressure, rude,
Of labouring poverty, thy generous blood
Fir'd with the love of freedom—not subdu'd
Wert thou by thy low fortune: But a time
Like this we live in, when the abject chime
Of echoing Parasite is best approv'd,
Was not for thee—indignantly is fled
Thy noble spirit; and no longer mov'd
By all the ills on which thine heart has bled,
Associate worthy of the illustrious dead,
Enjoys with them 'the liberty it lov'd.'

TO AN OLD OAK.

Where thy broad branches brave the bitter north,
Like rugged, indigent, unheeded Worth,
Lo! Vegetation's guardian hands emboss
Each giant limb with fords of studded moss,
Clothing the bark with many a fringed fold
Begemm'd with scarlet shields and cups of gold,
Which to the wildest winds the r webs oppose,
And mock the arrowy sleet or weltering snows.

But to the warmer west the woodbine fair,
With tassels that perfum'd the summer air
The mantling clematis, whose feathery bowers
Wav'd in festoons with nightshades purple flowers,
The silver weed whose corded fillers wave
Round thy pale rind, even as deceitful love
Of mercenary Beauty would engage
The dotard fondness of decrepit age;
All these that during summer's halcyon days
With their green canopies conceal'd thy sprays,

* Ah! how paltry!

Are gone for ever; or, disfigur'd, trail
Their sallow relics in the autumnal gale;
Or o'er thy roots in faded fragments tost,
But tell of happier hours and sweetness lost!

Thus in fate's trying hour when furious storms
Strip social life of pleasure's fragile forms,
And awful justice, as his rightful prey
Tears luxury's silk, and jewel'd robe away:
While reads adversity her lesson stern,
And fortune's mimous tremble as they learn:
The crowds around her gilded car that hung
Bent the like knee, and trold the honey'd tongue
Responding face, or fly in pale despair
And scorn alone remembers that they were.

NOT SO INTEGRITY: unchang'd he lives
In the rude air our conscious honour gives
And dares with hardy front the troubled sky
IN HONESTY'S UNINJURED PANOPLY.
Ne'er on prosperity's enfeebling bed
On rosy pillows he repos'd his head,
But given to useful arts, his ardent mind
Has sought the general welfare of mankind:
To mitigate their ills his greatest bliss,
While studying them has taught him *what he is*:
He, where the human tempest rages worst,
And the earth shudders as the thunders burst;
Firm as thy northern branch, is rooted fast,
And if he can't avert, endures the blast.

SONNET

Written at Bristol Hot Wells.

Here from the restless bed of lingering pain,
The languid sufferer seeks the tepid wave
And feels returning health and hope again,
Disperse the gathering shadows of the grave:
And here romantic rocks that boldly swell,
Fring'd with green woods, or stain'd with veins of ore
Call'd native genius forth, whose Heaven taught skill
Charm'd the deep echoes of the rifted shore.
But tepid waves, wild scenes, or summer air,
Restore the palsied fancy, woe depreat,
Check they the torpid influence of despair,
Or bid warm health reanimate the breast;
Where hope's soft visions have no longer part,
And whose sad inmate is a broken heart.

SONNET.

The fairest flowers are gone! for tempests fell
And with wild wing swept some unblown away
While on the upland lawn or rocky dell
More faded in the day stars ardent ray;
And scarce the copse, or hedge row shade beneath,
Or by the runnels grassy course, appear
Some lingering blossoms of the earlier year:
Mingling bright florets, in the yellow wreath
That Autumn with his poppies and his corn
Binds on his tawny temples—so the schemes
Rais'd by fond hope, in youths unclouded morn,
While sanguine youth enjoys delusive dreams
Experience withers: till scarce one remains
Fluttering the languid heart, where only reason reigns!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A work of pre-eminent excellence, and peculiarly interesting to Parents and Pupils, has just appeared at New-York. While Thomas Pitt, afterwards Lord Camelford, was pursuing his studies at the University of Cambridge, the late illustrious Earl CHATHAM, his uncle, addressed to him a series of Letters on the momentous topics of Religion, Virtue, and Learning. These letters are conceived with all that spirit which we should expect from the British Demosthenes, and they are expressed, with all the energy and wisdom of a Mentor. The public are indebted for an early republication of this valuable book to Ezra Sargeant and Co. of New-York, who have procured from the press of S. Gould and Co. a very neat impression, scarcely inferior to the British original. The Editor, Lord Grenville, has dedicated these letters to Mr. PITT, the present prime minister of England. The dedication is expressed in such language, as one great man should use to another, not in the nauseous cant of republican hypocrisy, but in the bold and harmonious tone of dignity and truth.

When you expressed to me your entire concurrence in my wish to print the following let-

ters, you were not apprised that this address would accompany them. By you it will, I trust, be received as a testimony of affectionate friendship. To others the propriety will be obvious of inscribing with your name a publication, in which Lord Chatham teaches how great talents may most successfully be cultivated, and to what objects they may most honourably be directed.

GRENVILLE.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Harrington's Oceana was well adapted to that age, when the plans of *imaginary republics* were the daily subjects of debate and conversation, and even in our time it is justly admired as a work of genius and invention. The idea, however, of a perfect and immortal commonwealth, will always be found as *chimerical*, as that of a perfect and immortal man.

Pope seems literally and strictly to have fulfilled the precept of Horace, in each of its circumstances;

Multa tulit, fecitque Puer;

he was laborious and indefatigable in his pursuits of learning;

Sudavit et alsit,

and, above all, what is of the greatest consequence in preserving each faculty of the mind in due vigour

Abstinit venere et vino.

These are the two temptations to which a youthful bard is principally subject, and into whose snares he generally falls. If the imagination be lively, the passions will be strong. True genius seldom resides in a cold and phlegmatic constitution. The same temperament and the same sensibility that make a poet or a painter will be apt to make a man a lover and a debauchee.

GREAVE'S 'INVALID.'

The veteran author of the 'Spiritual Quixotte,' and many other useful and amusing publications, has recently beguiled the tedium of old age, by writing a little book with the above title, and endeavouring to shew from his own example, that Exercise and Temperance will most effectually contribute to the prolongation of life. From a number of pleasant passages, we cannot refuse our readers the pleasure of perusing the following.

[Imitated from *Integer Vita*.]

The man, who leads a sober life,
Obsequious to his careful wife,
Abstains from all high-season'd food,
And drinks no more, than does him good.

He needs no case of costly drams,
Nor hamper stuff'd with tongues and hams,
Much less the pills, which quacks may puff,
Nor *poisonous draughts of doctor's stuff.

Whether through half-starv'd France he goes,
Or traversing th' unmelting snows,
That crown the Alps and Appennines,
On frogs and stinking rabbits dines,
Or tempts the Volga's barbarous Hood,
Where Tartars feed on horses' blood.

For, late on my return to college,
The seat of temperance and knowledge,
A spotted friend, with fevers arm'd,
And poisonous breath, the town alarm'd,
No lynx, or leopard, fiercer ranges
Among the Hindoos, on the Ganges,
Or haunts the much-fan'd banks of Nile,
Where lurks the treacherous crocodile.

* *Nec venenatis gravis sagittis, &c.*
† The small-pox.

Yet, taking temperance to my aid,
Undaunted through close lanes I stray'd,
And brav'd the monster, void of fear,
He found no food for fevers here.

Place me amid the eternal frost,
That reigns on Lapland's desert coast,
Where not a flower, or cheerful green,
Or scarce a cabbage-stem is seen;
But clouds and fogs, and darkness drear,
Obscure and sadden half the year.
Place me beneath the torrid zone,
Where scarce a crazy hut is known,
To temperance, while my vows I pay,
And sing her praise, and offspring gay;
Fair health my cares shall still beguile,
And sweetly prattle, sweetly smile.

A quack, who, not much fam'd for skill,
Did seldom cure, nay sometimes kill;
Contriv'd at length, by many a puff,
And many a bottle, fill'd with stuff,
To raise his fortune and his pride,
And in a coach, forsooth! must ride.
His family coat, long since worn out,
What arms to take, was all the doubt.
A friend, consulted on the case,
Thus answer'd, with a sly grimace:
'Take some device in your own way;
'Neither too solemn, nor too gay:
'Three ducks, suppose, white, gray, or black,
'And be your motto—*Quack, quack, quack!*'

[The following anecdote will expose the folly and falsehood of those calumniating levellers, who have asserted that Louis the sixteenth was a weak man, and ———— "Born Only to eat up the corn."]

While this unfortunate prince was confined in the Temple, he was accustomed to rise at six o'clock in the morning; and, having employed himself for a short time in devotion, he read till nine. He then attended his fellow prisoners, while they took their first meal; but he did not himself take any refreshment, before dinner. After his return to his own apartment, he gave his son lessons in geography and latin. After dinner he read till supper. During five months of imprisonment he read two hundred and fifty-seven volumes, many of which were the Roman Classics. He read these with facility, and was both a scientific and classical scholar. Could a man have been very simple, who could read and relish the sublime authors of antiquity, or who, in the season of impending death, was capable of replying with calm courage to the insolence of Tanterre, and the threats of ferocious soldiers?

TO THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Wrapt from the glance of mortal eye,
Say, bursts thy *Genius* to the world of light?
Seeks it yon star-bespangled sky?
Or skims its fields with rapid flight?
Or mid yon plains where fancy strays,
Courts it the balmy breathing gale?
Or where the violet pale
Droops o'er the green embroidered stream?
Or where young Zephyr stirs the rustling sprays,
Lies all dissolved in fairy dream.
O'er yon bleak desert's unfrequented round
Seest thou where nature treads the deepening gloom,
Sits on yon hoary tower with ivy crowned,
Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb;
Hearst thou the solemn music wind along?
Or thrills the warbling note in thy melodious song?

Two men, named *Turner* and *Icory*, have been committed by the police magistrates. The former is supposed to have worked on the latter to suit his nefarious designs. *Lon. pap.*

A person ignorant of geography would conjecture that *Bom-bay* was somewhere in the back settlements. *Ibid.*

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 11th July, after a very short indisposition, Mrs. JULIANA HAZLEHURST, consort of Isaac Hazlehurst, Esq. of this city.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A Gentleman of this city, who had in his possession a blank-book, which once belonged to the poet SHENSTONE, gave it to Mr. MOORE, with the ensuing address.

TO THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Some gentle god inspires thy clay,
And smiles in every look;
He breathes in every melting lay,
Nor grieves for heav'n forsook.

When the soft, tender sighs of love
Are bursting from thy soul;
'Tis Cupid blooming from above,
We feel the god's controul.

And, when with gay, fantastic mirth,
You scatter sweet delight;
'Tis Bacchus revelling on earth,
Chaste, beautiful, and bright.

Impassion'd child of love and joy,
May both forever smile;
And mix thy cup without alloy,
Thy pleasures without guile.

This sacred page, for Shenstone's muse design'd
Shall drink the sweeter transports of thy mind.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Philadelphia, Sept. 26, 1804.

MR. EDITOR,

The following pieces written by an American prisoner in Tripoli, have been lately forwarded to me, from thence, by a friend of mine, an officer of the late frigate Philadelphia. I herewith subjoin an extract from the letter accompanying them, which contains the only account of their author I have yet received; and if you deem them worthy a place in your Miscellany, you will be pleased to insert them.

Yours, &c.

Tripoli, Bashaw's Castle, March 28, 1804.

I cannot omit mentioning a *marine*, whose extraordinary merit has attracted the attention and notice of all the officers; his name is Ray; has once been in very good circumstances, but misfortunes have brought him low, and obliged him to enter on board of a man of war, in the capacity of a *private in the marine corps*. His story he keeps secret; he is much of a poet; since he has been a prisoner, he has written several pieces of considerable merit, amongst others, there is one on 'HILLIARD,' a seaman who died in a prison a few days ago, another called 'The American captive in Tripoli,' both of which I send you, and, in my opinion, they are well worth reading.

Yours, &c.

G.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF HILLIARD.

Hilliard of painful life bereft,
Is now a slave no more;
But, here no relative has left,
His exit to deplore.

No parent, no fond brother stands
Around his clay-cold bed;
No wife, with tender trembling hands,
Supports his dying head.

No sister follows, or attends,
His melancholy bier;
Nor, from a lover's eye descends,
The soft distilling tear:

But foes, and of a barb'rous kind,
Surround him as he dies;
A horror to his fainting mind,
And to his closing eyes.

What though no monumental stone
Bespeaks a guilty name;
By splendid trophies basely won
Damn'd to eternal fame:

Yet, if an honest heart he wore
If virtue's paths he trod;
He was, so poets sung of yore,
The noblest work of God.

His fellow pris'ners strove to cheer,
His sad departing soul,
And bade the sympathetic tear,
In free profusion roll.

Mourn not, 'twas heaven's all-wise behest,
And merciful decree,
That gave his wearying sorrows rest,
And sate the captive free.

THE AMERICAN CAPTIVE

IN TRIPOLI.

Ye lurid domes! whose tott'ring columns stand
Marks of the despot's desolating hand;
Whose weed-grown roofs, and mould'ring arches show,

The curse of tyranny, a nation's woe;
In every ruin, every pile, I find
A warning lesson to a thoughtful mind,
Your dreary cells expressive silence break,
Echo to groans, and eloquently speak:—
'The christian's blood cements the stones he rears

This clay was moisten'd with the christian's tears,

Pale as these walls, a prisoner oft has lain,
Felt the keen scourge, and worn the ruthless chain;

While scoffing foes encreasing tortures pour;
'Till the poor victim feels, alas! no more,
E'en here thy sons, America, are found,
Lock'd in foul prisons, and in fetters bound.'

Heavens! what are times! must free Colum-
bians bow,

Before yon tinsell'd tyrant's murky brow!
Cringe to a power, which death and rapine crown?

Smile at a smile, and tremble at a frown!
Kneel at a throne, its clemency implore,
Enrich'd by spoils, and stain'd with human gore?

To pirate fends obsequious homage pay;
Their presence honour, and their will obey?
Endure the lash, the ponderous load sustain!
Suppress their anger, and their threats restrain?
Leave a rich clime? explore the treacherous waves,

The sport of miscreants, and the slave of slaves?

Heavens! at the sight, each patriot captive glows

With virtuous hatred, on his country's foes;
At every blow, indignant passions rise,
And vengeance flashes from resentful eyes.

But heaven is just; tho' man's bewilder'd mind,
To the dark ways of Providence is blind;
Else, why are some ordain'd above the rest!
Or villains treated better than the best?
Why martyred virtue! hang thy injur'd head?
Why liv'd an Arnold, while a Warren bled?
Earth's murderers triumph, proud oppressors reign,

While patriots bleed, and captives sigh in vain.
Yet slumb'ring justice soon shall wake, and show
Her sword unsheath'd, and bend the hostile bow;
Columbia's genius hover round each son,
And thy blest shade, immortal Washington;
Unit'd to guard us from nefarious foes,
And heaven defend, and angels interpose;
Devoted tyrants cause our wrath to feel,
And Beys and Bashaws in submission kneel,
Man's equal right, sweet liberty, restore,
And despotism fall, to rise no more.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STANZAS.*

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Addressed to Mrs. H. at Norfolk, Virginia.

[Mrs. H., the lady of the British consul, is remarkable for the beauty and redundancy of her flowing tresses. Our gallant poet complained that such hair should ever be restrained by the bandeau of Fashion, and requested that he might be gratified by seeing those auburn locks 'unbound and free.' The lady graciously granting this boon, the delighted and sensitive bard immediately wrote the ensuing impromptu.]

I prithee, bind that hair again,
Oh! do not think that many men
Are blest with Joseph's coldness:
Run not the risk our souls to damn,
By sighs, which (*pious* as I am)
Would tempt e'en me to boldness.

I've often seen those locks of gold,
In brightest, dearest tresses roll'd,
Yet sat quite cool beside you;
Each ringlet, by the graces drest,
The dev'l and you did all your best,
Yet still I have defied you.

But oh! 'twould ruin saints to see
Those tresses thus, unbound and free,
Adown your shoulders sweeping;
They put *such thoughts* into one's head,
Of dishabille, and night, and bed,
And anything but sleeping!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

By Thomas Green Fessenden, Esq.

A Poetical Epistle to a friend, uncommonly susceptible of the charms of the Fair, and who frequently fell desperately in love, at the first sight of a fine woman.

With mute attention lend your ear,
To hear, 'and reverence what you hear,'
While truths more precious I unfold,
Than splendid gems, incas'd in gold.
I wish no friend of mine to own
The nerve of steel, the heart of stone,
But Beauty's willing votary bow
Nor blush allegiance to avow.
When angry clouds life's sun o'ercast,
Preluding rude Misfortune's blast;
When doubts perplex and cares annoy,
And bar each avenue of joy;
When the pale victim of disease,
Which baffled art cannot appease,
Torn by Affliction's sharpest thong,
Till Hope has ceas'd her syren song,
Beholds pale Horror's spectred form
Rise moaning in the midnight storm.
The fairer sex possess the power
To tranquilize the torturing hour,
And bid mild Sympathy impart
A cordial to the bursting heart.

To cheer with smiles the vale of woe
Is not the only power they know;
But oft it is their sweet employ
To light with love the lamp of joy.
'Tis theirs in pleasure's brightest noon,
The fibres of the heart to tune
To tones of rapture, which might even
Prelude the harmony of heaven.
Then should you find a fair one true
To love, to nature and to you;
What time, a thousand tender arts
Denotes a unison of hearts;
When half-express'd, half-stifled sighs
And timid glance from down-cast eyes
Appear, expressively unique,
With crimson flush of beauty's cheek;
And all in tender love proclaim
That hopes and wishes are the same:

* Published from the author's manuscript.

Unite assenting hearts and hands
In gentle Hymeneal bands:
Then shall fresh rapture crown each day,
Till life and love at once decay.

But ne'er commence in Love's career,
With silly plainings for your dear;
Nor sit on moss-grown bank and snivel,
Because Miss Sylva is uncivil;
Nor tell to every brawling brook
She petrified you with a look;
Nor think it right to hang or drown,
In consequence of Laura's frown;
Nor make your fair in prose or metre,
A 'monstrous pretty' sort of creature;
Ransack the store house of dame Nature,
To find some simile to mate her;
Nor conjure up, with deal of pains,
From *vasty deep* of poets' brains,
A heathenish kind of wizard battery,
To take her heart by dint of flattery.
That Venus, Dian and the rest,
Compar'd with her, are second best.
For if she's sense, a single grain,
That sort of *stuff* will all be vain.
She'll say your compliments so smart,
Are from the head, but not the heart;
And with your wear and tear of brains,
You've got 'your labour for your pains.'

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Sweet spirit! if thy airy sleep
Nor sees my tears nor hears my sighs,
Oh! I will weep, in luxury weep,
Till the last hearts' drop fill mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingles in our misery;
Then, then my breaking heart I'll seal,
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me.

The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform:
Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
And death, alas! that sullen storm.

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
For thou wert kindred with the sky;
Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to die!

ELEGYAC STANZAS.

How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast,
Where sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest.

For, ah! my heart, how very soon
The glittering dreams of youth are past,
And, long before it reach its noon,
The sun of life is overcast.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lines on visiting a spot, which recalled to mind happier days.

O dear recollection of those happy hours
When here I was wont with my Fanny to
stray!
When my path-way of life seem'd strew'd over
with flow'rs,
And bright was the sun that illumin'd my day.

But, sad recollection! past, past are forever
Those hours of delight, of contentment and
love;
Again shall they bless my sad destiny never,
Or the pang of regret from my bosom remove.

Thou; mem'ry, beguilst the poor heart while it
gladdens,
And gildst for a moment the face of despair;
But reflect once again, and it cruelly saddens,
And turns fairy prospects to visions of care.
ROWLAND.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FRAGMENT OF A COLLEGE EXERCISE.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma, quibus
nulla, nisi in armis relinquitur spes. LIVY.

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approv'd by Heaven, ordain'd by Nature's laws,
Where Justice flies the herald of our way,
And Truth's pure beams upon the banners play?

Yes there's a call, sweet as an angel's breath,
To slumbering babes, or innocence in death,
And urgent, as the tongue of Heaven within,
When the miad's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim
should meet
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding string should run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the one!

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SOLDIER'S SONG OF DEATH.

Farewel, thou fair day, thou green earth, and
ye skies;
Now gay with the broad setting sun;
Farewel, loves and friendships, the dear, tender
ties;
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy
foe,
Go, frighten the coward and slave;
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrants! but
know,
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the poor peasant—he sinks in the
dark,
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In fields of proud honour—our swords in our
hands,
Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands—
O! who would not die with the brave!

EPITAPH.

FROM THE GREEK.

Take to thy bosom, gentle earth, a swain,
With much hard labour in thy service worn:
He set the vines, that clothe yon ample plain,
And he these olives, that the vale adorn.

He fill'd with grain the glebe, the rills he led
Through this green herbage and those fruitful
bowers;
Thou, therefore, Earth! lie lightly on his head,
His hoary head, and deck his grave with flowers.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
GOWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 41.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum
payable in advance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

No. 11.

Memorabilia Democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science; interspersed with anecdotes, characters, and speeches, of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats. By SLAVESLAP KIDNAP, Esq. Foolscap, 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651.

Washington—Printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

Having given Mr. Kidnap an ample and undisturbed range, in my two last numbers, I shall now resume the privilege, which custom allows a reviewer; and, without indulging myself in any asperities against that gentleman, on account of the diversity, which sometimes exists, in our taste, as well as our politics, I shall utter, I trust with becoming modesty, some opinions, which are suggested by his work, and which have relation to subjects, connected with the politics and literature of my country. I cannot, however, refrain from noticing in this place, an objection, which some raise against Mr. Kidnap. In their judgment, his praise is too extravagant and indiscriminate to be sincere. From the topics, on which he dwells, and from the manner in which he handles them, these deep critics pretend to discover, notwithstanding the multitude of his professions, a delicate and severe strain of irony. It is exceedingly to be lamented that men, in other respects sufficiently sagacious, should thus permit their prejudices to get the mastery of their judgments, or that, for the sake, perhaps, of acquiring a reputation for acuteness, they should be beguiled to commit, towards a most honest man, an act of such flagrant injustice. No suggestions could be more groundless, or cruel, than those, which they thus either make, or countenance. Mr. Kidnap's esteem for Mr. Jefferson is not less sincere and ardent, than his professions are open. Long the friend and admirer of our President, he is eager to seize on every occasion to elucidate merits and acquirements, in his opinion, unrivalled. I will not deny that his praise is often too unqualified. Doubtless, it must, both as it respects, objects and degree, seem to many, as it certainly, sometimes, does to me extravagant; not to say ludicrous. But, on this account, to question his sincerity is to show little knowledge of human nature, and less attention to events, which are daily passing before us.

Are not passion and party prejudice apt mightily to thicken mental vision? And when to these are added the medium, through which *huicque*, in *hunc*, never fails to look up to present power have we any cause for surprise, if even palpable defects become the subjects of fatuous applause, and elevated insignificance, in the chair for the

day, an object of interested admiration? The vetch of the first Cicero, we are told, was a most beautiful appendage to his face in the eyes of his clients. The gait of lame Agesilaus was the fashionable step of his courtiers. Even the wry neck of Alexander was a modish method of carrying the head, both in Macedon and Persia. Will any man on this account, then, find fault with Mr. Kidnap? Let him look into the writings and listen to the conversation of Mr. Jefferson's friends, and he will find their expressions of wonder and admiration in no material respect different from those, which he condemns. Not only Duane and Cheetham, and Adams and Tom Paine, and Tony Williams, scribblers, bribed by their avarice, or some worse passion, to magnify the ephemeral hero of their party, but men of that sect, who have some pretensions to literary skill, and who, certainly have notions on subjects of taste, infinitely superior to those of the dull rabble, for whose applause Mr. Jefferson is chiefly solicitous, have condescended to celebrate him, not merely as a bone collector, or a mould board maker, but as a rare philosopher, and an exquisite writer. The expressions of Mr. Kidnap are in nothing more extravagant, or ludicrous, than are those, which thousands, in this great city, daily use, touching this flimsy Cossamer, buoyant for the hour, on the breath of the multitude. On account of such expressions, therefore, he is not to be suspected of hollowness in his pretensions of friendship. As to those who pretend to discern, in his writings, a concealed vein of irony, I can only assure them, they have entirely mistaken his character. No writer is farther removed from it. He is, on the contrary, of a singularly grave, contemplative cast of mind. *Simplex munditiis* is his standard of style. In one of his late letters to me, he thus expresses himself. 'I have, through that whole work, been chiefly solicitous to give a plain dress to substantial truths; and have kept constantly in my eye, that excellent resolution of my favourite poet,—*Quid verum, atque dicens, cur et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.*'"

The present, seems to me a very proper occasion to give my sentiments touching Mr. Jefferson, as a writer. My respect for Mr. Kidnap and a natural anxiety on my part, not to be found at variance from one, whose judgment I have such frequent reason to applaud, have induced great examination and caution in settling my opinion, as to his merits, in this particular. I have accordingly read, very carefully, all the letters and works Mr. Jefferson has ever published; the most complete and perfect collection of which, now extant, is contained in the book under review. I cannot however hesitate to declare, that it will never be my fate to admire compositions, like his, destitute of order, of perspicuity, of justness, in both thought and expression, without definite outline, for the whole, and without correct finishing in the parts, because the author is lucky enough, at times, to emit some prettinesses of fancy, which, contrasted with the dark opaque enveloping them, ignorance and fatuity have mistaken for lights or

truth, or flashes of genius. With respect to Mr. Jefferson's style, I cannot better express my opinion than by saying, that it is just such a style as Betty, my cookmaid, uses, in writing to her lovers. Some specimens of which, I have received through the medium of my footman, a sly fellow, who sports with her weaknesses. And, upon a little reflection, I find, that there are many and natural reasons, why Betty and Mr. Jefferson should agree so entirely, in their respective manners of expression. For Betty is a long-sided, raw-boned, red-haired slut, and, like Mr. Jefferson always hankering to have a mob of dirty fellows about her. The great object of Betty, in all her writings, is to inspire, or keep up a flame, in which, also, she entirely coincides with Mr. Jefferson. Betty's lovers, too, like his, are, for the most part, a set of fickle, noisy, ignorant bullies; and withal great hunters of taverns and cockpits. Should either Betty, or Mr. Jefferson, fail in maintaining their present conquests, the chance of each is equally at an end, and their fates, in future, must be precisely similar. Both must content themselves with 'claws, bones, and mould boards' the rest of their days. The likeness, is, also, very striking between Mr. Jefferson, in his political, and Betty, in her housewife and culinary, career. For both make a great noise in clearing out their offices, and always leave them in a worse condition, than they found them. The proceedings of both are extremely offensive in the post office; where both keep their tools of the vilest use, and often apply letters to ends, very different from those, to which their writers originally destined them. They have, also, respectively, caused great scandal among their friends, and equal diversion among their enemies, by the shameful modes they have adopted for the placing and wearing a bishop. To conclude this parallel, they are, both of them, naturally, of a very warm constitution, and blunder and burn their fingers, without ceasing; the blood of each being kept in a continual ferment by that perpetual roasting, to which they are equally obliged to submit.

I have thought it my duty to be thus explicit, concerning the state of my mind in relation to Mr. Jefferson's writings, to relieve some of my friends of that unjust apprehension, which I am informed they entertain, lest out of complaisance to Mr. Kidnap, I should yield my own opinions on this subject, or at least conceal them from the world.

I shall now turn my attention to that illustrious body, to which our author has invited our notice, and which is known, in this city, and I believe, (although I do not recollect any direct evidence of this fact,) abroad, by the name of the American Philosophical Society. The gentlemen, composing this institution, have, I am informed, adopted a fixed determination not to suffer their years to pass away in that ominous silence, which once characterized its history; and, after proper precautions to shift off from themselves all risk of loss, by publication, have resolved to print away for their lives; leaving nothing unattempted, and no stone unturned, which may serve to raise

a large monument, all on a par with their honor. I think, with great propriety, of this noble design; for, being of a philosophical habit myself, it is a great pleasure to find others, particularly such a famous fraternity, in the same humour. Therefore, from what I am about to intimate, I shall not, I trust, be suspected of holding any heretical opinion, contrary to that canon of this society, which teaches that *in literature, bulk is as necessary to respectability, as it is, in nature, to the sublime*. To which tenet I do here most heartily subscribe. It is not because I deny the value of the end, but because I hesitate about the propriety of the means, that I take the liberty here to represent a grievance to that illustrious body, which I, in common with all those suffer, who, being few in number and so the more to be pitied, interest themselves in its important labours. I feel the more confidence, in making this representation, as I know that the members of that fraternity, being engaged about sublimer matters, have entirely overlooked the fact I am about to mention; which nevertheless, presses very heavily such an one as I am, not overburdened with cash, and always anxious, when I pay my money, especially if it be for a bauble, to think I have 'my full penny-worth.' That, to which I allude, is a vile, and if I allowed myself in hard words, I might add, villainous trick of their printer, for certainly I would not intimate that it had, in the remotest degree, the sanction of that famous and philanthropic, and, of course, moral association. It is, doubtless, a trick of trade, and consists in *spreading out the works of that society, and the communications of its friends, over white paper, in a manner the most unprecedented and unconscionable*. I will not dwell upon the immorality of publicly vending white paper under the name of Philosophical Transactions; because the fragrance of the imposition is such that every one, not interested in the deception, must have an intuitive perception of its guilt. But I would particularly press on that society the necessity of an immediate attention to correct this procedure, from the consideration that it gives a *superficial* appearance to the labours of their great men; whose literary essays are doubtless as deep, as they are commonly dark, but which, by the wire-drawing art of their printer, are made to look to the eye, like, and so, generally, to be accounted very slight and flimsy textures.

To the end that this honourable fraternity may know the extent, to which their printer has carried this scandalous practice, I have taken the pains to make admeasurements and calculations, geometric and arithmetic, of their fourth volume, in which I have also had the assistance of a learned friend, an eminent mathematician. The result of which investigation was, that the said volume is a heavy, rectangular quarto, containing forty-four pages of advertisement, five hundred and thirty-one of Transactions (so called) and forty-four of errata, corrigenda and index-making in the whole six hundred and nineteen pages; that the said pages average eleven inches and an half in height, and nine inches in breadth; margin and letter press included; but that the said letter press is only four inches in breadth, and less than six inches and an half in height. Whereby it is manifest that more than three-fourths of every page is white paper, as is aforesaid. But this is not the whole of the mischief. For the said printer, by means of terminating an essay as often as possible at the top, or in the middle of a page, and leaving all blank beneath, does, in a manner still more cruel, deprive science of the retreat, which that learned society intended, doubtless, to provide for her, within its volumes. So that it is verily my belief, of which I am willing to make oath, if there be occasion,

that the said six hundred and eighteen pages might, if judiciously and honestly printed, have been inserted without diminution of type, or loss of beauty, in less than two hundred of the same quarto pages.

There are other and flagrant abuses committed by their said printer; all tending to swell the size of their volumes and to give them an important appearance, without any additional expense of mind, or scientific matter. Such, for instance is that display, which on all occasions he is anxious to make of the fierceness of the affection, with which the correspondents of this society glow for each other. The evidences of these attachments are generally found about the end of their letters, and being spread out with great address, occupy a space, which might, I suggest it however, with great diffidence, have been more profitably employed. Thus, one of their lamented correspondents, a great admirer of Dr. Barton, finishes his letter, in the 127th page of this volume, with the following rare tokens of affection; and the society has preserved them, with as much precision, as though they were a description of the title of a real estate, which it was dangerous either to destroy, or mutilate:

'I am, with great respect,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and
humble servant

JOHN HECKELWELDER.'

So also the same Dr. Barton, who seems to burn towards Dr. Priestley with a species of philosophic love '*fiagrans amor et libido*,' in the 215th page, closes a letter to that great man in this very energetic and close manner.

'I am, with the greatest respect,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your humble and obedient servant
And affectionate friend

BENJAMIN SMITH BARTON.'

Now, although all this is, doubtless between Mr. Heckelwelder and Dr. Barton, and between Dr. Barton and Dr. Priestley very important information, yet I humbly conceive it is of no sort of value to the world; which is no more interested, than science is benefited, by a paraphrastic detail of the affection and respect and humility, which these gentlemen entertain for one another. I know I may be in an error in this particular; being a philosopher of a different sect, from that, which has its residence in the porch of this academy. I observed, in a former number, that the great duty, which the new school inculcates on its disciples is to make as frequently as possible, devout professions of affection for all mankind in general; and for each other, in particular. Love being, now a-days, not only 'the fulfilling of the law,' but the perfection of philosophy. Of the great moral, practical effect of this passion, among modern professors, some memorable examples have been given in France, during the late revolution. The fate of Lavoisier, in a particular manner, is, if I mistake not, an eminent instance of its happy tendency. And it is not to be doubted, that if this philosophy shall ever attain like power in the United States, it will stimulate its disciples to similar instances of *active benevolence* towards one another. Admitting then my utter incapacity to judge of this 'new light,' by reason of my want of *philosophic regeneration*, and that the publication of these authentic testimonials of *mutual flame* is not less important to science, than it is to the bulk of the volumes of this society, yet I cannot but hope that the printer will hereafter be directed to print them, *in close order*, and be prohibited from thus sacrificing with such profuse ostentation, a considerable proportion of that narrow space, destined to

letter press in these publications. I am the more anxious, on this account, because I have heard some carping critics, wicked sneerers at that venerable society, assert that these volumes are issued to the world, by its express authority, after a careful and laborious examination of a publishing committee, appointed expressly for this purpose. Whereby they would malignantly insinuate that all these schemes, (as well as others not here mentioned,) to enlarge the size of its publications are altogether the work of that most just and pious fraternity; and not, as I have declared, a trick of their printer. An insinuation too gross and malevolent to be believed. But now the members of the institution are apprised of the fact, it is certainly worthy of their wisdom to correct, as fast as possible, the practices, which have given colour to so odious a calumny.

Here, I cannot refrain from informing the American Philosophical Society, that I have, in my possession, a treatise on an art, much valued by the ancients, but which has been lost for almost seventeen centuries. Properly translated, (for I will not be guilty of the pedantry of quoting Latin or Greek, in a communication intended for the benefit of the members of that society,) the name of this art is 'WINNOWING.' It consists in a careful separation and rejection of all the worthless, irrelevant, smutty, frivolous, chaff-like, matter from philosophical publications; thereby reserving for the eye of the reader, nothing but what is sound, wholesome, and perfect, in its kind. This treatise I intend to convey by an early opportunity to one of the corresponding secretaries of the society. And I will venture to recommend it to the diligent perusal of its members; particularly of the publishing committee. The labour of applying its rules, I acknowledge will be considerable. But the effect will be the most happy. I can assure the members of that institution that having *sifted the matter of their four first volumes, according to the principles of that ancient art, I was astonished at the compact form their, at present, massy labours assumed, and the narrow room, they were compelled to occupy*. I have no doubt, that if a willing and laborious committee would apply, according to the directions, prescribed in that treatise, rigidly to the task of winnowing those volumes as therein-mentioned, that society would soon realize the delightful vision of those *four Iliads of theirs, in the circumference of a nutshell*. Unless, indeed, upon farther process, they should, as seems to me very probable, find them to be *four nutshells, in which there was no Iliad*.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM THE EARL OF CHATHAM

TO HIS NEPHEW.

[Continued.]

LETTER IV.

Bath, January 14, 1754.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

You will hardly have read over one very long letter from me before you are troubled with a second. I intended to have writ soon, but I do it the sooner on account of your letter to your aunt, which she transmitted to me here. If any thing, my dear boy, could have happened to raise you higher in my esteem, and to endear you more to me, it is the amiable abhorrence you feel for the scene of vice and folly, (and of real misery, and perdition, under the false notion of pleasure and spirit) which has opened to you at your college, and at the same time, the manly, brave, generous, and wise resolution and true spirit, with which you resisted and repulsed the first

attempts upon a mind and heart, I thank God, infinitely too firm and noble, as well as too elegant and enlightened, to be in any danger of yielding to such contemptible and wretched corruptions. You charm me with the description of Mr. Wheeler,* and while you say you could adore him, I could adore you for the natural, genuine love of virtue, which speaks in all you feel, say, or do. As to your companions let this be your rule. Cultivate the acquaintance with Mr. Wheeler which you have so fortunately begun: and in general, be sure to associate with men much older than yourself: scholars whenever you can: but always with men of decent and honourable lives. As their age and learning, superior both to your own, must necessarily, in good sense, and in the view of acquiring knowledge from them, entitle them to all deference, and submission of your own lights to theirs, you will particularly practise that first and greatest rule for pleasing in conversation, as well as for drawing instruction and improvement from the company of one's superiors in age and knowledge, namely, to be a patient, attentive, and well-bred hearer, and to answer with modesty: to deliver your own opinions sparingly and with proper diffidence; and if you are forced to desire farther information or explanation upon a point, to do it with proper apologies for the trouble you give: or if obliged to differ, to do it with all possible candour, and an unprejudiced desire to find and ascertain truth, with an entire indifference to the side on which that truth is to be found. There is likewise a particular attention required to contradict with good manners; such as begging pardon, begging leave to doubt, and such like phrases. Pythagoras enjoined his scholars an absolute silence for a long novitiate. I am far from approving such a taciturnity: but I highly recommend the end and intent of Pythagoras's injunction; which is to dedicate the first parts of life more to hear and learn, in order to collect materials, out of which to form opinions founded on proper lights, and well-examined sound principles, than to be presuming, prompt, and flippant in hazarding one's own slight crude notions of things; and thereby exposing the nakedness and emptiness of the mind, like a house opened to company before it is fitted either with necessities, or any ornaments for their reception and entertainment. And not only will this disgrace follow from such temerity and presumption, but a more serious danger is sure to ensue, that is, the embracing errors for truths, prejudices for principles; and when that is once done, (no matter how vainly and weakly) the adhering perhaps to false and dangerous notions, only because one has declared for them, and submitting, for life, the understanding and conscience to a yoke of base and servile prejudices, vainly taken up and obstinately retained. This will never be your danger; but I thought it not amiss to offer these reflections to your thoughts. As to your manner of behaving towards these unhappy young gentlemen you describe, let it be manly and easy; decline their parties with civility; rejoin their raillery with raillery, always tempered with good breeding: if they banter your regularity, order, decency and love of study banter in return their neglect of them: and venture to own frankly, that you came to Cambridge to learn what you can, not to follow, what they are pleased to call pleasure. In short, let your external behaviour to them be as full of politeness and ease, as your inward esti-

mation of them is full of pity, mixed with contempt. I come now to the part of the advice I have to offer to you, which most nearly concerns your welfare, and upon which every good and honourable purpose of your life will assuredly turn; I mean the keeping up in your heart the true sentiments of religion. If you are not right towards God, you can never be so towards man: the noblest sentiment of the human breast is here brought to the test. Is gratitude in the number of a man's virtues? if it be, the highest benefactor demands the warmest returns of gratitude, love, and praise: Ingratum qui dixerit, omnia dixit. If a man wants this virtue where there are infinite obligations to excite and quicken it, he will be likely to want all others towards his fellow-creatures, whose utmost gifts are poor compared to those he daily receives at the hands of his never-failing Almighty Friend. Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, is big with the deepest wisdom: The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and, an upright heart, that is understanding. This is eternally true, whether the wits and rakes of Cambridge allow it or not: nay, I must add of this religious wisdom, Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace, whatever your young gentlemen of pleasure think of a whore and a bottle, a tainted health and a battered constitution. Hold fast therefore by this sheet-anchor of happiness, Religion; you will often want it in the times of most danger; the storms and tempests of life. Cherish true religion, as precious as you will fly with abhorrence and contempt, superstition and enthusiasm. The first is the perfection and glory of the human nature; the two last the depravation and disgrace of it. Remember the essence of religion is, a heart void of offence towards God and man; not subtle speculative opinions, but an active vital principle of faith. The words of a heathen were so fine that I must give them to you: *Compositum Jus, Fasque, Animi Sanctisque Recessus Mentis, et incoctum generoso Pectus Honesto.*

Go on, my dear child, in the admirable dispositions you have towards all that is right and good, and make yourself the love and admiration of the world! I have neither paper nor words to tell you how tenderly

I am yours.

LETTER V.

Bath, January 24, 1754.

I will lose not a moment before I return my most tender and warm thanks to the most amiable, valuable, and noble minded of youths, for the infinite pleasure his letter gives me. My dear nephew, what a beautiful thing is genuine goodness, and how lovely does the human mind appear, in its native purity. (in a nature as happy as yours) before the taints of a corrupted world have touched it! To guard you from the fatal effects of all the dangers that surround and beset youth, (and many they are, nam varie illudunt Pestes) I thank God, is become my pleasing and very important charge; your own choice, and our nearness in blood, and still more, a dearer and nearer relation of hearts, which I feel between us, all concur to make it so. I shall seek then every occasion, my dear young friend, of being useful to you, by offering you those lights, which one must have lived some years in the world to see the full force and extent of, and which the best mind and clearest understanding will suggest imperfectly, in any case, and in the most difficult, delicate, and essential points perhaps not at all, till experience, that dear-bought instructor, comes to our assistance. What I shall therefore make my task, (a happy delightful task, if I prove a safeguard to so much opening virtue,) is to be for some years, what you

cannot be by yourself, your experience; experience and wisdom, and readily digested for your use. Thus we will endeavour, my dear child, to join the two best seasons of life, to establish your mind and your happiness upon solid foundations: *Misceas Autumni et Veris Honores.* So much in general. I will now, my dear nephew, say a few things to you upon a matter where you have surprisingly little to learn, considering you have seen nothing but Boconnock; I mean behaviour. Behaviour is of infinite advantage or prejudice to a man, as he happens to have formed it to a graceful, noble, engaging, and proper manner, or to a vulgar, coarse, ill-bred, or awkward and ungenteel one. Behaviour, though an external thing which seems rather to belong to the body than to the mind, is certainly founded in considerable virtues: though I have known instances of good men, with something very revolting and offensive in their manner of behaviour, especially when they have the misfortune to be naturally very awkward and ungenteel; and which their mistaken friends have helped to confirm them in, by telling them, they were above such trifles, as being genteel, dancing, fencing, riding, and doing all manly exercises, with grace and vigour. As if the body, because inferior, were not a part of the composition of man: and the proper, easy, ready, and graceful use of himself, both in mind and limb, did not go to make up the character of an accomplished man. You are in no danger of falling into this preposterous error: and I had a great pleasure in finding you, when I first saw you in London, so well disposed by nature, and so properly attentive to make yourself genteel in person, and well-bred in behaviour. I am very glad you have taken a fencing-master: that exercise will give you some manly, firm, and graceful attitudes: open your chest, place your head upright, and plant you well upon your legs. As to the use of the sword, it is well to know it: but remember, my dearest nephew, it is a science of defence: and that a sword can never be employed by the hand of man of virtue, in any other cause. As to the carriage of your person, be particularly careful, as you are tall and thin, not to get a habit of stooping; nothing has so poor a look: above all things avoid contracting any peculiar gesticulations of the body, or movements of the muscles of the face. It is rare to see any one a graceful laughter; it is generally better to smile than laugh out, especially to contract a habit of laughing at small or no jokes. Sometimes it would be affectation, or worse, mere moroseness, not to laugh heartily, when the truly ridiculous circumstances of an incident, or the true pleasantry and wit of a thing, call for and justify it; but the trick of laughing frivolously is by all means to be avoided: *Risu incepto, Res inceptor nulla est.* Now as to politeness; many have attempted definitions of it: I believe it is best to be known by description? definition not being able to comprise it. I would however venture to call it, benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly, occurrences in the commerce of life. A better place, a more commodious seat, priority in being helped at table, &c. what is it, but sacrificing ourselves in such trifles to the convenience and pleasure of others; And this constitutes true politeness. It is a perpetual attention, (by habit it grows easy and natural to us,) to the little wants of those we are with, by which we either prevent, or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy, natural, untaught, manly, noble. And what will give this, but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles towards all you converse and live with? Benevolence in greater

* The Rev. John Wheeler, prebendary of Westminster. The friendship formed between this gentleman and Lord Camelford, a so early a period of their lives, was founded in mutual esteem, and continued uninterrupted till Lord Camelford's death.

matters takes a higher name than that of the queen of virtues. Nothing is so agreeable with politeness as any trick of address to the mind. I would trouble you with a word or two more upon some branches of behaviour, which have a more serious moral obligation in them, than those of mere politeness; which are equally important in the eye of the world. I mean a proper behaviour, adapted to the respective relations we stand in, towards the different ranks of superiors, equals, and inferiors. Let your behaviour towards superiors, in dignity, age, learning, or any distinguished excellence, be full of respect, deference, and modesty. Towards equals, nothing becomes a man so well as well-bread ease, polite freedom, generous frankness, manly spirit, always tempered with gentleness and sweetness of manner, noble sincerity, candour, and openness of heart, qualified and restrained within the bounds of discretion and prudence, and ever limited by a sacred regard to secrecy, in all things entrusted to it, and an inviolable attachment to your word. To inferiors, gentleness, condescension, and affability, is the only dignity. Towards servants, never accustom yourself to rough and passionate language. When they are good we should consider them as humiles Amici, as fellow Christians, ut Conservi; and when they are bad, pity, admonish, and part with them, if incorrigible. On all occasions beware, my dear child, of Anger, that demon, that destroyer of our peace. *Ira furor brevis est, animum rege qui nisi pareat Imperat, hunc frenis hunc tu compesce catenis.*

Write soon and tell me of your studies.

Your ever affectionate.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

Of the other Harangues of Cicero.

Then follows a very short and very clear discussion of the foundation of the cause, and Cicero might have rested there, if he had meant only to gain it: it was evident; but he had promised in his exordium, to produce something more than a plea for his client; and he kept his word. Addressing himself to the accuser, he continues thus:

"You may demand of me, why I appear so attached to Licinius Archias? Because it is to him that I owe, every day, the sweetest relaxation from the labours of the forum, and the tumult of affairs. Do you believe, that I could find reasons in my own mind, adequate to so many different objects, if I did not incessantly draw, fresh supplies of riches, from the study of letters; or that I could sustain such severe labour, if the charms of this same study, did not serve to recreate and support me. I acknowledge, that I devote myself to them as much as possible. Let those dissemble, who know not how to draw any thing from them, which interests the common utility, or which can be brought into public view; but why should not I avow it, who, for so many years, have lived in such a manner, that neither my leisure, nor my interest, nor my pleasures, nor even my sleep, have ever refused a single moment to the wants of my fellow citizens? Who can reproach me, for devoting to this kind of occupation, that time, which others give to the theatres, to their pleasures, to gambling, to feasting, and to idleness? I ought so much the more to be indulged in these pursuits, as even this art, of which I make profession, and which has been the refuge of my friends in all their perils, this talent of public speaking, makes a part of those studies, which I have always loved,

and even if this should be thought of small consequence, there are other advantages, much greater, for which I am under obligation to them. In effect, if every thing which I have read, every thing which I have learned, had not fully persuaded me, from my youth, that nothing is more desirable in this life, than glory and virtue; that we ought to sacrifice every thing to them, and account as nothing, torments, exile and death, should I have exposed myself, for the public safety, to so many contests, and to the continual attacks of the wicked? But all the books, all the monuments of antiquity, all the sayings of wise men, repeat this great lesson; and all these instructions would have remained concealed in darkness, if genius had not applied to them her lights. How many excellent models are presented to us, in these portraits of great men, which have been drawn by the writers of Greece and Italy. They are these, I have always had before my eyes, in the administration of public affairs; it was, by thinking on them, that my soul elevated itself, and formed itself after their resemblance.

"Will any one say to me: Those men, whose glory and virtues have been preserved to us by letters, were they themselves learned men? I cannot affirm it of all: I think that there have been several of a nature so happy, as to raise themselves to every thing honourable and glorious, without having occasion for lessons; and I will add further, that nature, without instruction, has commonly more power than education without genius. But when to all that is furnished by the one, is added, all that can be added, by the other; the result is the most beautiful, the most sublime, the most admirable character in humanity.

"Of this number was Scipio the African, whom our fathers saw, Lelius, Furius, those men, whose wisdom had mastered all their passions, that Cato the elder, the citizen, the most courageous, and the most enlightened of his age; and if all these illustrious personages had believed the culture of literature useless, to the knowledge and practice of virtue, would they have made them one of their occupations?

"But if we consider this occupation, without regard to its utility and importance; if we see in it nothing but amusement and pleasure, it will be still, of all things, the most convenient to a man well educated. The others, indeed, are neither of all times, nor of all places, nor suitable for every age: but literature is at once, the instruction of youth, and the charm of advanced age, the ornament of prosperity, and a consolation under misfortunes; they amuse us in retirement, and are not misplaced in society; they awake with us, they bear us company in our journeys, they follow us into the country; finally, those even, who have no taste for them, cannot refuse them their esteem and admiration.

"As to poetry, in particular, we have heard it said by the best judges, that other talents are acquired by precepts, but that poetry is a gift of nature, a faculty of the imagination, a sort of divine inspiration. Accordingly, our old Ennius calls the poets, holy men, because they are distinguished in our eyes by the presence of the divinity. Let then the name of Poet, which even barbarians have never violated, be sacred among you, and among all men as well informed as you are. The rocks and the deserts seem to echo to the voice of the poet; the brutes themselves appear sensible to harmony, and shall we be insensible? The people of Colophon, of Chio, of Salamine, of Smyrna, and of other cities, still contend for the honor of the birth of Homer, and erect altars to his memory. A long time after his death, they wish to have him for a fellow-citizen, because he was a great poet; and shall

we reject him, who is really ours, both by his own inclination and by our laws. Shall we spurn the man, who has employed his genius in singing the glory of the Roman people? Yes! in his early youth, he composed a poem upon the war of the Cimbrians, and this was flattering even to Marius, who was, as you very well know, a stranger to the commerce of the muses. It was, because there is no man so obdurate and so stern, as not to be moved, when he perceives his own name transported, by poetry, to future generations. It was once asked of that celebrated Athenian Themistocles, what voice he should hear with the greatest pleasure: that, said he, of him, who shall sing in the best strains the actions of my life. This same Archias has celebrated, in another work, the virtues of Lucullus, over Mithridates, and that war, so fertile in revolutions, which opened to the Roman armies countries, which nature seemed to have excluded from them, those memorable battles, in which Lucullus, with an handful of soldiers, defeated innumerable armies, that siege of Cyzicum, by which he saved a city, our ally, from the fury of Mithridates, that inevitable action of Tenedos, by which the naval forces of that powerful king were annihilated, with the officers who commanded them. The glory of Lucullus is our glory; what has been done for him, was done for us; and in the poems of Archias, consecrated to Lucullus, will be perpetuated, the trophies, the monuments, and the triumphs of Rome.

"And who of us is ignorant, how dear was Ennius to our famous Scipio the African? The statue of this poet is erected in marble, on the tomb of the Scipios. His poem on the Punic war, is regarded as an homage rendered to the Roman name: it is there, that the Fabii, the Marcelli, the Fulvii, the Catos, are loaded with honourable praises, which we partake with them; covered with glory, which reflects upon us: Accordingly, our ancestors gave to this poet, born in Calabria, the title of a Roman citizen, and shall we refuse it to Archias, to whom our laws have granted it? We ought not to imagine, that his labours are the less interesting to us, because he wrote in Greek verse: this would be to deceive ourselves grossly. The Greek language is diffused through the whole world; ours is confined within the limits of our empire; and, if our power is limited to the countries, which we have conquered, ought we not to wish, that our glory may penetrate regions, which our armies have not been able to reach? If this kind of illustration is agreeable and precious, even to the people, whose exploits the poet celebrates, of what value must they not be, and what encouragement ought we not to give to the chiefs, the generals, the magistrates, who look for nothing but glory in their labours and perils? Alexander had in his train a great number of writers, charged with the composition of his history; but when he saw the tomb of Achilles, he cried out: Happy Achilles, who found an Homer to praise you! And, in fact, without that immortal Iliad, the same tomb, which covered the remains of the conqueror of Troy, would have buried his memory. What shall I say of our great Pompey, whose extraordinary fortune has equalled his valour, and who, in presence of his army, proclaimed Theophanes of Mitylene, the historian of his exploits, a citizen of Rome? And our soldiers, those men without letters, for the most part rustic and clownish, sensible, however, to the honours of their general, and, believing that they share in them, answered with their acclamations to the eulogium, which he made of Theophanes.

"We will be candid, Romans; we will dare to avow in public, what every one of us thinks in secret: we are all in love with praise, and

those, whom it touches the most keenly, are also those, who know best how to merit it. The philosophers, who write upon the contempt of glory, inscribe their names upon their writings, and are still studious of it, even when they appear to despise it. Decimus Brutus, as great a captain as he was a good citizen, engraved on the monuments he raised, the verses of Accius, his friend. Fulvius, whom our Ennius attended, when he triumphed over the Etolians, consecrated to the muses the spoils he had taken. Is it then the Roman robe, which shall declare itself their enemy, when the generals of armies revere them, and refuse to poets that protection, and those rewards, which are granted them by warriors?

"I will go farther, and if I am permitted to speak of my own interest; if I hazard to shew before you, that love of glory, too ardent perhaps, but which never ceases to be a noble and laudable sentiment, I will acknowledge, that Archias has regarded as a subject worthy of his verse, the events of my consulate, and all that I have done with you, for the safety of our country. The work is begun; I have heard it read. I have been affected with it, and I have exhorted him, to finish it. For virtue desires no other recompense for its labours and dangers, than this glorious testimony, which is to pass to posterity; and if we would take this away, what will remain in this life, so rapid and so short, which can indemnify for so many sacrifices! Certainly, if our souls had not a presentiment of futurity; if it were necessary, that our thoughts should be confined within the limits of our duration here, who of us could wear himself out, with so many fatigues, torment himself with so many anxieties and vigils, and make so light of his life. But there is in all elevated minds an interior power, which makes them feel day and night, the spurs of glory, a sentiment, which admonishes us, that our memory ought not to perish with us, and that it ought to be extended and perpetuated through endless ages. Ah! shall all of us, victims, devoted to the defence of the republic, debase ourselves, to such a degree, as to believe, that, after having lived in such a manner, as not to have one moment of repose or tranquillity, we must, after all, perish entirely? If the greatest men are anxious, to leave their resemblance, in portraits, and perishable statues, ought we not to attach a much greater price to those monuments of genius, which transmit to remotest posterity, the faithful impressions of our souls, of our sentiments, of our thoughts! For myself, Romans, in performing what I have done, I believed that the memory of it would be spread, through the whole earth and the extent of ages. And, whether the tomb shall take from me, the sentiment of this immortality, or whether, as all the wisest men have believed, some part of us must continue, still capable of enjoying it, at this day, at least, this thought cannot be taken from me, which is at once my pleasure, and my reward.

"Preserve then, Romans, a citizen of merit, equally apparent, by the quality and antiquity of relations the most respectable; a man of such genius, that our fellow citizens, the most illustrious, have desired to attach it to them, and to reap the fruits of it; a man, under accusation, whose clear right is attested by the benefit of the law, by the authority of a municipal city, by the testimony of a Lucullus, and the records of a Metellus. Determine, that he, who has laboured to add, as far as in him lay, to your glory to that of your generals, and that of the Roman people, who promises still, to consecrate to memory those recent and domestic storms, from which you have escaped; who is of the number of those men, whose persons are held inviolable,

among all nations; shall not be called before you, to receive a cruel affront, but that he shall obtain a pledge of your justice, and of your goodness."

On reading this discourse, we are delighted to see the author paint himself at full length, to recognize in him that frank sensibility, that enthusiasm for glory, which are treated with contempt, as vanity and weakness, by men, who, in reality, never will be capable of so sublime a sentiment. I know, it may be said, that there is much more dignity in doing great things, without thinking of praise or glory; but it is easier to prescribe this precept, than to find an example of it; and this species of virtue will be always so rare, and so difficult to prove, that it is much better, for the common interest, not to decry this motive, at least the most noble of all, which has produced, and always will produce so much good. It would be very unskilful, to discourage those, who, while they are doing every thing for us, ask only our applause. If this is vanity, may it become general! This, it appears to me, is the wish, the most useful and the most wise, that we can form, for the good of mankind.

[To be continued.]

[FROM A FOREIGN JOURNAL.]

CRITICISM

On Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. By Hugh Blair, D. D.

Any instead of Either.

The verse marches with a more slow and measured pace, than in any of the two former cases. ii. 330.

Either instead of Each.

Truth, duty, and interest. But the arguments directed towards either of them are generally distinct. ii. 184.—Either refers to two things only.

The distributive pronoun *Neither*, improperly followed by the possessive pronoun in the *Plural* number.

Sight and feeling are, in this respect, perfectly on a level; *neither* of them can extend beyond their own objects. 413.—*Its* own objects. *Neither* relates to two persons or things, taken separately.

Each improperly followed by a verb in the *Plural* number.

Here are several distinct objects, and *each* of them are addressed or spoken to. 335.—*is* addressed.

Each other instead of *one another*.

By what bond could any multitude of men be kept together, *until once*, by the intervention of speech, they could communicate their wants and intentions to *each other*. 100. Objects could not be distinguished from *each other*. 156. A great number of governments, rivals of *each other*. ii. 11.

One another instead of *each other*.

Two men, ignorant of *one another's* language. 102. The close relation of any two words to *one another* in meaning. 122. Where two things are compared or contrasted to *one another*. 243. Which two opinions are entirely consistent with *one another*. 490. The characters of Corneille and Racine are happily contrasted with *one another*. ii. 520.—*Each other*, like the word *both*, ought only to be used when we are speaking of two things; *one another*, when we are speaking of more than two.

One followed by a pronominal adjective in the *plural* number.

It has been advised by writers on this subject [action] to practice before a mirror, where one may see, and judge of *their own* gestures. ii. 222.

Them both.

The representing *them both* as subject, at one moment, to the command of God, produces a noble effect. 62. The single word 'ascertain' conveys the import of *them both*. 418. Ezekiel, in poetical grace and elegance, is much inferior to *them both*. ii. 403.—*Them both* is an awkward pleonasm.

The *Relative* not agreeing with its *Antecedent*.

That ingenious nation, who have done so much honour to modern literature. ii. 284.—*The writers* of that ingenious nation.

Verbs in the *plural* number instead of the *singular*.

A great mass of rocks, thrown together by the hand of nature, with wildness and confusion, strike the mind with more grandeur, than if they had been adjusted to *each other* with the most accurate symmetry. 52.—The author might have said, *vast* rocks thrown together. *Mass* is not a noun of multitude.

My heart begins to be touched; my gratitude or my compassion *begin* to flow. ii. 192.—*begins* to flow.

The smart, or the sneering manner of telling a story, are inconsistent with the historical character. ii. 273. Neither the one, nor the other, find a proper place in history. ii. 280. What the heart or the imagination dictate. ii. 299. There was much genius in the world before there were learning or arts to refine it. 343.—before there were arts or learning.

You was instead of *you were*.

You *was* in distress circumstances; you *was* pushed to the utmost. ii. 186. When you *was* most in earnest. ii. 219.—*You* in English, *vous* in French, and *voi* in Italian, are uniformly and indisputably pronouns of the *plural* number. The use of them, in speaking to one person, is a modern refinement, intimating, that we regard the person we are speaking to, as much as we do a multitude of other people.

The *subjunctive* mode instead of the *indicative*.

I must observe, that, although this part of style merit attention, and be a very proper object of science and rule; although much of the beauty of composition depends on figurative language; yet we must beware of imagining, that it depends solely, or even chiefly, upon such language. 277.—That figurative language merits attention, and is a very proper object of science and rule, are positions which do not admit of the least doubt, and therefore should not have been expressed in the subjunctive mode; more especially as the verb *depends*, in the same sentence, and in the same circumstances, is used in the indicative.

We shall be disgusted if he *give* us too much of the servile employments, and low ideas of actual peasants; and if he *makes* his shepherds discourse as if they were courtiers, &c. ii. 338.

It *were* to be wished, that some such work were undertaken. 201. It *were* to be wished, for the honour of his memory. ii. 301.—'It *were* to be wished' is an absurd phrase. There is no pretence for the use of the subjunctive mode in this case. 'It *is* to be wished' is the proper expression.

Sermons are always the more striking, and commonly the more useful, the more precise and particular the subject of them *be*. ii. 109.—Here is likewise no pretence for the use of the subjunctive mode; and *be*, in the indicative, is obsolete.

Verbs which ought to be in the *active*, or the *passive* voice, employed as *neuters*.

The mist *dissipates*, which seemed formerly to hang over the object. 21.—The mist *is dissipated*, *evaporates*, or, *disappears*.

This manner of writing *obtained* among the Assyrians. 134. 145, 146. 151. 187. &c.—*Obtained* is frequently used as a neuter verb; but *prevailed* is preferable.

This readily *connects* with the flourishing period of a plant. 282. The reader soon *waries* of this play of fancy. 313. To keep up the reader's attention, and to prevent him from *tiring* of the author. 382.—By *tiring* of the author, the professor means, *being tired* of him. But in this sentence, the expression can only signify the reader's tiring or fatiguing the author.

Such author's as those one never *tires* of reading. 395. Lest the reader should *tire* of what he may consider as petty remarks. 467. Every audience is very ready *to tire*. ii. 60. They begin *to tire*. ib. He will *tire* of it, and forget it. ii. 175.—The verb *tire*, like the word *fatigue*, is generally used in the passive form: as, he is *tired* with reading, or, he begins *to be tired*.

The use of the word *applies*.

The word 'nature' would have equally *applied* to idea and to soul. 448.—have been equally *applicable*.

The epithet 'stately' *applies*, with more propriety, to 'palaces.' 466. My other observation, which *applies* equally to dean Swift and Mr. Addison. 495. The saying *applies* to the subject now before us. ii. 303.—This expression is a Scotticism, which has been lately introduced into the English language, by some careless writers.

Had instead of *would*, attended with some other improper phrases, or a faulty arrangement.

Metaphors, which need this apology of an 'as it were,' *had* generally *be* better omitted. 305. In this case, figures *had* much better *be wanted*. 365. This sentence *had* better *been wanting* altogether. 425. He *had* better *have* omitted the omitted the word. 334. It *had* better *have been* expressed by, &c. 436. This member of the sentence *had* much better *have been* omitted. 449. 450. ii. 159. *Had* better *have been* dropped. 450. The parenthesis *had* better, far better, *have been* avoided. 457.—By omitting the adverbs, the reader will perceive the gross absurdity of these phrases, *had be wanted, had have been dropped, had have been avoided, &c.* The author should have said, this sentence *would* have been better omitted, &c.

Will instead of *shall*.

Without having attended to this, we *will* be at a loss in understanding several passages of the classics. 109. What we conceive clearly, we *will* naturally express with clearness. 402. As this sentence contains several inaccuracies, I *will* be obliged to enter into a minute discussion of its structure and parts. 447. We *will* always be able to give most body to that pitch of voice, to which in conversation we are accustomed. ii. 206, &c.

Will instead of *may*.

There are few great occasions of public speaking, in which one *will* not derive assistance from cultivated taste, and extensive knowledge. ii. 234.

Shall instead of *should*.

If it *shall* now be required, What are the proper sources of the sublime? 75.

Would instead of *should*.

The *Amatics* a no time relished any thing but what was full of ornament, and splendid in degree, that we *would* denominate gaudy. 20. There are no two words we *would* more readily take to be synonymous than 'amare' and 'amare.' 196. 'Tutus' and 'securus' are words which we *would* readily conjoin. 196. Without a careful attention to the sense, we *would* be unduly led, by the rules of syntax, to refer to the rising and setting of the sun. 213. We

would be greatly at a loss, if we could not borrow assistance from figures. 285. If I should mingle in one discourse arguments for the love of God, and for the love of our neighbour, I *would* offend unpardonably against unity. ii. 109.—If I were to mingle, I *should*.

From whom [Horace] we *would* be led to form a very high idea of the taste and genius of the Augustan age. ii. 258. The heroes glorying, as we *would* now think very indecently, over their fallen enemies. ii. 429.

[To be continued.]

BRIEF MEMOIRS OF LIVING AUTHORS.

JOHN AIKIN, ESQ. M.D.

Son of the late Dr. Aikin of Warrington, brother to the celebrated Mrs. Barbauld, and an author of great ability and reputation. He published in 1771, a volume on the Ligature of Arteries. His other medical works are, a thin octavo volume on the Use of Preparations of Lead: another, of Essays in Surgery, and a third of Thoughts on Hospitals: a quarto pamphlet, entitled, 'A Specimen of the Medical History of Great Britain': an octavo volume of Biographical Memoirs of Medicine: another, entitled, 'Elements of Surgery,' and two octavo volumes, entitled, 'Elements of Physic and Surgery': an edition of Lewis's History of the Materia Medica, in quarto: and a Manual of Materia Medica in duodecimo. His publications are not however by any means *all* of a professional kind. In 1773, he published an octavo volume of Miscellanies in conjunction with his sister: his poem entitled, 'Duncan's Warning,' has been greatly admired: He has likewise published a Translation of Tacitus's Manners of the Germans and Life of Agricola: on which performance it is no contemptible eulogium, and it may certainly be pronounced with truth, that notwithstanding the able hands into which the great historian has since fallen, Dr. Aikin's Translation of these Tracts is the best we have. It seems a little surprising that the ingenious author should allow a book which has been in so great request, to remain scarce for want of new impressions. Dr. Aikin has also published An Essay on the Application of Natural History to Poetry: an edition of Thomson's Seasons with Notes: The Kalendar of Nature: a small volume of Poems: England Delineated: A View of the Character and Public Services of Mr. John Howard: an edition of Armstrong's Art of Health, with a critical Essay: an edition of Somerville's Chace, with a critical Essay: A Description of the Country from thirty to forty miles round Manchester, in quarto, the materials of which were arranged, and the work composed by the Doctor: Letters to his Son: an edition of the Spleen, and other Poems, by Matthew Green, and an edition of Pope's Essay on Man, with a critical Essay prefixed: Beside these performances, Dr. Aikin has condescended to, some smaller ones for the instruction of children. It redounds not a little to the credit of the late Dr. Aikin of Warrington that both his son and daughter possess so respectable an eminence in the republic of letters: they are children worthy of such a father: the undoubted heirs of his talents and his virtues. From perusing the list of his works, the reader will observe by how many monuments of literature the talents of the former have been ascertained; and it is needless for us to add our testimony to his fine genius and noble sentiments, or to repeat a suffrage which the general consent of the learned has so frequently conferred: there has never failed to adorn and dignify the subjects that he has taken in hand. Dr. Aikin is said at present to have a leading share in the conduct of the Monthly Magazine, a publica-

tion whose merits certainly bespeak an able pilot.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

The etiquette of the Spanish court was the most severe in Europe. One of their kings fell a victim to it. Philip III. being newly recovered from a dangerous malady, was sitting near a chimney, in which was so large a fire of wood, that he was almost stifled. Etiquette did not permit him to rise, nor a common domestic to enter. At length the Marquis de Pobar, chamberlain, came in, but Etiquette forbade his interference, and the Duke of Usseda, master of the household, was sent for. He was gone out; and the flame increased, while the king bore it patiently, rather than violate his dignity. But his blood was so heated, that next morning an erysipelas of the head appeared, and a relapse of the fever soon carried him off.

FROM THE ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEW

FOR JULY, 1803.

Supposed to be written on the water, on board the barge that carried the Police Magistrates to Blackwall last year.

Thames! sire of Albion's streams! imperial tide,
Of fam'd Augusta's wealth the source and pride;
From Julius' town, the din of war no more
Shakes with triumphant peal thy crowded shore.
Hail this auspicious bark; for lo! on board
Mild Themis' waves her olive braided sword,
By mercy sheath'd, or only drawn to awe
The guilty victims of insulted law.

Around the scene her eyes the goddess threw,
And, as the world of wonders struck her view,
Long quays by swarming industry supplied,
Forest of masts the sea-broad wave that hide;
Exulting while she gaz'd, she thus express'd
The warm emotions of her glowing breast.

'These are my triumphs!—war in vain might sweep
The hostile corsair from the enfranchis'd deep;
In vain escap'd from Ocean's fatal rage,
Where winds and waves eternal battle wage;
The fleet with all creation's treasures fraught,
Safe to these shores successful commerce brought:
If midnight plunder with insidious wiles
The merchant of his toil-earn'd wealth beguiles.
But lo! my favourite son, with patriot mind,
Preventive plans of general wealth design'd;
Scann'd with discerning eye corruption's source,
And all the varied powers of fraud and force,
Then found a code to check the bold career,
And teach the river pirate first to fear.
This to three chiefs a power efficient gave,
The gallant admirals of the peaceful wave.
And as when brave St. Vincent's sails appear'd,
Where Duncan, Nelson, Howe, their ensigns rear'd,
France struck her haughty flag! and vanquish'd Spain,
And aw'd Batavia yielded up the main.

So at Kinnaird's, and Bragg's, and Heriot's names,
Who grasp the potent trident of the Thames,
Dejected rapine hung the drooping head,
And all the wretched race of rillian's fled:
Light horsemen throw their black-strap bags away,
No Jemmy's skreen the plunderer of the day.
About the bow no dirty mullarks stand
To catch the pillage from the lumper's hand;
Their wil' arts the ratcatchers give o'er,
And the game lightermen are seen no more.'

Nor were the plaudits of the goddess shewn
To naval deeds and naval chiefs alone;
The heroes of the land her plaudits share,
From oozy Shadwell to remote Queen's square;
Out Bow-street: most with knightly honours crown'd,
From Sir John Fielding, to Sir Richard Ford;
Applauds the toil assiduous that relieves
Augusta's streets from prostitutes and thieves;
The bold foot pad-checks in his midnight course,
And drags the highway robber from his horse.

So long the extended series to pursue,
And see Blackwall just rises to the view;
The river vaing and the muse requires,
Water has dapp'd, and wine must raise her fire.

DIDOT'S STEREOTYPE EDITIONS

Are printed upon 287 *clichés*, or fixed pages of metal, with prominent characters, hot stamped, by the fall of a strong hollow plate.

The matrix plate, in use for a century, was at first nothing but a mass of argillaceous earth, and latterly of lead, excavated by the simultaneous impression of a moveable text of printing characters. Thus, each of these characters being only the produce of a cast, in its particular matrix struck with a puncheon, it is evident that the form of the primitive relief, engraved on steel, with extreme accuracy, passed through three intermediate impressions, before it was stamped on the *cliché* or page.

Our process in matrices of single characters admits of but one preparatory impression, which never injures the purity of the original puncheon. This *stéréotypage*, as simple as the common typography, differs from it, in no other respect, than the inverted order of its characters, the sole use of which is to stamp the relief of the fixed page, by which the ink is to be applied to the paper. Imagine moveable types of copper, separately excavated by the stroke of the archetypal steel; collect and arrange these, and you form one of our paginal matrices.

STEREOTYPE OFFICE,

Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, 4th February, 1804.

Mr. WILSON respectfully informs the Public, that he is now prepared to undertake the printing of Works by Stereotype Plates, subject to the following Standing Rules of the Stereotype Office.

1. Nothing is to be printed against Religion.
2. Every thing is to be avoided, upon the subject of Politics, which is offensive to any Party.
3. The Characters of Individuals are not to be attacked.
4. Every Work, which is Stereotyped, at this Office, is to be composed with beautiful Types.
5. All the Stereotype Plates are to be made according to the improved process, discovered by Earl STANHOPE.
6. School Books, and all Works for the Instruction of Youth, will be Stereotyped here, at a lower price than any other.

Farther Particulars may be known, upon application at the Stereotype Office; and it is requested that all Letters may be post-paid.

The public are indebted to the ingenuity and perseverance of Earl Stanhope, for the perfection of this art. So doubtful were the printers of its success, that it was with some difficulty, in the onset, that his lordship found a man, either willing or adequate, to second his views, and assist his experiments by typographical knowledge. Mr. Wilson, fortunately for himself, was awake to the advantages, which could not fail to result from the completion of his project. He saw, that the noble earl's design was simply to benefit the literary world, by lowering the price of books, and opening a more easy path to the attainment of useful information. His success has been as brilliant, as are the prospects which the stereotype art opens to the mental eye of the philanthropist; and already has he thrust his sickle into the golden harvest. The syndics of the Cambridge university press have purchased the art, at a great expense; and their printer, Mr. Watts, has erected a foundry, upon a more extensive scale, than that of Mr. Wilson, in London, in order to reprint all books, under the university patent, in a style of accuracy and elegance, hitherto unknown. The old presses are entirely laid aside, to make way for others, upon his lordship's plan; which unite all the advantages of convenience, with an incredible saving of labour and time.

It is with pleasure we remark, that, while typography has received such a valuable aid, in Great Britain, the American printers have not been inactive. Mr. HUGH MAXWELL has invented a press, upon a very different plan, from that of Lord Stanhope, but which possesses the same advantages, and bears honourable testimony of the inventor's ingenuity. It is our intention, in another number, to dwell longer on this subject, and give an account of some other inventions, which are considered to be of the highest importance to the arts.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE HOUSE OF SLOTH.

By DR. DWIGHT.

Beside yon lonely tree, whose branches bare,
Rise white, and murmur to the passing air;
There, where the twining briars the yard inclose,
The house of Sloth stands hush'd in long repose.

In a late round of solitary care,
My feet instinct to rove, they knew not where,
I thither came. With yellow blossoms gay,
The tall rank weed begirt the tangled way:
Curious to view, I forc'd a path between,
And climb'd the broken stile, and gaz'd the scene.

O'er an old well, the curb half fallen spread,
Whose boards, end-loose, a mournful creaking made;
Pois'd on a leaning post, and ill sustain'd,
In ruin sad, a mouldering swepe remain'd;
Useless, the crooked pole still dangling hung,
And, tied with thrums, a broken bucket swung.

A half-made wall around the garden lay,
Mended, in gaps, with brushwood in decay.
No culture through the woven briars was seen,
Save a few sickly plants of faded green:
The starv'd potato hung its blasted seeds,
And fennel struggled to o'ertop the weeds.
There gaz'd a ragged sheep, with wild surprise,
And two lean geese upturn'd their slanting eyes.

The cottage gap'd with many a dismal yawn,
Where, rent to burn, the covering boards were gone;
Or, by one nail, where others endwise hung,
The sky look'd through, and winds portentous rung.
In waves the yielding roof appear'd to run,
And half the chimney-top was fallen down.

The ancient cellar-door, of structure rude,
With tatter'd garments calk'd, half open stood.
There, as I peep'd, I saw the ruin'd bin;
The sills were broke; the wall had crumbled in;
A few long emptied casks lay mould'ring round,
And wasted ashes sprinkled o'er the ground;
While, a sad sharer in the household ill,
A half-starv'd rat crawl'd out, and bade farewell.

One window dim, a loop-hole to the sight,
Shed round the room a pale, penurious light;
Here rags gay-colour'd creak'd the broken glass;
There panes of wood supplied the vacant space.

As, pondering deep, I gaz'd, with gritty roar
The hinges creak'd, and open stood the door.
Two little boys, half-naked from the waist,
With staring wonder ey'd me as I pass'd.
The smile of Pity blended with her tear—
Ah me! how rarely comfort visits here!

On a lean hammock, once with feathers fill'd,
His limbs by dirty tatters ill conceal'd,
Though now the sun had rounded half the day,
Stretch'd at full length the lounge snoring lay:

While his sad wife beside her dresser stood,
And wash'd her hungry household's meagre food.
His aged sire, whose beard and flowing hair
Wav'd silver o'er his antiquated chair,
Rose from his seat; and, as he watch'd my eye,
Deep from his bosom heav'd a mournful sigh—
'Stranger (he cried) once better days I knew;
And, trembling, shed the venerable dew.
I wish'd a kind reply; but wish'd in vain;
No words came timely to relieve my pain.
To the poor parent, and her infants dear,
Two mites I gave, besprinkled with a tear;
And, fix'd again to see the wretched shed,
Withdrew in silence, clos'd the door and fled.

Yet this so lazy man I've often seen
Hurrying and bustling round the busy green;
The loudest prater in a blacksmith's shop;
The wisest statesman o'er a drunken cup;
(His sharp bon'd horse, the street that nightly fed
Tied, many an hour, in yonder tavern shed,)
In every gambling, racing match, abroad,
But a rare hearer in the house of God.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On finding — employed at her needle, previous to her confinement.

The fairest nymph of winning charms possess'd,
Ne'er kindled livelier raptures in her swain,
Than when Alzora to my heart I press'd
And saw her smiles return my love again.

Her features softening o'er the muslin task,
Which fondness prompted to her infant care,
A fear betray'd she sweetly strove to mask,
But mark'd the little drapery with a tear.

My throbbing heart the sad emotion caught;
Yet e'er it heav'd the deeply anxious sigh,
My struggling grief she view'd, and kindly sought
To drive the flowing sorrow from my eye.

The dutious efforts of her heaving breast,
Which check'd the aching impulse as it rose,
Each apprehension for herself repress,
And hush'd at once my feelings to repose.

Again her hands the soft attire prepar'd,
Her wish'd-for innocent she hop'd might wear;
I thought—Oh! may that innocent be spar'd,
And prove as happy, as the mother's dear.

C. H—D.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To Chloe—at parting.

Why Chloe thus avert thine eye
To hide from me its tear?
Why check thy bosom's rising sigh,
When I that sigh would share?

Weep not, dear maid, because we part;
We soon shall meet again;
Dispel those fears, which rend my heart,
And cause thee so much pain.

Should distance mock our warm embrace,
Though worlds between us lie,
Thy fancied form the hours shall chase,
And make me think thee by.

If beauty with her dimpled smile
Invite me to her arms,
I'll shun the sorceress, scorn the wile,
To dream of Chloe's charms.

Cease then to weep, those fears subdue,
From trembling love that rise,
Nor think I'll ever prove untrue
To her I've sworn to prize.

C. H—F

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
SONG.

I never 'till now would believe
A bosom with apathy fraught,
Could tender impressions receive,
Or ever by Cupid be caught.

And yet when I chanc'd to survey,
On Chloe's pure lips a sweet smile,
To Love I at once fell a prey,
And own'd myself charm'd with his wile.

Her bosom unveil'd to my eye,
Arose with each thought she express'd,
It tenderly sanction'd my sigh,
And told me I soon should be bless'd.

The promise I long'd to ensure,
And gaz'd with delight on the shrine,
Whose heart I perceiv'd was as pure
As the flame it had kindled in mine.

C. H. D.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
ODE TO MORNING.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

Turn to me, Love! the morning rays
Are glowing on thy languid charms;
Take one luxurious parting gaze,
While yet I linger in thine arms.

'Twas long before the noon of night,
I stole into thy bosom, dear!
And now the glance of dawning light
Has found me still in dalliance here.

Turn to me, Love! the trembling gleams
Of morn along thy white neck stray,
Away, away, you envious beams,
I'll chase you with my lips away!

Oh! is it not divine to think,
While all around were lull'd in night,
While even the planets seem'd to wink,
We kept our vigils of delight.

The heart, that little world of ours,
Unlike the drowsy world of care,
Then, then awak'd its sweetest powers,
And all was animation there.

Kiss me once more, and then I fly,
Our parting would to noon-day last;
Then close that languid, trembling eye,
And sweetly dream of all the past!

As soon as night shall fix her seal
Upon the eyes and lips of men,
Oh, dearest! I will panting steal,
To nestle in thine arms again.

Our joys shall take their stolen flight,
Secret as those celestial spheres,
Which make sweet music all the night,
Unheard by drowsy mortal ears!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Among the French Poets of the last age, whose writings display taste and sentiment, I have been particularly pleased with *Bernard*, commonly called, *Le gentil Bernard*; and was gratified by observing, that the accomplished and learned *Levizac* speaks justly of him, and extracts liberally from his works, in his '*Bibliothèque Portative*,' (last edition.) Many will concur with him, in thinking, that *Bernard's Art of Love*, is superior to that of *Ovid*; and that his *Anacreontic Odes* stand unrivalled by any of his contemporaries. If in the former there appears too much of the prurient, and there is less, than in that of his prototype; and in

his *Amatory Poems*, there is a delicacy and chastity, both of thought and of expression. I have amused my leisure by an imitation of a few of his small pieces, which, if you like, you may publish in the *Port Folio*.
Yours, &c.
QUIDAM.

TO THE ROSE.

IMITATED FROM 'BERNARD.'

Soft offspring of dew of Aurora,
Which kisses of Zephyrs perfume;
Young queen of the empire of Flora,
How gladly we hail thy fresh bloom.

Maria is like a young flower,
Fresh, blooming, and charming to see,
Thou rose, may'st like her smile an hour,
She is not so fugacious as thee.

If thou from thy stalk wilt descend,
With thy tints deck her bosom so gay;
All flowers thou in bliss shalt transcend,
As in beauty thou'rt fairer than they.

Thou may'st live, or even die on that spot,
Let it be both thy throne and thy tomb;
I, envious of thy happy lot,
To reign there, would glad meet such doom.

And shouldst thou apparently languish,
Without sympathy left, to complain.
If she heaves but one soft sigh like anguish,
It will surely revive thee again.

Sly Cupid will doubtless instruct thee,
What grace may to modesty yield;
What of charms to expose, will direct thee;
And what beauties to leave quite conceal'd.

And if any rash hand would annoy thee,
And the spot for thy rest thou hast chose,
As my minister let me employ thee,
To wound with thy thorns all our foes.

TO THE MUSES.

IMITATED FROM 'BERNARD.'

Ye maids of Parnassus, who rove
With the smiles of delight in your faces;
Ye know, that the soul without love,
Is like beauty, devoid of the graces.

No captive the soul but to love:
Though surprize be effected by art;
This a transient dominion will prove;
None but love retains power o'er the heart.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In looking over an old number of the London '*Monthly Mirror*,' I met with the following *Jeu d'Esprit*, which I have endeavoured to translate. Should you think it worthy the attention of any of your readers, it will serve to fill up some vacant corner of your very useful *Port Folio*, and oblige
Yours, &c. W.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

Un et une sont deux,
Nombre fort heureux,
En Galanterie;
Mais-quand une fois,
Ces deux sont trois,
C'est Diablerie.

TRANSLATION.

One and one make two, they say,
The most happy number too,
When Venus is but civil;
But, should these two form a tray,
Ah! what mischief does accrue;
'Tis then the very D.....

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE POEMS OF MRS. HUNTER.

In several of these poems we recognize that beautiful simplicity of feeling and expression, which appear in this Lady's ballad, called, '*Queen Mary's Lamentations*,' and the *Death Song of an Indian*.'

TO MY DAUGHTER, ON BEING SEPARATED FROM
HER, ON HER MARRIAGE.

Dear to my heart, as life's warm stream,
Which animates this mortal clay,
For thee I court the waking dream,
And deck with smiles the future day;
And thus beguile the present pain
With hopes, that we shall meet again.

Yet, will it be, as when the past
Twin'd every joy, and care, and thought,
And o'er our minds one mantle cast,
Of kind affections, finely wrought?
Ah no! the groundless hope were vain,
For so we ne'er can meet again!

May he, who claims thy tender heart,
Deserve its love, as I have done!
For kind and gentle as thou art.
If so belov'd, thou'rt fairly won;
Bright may the fav'rd torch remain,
And cheer thee till we meet again.

HYMN,

BY DR. HAWKESWORTH,

Composed about a month before his death, and dictated to Mrs. H. before he rose in the morning.

In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night:
At once I see the breaking shade,
And drink again the morning light.

New born, I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoic'd, to see
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my gracious God, to thee.

O! guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
When dangers pass around my head.

A deeper shade will soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet still thy strength shall me defend,
Thy goodness still shall deign to bless.

That deeper shade shall fade away,
That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

EPIGRAM.

TO COUNT GRAVINA,

On his translating the author's song, on a rose,
into Italian verse.

My rose, Gravina, blooms anew,
And steep'd not now in rain,
But in Castalian streams by you,
Will never fade again.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 42.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum
payable in advance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM THE EARL OF CHATHAM

TO HIS NEPHEW.

[Continued.]

LETTER VI.

Bath, February 3, 1754.

Nothing can, or ought to give me a higher satisfaction, than the obliging manner in which my dear nephew receives my most sincere and affectionate endeavours, to be of use to him. You much overrate the obligation, whatever it be, which youth has to those, who have trod the paths of the world before them, for their friendly advice, how to avoid the inconveniences, dangers, and evils, which they themselves may have run upon, for want of such timely warnings, and to seize, cultivate and carry forward towards perfection, those advantages, graces, virtues, and felicities, which they may have totally missed, or stopped short in the generous pursuit. To lend this helping hand to those, who are beginning to tread the slippery way, seems, at best, but an office of common humanity to all; but to withhold it, from one we truly love, and whose heart and mind bear every genuine mark of the very soil, proper for all the amiable, manly, and generous virtues to take root, and bear their heavenly fruit; inward, conscious peace, fame amongst men, public love, temporal, and eternal happiness; to withhold it, I say, in such an instance, would deserve the worst of names. I am greatly pleased, my dear young friend, that you do me the justice to believe, I do not mean to impose any yoke of authority upon your understanding and conviction. I wish to warn, admonish, instruct, enlighten, and convince your reason; and so determine your judgment to right things, when you shall be made to see that they are right; not to overbear, and impel you to adopt any thing, before you perceive it to be right or wrong, by the force of authority. I hear, with great pleasure, that Locke lay before you, when you writ last to me; and I like the observation that you make from him, that we must use our own reason, not that of another, if we would deal fairly by ourselves, and hope to enjoy a peaceful and contented conscience. This precept is truly worthy of the dignity of rational natures. But here, my dear child, let me offer one distinction to you, and it is of much moment; it is this: Mr. Locke's precept is applicable only to such opinions, as regard moral or religious obligations, and which as such, our own consciences alone can judge and determine for ourselves: matters of mere expediency, that affect neither honour, morality, nor religion, were not in that great and wise man's view: such are the usages, forms, manners, modes, proprieties, decorums, and all those numberless ornamental

little acquirements, and genteel well-bred attentions, which constitute a proper, graceful, amiable, and noble behaviour. In matters of this kind, I am sure, your own reason, to which I shall always refer you, will at once tell you, that you must, at first, make use of the experience of others; in effect, see with their eyes, or not be able to see at all; for the ways of the world, as to its usages and exterior manners, as well as to all things of expediency and prudential considerations, a moment's reflection, will convince a mind as right as yours, must necessarily be to experienced youth, with ever so fine natural parts, a terra incognita. As you would not therefore attempt to form notions of China or Persia, but from those, who have travelled those countries, and the fidelity and sagacity of whose relations you can trust; so will you, as little, I trust, prematurely form notions of your own, concerning that usage of the world (as it is called) into which you have not yet travelled, and which must be long studied and practised, before it can be tolerably well known. I can repeat nothing to you of so infinite consequence to your future welfare, as to conjure you not to be hasty in taking up notions and opinions; guard your honest and ingenuous mind against this main danger of youth: with regard to all things, that appear not to your reason, after due examination, evident duties of honour, morality, or religion, (and in all such as do, let your conscience and reason determine your notions and conduct) in all other matters, I say, be slow to form opinions, keep your mind in a candid state of suspense, and open to full conviction, when you shall procure it, using in the mean time the experience of a friend, you can trust, the sincerity of whose advice you will try and prove by your own experience hereafter, when more years shall have given it to you. I have been longer upon this head, than I hope there was any occasion for: but the great importance of the matter, and my warm wishes for your welfare, figure, and happiness, have drawn it from me. I wish to know if you have a good French master: I must recommend the study of the French language, to speak and write it correctly, as to grammar and orthography, as a matter of the utmost and indispensable use to you, if you would make any figure in the great world. I need say no more to enforce this recommendation: when I get to London, I will send you the best French dictionary. Have you been taught geography and the use of the globes by Mr. Leech? if not, pray take a geography master and learn the use of the globes; it is soon known. I recommend to you to acquire a clear and thorough notion of what is called the solar system; together with the doctrine of comets. I wanted as much or more, to hear of your private reading at home, as of public lectures, which I hope, however, you will frequent for example's sake. Pardon this long letter, and keep it by you, if you do not hate it. Believe me,

My dear Nephew,
Ever affectionately,
Yours,

LETTER VII.

Bath, March 30, 1754.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

I am much obliged to you for your kind remembrance and wishes for my health. It is much recovered by the regular fit of gout, of which I am still lame in both feet, and I may hope for better health hereafter in consequence. I have thought it long since we conversed: I waited to be able to give you a better account of my health, and, in part, to leave you time to make advances in your plan of study, of which I am very desirous to hear an account. I desire, you will be so good to let me know particularly, if you have gone through the abridgment of Burnet's History of the Reformation, and the Treatise of Father Paul on Benefices; also, how much of Locke you have read. I beg of you, not to mix any other English reading with what I recommended to you. I propose to save you much time and trouble, by pointing out to you such books, in succession, as will carry you the shortest way to the things you must know, to fit yourself for the business of the world, and give you the clearer knowledge of them, by keeping them unmixed with superfluous, vain, empty trash. Let me hear, my dear child, of your French also; as well as of those studies, which are more properly university studies. I cannot tell you better, how truly and tenderly I love you, than by telling you, I am most solicitously bent on your doing every thing that is right, and laying the foundations of your future happiness and figure in the world, in such a course of improvement, as will not fail to make you a better man, while it makes you a more knowing one. Do you rise early? I hope, you have already made to yourself the habit of doing it: if not, let me conjure you, to acquire it. Remember your friend Horace. Et ni posces ante Diem librum cum lumine, si non Intendes animum studiis, et rebus honestis, Invidiâ vel Amore miser torquebere.

Adieu.

Your ever affectionate uncle.

LETTER VIII.

Bath, May 4, 1754.

DEAR NEPHEW,

I use a pen with some difficulty, being still lame in my hand with the gout: I cannot, however, delay writing this line to you, on the course of English history I propose for you. If you have finished the Abridgment of English History, and of Burnet's History of the Reformation, I recommend to you next (before any other reading of history) Oldcastle's Remarks on the History of England, by Lord Bolingbroke. Let me apprise you of one thing, before you read them, and that is, that the author has bent some passages, to make them invidious parallels to the times he wrote in; therefore be aware of that, and depend, in general, on finding the truest constitutional doctrines: and that the facts of history (though warped) are no where falsified. I also recommend Nathaniel Bacon's Historical

and Political Observations,* it is, without exception, the best and most instructive book we have on matters of that kind. They are both to be read with much attention, and twice over; Oldcastle's Remarks to be studied and almost got by heart, for the inimitable beauty of the style, as well as the matter. Bacon, for the matter chiefly; the style being uncouth, but the expression forcible and striking. I can write no more, and you will hardly read what is writ.

Adieu, my dear child.

Your ever affectionate uncle.

LETTER IX.

Astrop Wells, Sept. 5, 1754.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

I have been a long time, without conversing with you, and thanking you for the pleasure of your last letter. You may possibly be about to return to the seat of learning, on the banks of the Cam; but I will not defer discoursing to you on literary matters, till you leave Cornwall, not doubting but you are mindful of the muses, amidst the very savage rocks and moors, and yet more savage natives, of that ancient and respectable dutchy. First, with regard to the opinion you desire, concerning a common place book; in general, I must disapprove the use of it: it is chiefly intended for persons, who mean to be authors, and tends to impair the memory, and to deprive you of a ready, extempore, use of your reading, by accustoming the mind to discharge itself of its reading on paper, instead of relying on its natural power of retention, aided and fortified by frequent revisions of its ideas and materials. Some things must be common-placed, in order to be of any use; dates, chronological order, and the like; for instance, Nathaniel Bacon ought to be extracted in the best method you can: but, in general, my advice to you is, not to common-place upon paper, but, as an equivalent to it, to endeavour to range and methodize in your head, what you read, and by so doing frequently and habitually, to fix matter in the memory. I desired you, some time since, to read Lord Clarendon's History of the civil wars. I have lately read a much honester and more instructive book, of the same period of history; it is the History of the Parliament, by Thomas May,† Esq. &c. I will send it to you, as soon

* This book, though at present little known, formerly enjoyed a very high reputation. It is written with a very evident bias to the principles of the parliamentary party, to which Bacon adhered; but contains a great deal of very useful and valuable matter. It was published in two parts, the first in 1647, the second in 1651, and was secretly reprinted in 1672, and again in 1682; for which edition the publisher was indicted and outlawed. After the revolution, a fourth edition was printed, with an advertisement, asserting, on the authority of Lord Chief Justice Vaughan, one of Selden's executors, that the groundwork of this book was laid by that great and learned man. And it is, probably, on the ground of this assertion, that, in the folio edition of Bacon's book, printed in 1739, it is said, in the title-page, to have been 'collected from some manuscript notes of John Selden, Esq.' But it does not appear, that this notion rests on any sufficient evidence. It is however manifest, from some expressions in the very unjust and disparaging account given of this work, in Nicholson's Historical Library, (part i. p. 150,) that Nathaniel Bacon was generally considered as an imitator and follower of Selden.

† May, the translator of Lucan, had been much commended by Charles the First, but quitted the court on some personal disgust, and afterwards became Secretary to the Parliament. His history was published in 1647, under their authority and licence, and cannot, by any means, be considered as an impartial work. It is, however, well worthy of being attentively read; and the contemptuous character given of it by Clarendon, (Life, vol. I. p. 35,) is as much below its real merit, as Clarendon's own history is superior to it.

as you return to Cambridge. If you have not read Burnet's History of his own Times, I beg you will. I hope your father is well. My love to the girls.

Your ever affectionate.

LETTER X.

Pay-Office, April 9, 1755.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

I rejoice extremely, to hear, that your father and the girls are not unentertained in their travels: in the meantime, your travels through the paths of literature, arts, and sciences, (a road, sometimes set with flowers, and sometimes difficult, laborious, and arduous,) are not only infinitely more profitable in future, but at present, upon the whole, infinitely more delightful. My own travels, at present, are none of the pleasantest: I am going through a fit of the gout; with much proper pain, and what proper patience I may. *Avis au lecteur*, my sweet boy: remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Let no excesses lay the foundations of gout, and the rest of Pandora's box; nor any immoralities, or vicious courses, sow the seeds of a too late and painful repentance. Here ends my sermon, which, I trust, you are not fine gentleman enough, or, in plain English, silly fellow enough, to laugh at. Lady Hester is much yours. Let me hear some account of your intercourse with the muses,

And believe me ever,

Your truly most affectionate.

LETTER XI.

Pay-Office, April 15, 1755.

A thousand thanks to my dear boy, for a very pretty letter. I like extremely the account you give of your literary life; the reflexions you make upon some West-Saxon actors in the times you are reading, are natural, manly, and sensible, and flow from a heart, that will make you far superior to any of them. I am content you should be interrupted, (provided the interruption be not long,) in the course of your reading, by declaiming in defence of the Thesis, you have so wisely chosen to maintain. It is true, indeed, that the affirmative maxim, *Omne solum forti Patria est*, has supported some great and good men, under the persecutions of faction and party-injustice, and taught them to prefer an hospitable retreat in a foreign land, to an unnatural mother-country. Some few such may be found in ancient times: in our own country also some; such was Algernon Sidney, Ludlow, and others. But, how dangerous is it, to trust frail, corrupt man, with such an aphorism! What fatal casuistry is it big with! How many a villain might, and has, masked himself in the sayings of ancient illustrious exiles, while he was, in fact, dissolving all the nearest and dearest ties, that hold societies together, and spurning at all laws, divine and human! How easy the transition, from this political to some impious ecclesiastical aphorisms! If all soils are alike to the brave and virtuous, so may all churches and modes of worship; that is, all will be equally neglected and violated. Instead of every soil being his country, he will have no one for his country; he will be the forlorn outcast of mankind. Such was the late Bolingbroke, of impious memory. Let me know, when your declamation is over. Pardon an observation on style: 'I received yours,' is vulgar, and mercantile; 'your letter,' is the way of writing. Inclose your letters in a cover, it is more polite.

LETTER XII.

Pay-Office, May 20, 1755.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

I am extremely concerned, to hear, that you have been ill, especially, as your account of an

illness, you speak of as past, implies such remains of disorder, as I beg you will give all proper attention to. By the medicine your physician has ordered, I conceive, he considers your case in some degree nervous. If that be so, advise with him, whether a little change of air, and of the scene, together with some weeks course of steel waters, might not be highly proper for you. I am to go the day after to-morrow to Sunning Hill, in Windsor Forest, where I propose to drink those waters for about a month. Lady Hester and I shall be happy in your company. If your doctor shall be of opinion, that such waters may be of service to you; which, I hope, will be his opinion. Besides health recovered, the muses shall not be quite forgot: we will ride, read, walk, and philosophize, extremely at our ease, and you may return to Cambridge with new ardour, or at least with strength repaired, when we leave Sunning Hill. If you come, the sooner the better, on all accounts. We propose to go into Buckinghamshire in about a month. I rejoice that your declamation is over, and that you have begun, my dearest nephew, to open your mouth in public, *ingenti Patriae percussus Amore*. I wish I had heard you perform! the only way I ever shall hear your praises from your own mouth. My gout prevented my so much intended and wished for journey to Cambridge: and now my plan of drinking waters renders it impossible. Come then, my dear boy, to us; and so Mahomet and the mountain meet; no matter which moves to the other.

Adieu.

Your ever affectionate.

LETTER XIII.

July 13, 1755.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

I have delayed writing to you, in expectation of hearing farther from you, upon the subject of your stay at college. ~~No news is the best news~~, and I will hope now, that all your difficulties, upon that head, are at an end. I represent you to myself deep in study, and drinking large draughts of intellectual nectar; a very delicious state to a mind happy enough, and elevated enough, to thirst after knowledge and true honest fame, even as the hart panteth after the water brook. When I name knowledge, I ever intend learning as the weapon and instrument only of manly, honourable, and virtuous action, upon the stage of the world, both in private and public life; as a gentleman, and as a member of the commonwealth, who is to answer for all he does, to the laws of his country, to his own breast and conscience, and at the tribunal of honour and good fame. You, my dear boy, will not only be acquitted, but applauded and dignified at all these respectable and awful bars. So, *macte tua virtute!* go on, and prosper in your glorious and happy career: not forgetting to walk an hour briskly every morning and evening, to fortify the nerves. I wish to hear in some little time, of the progress you shall have made in the course of reading chalked out.

Adieu.

Your ever affectionate uncle.

Lady Hester desires her best compliments to you.

[To be continued.]

[FROM A FOREIGN JOURNAL.]

CRITICISM

On Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. By Hugh Blair, D. D.

[Concluded.]

Can and could instead of may and might.

The difference between them can be clearly pointed out. 40. Some trivial, or misjudged circumstances, can be overlooked by the reader. 72.

If it be of that elevating, solemn, and awful kind, which distinguishes this feeling, we *can* pronounce it sublime. 75. The history of the English language *can*, in this manner, be clearly traced. 71. A plain native style *can* be made equally strong and expressive with this Latinised English. 188. Language *can* be rendered capable of this power of music. 248. How easily *could* it have been mended by this transposition! 260. This *can* be sometimes accomplished. 266. Even gloomy and dismal objects can be introduced into figures. 302. In solemn discourse this *can* often be done to good purpose. 328. This inaccuracy *could* have been remedied. 484. Most, or *all* of the matters, which *can* be the subject of public discourse. ii. 47. Formal introductions *can*, without any prejudice, be omitted. ii. 159. Passages *can* be produced. ii. 455. Ghosts, angels, and devils, *can* be conceived as existing. ii. 469.

The *past* time instead of the *present*.

If any should maintain that sugar *was* bitter, and tobacco *was* sweet, no reasonings could avail to prove it. 30. Old Horatius is reminded, that his son stood alone against three, and asked, What *he would have had him to have done?* 53.—The wish of Horatius must be referred either to the time of the combat, or to the time when the question is asked. In the former case, would it not be sufficient to say, 'What he would have wished him *to do*.' In the latter, 'What he would wish him *to have done*.' The sentiment, as our author has expressed it, is embarrassed, and requires some emendation.

Twisted columns always displease, when they are made use of to support any part of a building that is massy, and that *seemed* to require a more substantial prop. 89. The sentence contains three separate propositions, which *required* three separate sentences to *have unfolded* them. 447.—*to unfold* them.

Of instead of *from*.

In an author's writing with propriety, his being *free* of the two former faults seems implied. 189. The style of dean Swift is free of all affectation. 476. There may be writers much freer of such inaccuracies. 495. Crisostom may be read with advantage, as being freer of false ornaments than the Latin fathers. ii. 37. It is not free of the fault which I imputed to Pliny's Epistles. ii. 301. Tasso's Aminta is not wholly free of Italian refinement. ii. 330. Racine wanted the copiousness and grandeur of Corneille's imagination; but is free of his bombast. ii. 519.

On instead of *in*.

By the custom of walking often *on* the streets. 197. The spectator speaks only the language of description, which is always *on* a lower tone. 321. The capital of all nations, suddenly involved *on* one conflagration. 359. To place any modern writer *on* the same rank. ii. 38.

Among instead of *in*.

Among a nation so enlightened and acute, and where the highest attention was paid to every thing elegant in the arts, we may naturally expect to find the public taste refined and judicious. ii. 12.—The preposition *among* implies a number of things, and therefore should not be prefixed to a noun, which either denotes one single object, or an aggregate of many, taken collectively.

Never instead of *ever*.

Let a speaker have *never* so good a reason to be animated. ii. 56.

That instead of *as*.

A direction the more necessary, *that* the present taste of the age in writing, seems to lean more to style than to thought. 407. The har-

mony is the more happy, *that* this disposition of the members of the period, which suits the sound so well, is no less just and proper, with respect to the sense. 411. These rules are the more necessary, *that* this is a part of the discourse, which requires no small care. ii. 161.

Inverted sentences, which have an air of stiffness and affectation.

Considerable merit doubtless he has. 496. Of figures and ornament of every kind he is exceedingly fond. 397. Great virtues certainly he had. 14. No contemptible orator he was. ii. 16. Living examples of public speaking, it will not be expected that I should here point out. ii. 236. Imperfections in their works he may indeed point out; passages, that are faulty, he may shew. ii. 250. Orators, such as Cicero and Demosthenes, we have none. ii. 257. Of orations, or public discourses of all kinds, I have already treated fully. ii. 259. With digressions and episodes he abounds. ii. 266. In Dodsley's Miscellanies several very beautiful lyric poems are to be found. ii. 860. Of parables the prophetic writings are full. ii. 398. Of lyric poetry, or that which is intended to be accompanied with music, the Old Testament is full. ii. 401. Than Terence nothing can be more delicate, more polished and elegant. ii. 538.

In these sentences the grammatical order of words would be much more natural and agreeable, than this inverted arrangement.

Suppose a man should gravely and seriously ask a friend, to take a walk into his garden, in some such language as this;—'Into the garden let us walk, of flowers it is full, of fruit I think you are fond, on the trees some peaches are to be found, apricots this year I have none, to tea we shall return,'—he would be thought a coxcomb, or a pedant. Why then should such inverted expressions be used in our compositions?

Metaphors.

'From the influx of so many streams, from the junction of so many dissimilar parts, it naturally follows, that the English, like every compounded language, must needs be somewhat irregular. We cannot expect from it that correspondence of parts, that complete analogy in structure, which may be found in those simpler languages, which have been formed in a manner within themselves, and built on one foundation.' 172.—In this passage the English language is considered as a river and a structure. But these two images are inconsistent.

'Rules tend to enlighten taste, and to lead genius from unnatural deviations into its proper channel.' 6.—What has genius to do in a channel, which is literally the bed of a river?

'Good hopes may be entertained of those, whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. Many virtues may be grafted upon it.' 12.—We can form no idea of grafting on a turn, or a tendency, which is neither a visible, nor an intellectual object.

'As Dr. Young's imagination was strong and rich, rather than delicate and correct, he sometimes gives it too loose reins. Hence, in his Night Thoughts, there prevails an obscurity and a hardness in his style. The metaphors are frequently too bold, and frequently too far pursued; the reader is dazzled, rather than enlightened, and he constantly on the stretch, to comprehend an *space* with the author. We may observe in the following metaphor, is *shun out*.' 313.—The imagination is confounded by this mixture of literal and figurative expressions, and this rapid transition from one metaphor to another.

'Dryads and Naiads, the genius of the wood, and the god of the river, were, in men of lively imaginations, in the early ages of the world, easily grafted upon this turn of mind.' 326.—The

grafting of nymphs and genii is a new mode of propagation, which has never been thought of before, even by the celebrated Dr. Graham; and yet our professor represents it as an easy process.

'Comparison is a sparkling ornament; and all things that sparkle, dazzle and fatigue, if they recur too often. Similies should, even in poetry, be used in moderation; but in prose writings much more; otherwise, the style will become disgustingly luscious, and the ornaments lose their virtue and effect.' 348.—We may represent similes as sparkling ornaments of style, which dazzle and fatigue the reader's imagination; but we cannot at the same time, with any propriety, represent them as things unpleasing to the palate, or 'disgustingly luscious.'

'The real and proper ornaments of style are wrought into the substance of it. They flow in the same stream with the current of thought.' 365.—The ornaments of style are here considered as capable of being wrought into a solid substance; and, in the next sentence, represented as a stream flowing with a current.

There is the same confusion of ideas in the following passage: 'In his humorous pieces, the plainness of his manner gives his wit a singular edge, and sets it off to the highest advantage. There is no froth, nor affectation in it; it flows without any studied preparation; and while he hardly appears to smile himself, he makes his reader laugh heartily.' 382.

Lord Shaftesbury is ever in *buskins*, full of circumlocutions, and artificial elegance.' 397.—We may say, Lord Shaftesbury's writings are 'full of circumlocutions.' But if we substitute the author for his works, and introduce him in *buskins*, or in a personal character, we cannot so properly say, he is full of circumlocutions, as that he is fond of them.

'In that region which it [eloquence] occupies, it admits great scope; and to the defect of zeal and application, more than to the want of capacity and genius, we may ascribe its not having hitherto risen higher. It is a field where there is much honour yet to be reaped; it is an instrument, which may be employed for purposes of the highest importance.' ii. 44.—Eloquence is here described as something capable of rising, as a field, and as an instrument; but these are representations, from which it is impossible to form any consistent idea.

In our Review for August we observed, that there were many inaccuracies of style in these lectures. These passages, which we have now cited, will be sufficient to justify this observation; and may serve perhaps, in some respects, to shew, that the Eloquence of this country has not yet fixed her residence on the north side of the Tweed. Some of these improprieties may be thought too trivial to deserve the attention of a celebrated author, and others may probably be defended by analogy, or the example of preceding writers. But the greater part of them are real violations of grammar, or of that purity, propriety, and precision, which Dr. Blair himself has very justly recommended.

We shall conclude with the following extract from the ninth Lecture, which will be a sufficient apology for all the freedom we have taken with our author's performance in this article.

'Whatever the advantages or defects of the English language be, as it is our own language, it deserves a high degree of our study and attention, both with regard to the choice of words which we employ, and with regard to the syntax, or the arrangement of these words in a sentence. We know how much the Greeks and the Romans, in their most polished and flourishing times, cultivated their own tongues. We know how much study both the French and Italians have bestowed

upon theirs. Whatever knowledge may be acquired, by the study of other languages, it can never be communicated with advantage, unless by such as can write and speak their own language well. Let the matter of an author be ever so good and useful, his compositions will always suffer in the public esteem, if his expression be deficient in purity and propriety. At the same time, the attainment of a correct and elegant style, is an object which demands application and labour. If any imagine they can catch it merely by the ear, or acquire it by a slight perusal of some of our good authors, they will find themselves much disappointed. The many errors, even in point of grammar, the many offences against purity of language, which are committed by writers, who are far from being contemptible, demonstrate, that a careful study of the language is previously requisite, in all who aim at writing it properly.

MISCELLANY.

[The ensuing criticism, exhibiting *Johnson's* opinion of *Dryden's* prose style, is preserved in the Port Folio, not only on account of the intrinsic merit of such an opinion, but because *Gifford* has recently declared himself in favour of the *old* style of writing, which has been absurdly banished or neglected, for the sake of the affected and Asiatic manner.]

It will not be easy to find in all the opulence of our language, a treatise so artfully variegated with successive representations of opposite probabilities, so enlivened with imagery, so brightened with illustrations, as *Dryden's* Essay on Dramatic Poetry. His portraits of the English dramatists are wrought with great spirit and diligence. The account of *Shakspear* may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism; exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration. The praise lavished by *Longinus* on the attestation of the heroes of *Marathon*, by *Demosthenes*, fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character, so extensive in its comprehension, and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or reformed; nor can the editors and admirers of *Shakspear*, in all their emulation of reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence, of having changed *Dryden's* gold for baser metal, of lower value though of greater bulk.

In this, and in all his other essays on the same subject, the criticism of *Dryden* is the criticism of a poet; not a dull collection of theorems, nor a rude detection of faults, which perhaps the censor was not able to have committed; but a gay and vigorous dissertation, where delight is mingled with instruction, and where the author proves his right of judgment, by his power of performance.

The different manner and effect with which critical knowledge may be conveyed, was perhaps never more clearly exemplified than in the performances of *Rymer* and *Dryden*. It was said of a dispute between two mathematicians, 'malim cum *Scaligero* errare, quam cum *Clavio* recte sapere;' that it was more eligible to go wrong with one, than right with the other. A tendency of the same kind every mind must feel at the perusal of *Dryden's* prefaces and *Rymer's* discourses. With *Dryden* we are wandering in quest of truth; whom we find, if we find her at all, drest in the graces of elegance; and if we miss her, the labour of the pursuit rewards itself; we are led only through fragrance and flowers. *Rymer*, without taking a nearer, takes a rougher way; every step is to be made through thorns and brambles; and truth, if we meet her, appears repulsive by her mien, and ungraceful by her habit. *Dryden's* criticism has the majesty of a queen; *Rymer's* has the ferocity of a tyrant.

His genius is always provided with matter, and his fancy never languishes in penury of ideas.

His works abound with knowledge, and sparkle with illustrations. There is scarcely any science or faculty that does not supply him with occasional images and lucky similitudes. Every page discovers a mind very widely acquainted both with art and nature, and in full possession of great stores of intellectual wealth. Of him that knows much, it is natural to suppose that he has read with diligence; yet I rather believe that the knowledge of *Dryden* was gleaned from accidental intelligence and various conversation, by a quick comprehension, a judicious selection, and a happy memory, a keen appetite of knowledge, and a powerful digestion; by vigilance that permitted nothing to pass without notice, and a habit of reflection that suffered nothing useful to be lost. A mind like *Dryden's*, always curious, always active, to which every understanding was proud to be associated, and of which every one solicited the regard, by an ambitious display of himself, had a more pleasant, perhaps a nearer way, to knowledge, than by the silent progress of solitary reading. I do not suppose that he despised books, or intentionally neglected them; but that he was carried out, by the impetuosity of his genius, to more vivid and speedy instructions; and that his studies were rather desultory and fortuitous than constant and systematical.

It must be confessed that he scarcely ever appears to want book-learning but when he mentions books: and to him may be transferred the praise which he gives his master *Charles*.

His conversation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
Were such, dead authors could not give,
But habitudes of those that live;
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew,
His apprehension quick, his judgment true:
That the most learn'd with shame confess
His knowledge more, his reading only less.

Of all this, however, if the proof be demanded, I will not undertake to give it; the atoms of probability, of which my opinion has been formed, lie scattered over all his works; and by him who thinks the question worth his notice, his works must be perused with very close attention.

Criticism, either didactic or defensive, occupies almost all his prose, except those pages which he has devoted to his patrons; but none of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled; every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated and vigorous: what is little, is gay; what is great, is splendid. He may be thought to mention himself too frequently; but while he forces himself upon our esteem, we cannot refuse him to stand high in his own. Every thing is excused by the play of images and the sprightliness of expression. Though all is easy, nothing is feeble: though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh: and though, since his earlier works, more than a century has passed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete.

He who writes much, will not easily escape a manner, such a recurrence of particular modes as may be easily noted. *Dryden* is always another and the same, he does not exhibit a second time the same elegancies in the same form, nor appears to have any other art than that of expressing with clearness what he thinks with vigour. His style could not easily be imitated, either seriously or ludicrously; for, being always equable and always varied, it has no prominent or discriminative characters. The beauty who is totally free from disproportion of parts and features, cannot be ridiculed by an over-charged resemblance.

ON SOME LITTLE ARTIFICES TO GAIN CONSEQUENCE IN VULGAR EYES.

Such is the natural pride of the human heart, that there is scarcely any trifling distinction, which can attract notice, that will not be pursued with eagerness, and fill the possessor's bosom with self-esteem.

One of the easiest, and therefore the commonest methods of drawing attention by trifles, is that of talking loud at all places of public resort. There is something so spirited in it, so charmingly careless, and it gives such an air of superiority, by seeming to despise all the hearers, as if they were no more than stocks and stones, that it seldom fails of exciting not only notice, but some degree of awe and admiration.

I have heard many a fine gentleman and lady, while they were strutting up and down a crowded walk, question each other on the last night's ball, or their engagements to dinner, in a voice so loud as silenced the rest of the company, and caused a general hum of inquiry, Who are these? Thus the end was answered. The spectators were awe-struck and brow-beaten, and the happy pair marched off in triumph, like a king and queen of *Brentford*, till the next morning, when they returned to make new conquests. From their volubility and vehement loudness, they acquired, among many silly listeners, the character of people of infinite sense and spirit.

Another method of gaining notice and admiration, is to swear and swagger at inns, or at any other place, where we are among our inferiors, or are unknown. It is, to be sure, wonderful to observe how respectful a reception he meets with, who, with a cockade in his hat, which is judiciously cocked over his eye, with a stick in his hand, and an oath in his mouth, enters an inn and calls about him with a voice like that of the men who cry peas and beans in the streets of London. There have been generals, admirals, colonels, and captains, who never appeared so formidable, nor displayed so much prowess, as in storming an inn in a country town. And the petty gentry, who imitate such heroes, consider themselves as personages of great consequence, when they break the bell wire by the violence of their ringing, frighten the landlady with their fierce looks, send the waiters scampering like men beside themselves, and, with their oaths, set the whole house, yards, and stables, in an uproar.

Knocking vehemently at a door, especially if it be done according to the latest method invented by people of fashion in the squares, adds very considerably to personal importance.

Singularity in dress is one of the commonest modes of seeking distinction; but by singularity I do not mean a deviation from the established fashion, but compliance with it carried to an extreme. An enormous pair of buckles has given many a young man a degree of confidence, which no learning or virtue which he possessed, could ever have supplied. A hat, a coat, a shoe, or a shoe-string, of a shape, or size, or colour, exceeding the ordinary mode, have fixed the eyes of a whole assembly, and gratified the ambitious wearer with the most heartfelt satisfaction.

Some, rather than not be noticed at all, will endeavour to draw the eyes of their fellow-creatures upon them by such profusion and expenses, as cause an execution in their houses, and force them to elope. Hunted by bailiffs and creditors, it is still some consolation to them, that they are the reigning topic. Vices are often practised with a desire of being rendered remarkable; and many plume themselves, as persons of the first consequence, if their profligacy causes them to become the subjects of paragraphs in a newspaper.

Vanity indeed operates with so violent a force, on some minds, that it seems to contradict itself, and defeat its own purpose, for, in pursuit of notice and distinction, it will even industriously seek disgrace.

As the desire of fame, or distinction, seems natural in man, I contend not against it, but I wish it to operate in urging to acts of singular beneficence and social utility, rather than to spend its force in trifles, follies, vanities, and vices.

But of the greater part of these ambitious persons whom I have just described, it may, I believe, be said, that they would act wisely to avoid, instead of seeking distinction, for they seem to be of that character, to which the emphatical words of an elegant, political writer may most justly be applied—'a character which will only pass without censure, when it passes without observation.'

If men find themselves insensibly impelled by the ambition of their nature, to seek distinction, let them learn to seek it by arts and virtues which embellish life, and diffuse happiness or convenience through the ranks of society. If they cannot do this, let them contentedly acquiesce in an innocent obscurity.

[In the subsequent Law Report, the honesty of a Hebrew agent, for a frank and unsuspecting sailor would not disgrace the practice of an American swindler, or a republican rascal.]

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

BROWN V. HART.

The plaintiff sued as administrator to his son, who had been a seaman on board *La Pique*. At his death a considerable sum was due to him for wages, and as his ship had been very fortunate in making prizes, he was entitled to a large share of prize money. But unfortunately, before sailing on his voyage, he had given a power of attorney to the defendant, a Jew sloop-seller, at Gosport, to manage all his affairs. When the plaintiff heard of his son's decease, he applied to Hart for an account of his estate. For a long time he received no answer; but at last old Moses produced an account, by which there was against him a balance of only 6l. 10s. Many of the articles with which he pretended to have supplied young Brown appeared quite unfit for his station and greatly overcharged; nor did he account for so much money as he must necessarily have received. The plaintiff therefore expressed himself dissatisfied, and threatened to bring an action. The Jew, a little intimidated, asked how much he would take? 'Why, d'ye see, Mr. Jew; (said the plaintiff) I'll let you off for 150l.' This demand was refused, and the present action was accordingly brought.

Upon an inspection of the account, after proof being adduced of the sums the defendant had received for the deceased, and improper charges being disallowed, it appeared that, instead of 6l. 10s. no less a sum was due than 225l. For this, by the direction of the judge, and to the joy of all present, the jury at once found a verdict for the plaintiff.

LEVITY.

[The ensuing humorous article is from the ingenious pen of G. L. Gray, the editor of the Norfolk Ledger.]

VIRGIL DEMOCRATISED;

Or, a Specimen of Mobocratic Latinity.

Duane has said a great deal about 'false abstracts,' 'mutilated quotations,' 'impotent perversions,' &c. &c. His knowledge of any, or every thing false, cannot be disputed. If he reads the *Aurora* he will seldom be without an example. Take, for instance, his attempt to introduce Virgil among his other authorities, in what he is pleased to entitle, his '*Vindication of the Democratic Constitution of America*.'—He makes Virgil speak thus of *Aristocracy*:

—Malum quo non aliud velocius ullum
Mobilitate viget, vosque acquirit eundo;
Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit.

Duane is about as near being right in this particular as he usually is in others of more importance. We have found it true that not one of the real democratic editors in America, dare advance any bold assertion until the cue has first been furnished by the *Aurora*. As soon, therefore, as the organ had sounded the opinion of Virgil on *aristocracy*, the whole tribe open it in succession. And first the renowned conglomerator of wool and felt, Cheetham, the hat-making editor of the American Citizen, reports the Roman authority thus:

—Malum quo non aliud velocius ullum
Mobilitate viget, vosque acquirit eundo;
Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit.

We will excuse the *frim* CITIZEN on account of his *frudence*. The type of the *Aurora* is sometimes not very legible, and as the *o* could not be read in the word *primo*, he did well to stop where he did, lest he might have fallen into the same errors as the *American*; to whom let us listen:

—Malum quo non aliud velocius ullum
Mobilitate viget, vosque acquirit eundo;
Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit.

The *Duanean* Latin next falls into the hands of the *American Patriot*. Mr. Kennedy seems to have followed the text of Messrs. Pechin and Frailey, and, consequently, must be farther from the mark than either of his precursors.

—Malum quo non aliud velocius ullum
Mobilitate viget, vosque acquirit eundo;
Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit.

As there are a great many editors who have not yet touched the subject, we expect in the end, if the rage for new readings continues, to hear the *Mantuan Swan* sing a very curious ditty. Our friendship for Virgil induces us to request Duane henceforth to confine himself to vernacular vulgarity; and to murder no language but his own: at least to spare the ignorance of the poor herd, who must of necessity follow him, in the best manner they can, while pursuing the generous plan of giving instruction to the people.

In his universally admired description of FAME, the author of the *Æneis* has the following sublime passage, which has been deformed by the democratic editors.

Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum:
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo:
Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.

Æn. IV. v. 174.

Which is thus translated by Dryden; v. 174.

Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows;
Swift, from the first; and ev'ry moment brings
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

The British booksellers announce an interesting work—*Bibliotheca Britannica*: A complete history of English literature, to be edited by Mr. SOUTHEY.

A late ingenious historian has very happily described, in a single paragraph, the character of the celebrated lord Ashburton.

DUNNING long enjoyed a high reputation at the bar, and filled the office of solicitor-general. He united a perfect knowledge of the law with a liberal view of politics. The meanness of his figure, the ungracefulness of his action, and the monotony of his voice, were all lost in the rapidity of his conceptions, the fluency of his

words, the flashes of his wit, and the subtlety of his arguments.

VICES OF THE EUROPEAN SOLDIER.

[From a severe, but moral Poet.]

The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
Blest with an infant's ignorance of all,
But his own simple pleasures, now and then,
A wrestling match, a foot race, or a fair,
Is ballotted, and trembles at the news.
Sheepish, he doffs his hat, and mumbling, swears
A Bible oath, to be what e'er they please,
To do he knows not what. The task perform'd,
That instant he becomes the sergeant's care,
His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,
Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees,
Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees, puts off himself,
Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well.
He stands erect, his slouch becomes a walk,
He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form and movement; is as smart above
As meal and larded locks can make him, wears
His hat, or his plum'd helmet, with a grace,
And his three years of heroship expire'd,
Returns indignant to the slighted plough.
He hates the field in which no fife or drum
Attends him, drives his cattle to a march,
And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.
'T were well if his exterior change were all—
But wish his clumsy port the wretch has lost
His ignorance, and harmless manners too.
To swear, to game, to drink, to shew at home,
By lewdness, idleness and Sabbath breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad,
'T astonish, and to grieve his gazing friends,
To break some maiden's, and his mother's heart,
To be a pest where he was useful once,
Are his sole aim, and all his glory now.

JULIA MARIA!—A *Jeu D'Esprit*.

BY AMBROSE PITMAN ESQ.

In days of old—when first refinement's light
Broke thro' the mist of chaos and of night;
Our great great-grandmothers were giv'n alone,
Such humble Christian names as MARY and JOAN:
E'en *Arc's* heroic *Maud* the latter bore,
And *Maud*—a celebrated Queen of yore.
But such th' improvement of our polish'd age,
And such the revolutionary rage,
That milk and fish-fags now are *Arabellas*,
Louisas, Julias, Carolines, and Stellas,
As t' other day a fish-wench traip'd along,
And "*Sprats as big as herrings*," bo! her song:
She thus address'd—in accents far from mild—
Nay, Stentor like, her filthy wand'ring child.
"*Julia Maria!*—little imp of coil!
"*Come from the kennel, come—you dirty Devil!*"

The remembrance of every Oxonian will be hurried to the banks of the Isis, when he peruses the following Sonnet, commemorating the much loved scenes, witnessed at a famous seminary, the nursery of Genius, the abode of the Muses, the pride of the Loyal, and the scourge of Fanatics.

I never hear the sound of thy glad bells,
Oxford! and chime harmonious, but I say,
Sighing, to think how time has worn away,
'Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,
'Heard after years of absence from the vale,
'Where Cherwell winds.' Most true it speaks the tale
Of days departed, and its voice recalls
Hours of delight and hope, in the gay tide
Of life and many friends, now scatter'd wide
By many fates...Peace be within thy walls!
I have scarce heart to visit thee; but yet
Deny'd the joys sought in thy shades...deny'd
Each better hope, since my poor... died,
What I have ow'd to thee my heart can ne'er forget.

Epitaph on Miss Rose.

Here lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose,
Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those, who for her loss are griev'd,
This consolation's given,
She's from a world of woe reliev'd,
And blooms a rose in Heaven.

THE NATAL GENIUS.

A DREAM.

To — on the morning of her birth day.
By Thomas Moore, Esq.

In witching slumbers of the night,
I dream'd I was the airy sprite,
That on thy natal moment smil'd;
And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flowers, which in Elysium spring,
To crown my lovely mortal child.

With olive branch I bound thy head,
Heart's ease along thy paths I shed,
Which was to bloom through all thy years;
Nor did I yet forget to bind
Love's roses, with his myrtle twin'd,
And dew'd by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon,
Which fancy, at her magic noon,
Bade me to Nona's image pay...
Oh! were I, love, thus doom'd to be
Thy little guardian deity,
How blest around thy steps I'd play!

Thy life should softly steal along,
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song,
That's heard at distance in the grove.
No cloud should ever shade thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
But all be sun-shine, peace and love.

The wing of time should never brush
Thy dewy lips' luxuriant flush,
To bid its roses withering die;
Nor age itself, though dim and dark,
Should ever quench a single spark,
That flashes from my Nona's eye.

ALBERT OF WERDENDORFF;

OR, THE MIDNIGHT EMBRACE.

A German Romance.

Nocturnus occurram furor. Hor.

Lord Albert had titles, Lord Albert had power,
Lord Albert in gold and in jewels was clad;
Fair Josephine bloom'd, like an opening flower,
But beauty and virtue were all that she had.

To rifle her treasure with each wily art
Of studied seduction Lord Albert essay'd;
Too well he succeeded! her innocent heart,
By virtue protected, by love was betray'd.

Full oft in her cot, at her casement, she'd sigh,
And gaze, sad and silent, on Werdendorff's walls;
Full oft gush'd the tear drops in streams from her eye,
When mirth reign'd triumphant in Werdendorff's halls.

When all in the castle were wrapt in repose,
Lord Albert would ponder on Josephine's charms;
Would leap the wide moat and the portal unclose,
To hie him in haste to his Josephine's arms.

When the moon hid in clouds, gave no tremulous ray,
O'er the moor dark and ferny to point out the road,
At her casement the maid would a taper display,
To guide her true love to her humble abode.

From the castle could Albert discern the loved spot,
When the bickering lustre gleam'd dim from afar,
Would speed him in safety to Josephine's cot,
And bless the kind beams of loves tutelar star.

Ah! maiden ill fated, too soon wilt thou find,
That vows can be broken that men can betray;
That men, fickle men, are less true than the wind,
That love, if illicit, too soon will decay.

The night waned apace, and her taper shone bright,
— "He comes not!"—she murmur'd, all pale and
forlorn;

Another night pass'd, but in vain gleam'd the light,
He came not, for Albert was false and forsworn!

Why stream the gay banners from Werdendorff's
walls?
Why hastes to yon chapel the trimly-deck'd crowd?
A mistress to-day shall preside in our halls!
For Albert shall wed with Gumilda the proud!

To the winds the poor Josephine murmur'd her tale,
Each vision of fancy was faded and gone!
And aech shout of revelry, borne on the gale,
Said Albert was faithless, and she was undone!

With a tempest of maddening passions distress'd,
On the wings of despair to the castle she flew,
While love still'd the whirlwind that rag'd in her
breast,
And whisper'd delusive that Albert was true.

The portal she enter'd, the feasters among,
And mingled, unseen, in the revelling crowd;
But who were the gayest amid the gay throng?
Lord Albert the false, and Gumilda the proud!

Home sped the poor maid, from her proud rival's door,
Her bosom with anguish unceasing was torn;
The wind shook the rushes that waved on the moor,
And all, like her fortune, was dark and forlorn!

—"Fall on, chilling mists! thou art cruel," she said,
"But crueller far is Lord Albert to me!"
"Blow on, thou bleak wind! on my woe-stricken head,
"Thou'rt cold, but Lord Albert is colder than
thou!"—

'Twas midnight—alone at her casement she sig'd,
When the low sound of footsteps struck faint on her
ear,
And a voice in the accent of love softly cried,
—"My Josephine, haste thee, thy true love is here!"

—"Away to Gumilda! indignant she cried,
"To revel in pleasures at Werdendorff go!
"Why leave you, false traitor, my proud rival's bed,
"To add, by new insults, to Josephine's woe?"—

—"Oh, hush thee, my true love, revoke that command,
"For why should Lord Albert and Josephine part?
"Gumilda the proud can claim nought but my hand,
"But Josephine lords it supreme o'er my heart.

"My father commanded, his frowns awed my soul
"Forgive then the fault, nor impute it to me;
"As the mariner's needle still turns to the pole,
"My heart turns with fond adoration to thee,"—

With blandishments soft the deceiver essay'd,
With tones of affection, her bosom to move;
She smiled—but ye damsels forbear to upbraid,
Nor wonder that anger was vanquish'd by love.

Full soon on the board now the viands were spread,
The wine's lucious nectar in goblets shone bright;
The flower-footed Hours, wing'd by Extacy, fled,
And Josephine's eye beam'd with tender delight.

—"Adieu!" cried Lord Albert, "the first blush of
morn
"Empurples the east, and the setting stars wane."
—"To Josephine when will Lord Albert return?"—
—"At midnight's dark hour will he clasp her
again."

Lord Albert sped onwards, his bosom beat high,
—"Hurra! from a mistress detested I'm freed!
"Gumilda, thy vengeance proclaim'd she should die!
"Gumilda, my soul has not shrunk from the deed!

"Alas! hapless victim! thy fluttering breath,
"Full soon will expire, amid agoniz'd pains;
"The cup that I gave thee was pregnant with death,
"And poison shall riot and boil in thy veins!

"At midnight's dark hour shall I clasp thee again?
"Fond maiden! that midnight thou never shalt see!
"Oblivion ere then shall thy senses enchain!
"Fond maiden ere then a pale corpse shalt thou be!"—

The dawn-light's first blush had illum'd the dell,
Lord Albert sped on, nor was cheer'd by the scene;
He sigh'd at each note of the iron-tongued bell,
That told the sad fate of the fair Josephine.

The smile of gay beauty, the blaze of the ball,
No peace to his bosom, no charm could impart;
He sigh'd mid the splendour of Werdendorff's hall,
For Conscience had wound her strong folds round
his heart.

—"Arouse thee! my Lord," cried Gumilda the proud,
"What fiend has possess'd thee, and maddens thy
brain?"—
Anon would he shudder, and mutter aloud,
—"At midnight's dark hour wilt thou clasp me
again?"—

His limbs, so athletic, were palsied by fear,
As midnight's dark hour was proclaim'd by the bell;
—"Full well," he exclaimed, "the dread summons I
hear.

"Gumilda! it calls me, forever farewell!"—

The battlements shook with the echoing storm,
The thunder's loud peals burst on Werdendorff's
wall;
The tapers burnt dimly, as Josephine's form
Glided forth from the portal, and reversed the hall!

All shrouded she was in the garb of the tomb!
Her lips they were livid, her face it was wan!
A death the most horrid had rifled her bloom,
And each charm of beauty was faded and gone!

—"Thy hand snapt my thread of existence," she said,
"And shalt thou unpunish'd, thou false one, remain!"
—"Tis midnight's dark hour, I am come from the dead!
"Delay'st thou, my bride-groom, to clasp me
again?"—

Thus saying, she dragg'd him perforce to her breast,
Imprinting a cold clammy kiss on his face!
Her lips, all so pale, to his forehead she press'd,
And clasp'd him full close in her noisome embrace.

Back started Lord Albert, entranced in surprise!
And, breathless with agony, sank on the floor:
Then raised to the sceptre his phrenzy-struck eyes,
Then closed them in darkness, to ope them no more!

Since then o'er the castle drear solitude reigns,
Its ramparts dismantled, are skirted with thorn;
The proud towers of Werdendorff scatter the plains,
The hall, once so festive, is drear and folorn!

The traveller full often the tale will inquire,
And wanders the time-stricken ruins between;
The peasants full oft will encircle the fire,
And talk of Lord Albert and fair Josephine:

Will tell what grim spectres the wand'rer appal,
Whose feet so unhallow'd o'er Werdendorff rove!
How lights, more than mortal, illumine the hall,
While Albert is clasp'd by his skeleton love!

Full oft will the damsel, 'mid eve's sober gloom,
Review each sad spot of the desolate scene:
Will shuddering pass by the libertine's tomb,
And weep o'er the lovely, but frail Josephine!

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

BY PORTER.

Oft have I mark'd with curious view,
The green-ey'd radiance of thy hue,
Amid the shades of night:
And musing oft on Nature's laws
Have try'd to find the end and cause
Of thy mysterious light.
When elfin Fancy would suggest,
That Fairies rising from their rest,
On airy wings upborne,
Around thy lamp would circling meet
And join the dance with trackless feet
Till banish'd by the morn.
Avaunt! ye fictions of the brain;
None of th' ALMIGHTY's works are vain,
But all bespeak design:
'Tis Hymen's torch which Nature lights,
And thus her airy mate invites,
Observant of the sign.
Is this the work of lawless Chance,
That bids his thousand atoms dance,
In drunken roundelay?
Confounded Sceptic! learn to praise
That God, the wisdom of whose ways
His meanest works display.
With humbler pinions, Chymist! soar,
And learn that science to adore,
That could this reptile form.
Proud Athiest! turn thy jaundic'd eye
From yonder gem-bespangle'd sky,
And study this poor worm!

Bristol, 1804.

Miss Highley, a literary lady in England, has
just finished a beautiful translation of Florian's
Galatea, a well known pastoral romance, derived
from the Spanish of Cervantes.

* Dr. Plot says, that the male of the glow worm is
a fly, and inhabits the air.

Inscription for the tomb of a Mrs. Elizabeth Pidgeon, who died suddenly.

Weep, reader, the sad tidings here announc'd:
Death, that fell kite, on Betty Pidgeon pounc'd:
Yet, tho' her sudden flight our grief demands,
Her's is the Pidgeon house, not made with hands;
For in her life the serpent's wisdom shone,
And the Dove's innocence was her own.
Then, till Heaven wakes to happiness the soul,
Rest, gentle Pidgeon, in this Pidgeon hole.

On an amiable youth.

Here virtue lies... refrain the pious tear!
He meets that judgment, which he cannot fear.

AN EXCUSE FOR A KISS.

Addressed to Miss in consequence of her being offended at the author's saluting her, at a friend's table, after supper.

When pleasure dances in the sparkling eye,
And the gay moments innocently fly;
While social intercourse unbends the heart,
And nature speaks without the veil of art;
If strongly tempted by this scene of bliss,
The unguarded mortal dares to snatch a kiss!
Though rigid custom should the deed disown,
And nature claims it for her act alone,
The generous bosom may the offence forgive,
Disarm the frown and bid the offender live.
Yet while contrition marks your suppliant's prayer,
Who honours prudence in the youthful fair,
May no cold maxims ever disapprove
The kiss of friendship, or the sigh of love.

LINES

Inscribed on a leaf of *Lowth's Grammar*, which the writer presented to a young lady, the daughter of his friend.

Fair miniature of all thy mother's grace,
Gentle Theresa, whose first opening bloom
Foretells a lovely flow'r of rich perfume,
Now that thy tender mind doth quick embrace
Each character impress'd, these pages trace
With studious eye, and let thy thoughts assume
Such classic dress, as grac'd the maids of Rome,
Free, elegant, and as thy manners chaste.

Anecdote of Lord Thurlow, while at Caius College, Cambridge.

To young Thurlow the Dean of his College once said,
[Sure his Reverence that day was dispos'd for a wrangle,
Through my casement I never can once put my head,
Without seeing you strolling about the quadrangle,
'And I, Sir,' the youth was not slow in replying,
[He, to brazen it out with an impudent face meant.]
'About the quadrangle can't stroll without spying
You thrusting your head, Mr. Dean, through the casement.'

INSCRIPTION FOR A TABLE,

Which was formerly used as a writing-desk, by Thomson, the poet.

Ye, who on things of simplest kind,
Can stamp the mystic worth of *mind*;
Who press the turf, where Virgil trod,
And think it like no other sod;
Or guard each leaf from Shakspear's tree
With druid, like idolatry:
Ye will this *relic* fondly view,
On which the sylvan scholiast drew,
With moral sweet and comment clear,
His record of the rural year,
While every season's change he trac'd,
With Shakspear's fancy, Virgil's taste.

The President of the United States is now supposed wholly absorbed in the contemplation of Gunboat No. 1. Some suppose that he means to navigate this vessel himself; but it is more correctly conjectured by others, that sable Sally is to be the chief pilot.

Modern hum drum voyagers often remind us of the honest sailor, who wrote in his journal. 'Passed by Teneriffe, at the distance of four leagues, the inhabitants of which place seemed very affable.' *Lond. pap.*

A number of Invalids were landed at Southampton, on Saturday from Jersey. So strict

were the orders of the Excise, we are assured they were obliged to leave their *spirits* behind them. *Ibid.*

A personable young woman advertises, in a provincial paper, for a service. She says, she is well qualified to manage a single gentleman.—*Ib.*

A poor Irish labourer lately applied to a Lady for her interest, to be admitted into an hospital, as he was very ill. The Lady said, she only subscribed to the *Lyng-in Hospital*. 'That's the very one I want,' cried Pat, in an ecstasy, 'as my landlord threatens to turn me out; and if he does, I have no place to lie in.' *Ibid.*

A witling observes, that England and France are always destined to act on a contrary system. Here, to enter a subject in the *Abbey*, is the highest honour; there, to send a citizen to the *Abbaye*, is one of the severest punishments. *Ibid.*

Some ships in the South Sea whale fishery have been lately reported to have been in great distress—there was no want of blubber on the occasion. *Ibid.*

Earl Stanhope has invented, and after much labour brought to perfection, a contrivance applicable to any musical machine played on by the finger; as an organ, harpsichord, or piano; by which the music is printed by the mere operation of touching the note; so that copies of the music may be multiplied as often as any tune is played over. *Ibid.*

General Murat orders his soldiers to enlighten the citizens; but does not prescribe the means of illumination, which have sometimes been by the lamp-post, and sometimes à la Brissot, 'by setting fire to the four corners of Europe.' *Ibid.*

At Woodbridge barracks, where the Lancashire militia are quartered, two hens eggs have been placed under a cat, who actually hatched two chickens, and suckled three kittens at the same time. This little family is said to live together on the most affectionate terms. The feline part of it are so extremely fond of their feathered friends, that they are almost ready to eat them up. *Ibid.*

A Welch footman, lately come into the service of a gentleman of fortune, had nearly brought his master into an awkward predicament, from his mistress overhearing him say—'Indeed, your honor, *her* came in, and *her* went out, exactly at the time your honour ordered.' *Ibid.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The rough stile of 'P' is sometimes the language of a porter; and too often descends from the heights of eloquence to grovel in the miry ways of Plebeian obloquy.

'The Ode to Popularity' is a home thrust in the Patriot's side. It is poetically descriptive, and politically just.

The verses of S. to Miss M. B. will probably propitiate a lady, and certainly will not offend the public.

The absurdities of American politics are notorious to all men of dignity and discernment, and X. enlarges on them, with all the triumph of vindictive glee. We are delighted with this writer, and participate with him in all his contempt for our imposture institutions.

We are fully of opinion that if we were to publish the satire against — the author would rue the experiment. He would rouse a lion. He would arise, with the gigantic arm of genius, and crush his adversary.

'CLIMENOLE' attracts general attention, and in the best sense of the word, is a *popular* writer. The herd of Jacobins and Infidels cower under his satirical stripes; and this nervous writer may exclaim with the exultation of Pope:

Yes I am proud, I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SPEECH OF EVANDER TO HIS SON PALLAS

O mihi praeferitos referat si Jupiter annos!
Virgil Aen. book 8.

Oh that the bounteous gods would now renew
That strength, which once in boiling youth I knew,
Such as I was when in Preneste's sight,
Furious I swept the thickest ranks of fight,
Dyed with a crimson flood the slipp'ry fields,
And burnt in triumph piles of conquer'd shields;
Such as I was when king Herilus fell,
Plung'd by my faulchion to the shades of hell.
Although Feronia to her son had giv'n
Three souls, three spears—oh wond'rous gift of
Heav'n!

Three spears he wav'd, my weapon thrice I sped,
And thrice the hero at my feet lay dead.
Such were I now, as in those hours of joy,
No pow'r should part me from my darling boy;
Nor should the proud Mezentius, swell'd with rage
Insult these locks, now silver'd o'er with age.
Elated, pour his sanguinary bands,
Widow my towns and desolate my lands.
But, oh, attend, immortal pow'rs above,
And first, thou sire of gods, almighty Jove;
Oh hear a prince who sway'd Arcadia's plains,
Grant my request, and ease a father's pains.
If fate reserve my Pallas for these arms,
From fields of death and battles dire alarms,
With blest return to glad my longing sight,
And both our hearts again in one unite;
Prolong my life till that propitious hour,
Then on this hoary head your vengeance pour;
But if my tears, immortal pow'rs, must flow,
And Pallas fall, afflict my soul with woe.
Now, now, ye gods! infix your deadly dart,
While fate lies hid, and hope yet cheers my heart;
While yet I hold thee in my fond embrace,
Dear boy, sole prospect of my future race,
Lest doleful tidings wound my painful ears,
And stain my furrow'd cheek with bitter tears.
Baltimore. L.

J'ai vu l'impie adoré sur la terre
Pareil au cedre il cachoit dans les cieux
Son front audacieux;
Il sembloit, à son gré-gouverner le tonnerre,
Fouloit aux pieds ses ennemis vaincus,
Je n'ai fait que passer—il n'étoit déjà plus.
RACINE.

TRANSLATION.

I saw the impious man on earth ador'd,
With haughty mien, tall, cedar-like he tower'd;
Amidst the clouds he rear'd his head on high,
And seem'd to rule the thunder of the sky;
His vanquish'd foes he proudly trampled o'er—
I pass'd—look'd back—and lo! he was no more.
Baltimore. B.

To A.... on her marriage with Mr. R....

And must we then, Amanda, part?
Must I resign that heart forever?
That heart I thought so link'd with mine,
That nought but death the chain could sever.

Ah! no: we must not—shall not part,
'Tis yet no sin to love each other—
Thee as a sister I will love,
And thou wilt love me as a brother.
Baltimore. B.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LOVE AND LIBERTY.

By R. Tyler, Esq.

I.

In bri'ry dell, or thicket brown,
On mountain high, in lowly vale,
Or where the thistle sheds its down,
And sweet-fern scents the passing gale;
There hop the birds from bush to tree,
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes,
Their song is Love and Liberty.

II.

No parent bird shall love direct,
His fair he seeks in plummy throng,
Caught by the plumage of her neck,
Or kindred softness of her song.
They sing and bill from bush to tree,
Love fills their throats,
Love swells their notes,
Their song is Love and Liberty.

III.

Some airy songster's feathered shape,
O! could my love and I assume;
The ring-dove's glossy neck he take,
And I the modest turtle's plume,
O then we'd sport from bush to tree,
Love fill our throats,
Love swell our notes,
Our song be Love and Liberty.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

Come, tell me where the maid is found
Whose heart can love, without deceit,
And I will range the world around
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me, where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle from her eye.

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave me through my eyes.

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

These lines to a nymph beloved, will be instantly acknowledged as the production of MOORE.

To ROSA,

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

The wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shrining casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too!

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay;
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of withering pain, or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirits' mortal ties,
Love still attends the soaring breath,
And makes it purer for the skies.

Oh! Rosa, when, to seek its sphere
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love it found so blissful here,
Shall be its best of blisses then.

And, as in fabled dreams of old,
Some airy genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sublime;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shall through thy mortal orbit stray;
Thy lover's shade, divinely wed,
Shall linger round thy wandering way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And brighten in the solar gem;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye
Nor ENVY WORLDS OF SUNS TO THEM.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Imitation of the 44th Epigram of the 5th book of Martial.

Dentilla's teeth are white as snow;
Nigrina's black and brown;
But which are best, 'tis hard to know,
For one bought hers in Sanson Row,
The others are her own.

ROWLAND.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

From the Italian of Metastasio.

Ah, lovely Chloris! find a swain
Who hears thee speak and does not sigh,
Who sees thee smile, and does not die,
And then my proffer'd love disdain.
But when so many guilty are,
Must I alone your anger bear?
If captivating you will be,
The fault, dear, cruel girl, is not in me.

PADRO.

SELECTED POETRY.

SONNET

To an amiable girl.

Miranda! mark where, shrinking from the gale,
Its silken leaves yet moist with early dew,
That fair faint flower, the lily of the vale,
Drops its meek head, and looks, methinks,
like you.

Wrapp'd in a shadowy veil of tender green,
Its snowy bells a soft perfume dispense,
And bending, as reluctant to be seen,
In simple loveliness it soothes the sense.
With bosom bared to meet the garish day,
The glaring tulip gaudy undismay'd,
Offends the eye of taste; that turns away
To seek the lily in her fragrant shade,
With such unconscious beauty, pensive mild,
Miranda charms—nature's soft modest child.

MOORE'S ANACREON.

[The following is Moore's incomparable translation of the second Ode of Anacreon.]

Give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I'm monarch of the board to-night,
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide, as deep as I!
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm enchanting balm diffuse,
Our feet shall catch the elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
Oh! Bacchus, we shall sing to thee,
In wild, but sweet ebriety,
And flash around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught!
Then give the harp of epic song
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.

SONNET.

From Strangford's Cameens.

When from my heart the hand of fortune tore
Those smiling hopes that cheer'd mine earlier day,
Would that she too had kindly borne away
The sweetly sad remembrances of yore!
I should not then as now in tears deplore
My buried bliss, and comforts fast decay;
For love (on whom my vain dependence lay)
Still ling'ring on delights that live no more,
Kills all my peace—where'er the tyrant sees
My spirit taste a little hour of ease!
Fell star of fate! thou never can'st employ
A torment teeming with severer smart,
Than that which memory pours upon the heart
While clinging round the sepulchre of joy.

THE PROGRESS OF AFFECTION.

A SONG.

When the first dawn of Celia's charms
Rose to my unexpected sight,
Enraptur'd wonder, soft alarms
Fill'd every sense with new delight.
Yet, by the world's examples taught,
Which scorns the generous flame to own,
I little heeded, little thought
That Love is virtue's gift alone.

II.

When native sense and modest grace,
With manners artless, though refin'd,
Ensured the triumph of the face,
And gently chain'd the willing mind,
By just reflection undeceived,
Stern reason bow'd at beauty's throne,
Then first I thought, then first believ'd
That Love is virtue's gift alone.

III.

But when Affection's soft controul,
Beyond or sense, or Beauty's power,
Had purified, had fix'd the soul,
Once varying with the changeful hour,
By truth and tenderness I strove
To merit bliss till then unknown.
Ah, then I felt the power of love,
For Love is virtue's gift alone.

From the works of Lady Mary Worsley Montagu,
lately published.

HYMN TO THE MOON.

Thou silver Deity of secret night,
Direct my footsteps thro' the woodland shade;
Thou conscious witness of unknown delight,
The lover's guardian and the muse's aid!

By thy pale beams I solitary rove,
To thee my tender grief confide;
Serenely sweet you gild the silent grove,
My friend, my goddess and my guide.

E'en thee, fair queen, from thy amazing height,
The charms of young Endymion drew;
Veil'd with the mantle of concealing night;
With all thy greatness and thy coldness too.

EPIGRAM.

On a brilliant Beauty.

Hair, wax, rouge, honey, teeth, you buy
A multifarious store!
A mask at once would all supply,
Nor would it cost you more.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."

COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 43.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum payable in advance.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

The Miscellaneous Works of David Humphreys, Esq. late Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Madrid. New-York, T. & J. Swords. 8vo.

Poetry is said to flourish, previously to other arts, in the infancy of society; to attain elegance and correctness in its middle age; and thence, in its decline, to degenerate into the *nuge canorae*, the tinkling trifles of mere versifiers.

In the childhood of social life, when language is barren and poor, men of strong feelings are compelled, from defect of phraseology, to express their ideas by metaphor. Hence their minds receive a poetical cast, and superior geniuses start up, who, as inspired by the Epic, Lyric, or Dramatic Muse, celebrate the martial exploits of their countrymen, tune the lyre to the praises of their gods, or their mistress, or awaken sympathy, or excite merriment, by theatrical representations. Sublimity and originality are commonly the distinguished excellences of these elder bards.

As the social state improves, language becoming more enlarged, and more accurately defined, precision and elegance mark the writers of a polished age. From this period Poetry generally declines, and succeeding votaries of the Muses, finding all the best avenues to fame pre-occupied by their predecessors, strike out a new path, in pursuing which, they are entangled in affectation and sustian, in antithesis and pun.

The poetical history of Greece, Rome, France, and England, will confirm the justness of these remarks. But as, in reviewing productions in the English language, we have no immediate concern with ancient literature, or with French, we shall briefly review the progress of letters in England only.

Chaucer is the father of English poetry, and first introduced a classic taste into the country, though there are strong objections to the immoral tendency of his writings. But no great improvement was made in literature, till the reign of Elizabeth, when Shakspeare, Spenser, and Hooker produced their immortal works, and proved, that neither in imagination in poetry, nor in judgment in prose, were our ancestors inferior to the ancients. But our language was not brought to perfection till the reign of queen Anne, the Augustan age of England, when a host of writers arose, of superior excellence. Since that period, Poetry has been on the decline, and, with some few exceptions, nothing has been produced in the art, likely to obtain the wreath of immortality.

As the first European settlers in America were Englishmen, and in a state of considerable civilization on their arrival, though we may call America a new country, we cannot, with strict propriety, call its European inhabitants a new people. Their manners, habits, and language, were entirely English, and every difference, which

may now subsist between the two countries, may have arisen from the long prevalence of republican habits, (for the habits of the eastern states were republican even under the government of the parent country,) and from the influence of our independent religious institutions.

It is not surprising then, that an English colony, seeking liberty in a wilderness, and necessarily attentive to procure the means of subsistence, should produce no great poets.

As our opulence increased, we were satisfied with importing books, without producing any of our own; and had we even courted the Muses, it is probable that we should have been what the English now are, mere imitators, since the age of good English poetry was past.

In reviewing therefore an American poem, it would not be fair to judge it by the standard bards of the Augustan age of England, because their own modern poets, if judged by that standard, will make but an indifferent figure. But if we judge the poetical productions of Colonel Humphreys by those of his own countrymen, he will appear in no inferior rank amidst the bards of Columbia.

The volume contains some treatises in prose, among which is the life of *Colonel Putnam*. This interesting piece of biography we have read with great pleasure, and we strongly recommend its perusal, convinced that it cannot fail of pleasing, since well authenticated facts are so happily described, as to resemble all the agreeable wildness of romance.

The principal poems are written on the following subjects. On the happiness of America. On the future glory of the United States. On the industry of the United States of America. On the love of country. On the death of General Washington. The volume commencing with an Address to the American armies during the revolution.

The reader will perceive from these subjects, that the Colonel is an ardent friend of his country, and, what is not less to his praise, his sentiments throughout the volume proclaim him an excellent and worthy man.

As from the nature of the subjects, there must necessarily be a degree of sameness in the poems: we shall not characterize them separately, which might prove tedious to the reader, but extract such passages, as may best acquaint him with the author's manner.

As when dark clouds, from Andes' towering head,
Roll down the skies, and round the horizon spread,
With thunders fraught, the blackening tempest sails,
And bursts tremendous o'er Peruvian vales;
So broke the storm on Concord's fatal plain;
There fell our brothers, by fierce ruffians slain.

p. 8.

These lines are poetical, though some may think the skirmish at Concord too trifling to be introduced by so tremendous a simile. The word *ruffians* is perhaps a little too harsh.

In mortal breasts shall hate immortal last?
Albion, Columbia, soon forget the past.

In friendly intercourse your interests blend.
From common sires your gallant sons descend,
From free-born sires, in toils of empire brave.
'Tis yours to heal the mutual wounds ye gave;
Let those be friends, whom kindred blood allies,
With language, law's, religion's holiest ties. * *

p. 40.

These lines contain correct sentiment, and sound politics. Individuals, after a battle, always shake hands, to show that they have no malice, and great nations pursue the same line of conduct. An unforgiving temper is the mark, equally of a little low mind, and of a hard unchristian heart.

Thou child of heaven and earth, a stream divine
From the first fountain feeds your veins and mine.
O man, my brother, how, by blood allied,
Swells in my breast the sympathetic tide?
Shall I not wish thee well, not work thy good,
Deaf to the endearing cries of kindred blood?
What! shall my soul, involved in matter dense,
(Ob-dur'd this bosom, and benumb'd this sense,)
Lose, grateful Sympathy, thy genial ray,
Quench'd in the dampness of this crust of clay?
No, give me, heaven, affections quick, refined,
The keen emotions, that entrance the mind;
What youthful bards, what ardent lovers feel,
The lover's rapture and the patriot's zeal;
The zeal that aims humanity to bless,
O, let me feel, and, what I feel, express.

With feelings not less strong than others born,
Affected sensibility I scorn.
Nor finds my breast benevolence or joy,
By generalising feeling to destroy.
I hate that new philosophy's strange plan,
That teaches love for all things more than man;
To love all mortals, save our friends alone,
To hold all countries dearer than our own;
To take no interest in the present age,
Rapt to the unborn with philosophic rage;
To make the tutor'd eyes with tears o'erflow,
More for fictitious than for real woe.

Then let my breast more pure sensations prove,
And on just objects fix appropriate love;
First on that God, whose wondrous works I scan,
Next on the noblest of his creatures, man.

p. 129.

We have made this long quotation rather from the excellence of its sense, than from the superiority of its poetry. The author shows himself here a disciple of the old and true school, and no friend to the fantastic and pernicious doctrines of the new.

Having thus far pointed out the excellences of these poems, it remains now, that we should proceed to take notice of their faults. This invidious and unpleasing task is always painful, but by no means the least necessary, or useful part in criticism,

While unborn ages rise, and call you blest.
The untamed forest bowed beneath their toil.
Unbounded deserts unknown charms assume.
Their uncomb'd locks loose floating on the wind,
Our innate springs and energies of soul.

p. 104. l. 266.

The epithets, here marked with italics, have all the accent on the penultimate, contrary to

the practice of the best English authorities. These authorities we are bound to observe, whilst we employ the language, as we have no American standard. If every one has a right to accent as he pleases, and use whatever words are current among his associates, unknown to good authors, as Noah Webster, and other conceited innovators assert, the language will soon degenerate into a Babylonish dialect, and be fit only for the lowest of the populace. If the reader should think these remarks on words trifling, let him remember, that a false quantity in poetry is as great an offence, as a false concord in prose.

Or drag the wild beast struggling from his den
p. 11. l. 426.
The tame brute sheltered, &c. &c.
p. 32. l. 193.
And oft beneath the broad moon's paler day.
p. 32. l. 217.
Saw ye the fresh blood where it bubbling broke.
p. 53. l. 85.
The green waves blacken, &c.
p. 58. l. 298.
The black sides wrapt in flame, &c.
p. 60. l. 361.
The rank grass rustling, &c.
p. 106. l. 368.
Athwart the tall shrouds, &c.
p. 111. l. 357.
How teems the fresh mould, &c.
p. 174. l. 383.
The broad sun risen, &c.
p. 184. l. 772.
And clip his dim orb, &c.

In these lines, the emphatic word, in every instance, is the adjective, contrary to the usage of the best writers, and the obvious laws of propriety; because the substantive is evidently of more importance than the epithet. Churchill, in his *Rosciad*, censures this impropriety in the delivery of a player.

'To epithets allots emphatic state,
'Whilst principals ungrac'd, like lacqueys, wait.'

Swords turn'd to shares, and war to rural toil,
The men, who saved, now cultivate the soil.
In no heroic age, since time began,
Appear'd so great the majesty of man.

His ardent attachment to his country, doubtless betrayed the author into this assertion, which is not strictly conformable with the truth of history. The soldiers, both of Greece and Rome, in the zenith of their republicanism, were citizens, levied, by the executive, to serve during the existing war, and were discharged on its termination. Cincinnatus was summoned from the plough, to be invested with the insignia of a Dictator, which, after having accomplished the wishes of his country, he laid aside, and returned to the plough. Is the majesty of man less apparent in this celebrated Roman, than in our general?

The obstructed path, beneath the frequent tread,
Yields a smooth chrysal to the flying steed.
'Tis then full oft, in arts of love array'd,
The amorous stripling courts his future bride.
p. 33. l. 213.

The rhymes are here incorrect, the last couplet insufferable.

In quivering fear, with grief exquisite mourn.
p. 100. l. 142.

There is no instance in English poetry of the accent, in *exquisite*, being placed, as it is here, on the penultimate. It is always placed on the antepenultimate, as in this line of Dryden,
'In jewels set, and exquisitely gay.'

No cynic bard from *licit* joys restrains.
p. 104. l. 280.

There is no such word as *licit*, and we cannot allow the author, respectable as he is, to coin language. *Licit* is an authorized word, and yet, in no degree better than *unlawful*.

Soon would my song, like songs of *Tirteus* old.

This is the first time that we ever saw the old martial bard degraded to a dissyllable, and we

hope that it will be the last. A diphthong may be revolved, by *diaeresis*, into two vowels, but a diphthong and a vowel cannot by any *synoesis* be contracted into one syllable. Tydeus may be either a dissyllable, or a trissyllable, but Tyrtæus must be the latter, because the penultimate is a diphthong. *Tyrtæus*, or, as the Latins write it, *Tyrtæus*, cannot be less than three syllables, and the second syllable must be long.

Having thus reviewed the poetry of this volume, we recommend it to the reader, notwithstanding these slight faults, which are common to almost all modern poets, as the work of an apparently good and sensible man, and true American. It would be absurd, to compare him with the great poets of England, nor would the author himself tolerate such gross flattery. But on the American Parnassus he makes no mean figure. If he has less fire than Dwight, he has also less smoke; if he has less accuracy than Barlow, he has also less coldness. His first poem we think his best; and the comparative inferiority of the others, may be reasonably accounted for, by their being composed in foreign countries, where, for many years, the author enjoyed few opportunities of conversing in his own language.

We have endeavoured, in our remarks, to be at once candid and just, and hope, that, in criticizing the author, we have given no offence to the man, for whose character and talents we entertain the highest respect. The volume comprises nearly 400 octavo pages, is printed on woven paper, and with a neat type, and ornamented with a neat engraving of the author, generally esteemed a good likeness.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM THE EARL OF CHATHAM

TO HIS NEPHEW.

[Concluded.]

LETTER XIV.

Stowe, July 24, 1755.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

I am just leaving this place to go to Wotton; but I will not lose the post, though I have time but for one line. I am extremely happy that you can stay at your college, and pursue the prudent and glorious resolution of employing your present moments with a view to the future. May your noble and generous love of virtue, pay you with the sweet rewards of a self-approving heart, and an applauding country! and may I enjoy the true satisfaction of seeing your fame and happiness, and of thinking, that I may have been fortunate enough to have contributed, in any small degree, to do common justice to kind nature, by a suitable education! I am no very good judge of the question concerning the books: I believe they are your own, in the same sense that your wearing apparel is. I would retain them, and leave the candid and equitable Mr.*** to plan, with the honest Mr.***, schemes of perpetual vexation. As to the persons just mentioned, I trust that you bear about you a mind and heart much superior to such malice: and that you are as little capable of resenting it, with any sensations but those of cool decent contempt, as you are of fearing the consequences of such low efforts. As to the caution money, I think you have done well. The case of the chambers, I conceive, you likewise apprehend rightly. Let me know in your next, what these two articles require you to pay down, and how far your present cash is exhausted, and I will direct Mr. Campbell to give you credit.

ingly. Believe me, my dear Nephew, truly happy to be of use to you.

Your ever affectionate.

LETTER XV.

Wotton, Aug. 7, 1755.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

I have only time at present to let you know, I am setting out for London; when I return to Sunning Hill, which I propose to do in a few days, I shall have considered the question about a letter to *** , and will send you my thoughts upon it. As to literature, I know you are not idle, under so many and so strong motives, to animate you to the ardent pursuit of improvement. For English history, read the revolutions of York and Lancaster, in Pere d'Orleans, and no more of the father; the life of Edward the Fourth, and so downwards all the life-writers of our kings, except such, as you have already read. For Queen Ann's reign the continuator of Rapin.

Farewel, my dearest nephew, for to-day.

Your most affectionate uncle.

LETTER XVI.

Bath, Sept. 25, 1755.

I have not conversed with my dear nephew a long time: I have been much in a post-chaise, living a wandering Scythian life, and he has been more usefully employed, than in reading or writing letters; travelling through the various, instructing, and entertaining road of history. I have a particular pleasure, in hearing now and then a word from you in your journey, just while you are changing horses, if I may so call it, and getting from one author to another. I suppose you going through the biographers, from Edward the Fourth downwards, nor intending to stop, till you reach to the continuator of honest Rapin. There is a little book I never mentioned, Welwood's Memoirs; I recommend it. Davis's Ireland must not, on any account, be omitted: it is a great performance, a masterly work, and contains much depth and extensive knowledge in state matters, and settling of countries, in a very short compass. I have met with a scheme of chronology by Blair, shewing all cotemporary, historical characters, through all ages: it is of great use to consult frequently, in order to fix periods, and throw collateral light upon any particular branch you are reading. Let me know, when I have the pleasure of a letter from you, how far you are advanced in English history. You may, probably, not have heard authentically of Governor Lyttelton's captivity and release. He is safe and well in England, after being taken and detained in France some days. Sir Richard and he met, unexpectedly enough, at Brussels, and came together to England. I propose returning to London in about a week, where I hope to find Lady Hester as well as I left her. We are both much indebted for your kind and affectionate wishes. In publica commoda peccem si longo sermone morer, one bent on so honourable and virtuous a journey as you are.

LETTER XVII.

Pay-Office, Dec. 6, 1755.

Of all the various satisfactions of mind I have felt upon some late events, none has affected me with more sensibility and delight, than the reading my dear nephew's letter. The matter of it is worthy of a better age than that we live in; worthy of your own noble, untainted mind; and the manner and expression of it is such, as, I trust, will one day make you a powerful instrument, towards mending the present degeneracy. Examples are unnecessary to happy natures; and it is well, that your future glory and happiness should be the case; for, to copy any now

existing, might cramp genius, and check the native spirit of the piece, rather than contribute to the perfection of it. I learn from Sir Richard Lyttleton, that we may have the pleasure of meeting soon, as he has already, or intends to offer you a bed at his house. It is on this, as on all occasions, little necessary to preach prudence, or to intimate a wish, that your studies at Cambridge might not be broken by a long interruption of them. I know the rightness of your own mind, and leave you to all the generous and animating motives you find there, for pursuing improvements in literature and useful knowledge, as much better counsellors than

Your ever most affectionate uncle.

Lady Hester desires her best compliments. The little cousin is well.

LETTER XVIII.

Horse Guards, Jan. 31, 1756.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

Let me thank you a thousand times for your remembering me, and giving me the pleasure of hearing, that you was well, and had laid by the ideas of London and its dissipations, to resume the sober train of thoughts, that gowns, square caps, quadrangles, and matin-bells, naturally draw after them. I hope the air of Cambridge has brought no disorder upon you, and that you will compound with the muses, so as to dedicate some hours, not less than two, of the day to exercise. The earlier you rise, the better your nerves will bear study. When you next do me the pleasure to write to me, I beg a copy of your *Electra* and your Mother's Picture; it is such admirable poetry, that I beg you to plunge deep into it, and severer studies, and not indulge your genius with verse, for the present. Finish your *Oratori Poeta*. Substitute Tully and Demosthenes in the place of Homer and Virgil; and arm yourself with all the variety of manner, copiousness and beauty of diction, nobleness and magnificence of ideas of the Roman consuls; and render the powers of eloquence complete, by the irresistible torrent of vehement argumentation, the close and forcible reasoning, and the depth and fortitude of mind of the Grecian statesman. This I mean at leisure intervals, and to relieve the course of those studies, which you intend to make your principal object. The book relating to the empire of Germany, which I could not recollect is Vitriarius's *Jus Publicum*, an admirable book in its kind, and esteemed of the best authority in matters much controverted. We are all well: Sir Richard is upon his legs, and abroad again.

Your ever affectionate uncle.

LETTER XIX.

Hayes, near Bromley, May 11, 1756.

My dear nephew's obliging letter, was every way most pleasing: as I had more than began to think it long since I had the satisfaction of hearing he was well. As the season of humidity and relaxation is now almost over, I trust that the muses are in no danger of nervous complaints, and that whatever pains they have to tell, are out of the reach of Esculapius, and not dangerous, though epidemical to youth at this soft month,

When lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire.

To be serious, I hope my dearest nephew is perfectly free from all returns of his former complaint, and enabled by an unailing body, and an ardent elevated mind, to follow, *Quo te Cælestis sapientia duceret*. My holydays are now approaching, and I long to hear something of your labours, which, I doubt not, will prove in

their consequence more profitable to your country a few years hence, than your uncle's. Be so good to let know, what progress you have made in our historical and constitutional journey, that I may suggest to you some farther reading. Lady Hester is well, and desires her best compliments to you. I am well, but threatened with gout in my feet, from a parliamentary debauch till six in the morning, on the Militia. Poor Sir Richard is laid up with the gout.

Your's most affectionately.

LETTER XX.

Hayes, Oct. 7, 1756.

I think it very long since I heard any thing of my dear nephew's health, and learned occupations at the mother of arts and sciences. Pray give me the pleasure of a letter soon, and be so good to let me know, what progress is made in our plan of reading. I am now to make a request to you in behalf of a young gentleman coming to Cambridge, Mr. * * * 's son. The father desires much that you and his son may make an acquaintance: as what father would not? Mr. * * * is one of the best friends I have in the world, and nothing can oblige me more than that you would do all in your power to be of assistance and advantage to the young man. He has good parts, good nature, and amiable qualities. He is young, and consequently much depends on the first habits he forms, whether of application or dissipation. You see, my dear nephew, what it is already, to have made yourself *Princeps Juventutis*. It has its glories and its cares. You are invested with a kind of public charge, and the eyes of the world are upon you, not only for your own acquittal, but for the example and pattern to the British youth. Lady Hester is still about, but in daily expectation of the good minute. She desires her compliments to you. My sister is gone to Howberry. Believe me ever,

My dear nephew,

Most affectionately yours.

LETTER XXI.

Hayes, Oct. 10, 1756.

DEAR NEPHEW,

I have the pleasure to acquaint you with the glad tidings of Hayes. Lady Hester was safely delivered this morning of a son. She and the child are as well as possible, and the father in the joy of his heart. It is no small addition to my happiness to know, you will kindly share it with me. A father must form wishes for his child as soon as it comes into the world, and I will make mine, that he may live to make as good use of life, as one that shall be nameless. is now doing at Cambridge. Quid voveat majus *Maticula dulcis Alumno?*

Your ever affectionate.

LETTER XXII.

St. James's Square, Aug. 28, 1757.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

Nothing can give me greater pleasure than the approaching conclusion of a happy reconciliation in the family. Your letter to * * * is the properest that can be imagined, and, I doubt not, will make the deepest impression on his heart. I have been in much pain for you during all this unseasonable weather, and am still apprehensive, till I have the satisfaction of hearing from you, that your course of sea bathing has been interrupted by such gusts of wind, as must have rendered the sea too rough an element for a convalescent to disport in. I trust, my dearest nephew, that opening scenes of domestic comfort and family affection will confirm and augment every hour the benefits you are receiving at Brighton, from external and internal

medical assistances. Lady Hester and Aunt Mary join with me in all good wishes for your health and happiness. The duplicate * * * mentions, having addressed to me, has never come to hand. I am,

With truest affection,
My dearest nephew,
Ever yours.

LETTER XXIII.

St. James's Square, Oct. 27, 1757.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

Inclosed is a letter from * * *, which came in one to me. I heartily wish the contents may be agreeable to you.

I am far from being satisfied, my dearest nephew, with the account your last letter to my sister gives of your health. I had formed the hope of your ceasing to be an invalid before this time; but since you must submit to be one for this winter, I am comforted to find your strength is not impaired, as it used to be, by the returns of illness you sometimes feel; and I trust the good government you are under, and the fortitude and manly resignation you are possessed of, will carry you well through this trial of a young man's patience, and bring you out in spring, like gold, the better for the proof. I rejoice to hear you have a friend of great merit to be with you. My warmest wishes for your health and happiness never fail to follow you. Lady Hester desires her best compliments. Believe me,

With the truest affection,
Ever yours.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF MICKLE.

[A poet of sufficient merit to attract the regard, and to receive the liberal praise of the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, cannot be degraded among the minor scribblers of a Sonnet, or the laborious weavers of a rebus and a charade. Yet, such is sometimes the capriciousness of the public taste, though Mickle can never be deprived of his glory, as an accomplished translator of a Portuguese epic, yet his poems are often neglected, while the feeble verse of more fashionable writers has been *'tota cantabitur urbe.'* His *'Mary Queen of Scots'* is not less pleasant to the general lover of poetry than to the partizan of the House of Stuart. His *'Pollio'* has been always admitted into the basket of poetical gems, by every judicious collector. *'Hengist and Mey'* a bishop of Dromore might approve, and *'Sir Martin'* will not be disdained by the lovers of Spenser.]

Some particulars of the life of Mickle were given to the world in the *'European Magazine,'* for 1789, by an intelligent writer, who was his intimate friend, and wrote from personal knowledge.

The facts stated in the present account, are chiefly taken from the information communicated in the *'European Magazine,'* with the addition of some particulars collected from his correspondence with Lyttleton, inserted in the *'Anecdotes'* of his life, prefixed to the edition of his poems in 4to, 1794.

William Julius Mickle was born at Langholm, in Dumfries-shire, September 29, 1734. He was the third son of the Rev. Alexander Mickle, minister of Langholm; who resided some time at London, and frequently preached at Watts's meeting-house, and was one of the translators of Bailey's *'Dictionary.'* In 1716, he was presented to the parish of Langholm, by George the First, and about the same time married the daughter of Mr. Thomas Henderson of Ploughlands, near Edinburgh, by whom he had seven children. He died in 1758.

He received the early part of his education from his father in the country. After his death, he went to Edinburgh, and resided with an aunt, whose husband had been a brewer; who sent him to the High-School in that city,

Early in his life he discovered a propensity to poetry; but he often declared that he was by no means attached to his books, until the age of thirteen, when accidentally meeting with Spenser's 'Faery Queene,' he became passionately fond of the beautiful imagery of that enchanting writer, and began immediately to imitate him.

At the age of sixteen he quitted the High-School, and was employed to superintend the books of his aunt, who continued her husband's trade.

In October 1755, he commenced business for himself; but the event only added another to the numberless instances which prove that the pursuits of poetry and trade are incompatible; for though, from the extent of his dealings, he paid more duty to the excise, than any brewer in Edinburgh, he was unsuccessful.

Much of his time was probably devoted to study, as he frequently declared, that before he was eighteen years old, he had written two tragedies, and half an epic poem, all which he prudently consigned to the flames.

Some of his early performances appeared in the 'Scots Magazine,' one of which, intitled, 'On passing through the Parliament Close at Midnight,' was afterwards reprinted in the second volume of Donaldson's 'Collection of Original Poems, by Scotch Gentlemen,' 8vo. 1765.

In 1762, he published an ethic poem, intitled 'Providence, or Arandus and Emilec,' 4to. a languid, tedious, and incorrect performance, which, after some unsuccessful attempts 'to alter and shorten' it, was finally abandoned.

In the spring of 1763, he quitted Edinburgh, and went to London, to solicit a commission in the marine service; but in this application he met with a disappointment.

Having a very exalted opinion of Lyttleton whose character was then high in the literary world, he had sent him a copy of his Providence, previous to his departure from Edinburgh, accompanied with a letter, under the borrowed name of William More, in which he requested his opinion and criticism.

The letter was in a few months afterwards answered in a very polite manner, and a correspondence commenced between the peer and the poet; from which he derived no advantage, but the honour of his acquaintance, the communication of his remarks on his writings, and his encouragement to persevere in his poetical studies.

His Pollio, an elegiac Ode, Knowledge, an Ode, Mary Queen of Scots, an Elegy; were subjected to the revision of Lyttleton, and the two first appear to have received some corrections from his hand.

'I have read,' he writes him, July 15, 1763, 'with great pleasure, the very beautiful Ode you did me the favour to send me. The correction of a few lines would make it as perfect as any thing of that kind in the English language.'

He afterwards writes him, August 28, 1764, 'The first of the two Odes has all the merit that just sentiment, fine poetical imagery, elegant diction, and harmonious numbers, can give so trite a subject. There is also in some stanzas a sublimity of thought and expression, which raises it above the ordinary pitch of mere descriptive poetry.'

'As to the poem on the death of Mary Queen of Scots,' he adds, 'I will not criticise any part of it; because I wholly disapprove the subject; poetry should not consecrate what history must condemn; and it is as certain as history can render any fact, that (besides her criminal amours with David Rizzio and Bothwell) she was an accomplice in the murder of the king her husband. Read Thuanus or Hume (who have written her history more truly than Robertson) and you will be inclined to pity, not to praise her; nor will

Robertson himself, though he shades her crimes as much as possible, give you such an idea of her, as to make you think her a proper subject for the encomiums of a writer who means to serve the cause of virtue, not of party.'

'Though you have disapproved of the Ode on the Queen of Scots,' he writes his patron in return, September 8, 1764. 'I must think myself very happy in having shown it to your lordship. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, than to vindicate or deny her crimes, and if, while taken up with the subject, I have fallen into what might be looked on as endeavouring to give an amiable cast to her vices; now when your lordship has been so good as to warn me of it, I can have no reluctance to suppress a piece that was merely a sport of fancy. That Buchanan, Knox, and others, have sometimes forgot the honour of the historian, and indulged the rancour of party, is pretty certain. This, with the greatness of her sufferings (in some instances beyond what the most crooked policy could demand) pleads something in her favour, and it was this that misled me to think of writing an Ode on her death, without sufficiently weighing the propriety of the subject.'

'I would fain take this opportunity,' he adds, 'to mention the plan of a poem, which I have long had some thoughts of. The subject of it, if not the title, to be, The Cave of Deism.' Mr. Hume has asserted, that Mahometanism has been more salutary to the world than Christianity. And through all his works, there runs a most disingenuous manner of blending revelations with the fopperies and sinister inventions of men; and in a variety of such ludicrous dresses, he would expose Christianity to the contempt of his reader. Such a conduct, with his shameless assertion, that Polytheism was the first religion of mankind; his malevolence of the Reformation; the nonsense he writes about miracles; together with such like sentiments, from other infidel writers, would furnish out a part or character for the Keeper or Genius of the Cave. The description of the gloomy cave itself, with the vices that shelter in it—the genius of Mahometanism, with the finest countries lying in ruins behind her—that of popery, and that of genuine Christianity introduced as personages, with some proper action, might, I should think, afford materials for a poem of five or six hundred lines, which would fall naturally enough into the manner of Spenser.'

In a letter to Lyttleton, dated April 9, 1765, he gives the following account of his pursuits and difficulties. 'A situation that would enable me to cultivate the studies to which nature has led my inclination, was all the happiness I ever wished for; but any weak attempt I have made, has neither procured such, nor left much hope of it doing so. To write for the booksellers is what I never will do. Did my fortune enable me to do for myself in trade, I might expect some encouragement under governor Johnstone, of West Florida, to whose family my father was related; but as I prefer going abroad to any thing I could expect in a counting-house in London, I think I have reason to hope that major James Johnstone, brother to the governor, will befriend me so far, as to procure me, if in his power, some settlement in the East or West-Indies.'

'The risk of being cut off by the climate,' he adds, in another place, 'would no wise deter me from going to Jamaica, did it otherwise appear as the most proper step I could take, in which case your lordship's recommendation to Beckford, or Fuller, and mentioning me to your brother the governor, would be every thing I could wish. But as your lordship likewise mentioned the East-Indies, and as next to a clerkship in some of the public offices at home, I should prefer

going thither, so I should be very happy, could any thing be done in it. The company have many resident clerks, and various places to bestow, and no doubt your lordship's interest with the directors would do a great deal.'

'In answer to your last letter,' Lyttleton writes him, 'I can only say that I have no acquaintance with any of the East-India directors; but if a recommendation to my brother will be of any service to you, I will give it in the manner I mentioned. I have not been able to see either Beckford or Fuller; but it will be time enough to speak to them some time next winter.'

'On fuller information,' he writes Lyttleton in return, 'there is only one consideration that would make me prefer the East to the West-Indies, the returning to England within two years, were I to go purser of an East-Indiaman; but as that is not my choice, my intentions must settle in the West, whither I shall go, as the best step I can take, with all convenient speed.'

'In my last letter to my brother,' Lyttleton writes him, November 6, 1765, 'I recommended you to him for his favour and countenance, as a man of fine sentiments, and good genius in poetry, if you should come to that island, while he continues there. Wherever you go I wish you health and happiness.'

'Your lordship's kindness,' he writes Lyttleton in return, December 6, 1765, 'in mentioning me to your brother, lays me under the greatest obligations; but as I would avoid the dangers attending an uncertainty, I some weeks ago accepted an offer of going as a merchant's clerk to Carolina.'

Thus ended his correspondence with Lyttleton; and though the only fruits of patronage he experienced were, his correcting his poems, and slightly countenancing him when he was little known in London, he always spoke of him with a respect bordering on reverence.

It is remarkable, that at this time he wrote his name William Mickle. The reason of his afterwards adding Julius to his name, is not certainly known.

From some circumstances, unknown to his biographers, he did not go to Carolina; but was employed as corrector of the Clarendon press in Oxford; a situation much more congenial to his taste, than that of a merchant's clerk.

In 1765, he published Pollio, an Elegiac Ode, written in the wood near Roslin Castle, 4to. It was written in 1762, on the death of his brother, and was the first poem which brought him into notice.

In 1767, he published The Concubine, a poem, in two cantos, in the manner of Spenser, 4to. which, after going through three editions, was improved, and republished in 1777, under the title of Sir Martyn, the former title, as he acknowledges in his introduction, giving a very improper idea both of the subject and spirit of the poem.

In 1769, he published a Letter to Dr. Harwood, wherein some of his evasive glosses, &c. in support of the Arian heresy, contained in his liberal translation of the New Testament, are pointed out and confuted, 8vo.

In 1770, his Mary Queen of Scots, an elegy; Knowledge, an ode; and Hengist and Mey, a ballad; were published in Pearch's 'Collection of Poems.' The note inserted at the conclusion of the elegy on Mary, was intended to obviate the objections which Lyttleton made to his defence of her character.

Many elaborate attempts have been made to rescue the character of the beautiful, but unfortunate Mary, from obloquy and reproach. The artifices of her insidious but inexorable rival, Elizabeth, have been clearly laid open by the masterly pen of Dr. Stuart. Elizabeth was undoubt-

edly the enemy of her fame, her fortune, and her life. Yet the conduct of the queen of England may be considered as in a great measure justified by the alarming combinations of Mary and her abettors; by the general circumstances of the times, and of the two countries; and by the rebellious disposition of a considerable portion of her subjects, exasperated by the suppressed but malignant bigotry of the old superstition, and ready to seize every opportunity of disturbing the reign of their triumphant enemy.

In 1770, he published *Voltaire in the Shades, or Dialogues on the Deistical Controversy*, 8vo. and about this period was a frequent writer in the 'Whitehall Evening Post.'

He had very early in life, read Casters's translation of the *Lusiad* of Camoens into French, and then conceived a design of giving an English version of it. Various avocations had, however, prevented him from executing his intention; though he retained the idea.

At length, having prepared himself by acquiring a knowledge of the Portuguese language, he, in 1771, published the first book as a specimen of his powers; and finding the manner in which it was performed approved by his friends, determined to devote his whole time to the completion of the work.

That he might do this without interruption, he quitted his situation at Oxford, and went to reside at a farm house at Forest Hill, where he adhered to his plan with such attention, that the translation, which had been printing while he proceeded on it, was entirely finished in 1775, and published under the title of *The Lusiad, or the Discovery of India*, an epic poem, &c. 4to. Oxford; with an Introduction, the History of the Discovery of India, the History of the Rise and Fall of the Portuguese Empire in the East, the Life of Camoens, a Dissertation on the *Lusiad*, and Observations upon Epic Poetry, and Notes and Illustrations, &c.

His publication came out under peculiar disadvantages. The *Lusiad* had been before translated into English verse, by sir Richard Fanshawe, 1655; but the manner in which it was done, gave but a faint idea of the beautiful original. It was written in a language but little cultivated by the muses. The writer was little known in this country, and of the translator's powers the public at that time knew still less.

In a letter to a friend, January 22, 1776, he says, 'Though my work is well received at Oxford, I will honestly own to you, some things have hurt me. A few grammatical slips in the Introduction have been mentioned; and some things in the notes, about Virgil, Milton, and Homer, have been called the arrogance of criticism. But the greatest offence of all, is what I say of blank verse. My versification, however, receives, a most general approbation.'

[To be Continued.]

MISCELLANY.

From a British Essayist.

ON THE POLICY OF MAKING CONNEXIONS TO PROMOTE COMMERCE.

Purpura vendit

Causidicum; vendunt amethystina.

Juv.

IN the eye of reason there is certainly no necessary connexion between ostentation and excellence. Can the keeping of a chariot be a proof of pre-eminence of knowledge? Certainly not. But such is the world, that the physician on foot stands no chance of being employed, if his rival rides in his chariot.

The preference of the medical professor, who makes a fashionable appearance, to him that does not, has been always remarkable; so much so, that it is almost a proverbial question, What is a doctor without his chariot? Formerly large

wigs, gold-headed canes, full-trimmed coats, and solemn looks, were considered as natural signs of profound knowledge. They are indeed now voluntarily laid aside by the gentlemen themselves; who seem to think it no disadvantage to appear young in person and easy in manners. But still the appearance of fashionable life, of servants and equipage, is a very powerful recommendation of them to public favour.

A similar unreasonable association of superior excellence, to a splendid appearance, seems visible in almost every art, trade, and profession.

And this it is which forms one of the most frequent excuses, in young persons, for launching out a little, as they call it, or living beyond their income.

In the lower orders of mercantile life, a young man begins trade with his little patrimony, or with the gift of a living parent, who, perhaps, distresses himself to raise a sum which, though moderate, might, under proper management, grow, like a handful of seed, to a large quantity. A shop, or rather a warehouse, (for, as Juvenal says,

.....Hic vivimus ambitiosa
Paupertate omnes

and every thing must now have a magnificent name), is hired at a considerable rent. It must, in the first place, be fitted up not only neatly and conveniently (for neatness and convenience are mean ideas), but elegantly, and sumptuously, in the newest taste.

The door-posts are adorned with sculpture, and the name and trade exhibited in a gorgeous tablet adorned with a profusion of gold and colour. The counters, the drawers, the shelves, are mahogany; and the master and mistress are every day attired by the most fashionable hair-dresser, and descend (which is but rarely) from the sumptuous dining-room, to stand behind the counter, just as if they were going into a drawing-room or the presence-chamber.

Connexions are sought with the utmost diligence. To promote them, visits are paid and received, with all the formality of fashion. The glass in the dining-room is stuck round with gilt cards of invitation to dinners, suppers, balls, and assemblies.

Well; all this is very pleasing; but how goes on business in the shop—(I beg pardon) in the warehouse! O, the scrubs mind that. Mr. and Mrs. Diaper are too much engaged in dressing in the morning, and visiting in the afternoon, to regard the low concerns of the shop. The clerk, the journeyman, the apprentice, and the porter, are hired purposely for that business; but let Mr. and Mrs. Diaper alone: they know what they are about, they are promoting trade, by making connexions, and cutting a figure. "There is absolutely no succeeding in the present days, without cutting a figure."

But the misfortune is, every one is cutting a figure, to the utmost of their pecuniary abilities, and the connexions which Mr. and Mrs. Diaper make, are themselves making connexions, for the sake of advancing their interest. But none of them have a fund sufficient to support the expenses of the fashionable life which they affect; and, in the course of a few years, they all, in their turn, cut a figure, in the Gazette.

In higher classes, and in professions and employments, which might justly claim a right to genteel life, it is usual to go beyond the line of moderation and propriety, with the delusive idea, that the greater figure a man makes in the external circumstance of a fine house, a luxurious table, a splendid equipage, a tribe of servants, the more likely he is to succeed, and to be aggrandized. In the meantime, he himself is sapping the foundation of his own greatness, and the visionary fabric soon falls, to rise no more.

These ambitious persons, who hope to raise themselves by affecting a rank they cannot support, are well described in the celebrated fable of the frog and the ox. They and their families, after a short struggle, become ridiculous and pitiable. But the misfortune is not confined to themselves; for, though their magnificent appearance gained no credit with their superiors, yet it caused them to be trusted by their inferiors, by poor tradesmen, who supplied them with many articles, both necessary and superfluous, in the hope of serving themselves and feeding their families. These are usually great sufferers; for, being poor, and of little consequence, they stand the worst chance of having their demands satisfied. The debts of honour, and the expenses of fashion must first be paid; but the butcher, the baker, and the brewer, may come in perhaps for six-pence in the pound, when their customers are gone abroad to live genteely.

To make that appearance which our rank requires, provided our purse can pay the expense, argues a proper spirit. But it is surely folly, as well as wrong and robbery, in pursuit of a phantom, to expend on luxury and vanity, the property of those who, in the course of their honest callings, have given us confidence, and entrusted us with what was necessary to our subsistence, or what we considered as conducive to our pleasure and prosperity.

Children brought up to expenses and habits which they cannot support, often rue the folly of parents, who, catching at the shadow of honour or wealth, let go the substance, their own happy and independent competency.

ORIGINAL LETTER, BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

Cracow, Aug. 2, 1768,

MY DEAR WILL,

You see by the date of my letter, that I am arrived in Poland. When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my restless disposition give me leave to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myself still in want of something, and expected to leave solicitude behind me by going into Romelia, and now you find me turning back, still expecting ease everywhere, but where I am. It is now seven years, since I saw the face of a single creature, who cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive. Secluded from all the comforts of confidence, friendship, or society, I feel the solitude of a hermit, but not his ease.

The prince of *** has taken me in his train, so that I am in no danger of starving for this bout. The prince's governor is a rude ignorant pedant, and his tutor a battered rake: thus, between two such characters, you may imagine he is finely instructed. I made some attempts to display all the little knowledge I had acquired by reading or observation; but I find myself regarded as an ignorant intruder. The truth is, I shall never be able to acquire a power of expressing myself, with ease, in any language but my own; and out of my own country, the highest character I can ever acquire, is that of being a philosophic vagabond.

When I consider myself in the country which was once so formidable in war, and spread terror and desolation over the whole Roman empire, I can hardly account for the present wretchedness and paucity of its inhabitants, a prey to every invader; their cities plundered without an enemy; their magistrates seeking redress by complaints, and not by vigour. Every thing conspires to raise my compassion for their miseries, were not my thoughts too busily engaged by my own. The whole kingdom is in a strange disorder.

der; when our equipage, which consists of the prince and thirteen attendants, had arrived at some towns, there were no conveniences to be found, and we were obliged to have girls to conduct us to the next. I have seen a woman travel thus on horseback before us for thirty miles, and think herself highly paid, and make twenty reverences, upon receiving, with extasy, about twopence for her trouble. In general, we were better served by the women than by the men on those occasions. The men seemed directed by a low sordid interest alone; they seemed mere machines, and all their thoughts were employed in the care of their horses. If we gently desired them to make more speed, they took not the least notice; kind language was what they had by no means been used to. It was proper to speak to them in tones of anger, and sometimes it was even necessary to use blows, to excite them to their duty. How different these from the common people of England, whom a blow might induce to return the affront sevenfold! These poor people, however, from being brought up to vile usage, lose all the respect which they should have for themselves. They have contracted a habit of regarding constraint as the great rule of their duty. When they were treated with mildness, they no longer continued to perceive a superiority. They fancied themselves our equals, and a continuance of our humanity might probably have rendered them insolent; but the imperious tone, menaces, and blows, at once changed their sensations and ideas: their ears and shoulders taught their souls to shrink back into servitude, from which they had, for some moments, fancied themselves disengaged.

The enthusiasm of liberty an Englishman feels is never so strong, as when presented by such prospects as these. I must own, in all my indigence, it is one of my comforts, (perhaps, indeed, it is my only boast) that I am of that happy country; though I scorn to starve there; though I do not choose to lead a life of wretched dependence, or be an object for my former acquaintance to point at. While you enjoy all the ease and elegance of prudence and virtue, your old friend wanders over the world, without a single anchor to hold by, or a friend except you to confide in.

Yours, &c.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESS. COLON AND SPONDER.

In the Oriental Collections, page 187, by Sir WILLIAM OUSELEY, is the following sonnet or gazel, from the Divan of Jami, a poet, according to Mr. D'Israeli, characterized by the elegiac tenderness of his verse. I transcribed it, in the hope, that it may arrest the attention of the muse of ASMODEO.

'Last night, my eyes were closed in sleep, but my happiness was awake; the whole night, the live long night, the image of my beloved was the companion of my soul.

'Heavens! how did the sugared words fall from her sweet lips! Alas! all that she said to me in that dream, has escaped from my memory. Although it was my care, till break of day, to repeat over and over her sweet words.

'The day, unless illuminated by her beauty, is of nocturnal darkness to my eyes.

'Happy day, that first I gazed upon that lovely face!

'May the eyes of Jami long be blest with pleasing visions, since they presented to his view last night

'that object, on whose account he passed his waking life in expectation.

In the elegant volumes of a sprightly author, I find the following original remarks.

Invention is neither inspiration nor creation, as some, I believe, still imagine it to be. It is nothing but a *sudden observation* or a *patient meditation*; and there can exist but *two kinds* of invention; the one *accidental*, struck out from a rapid observation, and the other arising from *combination*, the fruit of long and ingenious meditation. Man creates nothing; he can only imitate, or combine what he finds out in nature; he can imagine no form, he can produce no notion of which the model is not in nature.

From *accidental inventions* man has derived great utility, but never has claimed any glory; but the invention of those arts, or those discoveries in which he has wrestled with nature, has agreeably flattered his pride. It will amuse an ingenious mind, to class under these two forms some traditional origins.

In the first and inferior kinds of inventions, may be ranked the following....A Tartarian hunter, wanting some wadding, observes a stone, covered with some flakes, resembling loose threads; but when he fires his piece, he observes that the gunpowder had no effect on the wadding. He returns to his village, consults his curate, and, half terrified, conceives he has about him some bewitched stuff. They throw it into a large fire; it does not burn, and they take it out entire. Such was the accidental origin of *asbestos*, called the incorruptible linen. Of the same class is that of *glass*. Some merchants in the sandy deserts rest their cauldrons on blocks of nitre, and kindle a fire; the nitre dissolving in the flame, and mixing with the sand, produces a transparent friable substance, which is *glass*. In the city of Tyre, a dog seizing on the fish conchilis, or *purpura*, his lips were observed to be tinged with that glowing "rosy red," and it received its name from the town and the fish, for it was called the Tyrian purple. Children playing in the shop of a spectacle-maker, with convex and concave glasses, arrange them in such a manner, that the church-steeple appeared to have removed itself near them. Their loud acclamations excite the curiosity of their father. The man of science looks through the glasses the hands of the children had arranged, and he discovers the *telescope*! Accident like discovered gunpowder, printing, and the quinquina; the latter perhaps more salutary than either of the former. Such has been the origin of many useful inventions, but in which the inventor could lay no claim to ingenuity.

The second class ennobles man; his dilated soul traverses through earth and heaven, and he almost aspires to the energy of a sublime creator. The ancients have recorded, that the exquisite combinations of *music* derived their origin from a philosopher, who stood listening to the strokes of a hammer on an anvil. It was by meditating on the knolls of old oak trees, and the pavements of London, that that sublime edifice, the *Edystone*, was raised in the tumultuous breast of the sea, by its great artist. The fact is recorded with great simplicity, by himself; and these knolls, and these pavements, whence he first stole the hints, are engraven in his singular work. One evening, in the cathedral of Pisa, Galileo observed the vibrations of a brass lustre, pendent from the vaulted roof, that had been left swinging by one of the vergers. The pensive eye of Genius meditated, and its soul struggled with vast ideas. Hence he conceived the notion of measuring time by the medium of a *pendulum*, and thus invented the elements of motion and mechanics. The origin of *gravitation* is perhaps more sublime, since the accident was more trivial. The charming art of engraving owes one of its branches to the meditation of a studious prince. Rupert per-

ceiving a soldier scraping and cleansing his fusil, on which the night dews had fallen, and had rusted, he combined its effects, and from these conceived *mezzotinto*. I will add two others, which are extremely interesting. James Moore, employed to survey the fens, noticed that the sea made a *curve line* on the beach; and from this circumstance borrowed the hint to keep it out of Norfolk. A French bead-maker, observing that the water which had washed those small fish, called bleaks, was filled with luminous particles of a silvery hue, and deposited a sediment possessing the lustre of the most beautiful pearls, formed from it the *pearl essence*, which, with melted isinglass, is blown into thin glass globules, and produces *artificial pearls*.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LEVITY.

Written in Germany, on one of the coldest days of the century, by W. Wordsworth.

A fig for your languages, German and Norse,
Let me have the song of the kettle,
And the tongs and the poker, instead of that horse,
That gallops away with such fury and force
On that dreary dull plate of black metal.

Our earth is, no doubt, made of excellent stuff,
But her pulses beat slower and slower;
The weather at ferry was cutting and rough,
And then, as Heaven knows, the glass stood low enough,
And now it is four degrees lower.

Here's a fly, a disconsolate creature, perhaps,
A child of the rill or the grove,
And sorrow for him! this dull treacherous heat
Has seduced the poor fool from his winter-retreat,
And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! how he fumbles about the domains,
When this comfortless oven environ,
He cannot find out in what tract he must crawl,
Now back to the hills, and now back to the wall,
And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock still there he stands, like a traveller bemaz'd,
The best of his skill he has tried;
His feelers methinks I can see him put forth,
To the east and the west, and the south and the north,
But he finds neither guide post nor guide.

See! his spindles sink under him, foot, leg, and thigh,
His eyesight and hearing are lost,
Between life and death his blood freezes and thaws,
And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky gauze,
Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No brother, nor friend, has he near him, while I
Can draw warmth from the cheek of my love,
As blest and as glad in this desolate gloom,
As if green summer-grass was the floor of my room,
And woodbines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless thing,
Thy life I could gladly sustain,
Till summer comes on from the south, and with crowds
Of thy brethren a march thou shouldst sound through
the clouds,
And back to the forests again.

A humble Imitation of some Stanzas, written by W.
Wordsworth, in Germany, on one of the coldest
days of the century.

'A fig for your languages, German and Norse,
Let me have the song of the kettle,
And the tongs and the poker.' W. W.

My Molly and I we sat down by the fire,
And she was preparing the vittle;
And as I was hungry, I had a desire
To ask her a question, and so I drew nigher,
And ask'd, had she put on the kettle.

The table was set, and the cups they were laid,
But Molly mov'd slower and slower;
At breakfast her speech it was cutting and rough,
At dinner, Heaven knows, it was crabbed enough,
But now it is fifty times more.

So-I thought I might hasten the supper perhaps,
If the fire a little I'd move;
For, said I, if I wait for this treacherous heat,
I fear 'twill be long ere my supper I eat,
So I put some more wood in the stove.

Alas! for the man that has married a shrew!
What perils his safety environ!
I scarcely had put on the stick, before Moll
Raps me over the head with the tongs—to the wall
I reel'd; for the tongs were of iron.

Stock-still then I stood, like a traveller bemaz'd,
The weight of her hand I'd oft tried,
But never the tongs: could I have got forth,
To the east and the west, and the south and the north
I'd have fled, without guide-post or guide.

See! my spindles sink under me, foot, leg, and thigh,
My eyesight and hearing are lost;
Between life and death my blood freezes and thaws,
I thought I was dead; or at least, by the laws,
I thought I should give up the ghost.

No table or chair was there near me, but I
At length just got hold of a poker,
And then to escape did I boldly presume,
I brandish'd my poker, and out of the room
I flew, for my Moll was no joker.

Yet, Heaven be my witness, if Molly should die,
How firmly her loss I'd sustain;
Though women their favours should offer in crowds,
As well might they spend all their breath on the clouds,
I ne'er would be wedded again.

R. SHALLOW.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, Dublin, May 18.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

Fitzgerald v. Hawksworth.

Yesterday, in the King's Bench, a verdict for 2500l. and 6d. costs, was given for the plaintiff against the defendant. Few trials at Nisi Prius have more engaged the public attention, or excited an higher degree of interest; and whether we consider the nature of the action, the portion of time it occupied, or the celebrity of at least one of the parties, it was eminently calculated to call forth much curiosity. The trial lasted three days, from Tuesday morning till late on Thursday evening.

The defendant is a young clergyman, who has figured as a preacher in most of the churches of this metropolis within the last five years, and whom his admirers consider as scarcely inferior to Kirwan himself. In the year 1794, Mr. Hawksworth, being then in his twentieth year, and on the point of taking his degree in College, became attached to Miss Fitzgerald, who was then scarcely sixteen. This young lady was the daughter of a respectable officer, who had retired from the service with much honour, but no great share of wealth, and had fixed his residence in Castletown, a beautiful village in the neighbourhood of Mountrath, in Queen's county. Mr. Hawksworth soon gained her affections, but still he was not satisfied, as his father was an enemy to early marriages, and, of course, an immediate union was impossible. Time or accident, he apprehended, might defeat his hopes, or a parent's authority consign her to the arms of another. In his letters, therefore, he urged her with all the ardour of a doting lover to enter into a solemn engagement never to marry any but him; and to encourage her to make this vow, he called upon his God to forsake him when he forsook her. These letters were read in evidence, and though they exhibited no very finished specimens of epistolary elegance, they seemed, at least, to flow from the heart, and were not ill adapted to make an impression on a girl of sixteen: at length they made that, and thus the connection continued until the year 1802.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hawksworth had been ordained—had become a popular preacher, and was

much followed. In January, 1802, he called on a Mrs. Palmer, a particular friend of Miss Fitzgerald, and after some preliminary conversation, he told her he was ready to fulfil his engagement with Miss Fitzgerald, if her friends would give her 1000l. and begged she would communicate his intentions to them. Mrs. Palmer delivered the message. A council of war was summoned. Captain Fitzgerald, the father, agreed to give four hundred pounds; the uncle, also an old officer, agreed to give two hundred; and the brother to the young lady, who was then serving with his regiment in Malta, upon being written to, immediately promised to add the remaining 400l. out of the honorable earnings of his profession; and though he was then actually in treaty for a majority, he cheerfully postponed his own promotion to the happiness of a beloved sister—he did more, he came to Ireland to be a witness of that happiness.

Hawksworth seemed delighted with his arrival, every thing was settled, the wedding clothes prepared, a special licence procured, and even the ring purchased. Mrs. Hawksworth and young captain Fitzgerald went down to the country on Friday; the next day, Saturday, was to be the happy day; when lo! instead of the bridegroom, a billet doux was delivered to the company, at Castletown, begging to be excused, as he was obliged to go from home on pecuniary business. From this period until the action was brought, the interval was filled with evasion; the torch of love seemed completely extinguished, and the visions of his early days to have vanished forever. The action was then brought, and the verdict 2500l. is commensurate with his property.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Some time since, we announced, as preparing for the press, the new and complete Biography of SIR WM. JONES, by Lord Teignmouth. We learn from London that this highly interesting work has just appeared, in a royal quarto, with a Portrait, and Fac Simile. It is intitled 'Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Correspondence of Sir Wm. Jones,' &c. We shall soon receive a copy, and communicate to our readers, from so rich a repository, whatever is calculated to interest curiosity, or to awaken genius.

We also perceive with delight, that a new edition, being the fourth, with many farther additions, of Boswell's Life of Dr. JOHNSON, is just published. This biography is now generally known and acknowledged as one of the most entertaining volumes of Literary History, which can be found in any nation. It records the renowned opinions of one of NATURE'S NOBLEMEN, who as a moralist, philologist, poet and critic, almost—
Got the start of the majestic world,
And bore the palm alone?

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

THE COMPOSITION OF A KISS.

Cupid, if storying legends tell aright,
Once fram'd a rich Elixir of delight.
A chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,
And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd:
With these the magic dews, which evening brings,
Brush'd from the Italian star by fairy wings:
Each tender pledge of sacred faith he join'd,
Each gentler pleasure of the unsporting mind—
Day dreams, whose tints with sportive brightness glow,
And hope, the blameless parasite of woe.
The eyeless chemist heard the process rise,
The steamy chalice bubbled up in sighs;
Sweet sounds transpir'd, as when the enamour'd dove
Pours the soft murmur of responsive love.
The finish'd work might envy vainly blame,
And 'Kisses' was the precious compound's name.
With half the God his Cyprian mother blest,
And breath'd on —'s lovelier lips the rest.

Anna, cease with envious care,
Thus to veil thy lovely face,
While beneath that shade of hair,
Buried lies full many a grace.

Where's the brow as ivory clear?
Where's the cheek's delightful glow?
Where's the nicely rounded ear,
And the well turn'd neck of snow?

Yet those auburn locks of thine
Down thy face that waving play,
And in wanton ringlets twine,
Who could bear to lop away!

Muse of eve and muse of matin,
Tune the lyre to Peter Patten;
Sweet is sugar, soft is satin,
Soft and sweet is Peter Patten.
Ye orators, both Greek and Latin,
Ye're nincompoops to Peter Patten.

Let Whitbread boast with steams his vat in,
More potent wert brews Peter Patten.
Their tropes let others put their hat in,
Pure from his head draws Peter Patten.
Opposition some grow fat in,
Though Dent be thin, yet plump is Patten.

Ye Statesmen wise, ye Patriots tatting,
Take for your guide great Peter Patten;
Ye jovial wights, ye drunkards catting,
Quir your bowl and vote with Patten.
Then talk no more of Flood or Grattan,
We boast imperial Peter Patten!

London paper.

The following is a New England paragraph of the first order.

Captain Stetson informs, that on Wednesday last, while on a fishing party, off Cohasset Rocks, he caught a Haddock; and upon opening it for the purpose of cookery, he found in the stomach three hundred and forty dollars!!—in old continental money, new emission. The paper was formed into a roll, and was but little injured!

[Boston paper.]

A ministerial paper asserts, in decided terms, that the French emigrants, who have been permitted to return home, have presented Buonaparte with no less than three hundred and sixty projects for the destruction of England! The number is so large, that we hope the Chief Consul will be distracted in his choice! *[London paper.]*

The late Mr. Townsend, walking down Broad street, Bristol, during an illumination, observed a boy breaking every window, which had not a light in it. Mr. T. asked him how he dared to destroy people's windows in that manner? "O," said the urchin, "it is all for the good of trade—I'm a glazier!" "All for the good of trade is it?" said Mr. T. raising his cane, and breaking the boy's head; "there then, you young rascal, that is for the good of my trade—I'm a surgeon." *[ib.]*

In the year 1587, it was decided at Grenoble, that a child, born by the wife of Mauleon De Beaumont, in the course of four years, during which he had been absent from her, was legitimate, and that he had been conceived by thinking on her husband. The decision was founded on the examination of midwives, who all declared that such had frequently been their case. *[ib.]*

A case has lately been decided, before one of the French tribunals, by which persons who have lived together publicly as man and wife, are held to be legally married, though no contract or proof of the celebration of their marriage can be produced.

A gentleman lately dining on a very tough piece of beef, began scratching his plate with his knife; and on being asked the reason, replied, to set his teeth on edge.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MORNING.

From yon high hill the orient dawn
But faintly streaks the azure heaven,
And now across the dewy fawn
The shepherd's fleecy pride is driven.

Sweet is the hour of infant day,
And sweet all Nature's calm repose;
I'll to the tall cliff's summit stray,
Ere the first sunbeam greets the rose.

O how sublime the opening view!
The morning rays expanding wide!
The long grass glittering with the dew!
The clouds that fringe the mountain's side!

The fogs fantastic shapes assume,
As in the west they melt away,
And soon the night's departing gloom
Is lost amid the blaze of day.

The twinkling stars now scarcely gleam,
The moon a paler lustre wears,
And from its visionary dream
Awakes the bustling world of cares.

The lowing herds their pasture seek,
And slowly wind along the vale;
With careless heart and glowing cheek,
The milk-maid wields the flowing pail.

Daughter of Innocence and Health,
Thy breast no rankling griefs annoy,
The rural virtues form thy wealth,
And crown thee with unfading joy.

The gaudy dame who sleeps till noon,
Her shatter'd system to repair,
Who keeps her vigils with the moon,
And scorns thy task and rustic fare,

In vain may envy thee the blush
That mantles in thy smiling face:
To her alone the hectic flush
Can yield a momentary grace.

Her nights of riot, days of rest
By slow degrees her health consume;
Corrosive passions gnaw her breast,
And lay her in an early tomb:

Whilst thou, within thy lowly sphere,
The pride of some untutor'd swain,
Enjoy'st with feeling heart sincere,
A bliss unknown to Fashion's train.

Give me, kind Heav'n! a gentle maid,
Like this, unknown to wealth or fame,
We'll seek some sweet sequester'd shade,
Nor court an evanescent name.

The field of glory—Fortune's sphere,
Shall ne'er my wandering steps receive;
To join in Folly's mad career,
I'll ne'er my humble cottage leave.

The blandishments of wealth or power,
Shall ne'er seduce my constant heart,
The joys they give but last an hour,
And everlasting cares impart.

Domestic love shall form the spell
To charm each little grief to rest,
Content beneath our roof shall dwell,
And animate each happy guest.

A friend, endear'd by sacred ties,
Shall nightly ope my cottage-door;
I'll envy not the great or wise,
But bless my lot, and God adore.

RUSTICUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WRITTEN AT THE FALLS OF MOUNT IDA,
(NEAR TROY.)

Like this, the scene where Fancy weaves
Her wildest, lightest, blooming flowers,
And forms the gay, fantastic wreaths,
That deck the infant Muses' bowers.

Then shall not here their vot'ry pay
The humble homage of her praise,
And eternize the fleeting day,
By warm, though weak and transient lays!

For here hath Nature's bounteous hand
Bestow'd the gifts that rival time,
Nor e'er could Prospero's magic wand
Create, like hers, the bold sublime,

Though, Ariel! such the mountain height,
Where thou didst tune thy fairy lyre,
And such the wood, where elfins light
Pursu'd the glimm'ring glow-worm's fire.

Yet, fairy sprite! no bold cascade
E'er wak'd for thee the echoing ground,
Nor call'd each dell and cavern's aid,
To raise the solemn swelling sound.

This torrent's whelming heedless force
Bespeaks the mind by passion sway'd,
That ne'er restrains its headlong course,
Though friends advise, and foes upraid.

And well it too displays the power
Of tyrant Fancy's giddy reign,
Who, while she sports her flut'ring hour,
Makes Reason fly her flow'ry plain.

VIOLETTA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IMAGINARY HAPPINESS.

The hapless man, whose *real* woes
His life's tranquillity destroy,
Resorts to Fancy for repose,
And learns to *dream* of peace and joy.

The bliss of love, of wealth and power,
Th' enraptur'd dreamer then enjoys;
All blessings gild th' ideal hour,
No grief appears, no pleasure cloy.

At length tir'd Fancy can no more
Relieve him from allotted pain;
Her pleasing scenes he now gives o'er,
And wakes to real life again.

A. D.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE PALLADIUM.

From the Manufactory of SIMON SPUNKER, ESQ.

SIMON figureth in your polite bon-ton poetry, somewhat
after the manner of Mrs. RADCLIFF, in a delicate

DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

Behold, my fair, the ruddy morn
Anticipate the day,
What gorgeous tints the sky adorn,
And gild the azure way!

The sombre mists, which gloomy Night
Had gather'd in the vale,
Are borne aloft, and wing their flight
Before the rising gale—

Now chang'd to clouds of varied hue,
In airy mazes dance,
Flitting athwart the welkin blue,
They gem the gay expanse,

See now the Sun advancing higher,
His full effulgent rays;
The mountain forest seems on fire,
Amid his servid blaze,

The plummy tenant of the grove
Sits perch'd on yonder spray,
And serenades his little love
With sweetest roundelay,

To taste the pleasures of the morn,
Is bliss without alloy,
Though Fashion's drowsy votaries scorn
To quaff the cup of joy.

But rise, my Teraminta, rise,
Your matchless charms display,
And let those rapture-beaming eyes
Add lustre to the day.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IMITATION OF PETRARCH.

WRITTEN AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Solo e pensoso i pia deserti campi
From distant lands a wanderer came,
And fondly seeks a refuge here;
But in his breast still glows a flame,
And in his eye still gleams a tear.

In vain he views the rushing floods,
In hopes to lull his cares to sleep;
In vain he seeks the wildering woods,
In hopes that there he shall not weep.

The waters from their solid seat,
May hurl the struggling rocks away;
The forest, in its green retreat,
May shield him from the solar ray;

Yet cannot wash away the pain,
That to his inmost bosom clings;
Yet cannot guard his throbbing brain
From thought, that bitterest anguish brings.

For though, from native scenes remov'd,
To these far northern climes he flies,
Each object he once dearly lov'd,
Recurr's incessant to his eyes,

ITHACUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

How sweet the sudden grateful tear,
Fresh springing in the eye!
That trembling stands, as if for fear
It brighten'd but to die.

Till, gently stealing down the cheek,
And glist'ning as it flows,
It seems to say, "my home I seek,
'Twas from the heart I rose!"

HARTLEY, SEN.

EPIGRAM.

At threescore winters' end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad,
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 44.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum
payable in advance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.

LETTER I.

It has been observed, my dear S....., that eloquence is not the sole characteristic of the American senates; and I have had abundant reason to remark, that plain sense, strong judgment, ardent patriotism, predominate in the individual states, as in the national legislature. But that best 'harmony of sweet sounds,' the graceful and persuasive rhetoric, which thrills the nerves, and seizes upon the passions of the hearer, which charms, while it instructs, and seems to commiserate, even while it condemns—that must be looked for among a people, more ancient, more affluent, better defined, and more accurately defining than the unpatronised and self-taught individuals of the new hemisphere. If these observations be strictly applicable to the senatorial rank of the country, in considering another, and more accurately distinguished class of public speaking, forensic oratory, I am led to confess this appears to have been cultivated, with an assiduity, that indulges the hope, and speaks the promise of uniting, for its possessor, the luxury of wealth, with the aristocracy of power. In fact, this people, so tenacious of their rights, and so clear-sighted in their political jealousy, have permitted the individuals of the bench and the bar almost to monopolize the high and lucrative offices and endowments of the state, as of the national government. Thence, in my travels through the union, courts of law and justice have become the most important objects of my research, and the inevitable subjects of my impartial criticism. I have, indeed, marked the forensic talent of the nation, and found it of a description, wholly dissimilar to the prominent trait of senatorial dignity. I have heard eloquence, and discovered learning in the abodes of Themis, that might have stamped a new, and more sublime, character upon the American people. Whence, I have ceased to wonder at that influence and ascendancy, which the distinguished pre-eminence of its professors has merited and obtained.

Upon my first arrival in Boston, appearances were, to my view, greatly inauspicious. I found a large town, apparently devoted to trade, streets narrow, crooked, and not remarkably clean; fine houses, in wretched and almost inaccessible avenues, and commodious situations, disgraced by hovels. Such were the conspicuous features that met the first *coup d'oeil*. A further introduction taught me that these ill-situated mansions were the abode of hospitality, and within those humbler hovels oppression and misery were unknown. I recognized more of the old English whig, in the character of the Bostonians, than in any state in the union. Tolerating, liberal, and intelligent, yet marked by strong local prejudices, and inflexible animosities, while feeling freedom, and literally claiming independence,

behind his counter the shopman inquires the news and arraigns the government; and the poorest mechanic reads the Gazette, reasons upon finance, and approves, or opposes, the diminution of taxes. Among this people, so congenial to the best portion of my own countrymen, inquiry has been forcibly awakened, and my anxious attention constantly occupied. Finding the supreme judicial court in session, I flew thither, with the solicitude of a mind, whose appetite for the new and the curious is never gratified to satiety. There I found talents, that were respectable, and genius, that was extraordinary; yet I must impartially acknowledge my astonishment at the general irregularity and inattention to forms that prevailed. Boys, just admitted as practitioners, were suffered, without reprimand from the bench, to indulge the vividness of their imagination, wandering, at will, through all the pleasant paths of romance, now pompous by soaring to bombast, then sinking to the pert simile, or the misapplied anecdote. Further, it was to be remarked of this generally respectable body, that their total inattention to the decorum of dress, and external distinction, must awaken in every foreigner some unpleasant sensations. The judges were dressed, or rather en *deshabillé*, in plain coats; and the apparel of the gentlemen of the bar was as diversified, as the proportions and faculties of their minds—an endless variety, from the excellent and extraordinary, to the mean and the flimsy. However the philosopher may pretend to despise mere external effects, men of the world must be sensible of their importance, as it regards the senses, and attaches to the understanding; for the ludicrous, which upon the present occasion is by no means applied, having a certain tendency to counteract respect, must, of necessity, arrest usefulness. Thence, I approve of a costume for all public characters, and think that the sanctity of an oath would be rendered more inviolable, under greater ceremony and solemnity, in the manner of its being administered. People without understanding, and destitute of the moral principle, may be influenced by their senses, and on their impression deterred from the commission of evil—Whence, allowing mere forms to be not intrinsically important, they are at least relatively good, respectable for their utility, and honourable in their observance.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF MICKLE.

[Continued.]

In his Dissertation, after acknowledging his obligations to Mr. Magellans, and other Portuguese gentlemen, Thomas Pearson, Esq. of the East-India Company's service, for books and information, he adds, 'The approbation, expressed by several gentlemen of the East-India Company, on the appearance of the poem on the Discovery of India, gave the translator the greatest satisfaction. To governor Johnstone, whose ancestors have been the hereditary patrons of the ancestors of the translator, he is under all the obligations, which the warmest zeal to promote the

success of his undertaking can possibly confer. To this gentleman, in a great measure, the appearance of the *Lusiad* in English is due. To the friendship of Mr. Hoole, the elegant translator of Tasso, he is peculiarly indebted. To James Boswell, Esq. he confesses many obligations. And while he thus recollects with pleasure the names of many gentlemen, from whom he has received assistance or encouragement, he is happy to be enabled to add Dr. Johnson to the number of those, whose kindness for the man, and good wishes for the translator, call for his sincerest gratitude. Nor must a tribute to the memory of Dr. Goldsmith be neglected. He saw a part of this version; but he cannot now receive the thanks of the translator. The manner in which his grace the duke of Buccleugh took the English *Lusiad* under his patronage, infinitely enhanced the honour of his acceptance of the dedication.'

In a letter to Mr. Boswell, preserved in his 'Life of Dr. Johnson,' he says, 'Before publishing the *Lusiad*, I sent Mr. Hoole a proof of that part of the introduction in which I make mention of Dr. Johnson, yourself, and other well-wishers to the work, begging it might be shown to Dr. Johnson. This was accordingly done, and in place of the simple mention of him which I had made, he dictated to Mr. Hoole the sentence as it now stands. Dr. Johnson told me in 1772, that about twenty years before that time, he himself had a design to translate the *Lusiad*, of the merit of which he spoke highly; but had been prevented by a number of other engagements.' Dr. Johnson, it is said, afterwards recommended it to Goldsmith.

During the time which Mickle employed in this translation, he had no other means of subsistence, than what he received as corrector of the Clarendon press; and when he relinquished that situation, he had only the subscriptions he received for the work, to support him. The difficulties that so narrow an income must occasion, may be more readily conceived than described. But, looking forward with the enthusiasm of genius, he would not suffer difficulties that might have discouraged meaner minds, to obstruct his progress, or damp his ardour.

'When, after five years unremitting attention,' says the writer of the anecdotes of his life, 'he had completed this great work, those friends who knew his circumstances, advised him to consider who would be the proper patron to whom he ought to dedicate such a poem. I am assured by one who lived with him in habits of great intimacy (the Rev. Mr. Simpson, of Chertsey, Bucks, formerly of St. Alban-Hall, London) that Mr. Mickle had repeated intimations from a questionable authority, informing him that several persons, then high in the naval department, it would be very acceptable to them, by the dedication of such a poem. As the subject would think themselves highly honoured, that he might depend on a princely acknowledgment; and they therefore advised him to think of the most worthy. This counsel he was at first inclined to, but the advice of Commodore

Johnstone turned the scale, and it was dedicated to the duke of Buccleugh.

'That he might omit,' says the writer of the account of his life, in the *European Magazine*, 'no prudential attentions to his future welfare, and with the hopes of reaping those advantages which usually attend so laborious a work, he applied to a person of great rank, with whom his family had been connected, for permission to dedicate it to him. 'The manner,' says the author, 'in which ——— took the English *Lusiad* under his patronage, infinitely enhanced the honour of his acceptance.' The manner, as the author frequently told his friends, was 'by a very polite letter written with his own hand.' But let not indigent genius, in future, place too much expectation on the generosity of patrons. After receiving a copy, for which an extraordinary price was paid for the binding, days, weeks and months elapsed, without the slightest notice. During this time, though the author had too much spirit to solicit or complain, it is to be feared that some of the misery so feelingly described by Spenser, fell to his lot.

Fall little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide; &c.

'At length a gentleman of rank in the political world, a fast and a firm friend to the author, and who afterwards took him under his protection, and by that means afforded him the independence he latterly enjoyed, waited on the patron, and heard with the indignation and contempt it deserved, a declaration, that the work was at that time unread, but had been represented not to have the merit it had been first said to possess; and therefore nothing could be then done on the subject of his mission. This paltry evasion, the solicitor declared, he believed arose from the malicious insinuations of a certain person about the patron; whose mistakes had received a proper correction in the preface to the *Lusiad*. We know not how true this suggestion may be, though, admitting the fact, it hardly alters the case. Mr. Mickle's account of this interview, in a letter to a friend, dated August 22, 1776, now lies before us, and we might probably do no disservice to the general interests of literature, were we to print it. We cannot, however, omit to suggest a doubt, whether there is not some small violation of moral rectitude, in a great man accepting from an indigent one, that compliment which is offered him, under, at least, an implied agreement, to receive some acknowledgment in return for the honour done him? It ought not to be concealed, that when the second edition of the *Lusiad* was published in 1778, Mickle was strongly recommended by a friend, to suppress the dedication. His resentment at the unworthy treatment he had received, had by this time been converted into contempt, and with great magnanimity he refused. Whoever will read the *Life* of Camoens, cannot avoid observing a striking similarity in the fortunes of the author and his translator, and he will probably not be displeased at the concluding note of the *Lusiad*. 'Similarity of condition, produced similarity of complaint and sentiment in Spenser and Camoens. Each was unworthily neglected by the Gothic grandees of his age; yet both their names will live when the remembrance of the courtiers who spurned them 'shall sink beneath the mountain tombs.'

That man that hath the innies scorn'd,
Arise, nor lead, be ever of a muse adorn'd.

The person alluded to is Dr. Adam Smith, who was the professed admirer of Hume, to whom Mickle was a declared antagonist, and once intended to have written and published An Heroic Epistle from David Hume to Dr. Adam

Smith, in which the doctor and his pupil would have been rather harshly treated. Many of the verses, he, at the time, repeated to a particular friend; but the poem was never completed.

Such is the manner in which the dedication of the *Lusiad* was received, according to his biographers; who, in their indignation at the supposed neglect of his patron, seem not to have made sufficient allowance for the obligations his father was under to the family of Buccleugh. His examination of the popular arguments relative to the British commerce with India, in his Dissertation prefixed to the *Lusiad*, his 'favourite above all that he ever attempted in prose,' might displease the celebrated author of 'The Wealth of Nations,' who stood forth as the philosophical champion for the abolition of the monopoly of the English East-India Company; but it can hardly be supposed that the 'Epic Poem of Commerce,' a work that challenges the attention of the philosopher, the politician, and the gentleman, could be neglected by a nobleman, distinguished as much by his patriotism and benevolence, as his high rank and princely fortune, and whose love and patronage of literature and science, have obtained him the distinction of President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and enrolled his name among the Fellows of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons in that city.

In his dissertation prefixed to the *Lusiad*, after reflecting on the distressed situation in which Camoens was suffered to languish, he concludes his remarks with some stanzas, in the manner of Spenser, on the Neglect of Poetry, descriptive of what we may naturally conceive were his own fears for the fate of his translation. But poetry so splendid, so spirited, so harmonious, could not remain long unnoticed; and the applause of the public followed the appearance of the *Lusiad* in so high a degree, as soon to banish from his mind the momentary chagrin, which a few circumstances attending the publication had given birth to.

Notwithstanding the approbation with which the public had received his translation, by a letter to Thomas Caldecott, Esq. of the Middle Temple, who warmly patronised, and very essentially served him, while he was at Oxford, dated Forest Hill, December 20, 1778, it appears that he was by no means happy; and had projected an edition of his works by subscription, for which he had printed proposals: 'Besides the necessity which urges to this scheme, I am very desirous of giving an edition of my works, in which I shall bestow the utmost attention. Except on very popular or temporary subjects little or nothing is to be made of half crown publications, and this also inclines me to a quarto collection; which, perhaps, will be my final farewell to that blighted spot (worse than the most bleak mountains of Scotland) yclept Parnassus; for after this labour is finished, if governor J..... cannot, or does not, help me to a little independence, I will certainly bid adieu to Europe, to unhappy suspense, and, perhaps, also, to the chagrin of soul which I feel to accompany it.'

Previous to the publication of the *Lusiad*, he had been tempted to try his powers in dramatic composition, and wrote a tragedy, called the Siege of Marseilles, formed upon a story from the French history in the reign of Francis I. when the duke of Bourbon, at the head of a Spanish army, invaded his native country, and laid siege to Marseilles; which, with some recommendations from his literary friends, he transmitted to Garrick. The manager acknowledged, in a letter to a friend, that it contained many beautiful passages; but he added, that fine writing was not of itself sufficient to constitute a drama fit for public exhibition. Governor John-

stone, unwilling that the labour he bestowed on this work should be entirely lost, solicited the aid of Mr. Home, author of *Douglas*, to make some alterations. This was complied with, and the piece, after being inspected by Mr. Warton, was again submitted to the manager, and again rejected.

MISCELLANY.

HABITUDES AND CHARACTER OF THE DOG. (From Goldsmith.)

OF all the canine tribe, the dog has every reason to claim the preference, being the most intelligent of all known quadrupeds, and the acknowledged friend of mankind. The dog, independent of the beauty of his form, his vivacity, force, and swiftness, is possessed of all those internal qualifications, that can conciliate the affections of man, and make the tyrant a protector. A natural share of courage, an angry and ferocious disposition, renders the dog, in its savage state, a formidable enemy to all other animals; but these readily give way to very different qualities in the domestic dog, whose only ambition seems the desire to please; he is seen to come crouching along, to lay his force, his courage, and all his useful talents, at the feet of his master; he waits his orders, to which he pays implicit obedience; he consults his looks, and a single glance is sufficient to put him in motion; he is more faithful even than the most boasted among men; he is constant in his affections, friendly without interest, and grateful for the slightest favours; much more mindful of benefits received, than of injuries offered; he is not driven off by unkindness; he still continues humble, submissive, and imploring; his only hope to be serviceable, his only terror to displease; he licks the hand that has just been lifted to strike him, and at last disarms resentment, by submissive perseverance.

More docile than man, more obedient than any other animal, he is not only instructed in a short time, but he also conforms to the dispositions and manners of those who command him. He takes his tone from the house he inhabits; like the rest of the domestics, he is disdainful among the great, and churlish among clowns. Always assiduous in serving his master, and only a friend to his friends, he is indifferent to all the rest, and declares himself openly against such as seem to be dependent like himself. He knows a beggar by his clothes, by his voice, or gestures, and forbids his approach. When at night, the guard of the house is committed to his care, he seems proud of the charge; he continues a watchful sentinel, he goes his rounds, scents strangers at a distance, and gives them warning of his being upon duty. If they attempt to break in upon his territories, he becomes more fierce, flies at them, threatens, fights, and either conquers alone, or alarms those who have most interest in coming to his assistance; however, when he has conquered, he quietly reposes upon the spoil, and abstains from what he has deterred others from abusing; giving thus at once a lesson of courage, temperance, and fidelity.

From hence we see of what importance this animal is to us in a state of nature. Supposing, for a moment, that the species had not existed, how could man, without the assistance of the dog, have been able to conquer, tame, and reduce to servitude, every other animal? How could he discover, chase, and destroy, those that were noxious to him? In order to be secure, and to become master of all animated nature, it was necessary for him to begin by making a friend of a part of them; to attach such of them to himself by kindness and caresses, as seemed fittest for obedience, and active in pursuit. Thus, the first

art employed by man was in conciliating the favour of the dog; and the fruits of this art were, the conquest and peaceable possession of the earth.

The generality of animals have greater agility, greater swiftness, and more formidable arms, from nature, than man; their senses, and particularly that of smelling, are far more perfect. The having gained, therefore, a new assistant, particularly one whose scent is so exquisite, as that of the dog, was the gaining a new sense, a new faculty, which before was wanting. The machines and instruments which we have imagined for perfecting the rest of the senses, do not approach to that already prepared by nature, by which we are enabled to find out every animal, though unseen, and thus destroy the noxious, and use the serviceable.

The dog, thus useful in himself, taken into a participation of empire, exerts a degree of superiority over all animals, that require human protection. The flock and the herd obey his voice more readily even than that of the shepherd or the herdsman; he conducts them, guards them, keeps them from capriciously seeking danger, and their enemies he considers as his own. Nor is he less useful in the pursuit; when the sound of the horn, or the voice of the huntsman calls him to the field, he testifies his pleasure by every little art, and pursues with perseverance, those animals, which, when taken, he must not expect to divide. The desire of hunting is indeed natural to him, as well as to his master, since war and the chase are the only employment of savages. All animals that live upon flesh, hunt by nature; the lion and the tyger, whose force is so great, that they are sure to conquer, hunt alone and without art; the wolf, the fox, and the tiger dog, hunt in packs, assist each other, and partake the spoil. But when education has perfected this talent in the domestic dog, when he has been taught by man to repress his ardour, to measure his motions, and not to exhaust his force by too sudden an exertion of it, he then hunts with method, and always with success.

[The following elegant and just satire, is from "THE CARAVANSERY," a periodical paper of uncommon merit, which occasionally appears in Dr. Park's valuable "Repertory."]

There is no art in which our public prints more excel, than in the art of puffing, and no part of the union, in which it is practised with more success, than in New England, and in this our beloved town of Boston. As in these eastern states, it is rare to meet with an uncommissioned private, since our very publicans are field-officers, so, if we give credit to our weekly journals, our minds too are of a gigantic stature, and tower far above the pigmy geniuses of Europe. In the opinion of certain enlightened editors, our men are wiser than Solomon, and our women more beautiful than Venus.

If in the house or senate, a speech unusually popular and impressive, is delivered, we find in the next paper, a high-flown panegyric, in terms similar to these: "Yesterday Mr. A. in the debate that took place in the house, delivered a speech, which far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of his warmest admirers. It united the torrent of Demosthenes with the splendid conflagration of Tully, and in short, is above all eulogy. We hope shortly to be able to gratify the public with this unrivalled specimen of reason and eloquence."

Should a series of periodical papers be collected and published in a volume, we are immediately informed, "The volume now for sale has the fairest claims to the palm of immortality. It comprises the genteel humour and easy elegance of Addison, the rich colouring of Hawkes-

worth, and the majestic energy of Johnson. We may now boast of a work that will establish the fame of American literature on an immovable basis, and challenge the proudest productions of Europe."

Should a poem appear, however vicious in design, and defective in execution, the intrepid editor heroically asserts—"The world must now confess, that the muses have at length taken up their abode in Columbia. This poem vies with the happiest efforts of the European muse, in design and execution, and greatly excels all the bards of the old world in magnificence and originality of expression. The author, without flattery, may be styled the tenth muse."

So lavish, indeed, are our editors of their encomiums, that the death or marriage of the obscurest person in the community, seldom happens, without extravagant praises; as for instance—"Last Thursday was united in the bands of conjugal bliss, Mr. C. Scavenger to the lovely and all-accomplished Miss D." Then follows a scrap of poetry, which, if it prove either rhyme or sense, the reader finds himself agreeably disappointed.

"Died last Wednesday, after a short illness, Dermot Tipperary, lemon-seller. The public have sustained an irreparable loss in this worthy Hibernian, as his lemons far excelled all others, in thinness of skin and delicacy of flavour. The selectmen, and other connoisseurs in punch, uniformly declared, that none squeezed with so much ease, or tasted so well; and the first ladies of our metropolis have been known to refuse lemonade, when not made with the lemons of Mr. Tipperary. We hope that all those who have been refreshed by his fruit, will not fail to attend his funeral, which will proceed from," &c. &c.

This custom of praising every one in the same strains of extravagant encomium, would be equally silly and harmless, did it not swell the vanity of the ignorant, and expose us to the ridicule of strangers. I was once informed by a British officer, who was taken prisoner with Burgoyne, that he was thus accosted by an honest Yankee, who was his centinel: "Well, I guess you are very glad you are taken, eh! You never fared so well before. Good salt pork and beef every day, and a power of sauce. Why, they tell me, that in Britain, the king and nobles eat up all the meat, and the rest of the folks live upon porridge and potatoes." The officer was amused with the simplicity of the honest fellow, and thinking it no easy matter to deceive him, rather confirmed him in his error, leaving him highly elated with the imagined superiority of his country.

This vanity among the less informed part of our citizens, might lead us at times into a war, did not their love of money dread the expenses that would attend it. Thus, we are guarded against the consequences of one weakness, by the counteracting effects of another. Vanity is the most despicable of infirmities, and puffing generally injures those whom it intends to serve. When we find any one praised beyond his desert, our self-love takes the alarm, and leads us to inquire into his claims of superiority. On discovering that either as a speaker or a writer, he is but a mortal piece of mediocrity, our indignation is kindled against his insidious encomiast, and we feel inclined to detract even from the real merit he may possess.

An honest, but ill-informed citizen may think the Old South larger than St. Paul's, and the Mall superior to the Thuilleries. But men of sense should be above such prejudices, which are a perpetual bar to improvement, and expose us to the derision of foreigners. We are highly gifted as a nation, and inferior to none in proportion to our opportunities; and whilst all the world allow us to be six feet high, let us not quarrel with

them, should they refuse to acknowledge us to be seven.

MISERIES OF A RETIRED LIFE. [From the Sentimental Magazine]

MR. EDITOR,

The advantages of retirement have been expatiated upon by many writers on moral topics, who very justly argue that it becomes a rational creature to devote some time to meditation upon past actions, of which he is to give an account, and to prepare for leaving a world, to which he is no more to return. All this is very easily comprehended, and the many other fine arguments in favour of retirement made a great impression upon me at one time. I should have been very happy, indeed, to have confirmed them by my own experience, had it not been for one little circumstance of considerable moment, in order to settle the question, namely, that after a long trial, I have found retirement impracticable.

In former days I was a tradesman in the city of London, and for many years carried on business with increasing prosperity. I may say, indeed, that every thing succeeded which I undertook; while others around me were driven by distress and disappointed speculations, by paper credit and accommodation bills, into the Gazette, I stood firm, and, upon 'Change, was universally reported to be a *good man*. From this character, you are not to wonder if I very rapidly passed into that of a *warm man*; and, in truth, having realized several thousand pounds, and advancing, at the same time, toward the down-hill of life, I began to be captivated by the beautiful descriptions presented to me of the happiness of retirement. Having few relations, to interfere with my inclinations, I met with no obstacles; I parted with my business, upon easy terms, to two industrious and faithful servants, who had lived some years with me, and deserved every return I could make; and having purchased a small freehold in the west of England, I bade an everlasting adieu to the bustle and noise, the smoke and confusion of a vast and overgrown metropolis.

It would be unnecessary to give you a particular description of my country residence; suffice it to say, that it was situated in a most pleasant vale, and possessed all those advantages which are so pompously, and often falsely, trumpeted forth by the auctioneers. Here I felt myself light as a bird that has escaped the confinement of its cage. Here I expected to enjoy the blissful transition from society to solitude, from care to ease, from vexation to tranquillity. But what are the hopes of man? I had not been here many weeks, before I discovered that something very essential was wanting to fill up the measure of my happiness, something which I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy; in one word, I wanted something to do. In the midst of retirement, my mind struggled for employment, and dragged me back to those days, when I knew not the misery of a vacant hour, and when every hour brought with it its pleasing anxieties or profitable engagements. Here were no employment, no calls, no avocations; here were no goods to look over and examine, no sales to attend, no custom-house business to be done, no attendance upon 'Change, no books to post, invoices to send, or bills to negotiate. These had been the employment of my former life; and deprived of them, I had nothing upon which I could learn to fix my attention. 'It was very singular,' you will say, 'that all this never occurred to me before.' Yet nothing is more certain, than that no such idea ever entered my head, till I had leisure to look my situation in the face, and contemplate myself as a solitary helpless, and useless being.

It was now suggested to me, that however true this might be, yet it was no more than what

had happened to others. Gentlemen who retire are no longer to think of business; they are to partake of such sports and pleasures as the country affords, and lay up a stock of good health and spirits, prepare a vigorous old age, and bid defiance to care and time. This was bewitching language, and I listened to it with conviction; I entered with spirit into the views of my neighbours; but I soon found that the sports of the country are learnt with difficulty, and followed with a very bad grace by a mere man of-London business, who has reached his grand climacteric. I had been all my life, even from my boyish days, an industrious plodder behind the counter and the desk; it could not, consequently, be very easy to transform one of my habits, into a man of pleasure, and a keen sportsman. The first lessons I took were miserably unsuccessful, and attended by consequences, more of a painful than pleasurable nature; my attempt to follow the hounds was attended by a dislocation of the shoulder, which laid me up for six weeks; and, in my first attack upon a covey of partridges, I put out my shoulder again by the recoil of my piece. These violent amusements, in short, were not suited to my taste or capacity, and too evidently interfered with my safety, to be followed longer. Fishing, therefore, was recommended as a more easy and secure diversion; and I was soon instructed in all the mysteries of baits, and hooks, and bites, and worms; but, as before I had too much exercise, here I had too little, and had very nearly fallen into the river, fast asleep; when I gave up this pursuit also.

It now came into my head, especially as winter approached, that reading would fill up my hours agreeably. I never had an aversion to reading, as far as I can remember of my early likings and dislikings; but I had always found so much employment in business apparently, and perhaps really more urgent, that, for many years, my reading was confined entirely to a newspaper, with an occasional peep into the London Directory or the Red Book; and such a chain of reasoning or narrative, as other books contain, was not familiar to me. I imputed this, however, merely to want of time; and that obstacle being now removed, I flattered myself that I should be able to increase the advantages of retirement, by storing my mind with food for reflection. Books were accordingly provided; but here, as in hunting, fishing, and fowling, all was new and untrodden ground. When I had completed my library, I discovered that my bookseller had not, and indeed could not, send me what I most wanted, a taste and habit of reading. My sleepy fits came on again, and there are few of the eminent writers of the present day (whatever they may think of their genius) whom I have not honoured with the approbation of a nod.

One resource was yet left. I now began to think that company would serve to divert me, and kill the heavy hours: for that purpose I cultivated the acquaintance of an extensive neighbourhood. My wealth, and I hope, my manners, which were at least inoffensive, procured me an easy introduction into many agreeable families. But here too, I was doomed to experience the misfortune of having gone through life with one stock of ideas, and that a very small one, 'of no use to any person but the owner.' The conversation of my friends turned upon subjects with which I was totally unacquainted. Now and then, when the newspaper came in, I could expatiate upon London politics, and the comparative merits of many great London politicians. But this could not last long: my stock of politics was the smallest of all my property, and I was too far from Guildhall, or St. Stephen's Chapel, to procure a fresh supply. During the greater part of my visits, I was condemned to hear long debates on subjects fo-

reign to my understanding. The state of wheat, barley, and oats; the modes of rearing and feeding cattle; the farm-yard and the dairy; the cutting down of timber, and the planting of potatoes, were often discussed with great warmth, and at great length: but all was unintelligible to me; nor could I find a man in the whole parish, who understood any thing about nainsooks and bandannoes, soosayes and taffeties, and calimancoes, muslinets or dimities. I began to have a very indifferent opinion of their capacities; I believe they had none of mine, and it was more than once whispered in my hearing, that, 'your Londoners know nothing out of the sound of Bow bell.'

In this uncomfortable situation I remained for nearly two years; my health became affected from the lowness of my spirits, and the indolence of my habit; and I know not what might have been the consequence, if I had not, at length, taken the resolution to revisit society again. I am now most happily and comfortably placed as a partner in that very house, to which I once bade adieu, as I thought, forever. I trust I am now cured of a passion for retirement; but as I perceive many of my acquaintances listening to the representations which once deceived me, I am desirous, by your insertion of this letter, to warn them against the error. Few men of any description are qualified to enjoy retirement, or to render it salutary. Men of mere business are the least of all so. Their habits, tempers, and talents, are all disqualifications of an insuperable kind. Active employments, connected with fair and honest advantages, may prolong their days in health and comfort; but to exchange bustle for idleness, without the power to render idleness harmless, is a desperate attempt; and it is extreme folly, at the decline of life, to barter that which may be depended upon, for that which is uncertain, in the highest possible degree.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
THOMAS KERSEYMERE.

[Volney's Travels in America have just appeared in an American dress. This fantastic foreigner thus describes the diet of the North American, who will doubtless be offended at the presumption of the philosopher, for saucily animadverting on the melted butter, the hot bread, the viscid puddings, and other happy and healthful particulars in the simple cookery of our innocent republicans, who are blest with such complying constitutions, that, it is well known, they can swallow and digest any thing.]

It is an important duty of the government to enlighten their people, as to the consequences of that pernicious diet, which they have borrowed from their ancestors, the Germans and English. We may venture to affirm, that if a premium were offered for a regimen most destructive to the teeth, the stomach, and the health in general, none could be devised more efficacious for these ends than that in use among this people.

At breakfast, they deluge the stomach with a pint of hot water, slightly impregnated with tea, or slightly tintured, or rather coloured, with coffee; and they swallow, almost without mastication, hot bread, half baked, soaked in melted butter, with the grossest cheese, and salt or hung beef, pickled pork or fish, all which can with difficulty be dissolved.

At dinner, they devour boiled pastes, called, absurdly, puddings, garnished with the most luscious sauces. Their turnips and other vegetables are floated in lard or butter. Their pastry is nothing but a greasy paste, imperfectly baked. To digest these various substances, they take tea, immediately after dinner, so strong that it is bitter to the taste, as well as utterly destructive of the nervous system. Supper presently follows, with salt meat and shell-fish in its train. Thus passes the whole day, in heaping one indigestive mass

upon another. To brace the exhausted stomach, wine, rum, gin, malt spirits, or beer, are used with dreadful prodigality.

These modes of diet are not unsuitable to the Tartarian tribes, from whom the people of the west of Europe were originally descended, yet they employ none of these pernicious stimulants. Their wandering and equestrian life makes them capable of digesting any thing; but when nations change their climate, or sink into the wealth, refinement, and ease of a stationary people, the whole mass undergoes material alterations. The ploughmen of Germany or England may copy their hardy ancestors without much inconvenience; but not so those that dwell in cities, and pass their time in a slothful or sedentary manner, and still less those who change the chills and damps of their native climate for a torrid region, like Georgia or the Carolinas. Habit itself, though almost omnipotent, cannot reconcile this system to so repugnant a climate. Hence it is, that the English are the least able to contend with the evils of tropical climates, of any people of Europe, and their American descendants must abjure the example, or they will incur the same inconveniences.

ON LIFE—AN ALLEGORICAL VISION.

(From a British Essayist.)

A gentle ascent led to a lofty eminence, and on the summit, was a level plain, of no great extent. The boundaries of it could not indeed easily be ascertained; for as the ascent, on one side, was easy and gradual, so the slope on the other continued almost imperceptible, till it terminated at once in abrupt declivity.

At the first entrance of the hill, I observed great numbers of infants, crawling on beds of primroses, or sleeping on pillows formed by the moss. They frequently smiled, and their sweet countenances seemed to express a complacency and joy in the consciousness of their new existence. Many indeed wept and wailed, but their sorrow, though pungent, was short, and the sight of a pretty leaf or flower would cause a smile in the midst of their tears; so that nothing was more common than to see two drops trickling down cheeks which were dimpled with smiles. I was so delighted with the scenes of innocence, that I felt an impulse to go and play with the little tribe, when just as I was advancing, I felt a wand gently strike my shoulder, and turning my eyes on one side, I beheld a venerable figure, with a white beard, and in a grey mantle elegantly thrown around him.

'My son,' said he, 'I see your curiosity is raised, and I will gratify it; but you must not move from this place, which is the most advantageous spot for the contemplation of the scene before you.'

'Yon hill is the Hill of Life, a pageant which I have raised by the magic influence of this wand, to amuse you with an instructive picture.'

'The beauteous innocents, whom you see at the foot of the hill, present you with the idea of angels and cherubs, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Simplicity and innocence are their amiable qualities, and the more of them they retain in their ascent, the happier and lovelier shall they be, during the rest of their journey.'

'But raise your eyes a little. You see a lively train intent to learn, under the sage instructors who accompany them, the easiest and safest way of ascending and descending the hill which lies before them. They often run from the side of their guides, and lose themselves among the shrubs that blossom around them. Some give no ear to instruction, and consequently are continually deviating among thorns, thistles, nettles, and brambles. Their errors are at present re-

trievable, and few fall in the pitfalls with which the hill abounds. Joy illuminates their countenances. Theirs are the ruddy cheek, the sparkling eye, lively spirits, and unwearied activity. They retain a great share of the innocence with which they set out, and therefore they are cheerful. Envious age, if reason were mature! But folly, wantonness, forwardness of temper, and ignorance, greatly interrupt and spoil their enjoyments. Fruits of delicious taste grow around them, and flowrets of the sweetest scent and most beautiful colour, spring up beneath their feet. But they soon grow tired of this lower part of the hill, and ambitiously aspire at higher eminences.

'Behold them a few paces higher. They advance with eagerness, and many of them forsake the guides which have conducted them thus far in their ascent. They hasten in their course, nor do they adhere to the direct road, but deviate without scruple. Some indeed return, but the greater part climb the hill by paths of their own choice, full of difficulty and danger. The pitfalls, which are placed in every part of the hill, are in this part very numerous, and not easy to be avoided by those who forsake the high road. There are indeed no parts of the hill, in which a guide is more necessary than here; nor any, in which the travellers are less inclined to seek his assistance.

'You see the beauty of the blossoms. You hear the music of the birds. All nature seems to conspire in affording delight; but too many of the travellers preserve not that innocence and simplicity which are necessary to give a taste for the pleasures which are allowed. Instead of plucking the flowers which are known to be safe and salutary, they desire none but such as are poisonous. The aspiring ardour of the travellers urges them to continue the ascent, and by this time, you see, they have reached the level summit, where you observe a prodigious crowd, all busy in pursuit of their several objects. Their faces are clouded with care, and in the eagerness of pursuit they neglect those pleasures, which lie before them. Most of them have now lost a great share of their original innocence and simplicity, and many of them have lost it entirely.

'And now they begin to descend. Their cheerfulness and alacrity are greatly abated. Many limp, and some already crawl. The numbers diminish almost every step; for the pitfalls are multiplied on this side of the hill, and many of the travellers have neither strength nor sagacity to avoid them. Many delightful scenes remain. Fruit in great abundance grows around them. But the greater part, you may remark, are careless of the obvious and natural pleasures, which they might reach and enjoy, and are eagerly digging in the earth for yellow dust, on which they have placed an imaginary value. Behold one who has just procured a load of it, under which he is ready to sink. He totters along, in haste to find a hiding-place for it; but before he has found it, himself is hidden from our eyes, for lo! while I speak, he is dropping into a pitfall. Most of his companions will follow him; but you see no one is alarmed by the example. The descent is become very steep and abrupt, and few there are who will reach the bottom of the hill. Of those few not one advances without stumbling on the edge of the pitfalls, from which he can scarcely recover his feeble foot. Ah! while I speak, they are all gone.'

And is this a picture of life? said I; alas! how little do the possessors of it seem to enjoy it! Surely some error must infatuate them all. O say, what it is, that I may avoid it, and be happy.

'My son,' said my benevolent guide, 'do not hastily form an opinion derogatory from the value of life. It is a glorious opportunity, afforded

by the Creator, for the acquisition of happiness. Cast your eyes on yonder plain, which lies at the bottom of the hill, and view the horizon.'

I looked, and lo! a cloud tinged with purple and gold, parted in the centre, and displayed a scene, at which my eyes were dazzled. I closed them awhile, to recover the power of vision, and when I opened them, I saw the figure of a person in whom majesty and benevolence were awfully united. He sat on a throne with every appearance of triumph, and at his feet lay a cross. And I heard a voice saying, 'Come again, ye children of men.' And lo, the plain opened in more places than I could number, and myriads of myriads started into existence, with bodies beautiful and glorious. And the voice proceeded, 'In my Father's house are many mansions. Ye have all fallen short of the perfection for which ye were created; but some have been less unprofitable servants than others, and to them are allotted the more exalted places of bliss; but there remain mansions appropriated to all the sons of men. I have redeemed the very worst of them from the tyranny of death. Rise, therefore, to your respective mansions. Enter into the joy of your Lord.' He said; when the sound of instruments sweeter than the unpurged ear ever heard, rang throughout Heaven's concave. And the glorified bodies beneath rose like the sun in the east, and took their places in the several planets, which form what is called our solar system. I was transported with the sight, and was going to fall on my knees, and supplicate to be admitted among the aspiring spirits, when, to my mortification, I thought I was suddenly placed on the side of the hill, where I had to climb a steep ascent. I wept bitterly, when my guide remonstrated with me on the unreasonableness of my tears, since none were to be admitted to glory, who had not travelled the journey which I had seen so many others travel. 'Keep innocence,' said he, 'do justice, walk humbly.' He said no more, but, preparing to depart, touched me with his rod, and I awoke.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In tumbling over some musty manuscripts, I lately met with one, which seems to merit a better fate than to be buried in 'the dull obscurity, to which its author consigned it. It is written in the Latin language, and is entitled, 'Poemata, Autore Johanem Hall; but your readers will, no doubt, rejoice to learn, that it has been 'lately translated out of its primitive idiom, by the care and studie of R. Buttersby.' The dedication by Mr. Hall is dated at 'St. Johns, 1646.' The writing of that age is so much disfigured by absurd contractions, that I have been obliged to exert no small degree of 'care and studie,' to exhibit a correct copy of Mr. Buttersby's version. My trouble, however, will be amply remunerated, if the enclosed satire shall afford any assistance to you, or contribute to the entertainment of your readers.

Notwithstanding much industry of research, the following are the only particulars I have been able to learn of this *ancient gentleman*.

JOHN HALL, a poet of distinguished learning, was born at Durham, in August, 1627. At St. John's college, where he received a part of his education, he was esteemed one of its brightest ornaments. From this place he removed to Gray's Inn, London, and was shortly after called to the bar; but entering into the politics of those factious times, he attracted the notice of Parliament by his writings, and was accordingly sent into Scotland, to attend 'a zealot of rebellion,' Oliver Cromwell. He was afterwards distinguished by other marks of favour, which evince the sense that was then entertained of his abilities.

Unfortunately he was too much addicted to pleasure, and he fell a sacrifice to his too great indulgence in it, on the 1st day of August, 1656. In 1646, during his residence at Cambridge, he published 'Horae Vacivae,' or *Essays*, which are themselves a sufficient proof of his talents. In the same year, when he was but nineteen, his poems were published. He has the honour of being the first English translator of Longinus; his version entitled, 'The Height of Eloquence,' was published in London, 1652, in 8vo. He also translated from the Greek 'Hierocles upon the golden verses of Pythagoras,' prefixed to which is an account of himself, by John Davis, of Kidwelly by whom it was published in 1657, 8vo. Several of his poems are preserved in the 'Select Collection,' reprinted from a little volume, which is now become exceedingly scarce. A number of them may also be found in the second part of Cleiveland's works, 8vo. 1687.

In the Satire which I send, will be discerned much originality of thought, expressed in very nervous, if not poetical language. The unfortunate delusion, which bewildered the minds of the fanatics of that day, occasioned an inundation of pamphlets, as devoid of truth as they were of sense. Against the mischievous tendency of these works, it appears, our author directed the force of his satire, but whether with as much success as our modern satirist, I am unable to learn. Gifford enjoys a glorious triumph, in which he has not been equalled by any writer, either of ancient or modern days.

SEDLBY.

SATIRE I.

Pray let me alone—what do you think can I
Be still, whilst pamphlets they like hailstones fly
About mine ears? Ah! how every other day
Such huge gigantic volumes doth display,
As great Knockfergus self could hardly bear,
Though he can on his knee th' Ale-standard rear,
To see such paper tyrants reign, who press
Whole harmless realms to death, which not the less
Are dog'd by worse fates; tobacco can
Calcind them soon to dust, the dripping pan,
Pack them to the dunghill, if they Groc'ry meet,
They do the office of a winding-sheet:—
How better were it for you to remain
(Poor squires!) in ancient rags, than thus sustain
Such antick forms of tortures; than to lie
In sweating tubs, and thus unpitied fry
I are common drudges of the world; if i' France
A pedant mend his shoes, you must advance
To France forthmeet, and there demurely stand,
Cloth'd in old fustian rags, and shake the hand
With every greasy Dutchman, who, perhaps,
Puts you in the self-same pocket with his scraps;
Or if you into some blind convent flee,
Y'are inquisition'd strait for heresie,
Unless your daring frontispiece can tell
News of a relie, or brave miracle;
Then are you entertain'd, and desk'd up by
Our lady's psalter, and the rosary;
There to remain, till it their wisdoms please
To let you loose among the novices.
But if you light at court, unless you can
Audaciously claw some young nobleman,
Admire the choicest beauties of the court,
Abuse the countrie parson, and make sport,
Chalke out set formes of compliments, and tell
Which fashions on which bodies might do well,
No surer paints my ladie, than you shall
Into disgrace irrevocably fall.
But if you melt in oily lines, and swell
With amorous deepe expressions, and can tell
Quaint tales of lust, and make antiquitie
A patron of blacke patches, and deny
That perrucks are unlaw ful, and besaint
Old Fesoboll, for shewing how to paint;
Then th'art my golden book, then must thou lie
Adorn'd in plush, or some imbrodery,
Upon her lady-ships own couch, where ne're
A booke with tasha religion dare appear.
Thus may ye wretched shreds comply and bend
To every humour, or your constant friend,
The stationer, will never give you room,
Y'are younger brother's volumes from home.
Yet to speak truly, 'tis your most deserts
To run such various hazards, and such twarts.

Suppose ye with the world is peopled, now
 With cockneys or old women, that allow
 Canon to every fable; that can soon
 Persuade themselves the ass drunk up the moon,
 That faries pinch the peccant maides, that pies,
 Do ever love to picke a witch's eies,
 That monsieur Tom Thumb on a pin's point lay,
 That Pictres food the devil nine times a day.
 Yet such authentique stories do appeare
 In no worse garb than folio, and still beare
 No meaner garb * than Aristotle's name,
 Or else descent from reverend Plinie claim;
 One in a humour gives great Homer the lie,
 And pleases to annihilate poor Troy;
 Another scourges Virgill 'cause 'tis said
 His fiction is not in due order laid:
 This will create a monster, this will raise
 A ne'er found mountain, this will pour out seas.
 This great Camillus to a reckoning calls,
 For giving so much money to the Gauls.
 This counts, how much the state of Egypt made
 Of frogs that in the slime of Nilus laid,
 Wee'l not digest those gudgeons, the world is now
 At age, it'd not toward dotage grow,
 That starch't out beard that sits in Porphyrie chayre,
 And but for crowns light-headed, cannot beare.
 Barthius has read all books, Jos. Scaliger
 Proportion'd lately the diameter.
 And the circle Gallies found,
 Though not drunke, thinking that the earth ran round,
 Tycho has tumbled down the orbs, and now
 Fine tenuous ayre doeth in their places grow.
 Maurolyens at length has cast it even,
 How many pulses journey 'tis to heaven,
 A world of such knacks, we know think ye then
 Sooner to peep out, than to be kick't from men;
 Whether ye gallop in light rithmes, or chose
 Gently to amble on in a York-shire prose;
 Whether ye bring some ill-digested news
 From Spanish surgeons, or Italian stewes;
 Whether ye furiously raise som false alarm,
 And in a rage the Janisaries arme;
 Whether ye reinforce old times, and con-
 What kind of stuffe Adam's first suit was on;
 Whether Enos' toes had corns; or whether he
 Did cut his beard spade-wise, or like a I:
 Such brokage as is this will never do't,
 Wee must have matter and good words to boot.
 And yet how seldom meet they? most of rithmes
 Rally in tunes, but speake no sense like chimes,
 Grave deepe discourses full as ragged be,
 As are their author's doublets, you'll not see
 A word creepe in that cannot quickly shew
 A genealogie to th'Arke of Noe,
 Or at the least pleads not prescription
 From that great cradle of confusion:
 What pamphlet is there? where some Arabick
 Scours not the coast? from whence you may not pick
 Some Chinese character or mystic spell,
 Whereon the criticks for an age may dwell,
 Where there's some sentence to be understood,
 As hard to find as where old Athens stood.
 Why do we live, why do our pulses beat?
 To spend our bravest flames, or nobler heat
 On such poor trifles? to enlarge the day
 By gloomy lamps, yet for no other pray
 Than a moath-eaten Radix, or to know
 The fashion of Deucalion's shoe,
 It will not quit the cost, that men should spend
 Themselves, time, money, to no other end:
 That people should with such a deale of pains,
 Buy knowing nothing, and wise men's disdains?
 But to prevent this, the more knowing sort
 Of parents will to handicrafts resort,
 If they observe their children do produce
 Some flashings of a mounting genius,
 Then must they with all diligence invade
 Some rising calling, or some gainful trade;
 But if it chance they have one leaden soule,
 Born for to number eggs, he must to school,
 'Special if some patron will engage
 Th'advowson of some neighbouring vicarage;
 Strange hedly medley! who would make his swine,
 Turn grey hounds, or hunt foxes with his kine.
 Who would employ his saddle-nag to come,
 And hold a trencher in his dining-room!
 Who would engage our James, that knows not what
 His cassock's made of, in affairs of State?
 Or pluck a Richelieu from the helm, to try
 Conclusions, to still children, when they cry?
 Who would employ a country schoolmaster,
 To construe to his scholar some new found star!
 Your leaden creatures yet shap'd out to rule
 Perpetual dictators in a school,
 Nor do you want your rods, though only fed
 With scraps of Tully and coarse barley-bread:

* Hiatus.

Great thread-bare princes, which like chesse-knights
 No longer than your master gives you leave, [brave
 Whose large dominions in some brew-house lies.
 Asses commands over you, you ever boies,
 Who still possesse the lodgings next the leads,
 And cheat your ladies of their waiting-maids.
 Who, if some lowly carriage do befriend,
 May grace the table at the lower end,
 Upon condition, that ye fairly rise
 At the first entrance of the potatoe-pies.
 And when his lordship for discourse doth call,
 You do not let one dram of Latin fall,
 But tell how bravely your young Mr. swears,
 Which boy best likes his fancy, and what;
 How much he undervalues learning, and
 Takes pleasure in a sparrow-hawk well mann'd;
 How oft he beats his foot-boy, and will dare
 To gallop when no serving-man is neare;
 How he black-berries from the bushes caught,
 When antidoted with a morning's draught;
 How rather than he'll construe Greek, he'll chuse
 To English Ovid's Arté into prose:
 Such talke is for his lordship's palate, he
 Takes much delight in such like trumperie,
 But still remember ye, forbear to presse
 Unseasonably som morall sentences,
 Take heed by all means how rough Seneca
 Sally into your talke, that man, they say,
 Rails against drinking healths, and merits hate,
 As sure as Ornis mock't a graduate,
 What a grand ornament your gentry would
 Soon lose, if every rug-gown might be bold
 To rayle at such heroick feates! pogy who
 Could honour's mistress health, if this grow
 Once out of fashion! 'las fine idols they
 Ere since poore Cheapside crosse in rubbidge lay,
 Ere since the play-houses did want their praises,
 And players lay asleepe like dormouses,
 Have suffred too much, be not so soone
 With tender beauties, they had once some power,
 Take that away, what do you leave them? what?
 To marshall fancies in youngsters' hats.
 And well so too, since feathers were cashier'd,
 The ribbands have been to some office rear'd.
 'Tis hard to meet a hampressado, where
 Some ells of fancies do not straight appear
 Plaister'd and bedaub'd o'er, and garnish'd,
 As feathers in a southern hackney's head,
 Which, if but tied together, might at least
 Trace Alexander's conquest o'er the east.
 Or stich't into a loop, supply anew
 With annuary cloakes the wandering Jew.
 So learn'd an age we live in, all ere now
 Turn'd poets, since their heads with fancies glow.
 'Las! poets! yes, o bear me witness all
 Short-winded balades, or whate'er might fall
 Within the verge of three half quarters, say,
 Produce we not more poems in a day,
 [By this account] than waves on waves do brake,
 Or country justices false English speake:
 Suppose dame Julia's Messet thinks it meet
 To droop or hold up one of its hinder-feet,
 What swarnies of sonnets rise! how every wit
 Capers on such an accident, to fit
 Words to her faireship's griefe? but if by fates
 Some long presumptuous slit do boldly grate
 Don Hugo's doublet, there's a stir, as though
 Nile should his ancient limits overflow,
 Or some curst treason would blow up the state,
 As spire as gamesters ever to rise too late,
 But if some fortune cogge them into love,
 In what a fifteenth spheare then do they move?
 Nor the least tittle of a word is set
 That is not flaukt with a short epithet.
 What rocks of diamonds presently arise,
 In the soft quagmires of two squinting eyes,
 How teeth discolour'd, and half rotten too,
 Transformed into pearle or ivory.
 How every word's changed to a finest note:
 And Indian gummes are planted in her throat.
 Speake in good earnest; are they not worse than boys
 Of four years old, to dote on painted toyes?
 Yet, oh how frequent! most our sages shake
 Off their old furies, and needs with lawrells take.
 That it will be no wonder to rehearse
 The crabbiest of geometrie in verse:
 Or from the dust of knotty Sawrer see
 A strange production of some poetrie:
 But stay, too lavish muse, where run you—stay,
 Take heed, your tongue lcke not your teeth away,
 Besides ye have other bus'nesse, and you might
 More fitly far with teares than gall endight.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

The Rev. W. LISLE BOWLES is supposed, by
 the best judges, to have imitated Petrarch in

that difficult composition, a Sonnet, more suc-
 cessfully than John Milton, or Charlotte Smith.
 The following, addressed to a pastoral stream,
 the pride of Caledonia, is soothing, both to the
 ear and the heart. The seventh and eighth lines
 are enlivened by a thought singularly happy; and
 the whole is a high finished picture of romantic
 scenery, which will always delight the rural en-
 thusiast.

SONNET TO THE RIVER TWEED.

O Tweed, a stranger, that with wandering feet
 O'er hill and dale has journeyed many a mile,
 If so his weary thoughts he might beguile,
 Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to greet.
 The waving branches, that romantic bend,
 On thy late banks a soothing charm bestow;
 The murmurs of thy wand'ring wave below,
 Seem to his ear the piny of a friend.
 Delightful stream! though now along thy shore,
 When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
 The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more,
 Yet here with pensive peace could I abide,
 Far from the stormy world's tumultuous roar,
 To muse upon thy banks, at eventide.

The following is of the same character.

Clydsdale, as thy romantic vales I leave,
 And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
 Where fond attention seems to linger still,
 Tracing the broad bright landscape; much I grieve,
 That, mingled with the toiling crowd, no more
 I may return, your varied views to mark,
 Of rocks, amid the sunshine, tow'ring dark,
 Of rivers winding wild, and mountains hoar,
 Or castle, gleaming on the distant steep.
 For this a look back on thy hills I cast,
 And many a soften'd image of the past,
 Pleas'd I combine, and bid remembrance keep,
 To sooth me with fair views, and fancies rude,
 When I pursue my path in solitude.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Mr. Harris has issued proposals, for
 publishing the Journal of his Tour in the Terri-
 tory North West of the Allegany Mountains;
 to be illustrated with Maps and Views. The
 prospectus leads us to expect much topographi-
 cal information respecting an interesting part
 of our country, of which there have been publish-
 ed only vague and exaggerated accounts; with
 some curious particulars of the appearance, di-
 mensions, and, probable, history, of the prodi-
 gious forts and pyramidal mounds on the banks
 of the Muskingum and Scioto—the solitary evi-
 dences of a great population in some remote, for-
 gotten period.

It is hoped, that a work so valuable and curi-
 ous, will be favoured with the most liberal pa-
 tronage.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

MANSION HOUSE.

COFFEE HOUSE ROBBERY.

Yesterday John Simpson, a gay, fashionably
 dressed young man, seemingly about twenty-six
 or twenty-eight years of age, was charged, before
 the Lord Mayor, with having robbed several cof-
 fee houses and hotels, for some months past, and
 for whose apprehension a reward of twenty
 pounds had been advertised by the Society to
 prevent swindling.

Mr. Fathers, of the Guildhall coffee house,
 gave in evidence, that the prisoner came into
 his coffee house on Thursday night, about ten
 o'clock, and ordered supper and a bed for the
 night. A waiter from the city coffee house,
 Cheapside, who happened soon after to call upon
 business, seeing the prisoner, informed the wit-
 ness, that he was the person who, about two
 months ago, had robbed them of property to the
 amount of sixteen pounds. Upon looking more
 directly at the prisoner, Mr. Fathers discovered
 him to be the man, who, about three months

since, had slept in his house, and robbed a Mr. Watson, from Glasgow, of linen and other articles, to a considerable value, for which Mr. F. had paid six pounds. There not being an officer at hand, the prisoner was allowed to go to bed, when he was secured. Upon searching his person, there were found upon him a curious instrument for opening trunks, drawers, &c. so constructed as, by a gentle pressure of the hand, to yield a purchase equal to 200 weight; also a bunch of skeleton keys. When taken to the Poultry Compter, the waiter of the city coffee house identified the shag small-clothes worn by the prisoner, to be those stolen from a gentleman in their house. The prisoner had the address afterwards to change them for nankeen pantaloons, but after a strict search, they were found in the prison. The master of the New Hummums proved the prisoner's coming to his house, and, from his genteel appearance, procuring a bed there, on the 12th instant, pretending he had come from the gala at Vauxhall, but he decamped in the morning, carrying with him a gold watch and two pocket-books, the property of a gentleman who slept in the next room. The number of the watch, and maker's name were produced, which exactly corresponded with those of the gold watch found in the prisoner's possession. Upon being asked from whom he obtained the watch, who he was, and how he got his living? he said that he had the watch from a Jew, in exchange for clothes: that he was an officer of His Majesty's ship Victory, but had not yet joined her; that he had served on board the Isis, of fifty guns, and that he was a gentleman.

To carry on his schemes with more security, he always paid his bill before he went to bed; and never gave his boots or shoes to be cleaned, pretending that he was a member of some volunteer corps, and must go early to drill.

Mr. Eaton, the solicitor for prosecuting swindlers accompanied by several keepers of coffee houses, attended, but the examination being then over, the additional charges were not preferred, and the prisoner was committed for further examination.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The friends of the late Dr. Linn perceive with pleasure that proposals have been issued, by John Conrad and Co. of this city, for publishing, by subscription, 'A narrative Poem, founded on some events, in early Christian History, and designed, in part, to illustrate the effects of religion on the manners of barbarous nations.' An additional value is conferred on this posthumous work, by the promise of a Biography of its amiable and ingenious author. This we know will be written by a Man of Letters, abundantly well qualified for the task, and not only intimate with the deceased Poet, but with all the beauties of fine writing. We wish this work brilliant success, because we have always viewed the character of the author with respect, and because the profits of the publication are destined for his bereaved family, who, from merit, as well as from misfortune, are entitled to the benevolence of every liberal spirit.

Messrs. Poyntell and Co. of this city, propose to put to press immediately, Lord Teignmouth's Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Correspondence of Sir WILLIAM JONES. This delightful Biography of a most learned Scholar, not more remarkable for the wonderful extent, and variety of his talents, than for the consummate diligence with which he exercised, and the noble use to which he applied, them, will, we venture to predict, be perused with greater interest than any

work of the class since the publication of Boswell's Johnson. We have studied it with the most eager curiosity, and with continued satisfaction; and it is our duty to recommend it to every polite scholar, who is willing to be incited and encouraged in the race for literary renown, by the glorious example of Sir W. Jones, who, in the well-balanced words of his elegant Biographer, was equally qualified to explore the beauties of nature, the works of art, the discriminations of character, and the productions of science.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

CUPID AND FOLLY.

Imitated from Fontaine.

In Cupid all is mystery—
His wings, his torch, his quiver, and his bow;
The god's strange tricks and history,
But few can say they know.

For me, I own myself, as well I may,
In love's nice arts a novice quite—
And only mean to tell you in my way,
By what mishap the urchin lost his sight;
Whether his blindness has improv'd our lot,
The lover must decide—for I cannot.

Folly and Cupid were one day,
Engag'd in friendly game at play—
Observe, the last had then his sight,
And could discern the day from night;
They soon, for children will be jarring
Contrive to find a cause of sparring.
Cupid, mild in disposition,
And seeing her a strapping wench,
Suggests to bring it for decision,
Before their godships on the Bench;
But Folly heeds not right or wrong,
She pertly cries, with flippant tongue,
"How dare you, child, contend with me?"
Then with many a scratch she greets him,
And at length so soundly beats him,
That he could neither walk nor see.

When Venus views her darling boy,
Her love, her sweet, her only joy,
In such a plight—she fills the skies
With threats and screams, and clam'rous cries:
Think—she was woman, and was mother,
And then you may conceive the pother—
Juno, and Jupiter, and Nemesis,
The catchpole of the starry premises,
And all the gods, astonish'd, stop their ears;
At last she says, with gushing tears—
"Look at my Cupid, and conceive
How much, as mother, I must grieve—
Quite blind, and bruise'd from top to toe,
He cannot move without his crutches—
That hussy, Folly, made him so,
Would that I had her in my clutches!
Revenge me on the wicked imp,
The wretch who thus has made him limp,
Drive her from Heaven—scourge the jade with rods,
Oh! grant me vengeance—grant it quick, ye gods."
The gods then summon'd to the hall of state,
In order due deliberate—
Each fact upon the cause dependent,
Is heard from plaintiff and defendant
And all the circumstances weigh'd,
With every just allowance made,
The matter clear—the crime defin'd,
Unanimous, the gods decide—
That as 'twas plain she made him blind,
Folly should be Cupid's guide.

MADRIGAL FROM QUEVEDO.

See, Lisis, where the sculptor's art
Has form'd thine image of this polish'd stone,
All perfect he perform'd his part,
Which nature has not done.

Has nature form'd thy bosom white,
Lo! how the marble mocks the mountain snow!
Thy charms unrivall'd meet the sight,
And this is matchless too.

O'er thy fair cheek, that hue she spread
That hue, that flies and flushes there so oft,
She made thy lips so roseate red,
Thy lips that seem so soft.

Ah, Lisis, maid of marble heart,
Here justly art thou form'd by him alone,
For here thou seemest what thou art,
So cold—so hard—in stone.

SONNET.

By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
The lonely battlement and farthest hill
And wood; I think of those that have no friend,
Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led
From the broad blaze of day where pleasure haunts,
Retiring, wander mid thy lonely haunts,
Unseen; and watch the tints that on thy bed
Hang lovely, to their pensive Fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
Might rest beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery:
Ah! beautiful views, that Hope's fair gleams the while,
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile.

What Goldsmith has finely observed of the swan, may be applied to the symmetrical figure of a beautiful woman.

In the exhibition of her form there are no broken or harsh lines: no constrained or catching motions: but the roundest contours and the easiest transitions. The eye wanders over every part with insatiable pleasure, and every part takes new grace from new motion.

The operas of Bickerstaff are among the most popular of the lighter performances on the English stage. The dialogue is correct, and the music approved. The songs of Lionel and Clarissa are sung, with enthusiasm, by amateurs, and encored, with glee, by the sons of nature. The opera writers in Great Britain are generally distinguished for the spirited appropriate style, which they employ in what is called, in dramatic language, *the finale*, or concluding song of the piece. The following is an example:

Come then, all ye social pow'rs,
Shed your influence o'er us;
Crown with bliss the present hours,
And lighten those before us.

May the just, the generous kind,
Still see that you regard 'em;
And *Lionel* forever find
Clarissa to reward 'em.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of sacred passion:
But will never come before
Those idols, wealth or fashion.

May, like me, each maiden wise
From the fop defend her;
Learning, sense, and virtue prize,
And scorn the vain pretender.

Why the plague should men be sad,
While in time we moulder?
Grave, or gay, or vex'd, or glad,
We every day grow older.

Bring the flask, the music bring,
Joy will quickly find us;
Drink and laugh, and dance, and sing,
And cast our cares behind us.

D'Israeli, describing a female delineator, has the following picturesque expressions.

While the fair painter was occupied in desecrating on the beauties of Mary and Cleopatra, she rolled on her lover two orbs of beauty so sparkling, that neither those of Mary or Cleopatra could have told more intelligently the secrets of a bosom, that had gradually quitted its gause.

The same writer, speaking of a waspish Welchman, introduces a pair of whimsical similes.

He was as cold, yet as fiery as a flint from his own shire, and as offensive to society, as the smell of one of his own leeks.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In life's gay morn, young Mary's eye
With magic transport fir'd my heart;
With her I vow'd to live and die,
But cruel fortune bade us part!

Fate urg'd me to the stormy main;
I bade my blooming bride adieu!
The loud winds swell'd the watry plain:
The vessel vanish'd from her view.

She saw, she died.—Blow on ye winds!
Ye cannot now distract me more;
Dash me, where frost the ocean binds,
Or throw me on the burning shore.

Since that bright eye, that shone on me,
Clos'd, in the earth's cold bosom lies
Oh death! in kindness set me free,
To meet my angel in the skies!

—
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

And do I then wonder, that Julia deceives me,
When surely there's nothing in nature more
common?
She vows to be true, and while vowing, she
leaves me,
But could I expect any more from a woman?

O! woman, your heart is a pitiful treasure,
And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
When he thought you were only materials of
pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your
sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can
win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid;
But, oh! while he's blest, let him die on the
minute,
If he live but a day, he'll be surely betray'd.

—
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following sarcasm, from the pen of T. Moore, Esq.
is well aimed at the fustian style of Della Crusa *et id
genus omne*.]

Good reader! if you e'er have seen,
When Phoebus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow:
If you have seen at twilight dim,
When the lone spirits' vesper hymn,
Floats wild along the western shore;
If you have seen through mist of eve
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green
If you have seen all this—and more—
God bless me! what a deal you've seen.

—
SELECTED POETRY.
STANZAS.

BY MR. P. L. COURTIER.

So you say, that my looks now no longer convey
The language that once was to you most de-
lighting;
This you say, but forget, at the same time to say,
How long you have ceased to be also inviting.

Restore me the dimple that played on the cheek,
And the eyes in mild lustre so gratefully beam-
ing,
And the tongue, that in accents of music would
speak,
When of love and of hope my fond bosom was
dreaming.

Yes, be the same girl that I once could adore,
My eyes and my heart by thy beauties en-
chaining;

Be this! and, in conscience, I think that no more
Any cause wilt thou find for reproof and com-
plaining.

O that time, which can reason and friendship
mature,
Should the frailty of softer affection discover,
Should declare that, however important and pure,
Too vain are the sighs and the vows of the
lover.

And yet, on reflection, perhaps I gave rise
To the change and the evils I thus am la-
menting;
Obscur'd the sweet radiance that shone in those
eyes,
And taught to that tongue the sad art of tor-
menting.

If so, and my girl can the truant forgive,
Who too long may her charms and her graces
have slighted,
He will now do his best in contrition to live,
And be with those charms and those graces
delighted.

—
CANZON.

BY CAMOENS.

[Viscount Strangford's Translation.]

'Armore! que brando à bello,' &c.

Thou pride of the forest! whose dark branches
spread
To the sigh of the south-wind their tremulous
green,
And the tinge of whose buds is as rich and as red
As the mellowing blushes of maiden eighteen!

On thee may the tempest in gentleness blow,
And the lightnings of summer pass harm-
lessly by;
Forever thy buds keep their mellowing glow,
Thy branches still wave to the southernly sigh.

Because in thy shade, as I lately reclin'd,
The sweetest of visions arose to my view,
'Twas the noon of the soul—'twas the transport
of mind—
'Twas the happiest of moments that ever I
knew.

For this shalt thou still be my favourite tree,—
In the heart of the poet thou never canst fade;
It shall often be warm'd by remembrance of thee,
And the dream which I dreamt in thy tremu-
lous shade.

—
• SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

[Viscount Strangford's Translation.]

Silent and slow now freshning breezes blow,
Where groves of chestnut crown yon shadowy
sleep,
And all around the tears of evening weep,
For closing day, whose vast orb westering slow,
Flings o'er th'embattled clouds a mellow glow;
While hum of folded herds and murmur deep,
And falling rills, such gentle cadence keep,
As e'en might soothe the weary heart of woe.
Yet what to me is eve, what evening airs,
Or falling rills, or ocean's murmur sound,
While sad and comfortless I seek in vain
Her, who, in absence, turns my joys to cares,
And as I cast my listless glances round,
Makes varied scenery but varied pain?

Extract from an Address to the 'Friends of the
British Literary Fund,' on the Anniversary of the
Institution, April 12, 1804.

Written and recited by W. T. Fitzgerald, Esq.

'Bless'd be the hour, when first your gen'rous
care
Bade Learning hope, and Genius not despair!
As Spring's soft show'rs refresh the wint' red
earth,
And give to Nature renovated birth,
So you at happy intervals appear,
The pledge and promise of a fruitful year.

'When warm with hope, in life's aspiring
morn,
The tints of fancy ev'ry scene adorn;
The glowing landscape charms the scholar's view,
And youth believes the fairy prospect true!
But soon experience proves his eye betray'd,
And all the picture darkens into shade.
The noble fervour of his early days,
His thirst of fame, his love of honest praise:
All that could make his ardent mind aspire,
And kindle fair ambition's sacred fire!
Like fleeting visions of the heated brain,
Dissolve in poverty, and end in pain.
Timid—abash'd—he seeks a patron's eye—
His modest voice, half stifled with a sigh,
Can all his complicated sorrows shew,
Or tell the hist'ry of an author's woe:
The gift of eloquence in vain he tries,
Grief in his heart, and want before his eyes!
Accents on which the charm'd attention hung,
Then lose their pow'r, and falter on the tongue:
Check'd by cold looks, he hopeless turns away
And like the valley's lily shuns the day!
But you shall seek him in his lonely shade,
And, when by all deserted, bring him aid;
Raise to bright hopes, and stimulate to fame
The bard, who else had died without a name.
Unseen you bless—and what you nobly give,
Assists the press, and bids it's vot'ries live:
Let no cold policy your aid withhold,
Because some prostitute, that press for gold;
Some Proteus writers, varying with the hour
The tools of faction, or the slaves of pow'r!
Whose venal pens corruption still may buy,
To hide the truth, and propagate the lie!
For, though the letter'd garden may disclose
The night-shade mingled with the fragrant rose;
Shall we the rich and free parterre destroy,
Because some poison grows? some weeds annoy?
And while we thus a rude reform pursue,
Root up the *evil* and the *blessing* too?

The Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Kent, are mem-
bers of the Society of 'Friends to the Literary Fund.'

—
EPIGRAMS.

Dick, often drunk, when crop-sick, gravely swore,
That, *whilst he breath'd*, he never would drink
more;
Dick daily tipsy grows, nor perjurd thinks
Himself, but swears *he breathes not, whilst he
drinks*.

—
On Incedon's late Escape from Shipwreck:

The potent God, that rules the wave,
Heard 'Cease rude Boreas,' pierce the cloud,
And quiv'ring o'er the liquid grave,
Gave back the Syren in his shroud.

[Lon. pap.]

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 45.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.

LETTER II.

I continued at the supreme court of judicature, listening and observing, until the important juncture, when Theophilus Parsons, 'THE GIANT OF THE LAW,' as he is aptly denominated, opened his impressive argument. To a mind, naturally acute, comprehensive, mighty, and original, he is said to unite a memory so retentive, that what he has once added to the rich store of his understanding, no lapse of time, no pressure of occupation, can ever arrest. This treasure of professional knowledge is the inexhaustible fund, whence the unlearned, and the indolent obtain their daily supplies of precedent and authority; for he imparts his intellectual wealth, with the liberal indifference of one, who feels the unrivalled ascendancy of his own attributes and acquirements. I had the pleasure of measuring, with all the faculties I possess, the proportion of his mind with the management of an intricate cause, brought for the enormous sum of four hundred thousand dollars, against the heir of the late lieutenant governor of the commonwealth. I found the general opinion, previous to the opening of the case, against the probability of the plaintiff's recovering more than thirty or forty thousand dollars, and under an inferior genius, it is to be presumed, such would have been the award. Never have I found greater legal ability, nor more professional faithfulness, than were displayed by Mr. Parsons, upon this interesting occasion. The opposite counsel were the attorney general, and Samuel Dexter, men of distinguished talents, and respectable standing; but compared with the brilliancy of his mind, all other vividness appeared dim, every glow of the imagination faint and colourless. In fine, the pre-eminent powers of this man, his laborious research, his strong and comprehensive view of each circumstance, and his judicious arrangement of the whole, obtained for his client the extraordinary sum of one hundred and six thousand dollars, which has almost made me a convert to the opinion of the great Frederic, upon the propriety of shackling or restraining the ascendancy of genius, nor permitting that to influence the decrees of justice. A mere statement of facts, given in common-place terms, would probably have bestowed on the plaintiff his forty thousand dollars, and prevented the insolvency of the poor heir at law. Respecting Mr. Parsons, I find it a general sentiment to anticipate success, wherever he is engaged, and to consider the palm of victory as decidedly his due. Hence, most fortunate are they, whose placidity shall first possess his assistance: and hence, the multiplicity of his employments, and the honourable assiduity, with which he devotes himself to the interest of his client, would insure him a princely fortune, were his disposition rapacious, or in any degree avaricious. But, liberal

in his temper, and moderate in his desires, at the head of his honourable profession, his fees are said not to be proportionate to his individual importance, and extortion of every kind a stranger to the character of his practice and his propensity.

Theophilus Parsons has been announced, by some fastidious foreigners, as the only lawyer, in the genuine, and most extensive sense of the term, that America has produced. This is saying too much—He is, indisputably, the first, the most learned in authorities, the most powerful in argument, of the greatest ingenuity in foiling his opponent—Of a wit, impromptu and sarcastic, while his astonishing mind, always at home, now plunging into the deep and intricate recesses of unexplored jurisprudence, then lightly skimming round the flowery fields of fancy, ever superior, and never trivial, even in trifles, with a heart of benevolent feelings, untainted by avarice, and unwarping by ambition, a morality unimpeached and unsuspected, and a temper marked by forbearance and good humour, that disarms enmity, and turns aside the arrows of professional envy and rivalry, it were to be presumed that respect and affection, like handmaids, would attend, and honours would court his acceptance. This is not found, and why it is not, would, to a merely speculative understanding, appear absurd or nugatory. Still, for a man, thus endowed, thus dignified, there remain private respect, individual affection, and universal applause. Were this a world of angels, it might be thus; but Theophilus Parsons, with a mind, in which the amiable, the great, and the good, are blended, has constitutional negligences, characteristic peculiarities, and incidental deficiencies. Whence, those who shrink from his superiority, take shelter in his imperfections, and derive consolation from the blemishes, that appear to mingle with his attributes. Secluding himself from the circles of gay life, and never partaking the conversation of that sex, which refines and civilizes, no attentions are lavished upon his person, no regard bestowed upon the decorums of fashion, and though not naturally ugly, he becomes, by these means, both uncouth and unpolished; and, while the sublimity of his genius should intitle him to unguished admiration, the cut of his coat, the strangeness of his wig, or the colour of his buckcloth, are the objects of exulting remark, and the subjects of reprehension. In this respect, as in many others, like the chief justice of the United States, Mr. Parsons disregards or despises every external attention to dress, or address, appearing in his own person rather to consult what will deform or repel, than the neatness of habilitment, or the grace of decoration. It may be urged by the before-named philosopher, that truly the coat, a man happens to put on, does not change the original character of his mind—possibly, not wholly nor essentially, yet we are told by the poet,

"Even from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret, sympathetic aid."

Hence, a careless disregard to cleanliness, and propriety of apparel, has a tendency to diminish

self-respect, and indirectly deprive us of the estimation of others, by generating familiarity, and contracting that distance which separates the extreme of character. To speak the plain language of truth and experience, it is most certain, that while we consent to live with the men of this world, and to be seen by the women of it, a moderate and modest attention to its fashions, its customs, its social and its public regulations, is important to the greatest, as much as to the least, if we would command respect, conciliate esteem, or even be rescued from the cutting contempt of derision. Theophilus Parsons is beyond all this; planting his pleasures where his honours have grown so thick upon him, decidedly the greatest man in Massachusetts, desiring no recreations, and ordinary delights, it may be asked, why is he not called to grace, and to govern, either in the cabinet, or the senates of the nation? As a rhetorician, more solid than ornamental, his voice not melodious, but powerful, and less provincial than many of his brethren, his manner irresistibly impressive, and his political knowledge in proportion to his other acquirements, why are these elevated properties confined to the ordinary or extraordinary calls of jurisprudence? Of this problem, frequently urged by me in different societies, I have obtained the following solution. Mr. Parsons has long been the leader of a political 'Faction,' as it is termed, which, in avowed opposition to the republican or democratic powers, that now hold the reins, and direct the vehicle of the supreme authority, no situation, adequate to his merit and pretensions, can be offered for his advancement, and why he was not sought under the former administrations, is to be accounted for on other principles, since, as a distinguished member of the convention for forming the present Federal Constitution, his political knowledge was greatly conspicuous; but disdain the lure of office, and innumerable of public honours, though persevering and inflexible in his party-opinions, he seeks no personal benefit, is too elevated for patronage, and too independent for recompence. This is well understood; and when Mr. Adams, in the late and last hours of his perished authority, attempted to bestow upon him a transient, and perhaps equivocal advancement, with that straightness, and dignity of mind, which are truly his own, he instantly rejected the benefit, that, induced by no personal friendship, could confer no additional honour.

Finally, it is my opinion, and you, my dear S....., will value it according to its worth, that among the first civilians of our own country, and before the greatest judiciary it has ever produced, Theophilus Parsons would be estimated, honoured, and preferred, as one, whose attributes entitl'd him to the ennobling character of a GREAT LAWYER.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY. THE LIFE OF MICKLE.

[Continued.]

The conduct of Garrick strongly excited his resentment; he determined to print the tragedy,

begun it, and sent the first sheet of it to the manager. The motives which led him to the first, appear in the preface to the play; what induced him to the latter, he has described in a letter to Mr. Hoole, dated November 5, 1773.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Ballantyne, wherein he acquaints me, that you seemed sorry that Mr. Garrick had seen a proof sheet of the preface to my play. Mr. B. also expressed his surprise how he should have obtained it, and supposed that some person who wished me ill, had sent it, that he might be prepared to prejudice the public against me.

'The truth is, I sent it to him in a blank cover. Let him be prepared as he will. Half a year ago I declared my resolution to my friend Mr. Boswell. He wrote me two earnest dissuasive letters, but in vain. I have maturely considered every circumstance; I have passed the Rubicon, and I will proceed. In a letter to Mr. Boswell, sent off only three days ago, I told him that I should look upon any farther dissuasive as thus, in plain English: "What do you think the public will mind such a scribbler as you? No, my friend, take my advice fold your hands together, submit to the infallibility of Mr. Garrick, and starve." I have also cited the same sentence in a letter now on the table, to governor Johnstone. 'I have passed the Rubicon, I say, but I am not a Kenrick. No friend shall blush for me. I know what I owe to them and to myself. If I am possessed of any satirical abilities, Mr. G. shall feel them. I have planned a new Dunciad, of which he is the hero. As soon as I finish the *Lusiad*, I shall set about it. If you think proper, you may mention this in any company.'

He was afterwards advised to try its fate on the Edinburgh theatre, but governor Johnstone thinking it might interfere with the completion of the *Lusiad*, recommended him to lay it entirely aside, until the translation was finished. To this he consented; and when the *Lusiad* was finished, another friend recommended to him to revise the play, and offer it to Mr. Harris. This was accordingly done, but was still unsuccessful. After this repulse he relinquished all expectations of advantage from the theatre, though he afterwards permitted a person to show the unfortunate play to Mr. Sheridan, and here too it had the same success as with the other managers. Had he lived, he always declared his intention of printing it in the collection of his works.

The approbation which had crowned his translation of the *Lusiad*, and the respectable name which he had now attained in the literary world, soon banished from his mind the mortifications he suffered from the ill success of his tragedy.

The first edition of the *Lusiad* being soon sold, he immediately prepared a second, with improvements, which was published in June 1778. For this Mr. Mortimer presented him with an etching, and on the death of that excellent artist, February 4, 1779, he wrote an epitaph for him.

In 1779 he published a pamphlet, entitled 'A candid examination of the reasons for depriving the East India Company of its charter, contained in the history and management of the East India Company, from its commencement to the present time; together with strictures on some of the self-contradictions and historical errors of Dr. Adam Smith, in his reasons for the abolition of the said company, &c.'

About this time, some of his friends had it in contemplation to recommend him to the notice of his majesty, as worthy of a pension. Doctor Bowth, bishop of London, from a knowledge of his virtue and talents, intimated his readiness to give him ordination, with a promise of some provision in the church; but this mode of life was not agreeable to his disposition.

While the scheme of publishing his poems by subscription, was ripening, in which, from the exertions of his friends, he had great reason to hope for success, his friend governor Johnstone was in May 1779, appointed to the command of the Romney man of war, and he immediately offered to appoint him his secretary, in order that he might partake of any good fortune which might attend the cruise. So strict was his regard to the engagement he had previously made with his friends, from whom he had received a few subscriptions for his poems, that it was found a very difficult task to persuade him to accept this offer. It was at length suggested to him, that a new situation would open a new scene, which would enable him to add what might render his volume still more acceptable to his subscribers; under this impression he engaged, and fulfilled his appointment during the remainder of the year.

In November he arrived at Lisbon, and was appointed by the commodore joint agent for the prizes which were taken. At this place he was considered as the translator of the *Lusiad*, and received with the most flattering marks of attention. There, and in the neighbourhood, he remained for more than six months.

During his stay, he composed his *Almada Hill*, an epistle from Lisbon, published in quarto, 1781; and collected some particulars concerning the history, manners, and customs, of the Portuguese, which he never arranged.

The Royal Academy being opened while he was at Lisbon, he was present at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member, under the presidency of one of the most illustrious characters of the age, prince don John of Braganza, duke of Lafões; who presented him with his own portrait, as a mark of his regard.

On his return to England, it was thought necessary that he should stay in London, to attend the proceedings in the courts of law, respecting the condemnation of some prizes; and he did not therefore attend the commodore during his last expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, nor did he any more go to sea.

In 1782, he came forward as an advocate for Chatterton's title, in the Rowleian controversy, and published an ironical pamphlet, intitled, 'The Prophecy of queen Emma, an ancient ballad, lately discovered, written by Johannes Turgottus, prior of Durham, in the reign of William Rufus; to which is added, by the editor, an account of the discovery, and hints towards a vindication of the authenticity of the poems of Ossian and Rowley,' octavo.

On the 6th of June, 1782, he married Miss Tomkins, daughter of the person with whom he resided at Forest-Hill, while he was engaged in translating the *Lusiad*.

The fortune he acquired under commodore Johnstone, now enabled him to retire to literary leisure and independence. He accordingly took a house at Wheatly, a few miles from Oxford, where he devoted his vacant time to a revision of his poetical works and tragedy, which he proposed publishing by subscription.

The efficient patronage of commodore Johnstone will be remembered to his honour. On the death of his real friend and patron, May 24, 1787, he showed his affection and gratitude to his memory, in some elegiac verses, a copy of which he sent to the gallant Lord Rodney, begging his opinion and correction of the first note, and he received the following answer, dated Albemarle street, May, 16, 1788. 'Nothing can give me more real pleasure, than the affection and gratitude shown by you to the memory of our worthy friend George Johnstone. It is impossible for me not to approve of the verses of the translator of the *Lusiad*, which, without flattery, in my poor

opinion, are equal, if not superior, to Pope's translation of the *Iliad*. It is impossible not to be pleased with both. Both instil into our minds the glorious idea of doing our duty to our country, and that life without honour is a burden.'

'Your note relative to the intelligence sent me in 1761, I think full enough. The intelligence was of that consequence, that without it, every Spanish province in the West Indies had been prepared, as I did not receive orders from England till Martinique was taken, and I had sailed to attack Domingo, in which time my cruisers had taken every Spanish packet that had sailed from Spain with the declaration of war. And the very day I received Mr. Johnstone's dispatches, I sent them to Jamaica, desiring the governor to lay an embargo, and the admiral to seize all Spanish ships; which was done accordingly, and the Spanish governors, totally ignorant of the war, till Sir George Pococke and the British fleet came in sight, some months after, off the Havannah Mr. Johnstone, therefore, may be properly said to have taken the Havannah.'

'With infinite pleasure I beg you will put me down as a subscriber to your works, and beg you will do me the honour of calling upon me, when you come to town.'

During the last years of his life, he occasionally afforded some assistance to the European Magazine, the Fragments of Leo, and several of Reviews of books came from his hand. In September 1788, at the request of a friend, he wrote a song called *Eskdale Braes*, in honour of the place of his birth, a country most beautifully Arcadian, in the center of that district, on the border of Scotland, which is thus described by Dr. Percy, in his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' 'Most of the finest old Scottish songs have the scene laid within twenty miles of England, which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain; of the rude chivalry of former ages happily nothing remains, but the ruins of the castles.'

This song, in commemoration of a spot, in itself of little importance, but dignified by the birth of heroes, who have bled in defence of their country, and poets, who have given new harmony to the language, was intended to be set to music by James Balmain, Esq. commissioner of the excise, and brother-in-law to commodore Johnstone; so that we should have an *Eskdale* song, written by a bard of *Eskdale*, and set to music by a native of the same place.

This was the last composition he lived to finish. After a short illness, he died at Wheatly in Oxfordshire, October 25th, 1789, in the 55th year of his age. He was buried at Wheatly. He left a son, with but a scanty provision, whom his executors, Francis Wastie, Esq. of Gt. Milton, Oxfordshire, and Mr. William Ballantyne, merchant, Savage Gardens, have placed with the Reverend Mr. Nailor at Hammersmith, in order that he may be qualified for admission, on the foundation of Winchester college.

His Poems, including the pieces formerly printed separately, except 'Providence,' with the 'Sorceress,' and other original pieces, and the tragedy of the 'Siege of Marseilles,' were collected and published by subscription, in one volume, quarto, 1791, with some 'Anecdotes' of his life "in which are comprised several letters from the late Lord Lyttleton," with the benevolent purpose of raising a sum to assist the education and provision of his son. His Poems, reprinted from the edition 1794, with his verses on *passing through the Parliament Close of Edinburgh, at midnight*, and some smaller pieces, selected from the Introduction to the *Lusiad*, and the 'Anecdotes' of his life, are now, for the first time, received into a col-

lection of classical English poetry. His poem on Providence he himself thought too incorrect for republication.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT BAGE, AUTHOR OF 'MOUNT HENNETH.'

[The following slight sketch of the witty author of "*Henneth*" was addressed by his friend Hutton of Derby to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine. Mr. Bage, however reprehensible for want of orthodoxy, is certainly eminent in that class of Novelists, who strive to make men merry as well as wise. His characters are well grouped, his stories narrated with humour, his style is always sprightly, and his moral useful.]

I waited, and earnestly wished, to see in your Magazine some memoirs of the late worthy Mr. Robert Bage. But none appearing after so urgent a solicitation, I think myself bound to pay a tribute to a departed friend whom I dearly loved, who stood one of the first in my esteem, whom I have known perhaps longer than any man living, and with whom I have lived in the closest friendship fifty years.

This uncommon but excellent man was born Feb. 29, 1728, at Darley, a hamlet in the parish of St. Alkmund's, Derby, where his father worked a paper-mill. Though he lived to the age of seventy-three, he could not celebrate more than eighteen birth-days.

His mother died soon after his birth, when his father removed to Derby, but kept the mill. He quickly married a second wife, and, as I resided in the same street, and near him, I well remember he buried her in 1732. He soon procured another, buried her, and ventured upon a fourth, who survived him.

Robert was put to school, so that I did not perfectly know him till 1735, when he was seven years old. He had made at that age such a progress in letters, that he was the wonder of the neighbourhood: he was then in the Latin tongue. My father often held him up to me for imitation, I being much bigger and older. I was then but little acquainted with him, for he moved in a sphere more elevated than I. At this time he was completely master of the manual exercise, and I saw him instructing some young men. He afterwards was trained to his father's business.

In about 1751 he married a young lady, who possessed four accomplishments which seldom meet in one woman, fortune, beauty, good sense, and prudence; I might add a fifth, necessary for the peace of a family, good nature. I have reason to think he found more happiness in domestic life than is usually experienced. Having embraced the marriage state, he entered upon a paper-mill at Elford, four miles from Tamworth, which he conducted to the time of his death.

Some men's capacity opens at a late day, and some wither soon after the meridian of life, but Robert Bage's opened and shut with his existence. His enlivening sun shone with vigour during a long period of years. His talents, humanity, honour, and generosity, appeared, through the whole of his life, conspicuous to all who knew him. I could bring numberless incidents to establish every trait of his character: but as this would lead me into too wide a field, I shall confine myself to one or two proofs to each assertion. The powers of his mind were amazingly strong; these, in the early part of his life have already been noted. During my acquaintance with him he learnt music, and the French and Italian languages, without a master. Being inclined, in 1760, to learn the abstruse branches of mathematics, he applied to Thomas Hanson, a celebrated teacher, and spent a night in Birmingham once a week for instruction. As I was intimate with both, I sometimes attended, and

before the scholar had been a month, I could easily perceive, though no adept myself, he was able to teach his master. nay, even set him fast. Perhaps part of this victory might arise from the easy fluency with which Mr. Bage delivered himself, while the master of figures was better formed for thinking than speaking.

His humanity will appear from his treatment of his servants, and even his horses, who all loved him, and whom he kept to old age.

Trade, which is thought to corrupt the mind, made no such impression upon him. His dealings were stamped with rectitude; he remarked to me, "Fraud is beneath a man." He had no other love for money than to use it, or he might have left a much larger property than he did. In February, 1756, he asked me to spend the evening with him. He proposed a connection (not a partnership) which I accepted, and which continued, with small variations, according to the mutations of time, till the day of his death. From that date, perhaps, I have paid him 500l. a year, upon the average, and always with pleasure, which proves the simple point, *I was treated with honour*. During this long course of forty-five years he never gave me one cause of complaint. His honour, and peaceable temper, will farther appear from a remark he made while we travelled in a chaise from Wolsey-bridge to Tamworth, in October 1795—he had then been in partnership with a person in another concern near fifteen years—"that they never had one word of difference since they met."

His generous cast of mind will appear from two, among many, incidents. I accidentally remarked that, "I had seen a distant relation of his, who was out of employment."—"Give him," (says he) upon my account (though he did not know him) five shillings a week till he gets into work." When the rioters, in 1791, had cruelly destroyed my property to a large amount, and obliged me, with my family, to run away without a shilling, and none durst take us in, we drove, among other places, to the castle at Tamworth. I asked the people of the inn if they knew me? "No."—"I have no money to pay my way, or property to pledge." Their looks fell. "I am known to Mr. Bage, of Elford, whom I will request to pay my bill." Their looks and my credit rose together. He cheerfully paid it, blamed me for not coming to his house, and I could never prevail upon him to accept a return.

With all these rich talents and rare endowments he was mild in the extreme; an enemy to no man, and, I believe, never had one himself.

His reason for becoming an author was singular, and such as would have driven another out of authorship. I shall state the cause, and deliver the result as given me by himself in the chaise above-mentioned. About the year 1765 he was induced to enter into partnership with three gentlemen in a wholesale iron-manufactory. The pursuit continued about fourteen years, then dissolved, when it appeared he had lost a sum, which I have now forgotten, perhaps 1500l. Fearing the distress of mind would overcome him, he took up the pen to turn the stream of sorrow into that of amusement; a scheme worthy a philosopher. His first production was *Mount Henneth*, in 1781, which he sold for 30l. His succeeding works followed nearly upon the same terms. The public are in possession of his writings, and have given him an ample return of praise. Excellent as they are, yet, in my opinion, his private letters, of which I must have received more than a thousand, surpass them. They are replete with vivacity, witty turns, and fine humour, spontaneously springing, without effort, from the heart.

A sketch of this amiable man may be seen in *Hutton's History of Derby*, 1791, where he possesses a niche among the worthies of that place. I shall transcribe the passage.

"If we find a pleasure in drawing a valuable character which has left the stage, that pleasure must be double when we treat of those who still adorn it; because we revere both the character and the man. This, in the present case, is my pleasing task. The man I now delineate is a native of Derby, but left it at an early period. He amuses the world and himself with novel productions of a superior class, as *Mount Henneth*, *Barham Downs*, *The Fair Syrian*, *James Wallace*, &c. wherein is an excellent picture of life, a full display of character and sentiment. These have travelled to the continent, passed through the Frankfort-press, and appeared to the world in a German habit.

"Although fortune never made him conspicuous in the great world, she gave him what was preferable, affluence and content. In directing a paper-mill may be found that head which is able to direct empires; that judgment, which can decide in difficult cases; a penetration, which can fathom the human heart, and comprehend various systems of knowledge; a genius, which constitutes the companion for Newton in philosophy, for Handel in music, for Euclid in mathematics; a master of the living and dead languages, and all, like the wealth of a merchant who rises from nothing, acquired by himself. Nay, I should even rank him with that learned body, the physicians, if he were not defective in the art of killing.—That rectitude, which is rarely found, is here obscured from the public eye, but is a pearl of great price, and a credit to our species. Though a diminutive figure, yet one of the most amiable of men; and though barely a Christian, yet one of the best. I have known him fifty-six years; his friendship is an honour; I have long possessed it; to which I shall add another, by writing his name with my own. Should he frown at this liberty, I will take twice as much: should he retort, I will take my revenge by drawing a complete character; for he has amply furnished me with materials."

This worthy man afterwards charged me with too strong a colouring. I told him in reply; I was not used to heap praise upon any man wholesale, therefore took every expression to pieces, and shewed him the firm foundation on which I built. He seemed satisfied, and returned a smile.

Four or five months prior to his death, he paid me a visit. I was secretly alarmed to observe his countenance changed, his constitution breaking, as if threatening a dissolution. When we parted, I took what I thought an everlasting farewell. As he went out of the house, he shook hands with my nephew (a boy of thirteen), and said, with a smile, "Farewell, my dear lad, we shall meet again in heaven!" Though spoken in the jocular stile, it seemed to indicate a sensibility of his approaching end.

Still declining, and attended with feverish symptoms, but sensible to the last, he left the world September 1, 1801, after a life of seventy-three years, six months, and one day.

His person was of a smallish size, about five feet three inches, and of a spare habit, not robust, but his constitution good. He left an amiable widow to lament his loss, by whom he had three sons; one of them died a young man, an affliction he severely felt, the others are in genteel situations, and inherit a large portion of their father's talents.

WILLIAM HUTTON.

Birmingham, Dec. 5, 1801.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

[From the Monthly Anthology.]

The Constitutionalist: addressed to men of all parties in the United States. By an American.

"Towards the preservation of your government and the permanency of your present happy state, is requisite: not only that you discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority; but also—that you resist, with care, the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretext."

WASHINGTON.

Philadelphia: Maxwell, 1804.

The object of this little pamphlet is to expose some of the wild, political heresies of the present day. It is addressed to "men of all parties," but it is more particularly designed for the meridian of Pennsylvania, where the whirlwinds of democracy rage without controul, and threaten to sweep away in their course every vestige of the republican principle. The author endeavours to elucidate and establish, in this work, the truth of the following position:—that the judicial department of government, in this country, possesses the legitimate power of declaring null and unoperative any act of the legislature, which is contrary to the constitution. He supports this doctrine by the authority of judge Tucker, of Virginia, in his learned and elaborate notes on the commentaries of Sir William Blackstone; by the opinion of Mr. Patterson, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, expressed in his charge to the jury in the case of Dorrance, lessee against Sanborn; by an appeal to the history of other nations; and by strong and animated reasoning.

In the course of this work, the author mentions a curious experiment, which is worthy the attention of politicians. By the first constitution of Pennsylvania, a tribunal, denominated *the council of errors*, was created for the sole purpose of preserving the constitution. It was the duty of this to inquire, "whether the constitution had been preserved inviolate, and whether the executive and legislative branches had performed their duty, as guardians of the people, or exercised other or greater powers than those, with which they had been constitutionally invested." This tribunal accordingly undertook, at various times, to specify cases, in which they judged, that the constitution had been violated. Many of the alleged infringements were perpetrated by legislative acts. But this censorial tribune did not answer the purposes of its institution. A temporary dependant body, chosen immediately by the people, with the right to complain, but without the power to reform public abuses; it was regarded with contempt in proportion to its weakness. This experiment demonstrated to the framers of the present constitution of Pennsylvania, the wisdom and necessity of vesting the power of judging laws as well as offenders, in men, permanent by the tenure of office, and independent of the other branches of government.

The Roman censor could degrade from the patrician rank any member, whose conduct merited expulsion. In like manner, there ought, in every state, to be a supreme judicial power, co-ordinate with the other departments of government, invested with authority to blot from the judicial code every unconstitutional act. The author of this pamphlet, shews the necessity of such a power by the opinions of political writers, and by the experience of history. Wherever the legislature arrogates to itself the power to judge and determine in judicial matters, liberty cannot exist. The correctness of this principle, as applicable to our own country, may be shewn

by an example. Suppose that the legislature of any one of the states should enact a law, which should impair the obligation of contracts. This would directly infringe a principle of the Federal Constitution, which is of superior obligation; and therefore it would require in the state a power, independent of the legislature, to declare such law null.

As this pamphlet is very short, we make no extracts, but refer our readers to the original. The author writes with the facility of one, accustomed to composition. His style is plain, and derives no aid from rhetorical graces. A spirit of candor pervades the work. The political opinions are stated with an independence, which is worthy of praise; to advocate the independence of the judiciary is a most unpopular task in these democratic days. The author* was formerly, we are told, a disciple of the dominant party in Pennsylvania. But disgusted with the excesses of his party, he has ceased to minister to its rage. Many honest minds have been perplexed with a similar thralldom: but few have had the courage to throw off the yoke; fewer still to vindicate their independence with dignity and success.

R.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge. Vol. V. Philadelphia. Dobson. 1802.

This volume, one of the very few that ever issue from the American press, will not, we apprehend repay the labour of him who may be induced to wade through it. It contains a few insulated facts of little importance, and some very unsuccessful attempts at theory. The six first papers are communicated by Dr. Priestley, and are distinguished, if possible, by a more eminent want of scientific precision, than even his periodical volumes of chemical experiments. They are apparently the scourgings of his old diaries, eked out with some desultory and inconsistent remarks; a few notices of the present state of his ever-varying opinions; and several attacks, very temperate indeed, but proportionably feeble, upon those discoveries, which his total want of genius for philosophizing has obliged him to leave to men who did little more, in the way of practice, than repeat his experiments. Upon these six articles we shall content ourselves with offering a few very general criticisms.

In the first place, the experiments, where they are at all uncommon, have evidently been made with impure substances. We should exceed all bounds, were we to quote examples of results, which are obviously owing to the presence of extraneous matters, although they are ascribed by Dr. Priestley to the exhibition of certain simple and homogeneous substances. All his assertions, in those cases, should evidently have been made with respect to the impurities, not the bodies, which he pretended to use. Secondly, The language of these tracts is full of discordant theory. It is indeed a most uncouth and motley assemblage of terms, taken both from the old and new nomenclature. Lastly, We must be excused for suspecting very great inaccuracy in some of the facts; or, at least, in the conduct of the experiments which are related. This may, in some of these instances, be accounted for, partly by the first, and partly by the second remark, which we have just made. But the statement in p. 3. that caustic fixed alkali was sent in a state of vapour through a tube containing iron, and gave an *acidulous* liquor in the receiver, is to us utterly incredible, and inexplicable, upon any supposition, but that of the grossest inaccuracy, either in making or des-

* William Barton, Esq.

cribing the experiment. It is scarcely necessary to add, that these papers defy all attempts to analyse them, even if there were any inducement to undertake the task. The same remark may be applied to the greater number of the articles contained in this volume. We shall therefore only notice the few exceptions to this observation, which we have been fortunate enough to meet with; and at present we shall begin with what we consider as the most interesting communication that the present publication has to boast of—the short and distinct statement, given by Mr. Strickland, of the uses to which the thermometer may be applied in Navigation.

This very valuable communication consists of two well kept and concise journals, with a letter, sketching the inference that may be drawn from the observations, and a chart of the Atlantic, on which the voyages that gave rise to the observations themselves, are clearly traced. Mr. Strickland performed these two voyages across the Atlantic, in the years 1794 and 1795. The first object of his experiments was, to ascertain the existence of a current, which he suspected to flow as a branch of the gulf stream, in a northerly or north easterly direction. The observations recorded in the outward-bound journal appear fully to verify this conjecture, and they prove also the regularity with which the temperature of the sea varies, according to the proximity of soundings. We shall enable our readers to judge for themselves upon these points, by giving a summary of the most important and conclusive trials.

The temperature of the water near the Lewes island was about 56 degrees of Fahrenheit. From thence to the longitude of 11 degrees 15' west, it gradually increased; and for eleven days, during which the vessel passed through nineteen degrees of longitude, the temperature remained at 58 degrees, which is supposed by our author to be the ordinary heat of the Atlantic, above the latitude of 50 degrees in autumn. In longitude 30 degrees 43' west, the temperature suddenly rose 30 degrees, and continued to rise while the vessel passed through eight degrees of longitude; when the temperature had increased no less than 10 degrees. Again, the temperature fell in longitude 41 degrees west, and continued fluctuating between 64 and 62 of Fahrenheit. But when the vessel had made a little farther progress, the temperature rose to a still higher degree than before; and after remaining for some time at 72 degrees, it again fell, and continued falling, until, in longitude 48 degrees, the thermometer stood at 52 degrees, and the vessel was found to be on the great bank east of Newfoundland.

The subsequent observations, both in the outward and home-ward bound voyages, concur to shew that at the longitudes above-mentioned, the temperature of the seas rises and falls in the manner now described; and that on the approach of the vessel to soundings, it uniformly falls. There is a difference of no less than 20 degrees of Fahrenheit, between the temperature near the great bank, and the temperature on the edge of the gulf stream.

It appears, farther, that in that part of the vessel's course where the great rise was experienced, vast quantities of gulf weed were observed floating, and great shoals of flying fish. This circumstance greatly strengthens the first conclusion which the thermometrical observations so plainly suggest, viz. that so high as latitude 50 degrees north, a branch of the gulf stream is to be found, sent off in a northerly direction from the main body, which moves in an easterly course. But in the middle of this stream it would appear that there is some interruption; for the temperature suddenly falls, continues low for a considerable breadth, and then rises to

its former height. The journal, too, makes no mention of any gulf-weed or flying fishes in this part of the course. Our author accounts for this very singular intermission of the northern branch, by supposing some colder current to flow in from the north-west. But we cannot easily conceive such a phenomenon; and are inclined to suspect Mr. Strickland of considerable inaccuracy in his ideas upon this matter. How can a stream of water be interrupted by a cross stream, or cut by such a stream at any angle? If two currents meet in an oblique angle, part of the water will be thrown back, and part, will move off in a diagonal path. But surely the continuity of one stream can never be interrupted by a new stream and then resume its former course. We can imagine the gulf stream to be divided by one flowing from the same quarter, in the very same direction: But why should this middle stream be colder than the other?—It is, on the other hand scarcely possible to figure two streams meeting in the same line, without forming an indissoluble union. Yet some phenomenon of this nature appears to be indicated by the observations, if the thermometrical experiments of our author can be relied on. Or, perhaps, a large bank, or island, divides the gulf-stream into two, protecting a large portion of the ocean in the middle of those currents. Such a supposition, indeed, appears to us the most probable of any which can be made, to account for the observations.

Before leaving Mr. Strickland's very interesting paper, we must gratify our readers with relating a fact equally honourable to both of the parties concerned in it. Mr. Strickland conceived, that the thermometer might be applied to the important purposes of indicating the approach of land, and settling the courses of the great currents. For accomplishing the latter object, he proposed the equipment of a vessel, which may be devoted to the employment of making various runs across the Atlantic, at different latitudes, with persons qualified to conduct thermometrical experiments, in the manner pointed out by the present paper. But he communicated the other part of his plan to the captain of the vessel in which he sailed; and although this gentleman very naturally entertained, at first, the strongest prepossession against all such ideas, he was soon prevailed upon, by examining the results of Mr. Strickland's observations, to give them no small degree of confidence.

He was at last, 'so much pleased with the accuracy of the thermometer, and with the security in which he had sailed in consequence of it, and so clearly perceived the advantage to be derived from it in many instances, that he declared, he would never more go to sea without one.' p. 92. 93.

This circumstance reflects great honour upon Captain Allyn, a member of that profession, which of all other, tends most to form habits of bigotry and indiscriminate prejudice against every innovation. But, at least equal praise is due to Mr. Strickland, who could succeed in convincing an old seaman, that the chart and the compass are in some cases less faithful guides than the thermometer.

The nineteenth article, appears, to us, deserving of some attention. It contains a very brief statement of a most singular fact, a fact which, if well authenticated, opens a new and curious analogy between the habitudes of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Colonel Bull, of Virginia, a gentleman, we are told, of information and veracity, relates, that in digging through a rich bottom of low ground, well covered with oak and other trees, his workman discovered, at the depth of between five and six feet, a blossom, not in full bloom, of a lilac colour, growing from a root. This proved, upon examination, to be

the same kind of blue flower that grew on the surface. But the Colonel thinks, that it must have been all along under ground, as the soil was a loamy, solid clay, in which large trees flourished, and must have taken some centuries to form. If this unexpected phenomenon, should prove to have been accurately observed, we shall possess, a case of vegetable torpor, similar to the case of animals supporting their existence in the heart of blocks and trees. Mr. Bull's account is, however, extremely meagre and unsatisfactory.

The want of refinement in the arts and in *belles lettres*, is by no means the only circumstance that distinguishes our kinsmen in North America, from the inhabitants of the eastern hemisphere. They appear to be proportionally deficient in scientific attainments. The volume now before us, contains the whole accumulation of American discovery and observation, during a course of peaceful years. It extends to 328 pages; of which 89 (including the valuable paper of our countryman Mr. Strickland) are contributed by foreigners; 150 consist of journals kept by a person sent to make meteorological and astronomical observations, that is, notes of the weather, and of the geographical position of certain places in the territory of the United States; the remaining 89 pages, upon more general subjects, are, we believe, the work of Americans; and we will venture to say, that of all the academical trifles, which have ever been given to the world, these 89 pages are the most trivial and dull. Our readers will judge with what difficulty this mite has been collected, when we mention the subjects of several communications.

One article, is a demonstration of the figure of the earth, in answer to the hypothesis of St. Pierre. Our readers will doubtless feel some indignation, at finding that a public scientific Body admit, into its Transactions, any communication which can, for a moment, ~~rescue~~ ^{rescue} the ridiculous effusions of the sentimentalist, now alluded to, from the contempt with which they were universally received all over Europe, by every man of the slightest pretensions to science.

Another paper, contains the description of some person's patent for improved fire places. It is exactly an ill-written newspaper advertisement. Two papers are inserted upon the culture and cure of peach trees; and, in order to eke out the natural deficiency of matter, an essay on Vegetables, Polypi, and Insects, by M. de Nemours, is admitted to occupy thirteen pages. After looking at the following extracts from this nauseous thing our readers will probably agree, with us in thinking, that no daily print, on this side of the Atlantic, would have inserted it, in the vacant space of a column, during the greatest scarcity of news. The following is the introduction:

'Il est très facile et peut-être assez naturel, à un animal aussi ravageur que l'homme, de traiter avec peu de considération les plantes qui se laissent dévorer si paisiblement.

'Cependant je ne voudrais pas avoir offensé les Roses.

'Personne n'est plus disposé que moi à croire, avec les anciens, que tout arbre est pazole, ou la prison, d'une nymphe.' p. 104.

The following is the conclusion of this paper: 'Cet oxigène dont les fleurs sont si avides, et dont elles se pénètrent si rapidement, en si énorme quantité pour leur petit volume, est l'air vital par excellence. Il les embrase, elles aiment elles jouissent—sont-ce les amours de la plante qu'elles font? sont-ce les leurs? ce sont tous les deux. La mère ne peut être entièrement insensible au bonheur de ses enfans, d'enfans qui font partie de son propre corps.—La plante est devenue papillon; ou pour mieux dire elle s'est couverte d'une foule de papillons: plantes de l'un et de l'autre sexe, qu'elle a tirés de son sein, et qui semblables presque en tout aux autres papillons, ont une vie très courte, la dépensent en voluptés sans songer à l'entretenir, exhalent leur tendresse en parfums; occupent avec délices et sans relâche de la généra-

tion; et se fanent dès qu'elle est consommée laissant... au fonds d'un ovare... des œufs... fécondés et féconds.

'Trouvez vous la parité suffisamment exacte? jugez vous encore que la distance soit incommensurable entre la nymphe: ou les nymphes d'une minceur et l'aine d'un ciron.

'Je ne décide rien. Je ne suis qu'un enfant curieux. Je vous apporte les fleurs que j'ai cueillies, et les papillons que j'ai pu attrapper. Savans professeurs, dites moi ce que c'est?' p. 115. 116.

Some of the American philosophers themselves seem to have adopted the language of the ludicrously sentimental class to which the author of this singular paper belongs, and to have thought it a good substitute for the eloquence and power of fine writing which Providence has denied to their race. In p. 55, a naturalist discussing the causes of the poisonous qualities observed in some honeys, alludes to a species of *erica*, (we believe the *erica vulgaris*), by the name of 'blooming heather; and quotes Burns, in a foot note, as his authority. He afterwards talks of the bees 'quaffing of the nectar of the flowers.' p. 57. He describes certain savannas, as 'finely painted with the flowers of the *kalmia angustifolia*.' p. 59. Instead of *tame* bees, he is pleased to say 'cultivated bees' p. 65. This author (Dr. Smith Barton) is a great quoter; and by the manner in which he cites, but more especially by his remarks upon classical learning, we are inclined to suspect, that a man who reads the easier Latin poets may not be met with every day in North America.

The ancients, who, in some respects at least, were equal to the moderns, appear to have paid much attention to this subject. Virgil and Columella have both told us what plants ought to grow about apiaries. It is unnecessary to repeat, in this place, what the two Roman writers have said on the subject. The *Georgics* of the Mantuan poet are in the hands of every man of taste; and the work of Columella *should* be read, wherever agriculture engages the attention of gentlemen.' p. 69.

We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the following passage from the same paper. The moralizing part of it is truly American; and the epithet applied to Virgil's description of Galatea, is one of the most amusing that we have ever heard beyond the sound of Bow-Bell. It is only necessary to add, for the information of the American academics, that the quotation is nothing at all to the purpose, as there is no allusion to *honey* from the beginning to the end of it.

'To assist, and to direct the labours of these little insects, the knowledge and the hand of man are required. Let, then, this interested being be at least attentive to his own benefits and pleasures. Let him carefully remove from about the habitations of his bees every fetid or poisonous vegetable, however comely its colour or its form. In particular, let him be careful to remove those vegetables which are noxious to himself. In place of these, let him spread the 'marjoram, and thyme, and other plants, 'the love of bees,' and his labours will be rewarded. He may, then furnish his table with a honey not inferior to that of Mount Hermetus, or Athens; nor to that of Sicily, to which Virgil has so handsomely alluded in the seventh Eclogue:

*Nerine Galatæa, thymo mibi dulciore Hæle,
Candidior cygnis, hedera formosior albâ.*

L. 37. 38. ' p. 69. 70.

Meanly as our readers may be disposed to think of the American scientific circles, they appear to be highly prized by their own members. The Society, whose labours we have been describing, attaches to itself the name of 'Philosophical,' with peculiar eagerness; and the meeting-house, where the transactions of its members are scraped together and prepared for being inaccurately printed, is, in the genuine dialect of tradesmen, denominated 'Philosophical Hall.'

We have dwelt longer upon this article than its merits justify; not so much for the sake of the work, as for the purpose of stating and exemplifying a most curious and unaccountable fact—the scarcity of all but mercantile and agricultural talents in the New World.

[Edinburgh Review]

MISCELLANY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF BUONAPARTE.
[From a late traveller.]

After having waited nearly two hours, the band playing the Marseilles Hymn, the colours preceding him, the signal was given, of the first consul's approach. Attended by his suit of general officers, he first paraded round the ranks of the infantry, who were inclosed within the rails. Then proceeding through the great central gates, where I had posted myself, so as to command almost the whole of the review, a petition was presented to him, which he returned, with mildly observing, that he should not receive any on that day. A man of diminutive stature, with a sallow, bony face, with a meditating eye, there was nothing particularly extraordinary in his countenance, and his appearance was mean. He had a pensive air, seemingly oppressed with thought, and the cares of government, and was pale, as though he dreaded assassination. He was dressed even shabbily plain, having on, with a plain cocked hat, a plain blue coat, a white waistcoat, leather breeches, and turndown boots, as well as I observed; though I was too much occupied in studying the head, to regard the details. He was mounted on a cream-coloured horse. The day that I saw Buonaparte at St. Cloud, he appeared cheerful, lively and active; but this day he looked rather gloomy. This gloom about him, perhaps, arises from too great an exertion of the mental faculties. I do not know whether it arose from the influence of his melancholy, but the whole scene was rather a dull one. It was nothing to be compared to the review of the guards by the Prince of Wales, in Hyde Park. He marched along with doubtful steps, while his seemingly exhausted soul dreaded a disaster, and trembled at the elevated situation in which he found himself placed. His situation appeared far from enviable, and I could not help thinking it quite strange and unnatural.

Non equidem invidio, miror magis.

VIRG.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCH OF ABRAHAM TUCKER, ESQUIRE.

[For our own sake, as well as from a hope, that it may interest the most venerable of our friends, we have turned over many pages of biography, to discover some sketch of the author of "The Light of Nature Pursued," one of the most original books to be found in the English language, or perhaps in any language. Our researches, though long and frequent, have afforded but very imperfect information. The following is all which, at present, can be found respecting a man of wonderful genius, who united the jarring powers of Reason and Fancy, in a manner as beautiful as it is rare.]

Abraham Tucker, Esquire, a curious and original thinker, was a gentleman of affluent fortune, and author of "The Light of Nature Pursued," 9 vols. octavo, of which the five first volumes were published by himself in 1768, under the assumed name of 'Edward Search, Esquire,' and the four last after his death, in 1777, as "The Posthumous Work of Abraham Tucker, Esq. published from his manuscript, as intended for the press by the author." Mr. Tucker lived at Betchworth castle, near Dorking, in Surrey, an estate which he purchased in the early part of his life. He married the daughter of Edward Barker, Esquire, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom married Sir Henry St. John, and died in his lifetime; the other survived, and now lives at Betchworth castle. He lost his eyesight a few years before his death, which happened in 1775. To describe him as a neighbour, landlord, father, and magistrate, it would be necessary to mention the most amiable qualities in each. It is unnecessary to add, that he was very sincerely regret-

ted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and who stood connected with him in any of those relations.

ON THE PECULIAR HAPPINESS SUPPOSED
TO ATTEND A LIFE OF CONTEMPLATION

[From a British Essayist]

"I no sooner enter my library," says Heinsius, "than I bolt the door, and shut out lust, ambition, and avarice, whose mother is idleness, and whose nurse, ignorance; and taking my seat among the illustrious spirits around me, I look down with pity on the rich and great, who are strangers to such refined and exalted enjoyments."

If a life of study can produce happiness so pure as Heinsius has described; if it can exclude lust, ambition, and avarice; if it can give an elevation above the rich and great; who would not fly from the world and seize that *CHIEF GOOD*, in the recess of his library, which he has vainly toiled for in the road of ambition and avarice?

But no recess is sufficiently retired, no occupation sufficiently pure, to exclude care and contamination. Man bears within his bosom, where-soever he conceals himself, and whatsoever he does, the seeds of evil and misery.

Philosophers may describe the happiness of contemplative life, and students flatter themselves that they are out of the reach of corruption; but does experience justify a persuasion that philosophers and students are happier and more innocent than all others? A perusal of their lives will evince the truth, that it is not in man to secure himself from the assaults of passion, and the corruption of vice, by withdrawing his person from the society of the multitude. Volumes have been written on the peculiar misery of the learned, and I wish it could be asserted with truth, that on shutting the doors of their book rooms, they at the same time shut out desire, avarice, and ambition.

Men of that activity of mind which ranges through all nature and art, see more clearly, and feel more sensibly, than the common tribe whose attention is fixed on the passing scene. All the objects of desire, avarice, and ambition, exhibit themselves to their eyes, in the most glowing colours and in the most engaging forms. Their taste, cultivated and refined by continual exercise of its powers, is enabled to discover charms which escape vulgar notice. Their leisure and freedom from the ordinary cares of life, cause their hearts to fix on what their imaginations have admired. It cannot be wondered at, therefore, if contemplative men, instead of being exempt from the tumults which disturb others, have felt themselves agitated by external things with peculiar force. Their enjoyments have been high, their sufferings keen, and their failings singularly deplorable.

I fear, therefore, that truth must resign those pretensions to that unmolested felicity, which students have sometimes claimed, as the privilege of their learned solitude. In common with all the sons of men they partake of misery; and they are under some peculiar circumstances, which aggravate the woe which it is their destiny to share.

To secure the happiness that is allowed to man, they must, like others, have recourse to virtue and wisdom, not merely to retreat, or to contemplation. With virtue and wisdom, I believe, their employments will be found highly conducive to a most exalted state of sublimity; for their employments are pure and refined, intellectual and even heavenly, compared with the gross delights of animal sense. He who places his happiness in gluttony and debauchery, must acknowledge, while he boasts of his pleasure, that he is renouncing the most honourable part of his nature, his reason; and that he is assimila-

ting himself; as much as he is able, with the brutes whom he proudly disdains.

I cannot help thinking, that the platonic philosophy, mixed, as it is, with much folly, deserves more regard than it usually receives. It tends to make man value himself on his *MIND*. It teaches to seek enjoyment in the exertions of the discursive faculty, and to aspire at an intellectual excellence, which, though it may never reach, invites by its beautiful appearance, to heights of improvements which it would never otherwise have attained. Platonism, when carried to extremes, like all other doctrines, terminates in nonsense; but under the regulation of reason, it leads the mind to a state of celestial enjoyment and angelic perfection.

Happy would it have been for the contemplative part of mankind, if the honours which are almost universally allowed to Epicurus, had been reserved for Plato. Christian and rational Platonism leads to the perfection of the human soul: nor should the scrupulous be ashamed of uniting with Christianity, a philosophy, which, when its extremes are avoided, is all pure, all spiritual, all divine in its nature and tendency.

If the superior light of Christianity had not irradiated the world, there is no philosophy which the aspirant after excellence would wish to prevail in preference to Platonism, divested of its visionary eccentricities. No philosophy contributes so much to raise man to the exaltation which he may conceive to adorn a spiritual nature. No philosophy exalts him so much above the body, and furnishes him with ideas so congenial to all that we consider as celestial.

But common sense, and common experience, affirm, after all, that whoever attempts to reach undisturbed happiness by flights of contemplation above the usual ken of mortals, commonly finds himself precipitated at last, like Icarus in the fable.

Superior degrees of happiness are not to be expected solely from a skill in arts and sciences from study, and from retirement; but chiefly from those virtues, and good qualities, in which even the illiterate find it, from prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude, and contentment. The boast of felicity without these is but the rant of pride, and the rhapsody of inexperienced speculation.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

ODES FROM ANACREON.

The two following odes, which, as Mr. Moore remarks, may be called *companion-pictures*, have perhaps never been excelled in their kind, in any language. At the same time that we are charmed with the fire and fancy of the poet, and the melody of his numbers, we are gratified with an insight into the taste of the ancients in beauty.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimick form, and soul infuse;
Best of painters! come, portray
The lovely maid, that's far away;
Far away, my soul! thou art;
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;
And, if painting hath the skill,
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure ray,
With which Minerva's glances play.

And give them all that liquid fire
 That Venus' languid eyes inspire.
 O'er her nose and cheeks be shed
 Flushing white and mellow'd red;
 Gradual tints, as when there glows
 In snowy milk the bashful rose.
 Then her lip, so rich in blisses,
 Sweet petitioner for kisses!
 Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
 Ripely suing love's invasion
 Then beneath the velvet chin,
 Whose dimple shades a love within,
 Mould her neck, with grace descending,
 In a heaven of beauty ending;
 While airy charms above, below,
 Sport and flutter on its snow.
 Now let a floating, lucid veil
 Shadow her limbs, but not conceal;
 A charin may peep, a hue may beam,
 And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
 Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek:
 It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

And now, with all thy pencil's truth,
 Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
 Let his hair, in lapses bright,
 Fall like streaming rays of light;
 And there the raven's dye confuse
 With the yellow sunbeam's hues.
 Let not the braid, with artful twine,
 The flowing of his locks confine;
 But loosen every golden ring,
 To float upon the breeze's wing.
 Beneath the front of polish'd glow,
 Front as fair as mountain snow,
 And guileless as the dews of dawn,
 Let the majestic brows be drawn,
 Of ebon dies enrich'd by gold,
 Such as the scaly snakes unfold,
 Mingle in his jetty glances,
 Power that awes, and love that trances;
 Steal from Venus bland desire,
 Steal from Mars the look of fire,
 Blend them in such expression here,
 That we by turns may hope and fear!
 Now from the sunny apple seek
 The velvet down that spreads his cheek;
 And there let beauty's rosy ray
 In flying blushes richly play;
 Blushes of that celestial flame,
 Which lights the cheek of virgin shame.
 Then for his lips that ripely gem—
 But let thy mind imagine them!
 Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses
 Persuasion, sleeping upon roses;
 And give his lip that speaking air,
 As if a word was hovering there;
 His neck of ivory splendor trace,
 Moulded with soft, but manly grace;
 Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
 Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
 Give him the winged Hermes' wand,
 With which he waves his snake wand;
 Let Bacchus then the breast supply,
 And Leda's son the sinew / thigh.
 But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
 With all that glow of young desire,
 Which kindles, when the wishful sigh
 Steals from the heart, unconscious why.
 Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
 Is envious of the eye's delight,
 Or its enamour'd touch would shew
 His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
 Which now in veiling shadow lies,
 Remov'd from all but Fancy's eyes.
 Now, for his feet—but hold—fear—
 I see a godlike portrait there;
 So like Bathyllus!—sure there's none
 So like Bathyllus, but the sun!
 Oh! let this pictur'd god be mine,
 And keep the boy from Samos's shrine!

† —But hold—fear—
 I see a godlike portrait there—[Ec.] This is very spirited, but requires explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round, and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos; he instantly tells the painter to cease his work—that this picture will serve for Bathyllus—and that, when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

"Bathyllus," says Madame Dacier, "could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour, than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polycrates raised to him."

Phoebus shall then Bathyllus be,
 Bathyllus then the deity.

THE EMBARRASMENTS OF FALSE SHAMF.

A London taylor, as 'tis said,
 By buckram, canvas, tape and thread,
 Sleeve, linings, pockets, silk, and twist,
 And the long expensive list,
 With which their uncouth bills abound,
 Though rarely in the garment found;
 By these and other arts in trade,
 Had soon a pretty fortune made;
 And did what few had ever done,
 Left thirty thousand to his son.

The son, a gay young swagg'ring blade,
 Abhor'd the very name of trade,
 And lest reflections should be thrown
 On him, resolv'd to quit the town,
 And travel where he was not known.
 In gilded coach, and liv'ries gay;
 To Oxford first he took his way:
 There beaux and belles his taste admire,
 His equipage and rich attire;
 But nothing was so much ador'd,
 As his fine silver-hilted sword;
 Though short and small, 'twas vastly neat,
 The sight was deem'd a perfect treat.
 Beau Banter begg'd to have a look,
 But when the sword in hand he took,
 He swore by Gad it was an odd thing,
 And look'd much like a taylor's bodkin.
 His pride was hurt by this expression,
 Thinking they knew his sire's profession.
 Sheathing his sword, he sneak'd away,
 And drove for Glo'ster that same day,
 There soon he found new cause for grief;
 For, dining on some fine roast beef,
 One ask'd him which he did prefer,
 Some cabbage or a cucumber?
 The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
 Thought it severe reflection meant;
 His stomach turn'd, he could not eat,
 And so made an ungenteel retreat;
 Next day left Glo'ster in a wrath,
 And bade his coachman drive to Bath.
 There unsuspected fresh abuse,
 Because the dinner was roast goose:
 And that he might no more be jeer'd,
 Next day to Exeter he steer'd.
 There with some bucks he drank about,
 Until he fear'd they found him out:
 His glass not fill'd, as was the rule,
 They said 'twas not a thimble full:
 The name of thimble was enough—
 He paid his reckoning, and went off.
 He then to Plymouth took a trip,
 And put up at the Royal Ship,
 Which then was kept by Caleb Snip.
 "Snip!" "Snip!" the host was often call'd,
 At which his guest was so much gall'd,
 That soon to Cambridge he remov'd,
 There too he unsuccessful prov'd:
 For though he fill'd his glass or cup,
 He did not always drink it up.
 The scholars mark'd how he behav'd,
 And said a remnant shan't be sav'd;
 The name of remnant gall'd him so,
 That he resolv'd to York to go:
 There fill'd his bumper to the top,
 And always fairly drank it up:
 "Well done," says Jack, a buck of York,
 "You go through stitch, Sir, with your work."
 The name of stitch was such reproach,
 He rang the bell, and call'd his coach.
 But ere he went, inquiries made,
 By what strange means they knew his trade.

"You put the cap on, and it fits."
 Replied one of the Yorkshire wits:
 "Our words in common acceptation,
 Could not find out your occupation;
 'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
 To find out both your trade and you.
 Vain coxcombs and fantastic beaux,
 In every place themselves expose,
 They travel far at vast expence,
 To shew their wealth and want of sense;
 But take this for a standing rule,
 There's no disguise can screen a fool."

SINGULAR ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. George Martin, an American, having, by a sedulous attention to his profession, acquired a

knowledge in boot and shoe making, proposes on Wednesday, September 5th, at Mr. Ellis's tavern, to exhibit to the inspection of the public, a boot of his own workmanship, which has four feet, one leg, one heel, with a bell in the centre, made on a wooden last, without any apparent sign how or where the last and tree were taken out. He will also exhibit a shoe, without any seam or opening, which will puzzle the most penetrating eye to discover the aperture out of which the last was taken. He will also exhibit a specimen of his common wearing work, which is far superior to any imported. All the above have been examined by several gentlemen in Boston and its vicinity, before the tree and last were taken therefrom, and acknowledged it to have been the greatest curiosity of the kind they had ever seen; no alterations have since been made. The public may be assured there is no paste, glue, or cement of any kind used.

He will also perform on the SLACK ROPE, various evolutions; displaying feats of activity in a workman-like manner: viz. he will work on a turn pump in seven different positions. Mr. Martin does not wish to be considered a rope-dancer or a tumbler—his only aim is to procure a small pittance to enable him to set up his business, and furnish to his fellow-citizens the neatest boots and shoes that can be made. [Eastern paper.]

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The article from the Edinburgh Review, deriding the 'Philosophical Hall' of Philadelphia, is a proof of the unexampled severity, with which either old offenders, or youthful trespassers are castigated in that Journal. But it would be invidious to suppose that the 'satiric thong' is brandished over the Americans alone; for the wounded vanity of many a British sufferer still tingles with the smart of the scourge. While we do homage to the genius, wit, and erudition of the gentlemen and scholars, who thus keenly reviewing the literature of the age, contemptuously trample the trash of an hour, we must affirm, with a confidence justified by truth, that they err, respecting the total penury of talents in America. We are not without eloquent orators and sagacious statesmen; and though a taste for classical learning is by no means general, yet there are some men, in this new world, who keep aloof from the frantic follies of their countrymen; and, studious of Roman and British models, unite, with the *Caledonian spirit*, and the *honour of the Highlands*, an ardent zeal for a purer literature, than what the barbarian, the republican, the fanatic, or the new philosopher can supply.

We hail the return of "CLIMENOLE." His wish shall be a law to the Editor. We invite the communications of this learned correspondent, and respectfully request that, if it be practicable, he would furnish us with a satire every week. To gratify the impatience of the public and the Editor, as well as to prevent abruption, or incorrectness in the printing, it is desirable that several essays be forwarded at once.

"The BRITISH SPY" has a ready insertion. We must enjoin it upon the ingenious author, to furnish us, as soon as possible, with the continuation of the series. He is now pledged to periodical punctuality.

"FLORIAN" does not keep his promise. We hope he will soon oblige us with the stipulated speculations.

Why does "ITHACUS" linger by the turbulent Falls of Niagara, or mope under the mournful yews of the wilderness? Such a spirit as his should slum, with loathing, every savage scene, and seek the society of the wits and the belles.

The "RURAL WANDERER" is received, and welcomed.

SELECTED POETRY.

GLEE.

Would you know where Freedom dwells?
Where jovial hearts carouse and sing;
Haunt these grotts, explore these cells,
Here every subject is a king.

Sprightly Mirth inhabits here,
And Joy, that knows no listless pause;
For how should we dull mortals fear,
Who square our lives by Pleasure's laws

What's Fortune? Is it Chance, or Worth?
Peasant and prince their race must run,
Nor is there that poor spot on earth,
But's cherish'd by the genial sun.

SONG.

Like a very gallant, I will compliment all,
I'll leer and ogle the pretty,
Tell the short ones they're neat, the majestic,
they're tall,
And call all the homely ones witty.

Thus, agreeable falsehood passing for truth,
I shall tickle their vanity snugly,
Talk of prudence to age, and of pleasure to
youth,
And console with a fortune the ugly.

To the pale I'll on delicate lilies begin,
To the florid I'll hold forth on roses,
Call squinting a leaf; find a smile in a grin,
And proportion, where chins kiss with noses.
Thus, agreeable falsehood, &c.

SONG.

Truly, friend Gil, thou choosest well,
Taking a helpmate homely,
For ofttime sad tales they tell
Of wives, who are too comely.

But cheer thee, Perez, and be gay,
From furnish'd brows exempted,
For how can she e'er go astray,
Who never will be tempted?

For thieves do never rob the poor,
A pebble's not a jewel,
Fruits do not blossom on a moor,
Fire burns not without fuel.

Up with thy heart then, Gil, be gay,
From furnish'd brows exempted,
Thy wife can never go astray,
For she will ne'er be tempted.

SONG.

Come, every man, now give his toast,
Fill up the glass, I'll tell you mine,
Wine is the mistress I love most;
This is my toast—now give me thine.

Well said, my lad, ne'er let it stand
I give my Chloe, nymph divine,
May Love and Wine go hand in hand;
This is my toast—now give me thine.

Ammen. I give my wife, d'ye see;
May all, to make her blest, combine,
So she be far enough from me—
This is my toast—now give me thine.

Let constant lovers, at the feet
Of pale fac'd wench, sigh and pine,
For me, the first kind girl I meet,
Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

You toast your wife, and you your lass,
My boys, and welcome; here's the wine,
For my part, he who fills my glass,
Shall be my toast—now give me thine.

Spirit, my lads, and toast away:
I have still one with yours to join,
That we may have enough to pay,
This is my toast—now give me thine.

SONG.

[The ensuing verses by Dibdin, contain a very exquisite compliment to Beauty, and a very pleasing sally of invention.]

Devoted to Celia, and blest in her arms,
How I thril'd with delight, as I ran o'er her
charms,
When I thought—on each grace as I gaz'd with
surprise,
For pre-eminence pleaded her mouth and her
eyes;
Like counsel this open'd, and t' other replied,
Appealing to me, as the judge, to decide.

Her mouth, opening sweetly, thus said with a
smile,
'Tis I who the torments of lovers beguile;
I can speak, I can sing, I can vent the fond sigh,
And vain may eyes promise, if I should deny;
Then while rows of pearl, vermil lips sweetly
hide,
On our different charms 'twere not hard to de-
cide.'

With ineffable sweetness, while looking me
through,
Her eyes careless cry'd—'Why I can speak too,
And in such charming language, so made to
controul,
That of sensible lovers it goes to the soul:
Mouths may fib; but eyes to the heart are the
guide,
'Twere no difficult task on our charms to decide.'

Transported with rapture, I cried with an oath,
'Charming eyes, charming mouth, I'm in love
with you both;
To express your sweet influence no language
has terms,
One makes me a promise, which t'other con-
firms;
Your words and your looks are my joy and my
pride,
On your different claims then how can I decide?'

[The following song by Dibdin, and sung by a hackney
coachman, in character, will divert the reader, by the
quaintness of that London slang, merrily styled St.
Giles's Greek.]

Here I am, my good masters, my name's Teddy
Clinch,
My cattle are sound, and I drives to an inch;
From Hyde Park to White Chapel, I well know
the town,
And many's the time I've took up, and set down;
In short, in the bills I'll be bound for't there's not
A young youth, who, like Teddy, can tip the long
trot.

Oh the notions of life that I see from my box,
While flats of all kinds are about me in flocks:
The sot whom I drive home, to sleep out the
day,
The kind one, who plies for a fare at the play,
Or your gents of the law, there, who, four in a
lot,
To Westminster hall I oft tip the long trot.

My coach receives all, like the gallows or sea;
So I touch but my fare, you know all's one to me;
The men of the gown and the men of the sword,
A ma'am or a gambler, a rogue, or a lord;

To wherever you're going I well kow the spot,
And do you tip a tizzy, I'll tip the long trot.

[Joshua Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas, in his Ode
to Astrea, has sometimes quaintly, but oftentimes na-
turally described a lover's admiration of the beauty
of his mistress.]

'Tis not for thy beauteous eyes,
Though the brightest lamp in skies,
In his highest summer shine,
Seems a spark, compar'd with thine.
'Tis not, beauty's empress,
The amber ringlets of thy tress,
Curling to the wanton wind,
That so fast my freedom bind;
'Tis not all the dews ambrosial,
Of those pretty lips so rosial,
Make me humble at thy feet.
Though the purest honey sweet,
That the muses' birds do bring
To mount Hybla, every spring,
Nothing near so pleasant is,
As thy lively, lovely kiss;
'Tis not, O my Paradise,
Thy forehead evener than ice,
Though the silver moon be fain,
Still by night to mount her wain,
Fearing to sustain disgrace,
If by day she met thy face:
'Tis not, maid, thine ivory neck
Makes me worship at thy beck;
Nor that pretty double hill
Of thy bosom panting still;
Though no fairest Leda's swan,
Nor no sleekest marble can
Be so smooth or white in show,
As thy lilies and thy snow;
'Tis not all the rest beside,
Which thy modest veil doth hide;
Though Diana being bare,
Not Leucothoe, passing rare,
In the chrystal flowing springs,
Never bath'd so beauteous things.
'Tis a something more divine,
'Tis that peerless soul of thine;
'Tis thine all-admired wit,
Thy sweet grace and gesture fit,
Thy mild pleasing courtesie,
Makes the triumph over me,
And for thy fair soul's respect,
I love the rosin flames that reflect
From thy bright translucent eyes,
And thy golden hair likewise,
And those orient pearly rocks,
Which thy lightning smile unlocks,
And the nectar-passing blisses
Of thy honey-sweeter kisses,
And thy fresh and rosy cheeks,
Whence Aurora blushes seeks,
And the snow-exceeding skin
Of thy neck and dimpled chin,
And thy pure and lily hand,
Soft, and smooth, and tender, and
Those five nimble brethren small,
Arm'd with pearl shell helmets all,
And those ivory marble mounts,
Either, neither, both at once,
For I dare not touch to know
If they be of flesh, or no.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 46-

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.

LETTER III.

IN my last, I was induced to give you, my dear S—, a full length drawing of the "GIANT OF THE LAW," to trace the bold and distinct features of his character with precision, and possibly with presumption. The American world having given him no adequate competitor, and his native town, though rich in legal ability, viewing him as the only oracle of professional knowledge, I have been assiduous in marking and comparing him, in my *mind's eye*, to all that I have known *clever*, or extraordinary at home.

But among the many honourable properties of his character, perhaps that of his *LEARNING* ought to have been considered as the most transcendent, since in America it is the most rare, while in that, and in every country, where the people is free, and enlightened, where the laws are written, and may be understood, an accurate knowledge of those laws must constitute the first and greatest attribute of their professors. The poetic glow of imagination, the fine scintillations of wit, the rapidity of perception and the ingenuity of a discriminating judgment, are as nothing, without the rich and solid foundation of law-reading. It is this, which constitutes the *profession*, intitling its possessor to the denomination of A LAWYER. We expect every artist to have studied the theory and principles of his art, and shall that calling, which implies the greatest supremacy of mind, be least understood, and most superficially acquired? Wherever the question shall be brought to the test between the natural brilliancy of what is termed genius, and the ascendancy of acquirement, directed by good sense, it is most certain, that the event will decide the principle. In Mr. Parsons, I have found *all* in an eminent degree united, and conspicuous, and thence have given more time to his delineation, than any single subject had a right to command. Of what remain, a sketch must answer, since the multitude of heads, that constitute the original group before me, will not admit time, for each, to have a full length, neither to be finished with all the nice touches of correct colouring.

After much inquiry, and great attention given to the pretensions of his brethren, I have considered Harrison Gray Otis, as entitled to the next rank, and as having in Boston no superior, except that great man, who has no equal. Mr. Otis is, in age, under forty, and consequently among the youngest of those, who have professional eminence; and to such, as expect wisdom to be derived from grey hairs, his introduction will be considered premature and indecorous. But, holding the precedent of talent beyond that of seniority, Harrison Gray Otis is, in my judgment, next entitled to our animadversions. Many years since, in the early youth of this gentleman, before his judgment was ripened, and ere his talents had obtained maturity, charmed by the brilliancy of powers, that gave the promise of growing greatness, his native district elected him to

represent them at the national legislature. The result of this choice disappointed expectation. Mr. Otis was rivalled and excelled by two men of the same profession, and from the same county, who, greatly his seniors in age, are considered, in some points, rather his inferiors at the bar. These were Samuel Dexter and Fisher Ames; men, distinguished and honoured for rare and respectable qualities, and whom I shall thence take a future opportunity of introducing to your acquaintance. The young Mr. Otis, when in Congress, was much too juvenile for the station, in which he stood, classed with, and in opposition to some of the proudest talents, and the best learning of the Union: consequently, less formidable to his opponents, and less applauded by his constituents, than a proper consciousness of his own powers must have convinced him, were justly his due. Whence, having been twice chosen by a flattering majority, he declined a re-election, and returned to the duties of his profession, it seems, with a determination to recover that ascendancy, which had been incidentally wrested from his genius. In this, he was successful; for Nature had done much to insure him the victory, in giving him a fair, open countenance, a fascinating smile, a graceful address, and a voice of melody, better attuned by himself, to the varied modifications of the mind, with less localism of tones and pronunciation, than any of his brethren. Clear, distinct, and forcible, his extempore speaking has an irresistible charm, and leaves his hearers more delighted, if not better instructed, than any voice I have heard in New England. In law knowledge he is, at present, neither overflowing nor deficient, and is every day adding, by his industry, to his already respectable acquisitions. More than any of his associates at the bar, is he animated in argument, and successful in the pathos of personal appeal. Qualities, such as these, have necessarily acquired him great individual influence; and being a favourite member of the state legislature every competitor was distanced, and the Federal party united to a man, in conferring upon him the distinguished honour of the speaker's chair. This he has, in effect, graced and dignified. Prompt, lucid, and generally impartial, his deportment is fitted to soften the rancour of party animosity, and his smile to conciliate the virulence of opposition. Possibly, his refinement may sometimes appear to border upon *finesse*, and the polished benevolence of his accent to degenerate into adulation, by which he seems to neglect proper discrimination; and, resembling the greater light in the firmament of heaven, permits the kind glance of his eye to shine equally upon the good and upon the evil. Still, the most enthusiastic of his many friends and admirers, consider the speaker's chair as the prelude to a more exalted station, even that of chief magistrate to the state, since the present worthy and unassuming, but unsocial and unpatronizing character, who presides, is said to be wearied with a rank, uncongenial with the humility of his temper, and inauspicious to the retirement of his habits.

Mr. Otis is rich, liberal, and hospitable; his house appears to be the abode of social elegance, and the temple of domestic happiness: whence his political adherents are found to be his personal friends. His

virtues, his talents, and his manners, uniting the general suffrage of respect, with the more irresistible claim of merited affection.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CLIMENOLE.

A REVIEW POLITICAL AND LITERARY.

No. 12.

Memorabilia Democratica, or the history of democracy. Containing a full and true account of that venerable science; interspersed with anecdotes, characters, and speeches, of eminent democrats, ancient and modern. Ornamented with thirty engravings of American democrats. By SLAVESLAP KIDNAP, Esq. Foolscap 2 vols. 4to. pp. 1651.

Washington—Printed by Samuel H. Smith, for Duane and Cheetham, and Adams, and F. Blake, proprietors of the work.

It is a cause of great regret to me, that I cannot accompany the future criticisms of Mr. Kidnap, on Mr. Jefferson's philosophical works, as I have done his former, with transcripts, at length, of the essays, on which he remarks. This method is no longer practicable. The works, which he now proceeds to notice, are too long and laborious, to be displayed, at large, in the narrow limits of a weekly publication. I shall content myself, therefore, with laying before the public, those extracts and references, which Mr. Kidnap makes, in the course of his observations. Those, who desire to see these essays, in all their bulk, must submit to the task of prying open, for themselves, the heavy quartos of the American Philosophical Society. On this account, as well as on others, I lament extremely, that the proposal, made by one of its most intelligent members, did not prevail in that body; and which was, to publish their "*Transactions*," in the form and size of "*three penny gifts for children*." Certainly, such a plan would have promoted, in a high degree, that darling project of this society; a design as laudable as it is feasible, and which is known by the name of "*A universal diffusion of knowledge*." For, it is easy to perceive that no science, in this American world, receives such universal and ready encouragement, as that which is, *at once, cheap, and within a narrow compass*. These two qualities, indeed, coincide very exactly with the extent both of the *puruses* and the *minds* of most of our great men; whether commoners or philosophers. Concerning which two last-mentioned concomitants, I have observed, they are, for the most part, inseparable, in American greatness. For it has been my lot, to find very few men, whose *puruses* were not always in their *minds*; unless it were those, who are, perhaps, full as numerous, whose *minds* are never out of their *puruses*. Had the proposal of this member, in relation to the form and size of the "*Transactions*," succeeded, it would have been, undoubtedly, attended with the happiest effects. For, in the first place, those *sage philosophers*, of three and four years old, by that frequent attrition, which their habits of severe investigation never fail to make them bestow on works, submitted to their inspection, would have occasioned, in due time, a call for a *second edition* of those invaluable labours. An event, which, under the existing discouragements of size and unwieldy matter, is, now, never likely to happen. In the

next place, inasmuch as these infant philosophers are very apt to squabble among themselves, and make the neighbourhood ring, with their clamours, about the works, put into their hands, it is, also, very likely, that, in such case, the labours of this society would, before this time, have made some noise in the world. A consequence, which, however desirable, has never yet followed them. Mankind being, and always having been, in relation to them, in a most quiescent and indifferent state; and so are likely forever, hereafter, to continue. I know, that it was objected to this proposal, when it was made, that the communications of the members of this association would be, probably, of a higher order of subjects, and in a more exquisite style of execution, than would suit with the capacities of the literati of the cradle and nursery; and that on this account, chiefly, it was rejected. I cannot wonder, that such an objection should prevail *within the circle of that society*; as, I have observed, men are generally inclined to set an undue value upon their own literary, as well as natural offspring. But, *without it*, an objection, of such a nature, could not possibly have been of any weight; inasmuch as, it cannot be denied, that by far the greater number of their publications are entirely upon a level, both in matter and style, with those celebrated *philosophical transactions*, which are circulated, under the names of "Jack the Giant Killer," "Mother Goose's Melody," and other high-sounding titles. From actual experiment, I have found Mr. Heckelwelder's story of "the grasshoppers and ninekiller," as recorded in the 124th page of the fourth volume of the works of that society, an excellent substitute for those interesting narratives, "There was a frog lived in a well;" and "Who killed Cock Robin?" That dreadful account of the unknown, and unseen animal, in Mr. Jefferson's Memoir, page 253, of the same volume, "whose roaring resembled thunder," and "whose eyes were like two balls of fire," is also, both in sentiment and in adaptation to the capacities of infants, not a whit behind, and certainly equal, in point of authenticity, to that terrible story of "The wolf and Little Red Riding Hood." Indeed, the association is so natural, and the likeness so strong between these two famous histories, that my little boy, a child of three years old, never reads this memoir, by Mr. Jefferson, but he involuntarily stops, at the words, "two balls of fire," and exclaims, "Oh! Grand-mama, what two great eyes you've got." As to Dr. Barton's Memoir on Amphibia, and that heroic hunt, to which he and Mr. Peale submitted, after "frozen rattlesnakes in the winter," all for the sake of science and of memoir-writing, it is so entirely that species of philosophy, in which children's fancies delight, that I have never known them tired with its perusal. His happy talent at description, and that rare accomplishment of amplification in details, which has enabled him to spin out an account of a very trifling pursuit into a story of twenty quarto pages in length, are doubtless the causes of that preference, which these young philosophers show for his labours, and which I shall hereafter have occasion more particularly to notice. I know of nothing more terrible, either in ancient or modern history, than that narration of his encounter with the rattlesnake, which makes a part of his memoir, and is told in the 376th page of the volume. It is, in truth, an union of two of the most remarkable adventures of Hercules;—that with the hydra, and that with the poisoned shirt. For, he tells us, though with more circumlocution, that, with his left hand, he seized a wounded and frozen rattlesnake by the throat, and squeezing open its mouth, with scissors, in his right, he cut into its jaws, when, mirabilia dictu! "two or three drops of venom flew out on his finger!" Oh! Modern Philosophy—quid non mortalia pectora cogis?

Having thus brought this masterly digression to a happy conclusion, according to the most approved rules of modern discipline, I now return, with infinite

delight, to extract from Mr. Kiddnap's chapter on Mr. Jefferson's philosophical works.

"The next subject, on which Mr. Jefferson's genius is exercised, and which the immortal works of the Philosophical Society preserve, is one, entirely suited to his taste, and, in every respect, adapted to the comprehension of his mind. It commences in the 246th page of the volume before quoted, and is intitled, "A Memoir on the discovery of certain Bones of a Quadrumed, of the clawed kind in the Western parts of Virginia: by Thomas Jefferson, Esquire."

It will tend to throw some light upon this essay, and explain the exultation, which Mr. Jefferson, in the whole course of it, discovers, on account of its subject, if I relate an anecdote, which was told to me during my residence, in the spring of 1795, near the place of that great man's nativity, and which was universally circulated in that neighbourhood. It was said that Mr. Jefferson's mother, when she was big with our philosopher, dreamed, that she was brought to bed of "a femur," and "an ulna," crossed after the manner of those bones, on tombstones. The good lady was greatly disturbed at this vision, and could have no rest, until she had consulted all the fortune-tellers, in that part of the country, upon its prognostic. Their predictions, however, were little satisfactory. For, notwithstanding all agreed that the child, with which she was pregnant, would, some how or other, have a singular affinity with bones, each had a different opinion, as to the mode, in which this connexion would take place. It was said, by the first to whom she applied, that he would be a great conqueror, and, like Alexander or Caesar, raise a great monument to his glory, *by the bones of those he had slain in battle*. But, as there was no death's head in the vision, this soon yielded to milder interpretations. The next person, of whom she inquired, answered, that he would be either a great surgeon, or a great farrier; but which, it was beyond his art to divine. A third thought it was pretty plain he would be a sexton. And a fourth had no doubt at all that he would be an excellent hangman; one of whose perquisites is, usually, the skeleton of the convict. I could not, however, learn, that during infancy or childhood, he gave any signs of an extraordinary genius, in the direction which the dream seemed to indicate. It is true, when a boy, he was very fond of picking bones; but, whether it was from an appetite for the integuments, or a desire to view the periosteum, Mr. Jefferson himself assured me he was never able to determine. He was a youth of a very quiet and peaceable demeanour, shunning turbulent "arenas," and amusing himself, a thing not uncommon with boys, at his age, with collecting the skeletons of such animals, as came in his way. There was nothing, however, so remarkable, in this conduct, as to render a vision necessary to be a precursor of his eminence. It is true, he had, before he arrived at manhood, preserved, in a state, nearly perfect, the skeletons of a mouse, (mus Americanus) two kittens, (felis domesticus) and a bull-frog, (rana ocellata). He had, besides, the cranium of a monkey, the vertebrae of a boar, and the os sacrum and os coccygis of a goat. In addition to which, his ornithological collections were extensive. I recollect well that his art of putting together geese, and making them move at his election, was much celebrated. Having also, by means of his intimacy with the cook, the reversion of the poultry, which was eaten in the family, he had a rare exhibition of chicken's skeletons; all perfect, except in one particular, and in this, all were deficient. A circumstance, very extraordinary, and worthy of record, as it displays, in a strong point of view, the prevailing instincts of this great man. For notwithstanding his love of science, and his anxiety for a perfect chicken skeleton, he never could bring himself to look at the drum-stick; his natural antipathy to the instrument, whose name it bears, and his terrors at that "bloody arena," in which it is so principal an agent, was so great, that he always fell into convulsions, at the

sight, which all his philosophy could not conquer. Doubtless, this antipathy and this instinct are, also, the sources of those two prudential maxims, which have been the pole-stars of his life, and which he has thus beautifully expressed; "Never break my bones on any account;" and, "It is the first inquiry of a wise man, how to save his bones."

I thought it proper to state these circumstances, inasmuch as they tend to justify Mr. Jefferson's own interpretation of his mother's vision, when he came at full age; and which was, that he was destined to be—A GREAT OSTEOLOGIST. In consequence of which he set up, after having served a due apprenticeship, the trade of a philosopher, and at the same time that he was willing to be thought attentive to the other branches of the business, he really bent his whole mind to the department of bones. At first he had no other stock to trade upon, but what was common to the whole company of philosophers: but, by the discovery, and appropriation to his exclusive use, of these bones of the Green Briar-cave, he acquired a stock of his own, by an industrious application of which alone, he has been enabled, under the smiles of the Philosophical Society, to rise to be one of the first dignitaries of American literature. On this account, Mr. Jefferson considers, and justly, that the dream of his mother, and the predictions of the fortune-tellers have been fulfilled. "LITERALLY" says he, "I HAVE MADE MY FORTUNE BY BONES." It is no wonder, therefore, that this essay upon these Green Briar bones, is held by Mr. Jefferson's admirers, and by himself, in high esteem. Certainly it forms the most solid basis of his literary fame: some of the merits of which I shall now attempt to discuss.

As it is impossible to insert this exquisite criticism, on account of its length, in the present, I defer it, with great regret, until the succeeding number, when I dare promise the public abundant delight and instruction.

BIOGRAPHY. THE LIFE OF MICKLE.

[Continued.]

On the following character of Mickle, given by the writer of the account of his life in the "European Magazine," the editor of these poems observes, "that having known him intimately, and known him long, he thinks it strictly just."

"To those who are unacquainted with Mr. Mickle's writings, we need not point out the beauty, the strength, or the variety of his versification, the harmony of his numbers, and the vigour of his imagination. These are so apparent, that we risk nothing in declaring our opinion, that they must sooner or later force themselves into the notice of those who at present are strangers to them. Leaving his literary character, therefore, to find its own value, we shall confine ourselves to speak of him as a member of society. He was in every point of view a man of the utmost integrity, warm in his friendship, and indignant only against vice, irreligion, or meanness. The compliment paid by Lord Lyttleton to Thomson, might be applied to him with the strictest truth; not a line is to be found in his works, which, dying, he would wish to blot. During the greatest part of his life, he endured the pressures of a narrow fortune without repining, never relaxing his industry to acquire by honest exertion that independence which at length he enjoyed. He did not shine in conversation, nor would any person from his appearance have been able to form a favourable judgment of his talents. In every situation in which fortune placed him, he displayed an independent spirit, undebaased by any meanness, and when his pecuniary circumstances made him on one occasion feel a disappointment with some force, he even then seemed more ashamed at his want of discernment of character, than concerned for his loss. He seemed to entertain with reluctance an op-

nion, that high birth could be united with a sordid mind. He had, however, the satisfaction of reflecting, that no extravagant panegyric had disgraced his pen. Contempt certainly came to his aid, though not soon; he wished to forget his credulity, and never after conversed on the subject by choice. To conclude, his foibles were but few, and those inoffensive; his virtues many; and his genius very considerable. He lived without reproach, and his memory will always be cherished by those who were acquainted with him."

In this portrait of Mickle, his few imperfections are commendably thrown into shade, but his virtues are faithfully delineated, and cannot fail to impress the most advantageous idea of his character. Religion appears to have been a leading feature in his mind; but the zeal against infidelity which induced him to plan his *Cave of Deism* ought not to have rendered him insensible of the value of two such men as David Hume, and Adam Smith, so far as to circulate among his acquaintance the *Heroic Epistle* in ridicule of these ornaments of philosophy. To have threatened Garrick with a *Dunciad* if he refused to get up a very moderate tragedy, would seem inexcusable, were not the genus *irritabile vatum* almost proverbial.

The character of Mickle, as a poet, ranks very high among his countrymen. His versification is undoubtedly very vigorous and manly; but certainly not equally remarkable for correctness. It unites the freedom of Dryden with the force and harmony of Pope. The English *Lusiad* is a truly classical performance, and stands unrivalled by any productions of the kind in our language, but the English *Iliad*. His *Sir Martyn, Almada Hill, Pollio*, and *Mary Queen of Scots*, if he had written nothing else are sufficient to entitle him to a classical distinction among the poets of our nation.

Of the *Luciad* he is not only an able translator, but spirited advocate. He has very judiciously prefaced his translation with a copious and satisfactory introduction to the history of the poem, and accompanied it with notes that were necessary to give it proper elucidation. The narrative is liberal and elegant, interspersed with many sensible observations, and just political reflection. In the critical part of his notes, he merits great praise; but he has sometimes, perhaps rather stepped out of his way. The lively and ingenious, though inaccurate and ill-grounded criticisms and misrepresentations of Voltaire, respecting the *Lusiad*, have drawn from his pen such a severity of animadversion and reprehension, as seem scarcely justifiable, when occasioned by a difference chiefly affecting a point of taste. Voltaire, admits the *Lusiad* to be a work justly deserving of a distinguished rank in epic poetry, a work abounding in beauties, and exhibiting also some striking defects. It is, as he affirms, a poem without a plan; without unity; without propriety; for the machinery exhibits a monstrous combination of Christian and Pagan mythology. Vasco de Gama the hero of the poem, for instance, prays to the God of Israel in a storm, and the goddess Venus comes to his relief, "But we are told," says Voltaire, "that the machinery is allegorical; thus Mars is clearly designed to represent Jesus Christ, and Venus the Virgin Mary. All this may be true, but I own I should not have suspected it." He is not satisfied with eagerly defending the propriety of this allegorical interpretation, and with stating the obvious answer to the objection respecting the unity of the action, but he recriminates upon Voltaire, and exposes him to contempt and detestation. In his analysis of the *Lusiad*, he enters deep into the merits of the poem, and finds it possessed of all the spirit, and great com-

ponent parts of the epic. The result of his examination of the machinery, and construction of the poem, on the principles of the *Epoee*, will satisfy men of taste and elegant researches. Men of minuter studies, and sentiments left enlarged, may, indeed, cavil at what they think some deviations from the epic system; that system which scholastic formality and mechanical minds have drawn from those great archetypes, who themselves know no rule but the implicit pursuit of nature.

If we consider only the state of the Iberian poetry at and even after, the time when Camoens wrote me must look upon his *Lusiad* as a wonderful performance. He was the original poet of his country. He had not, like Tasso, a Dante to smooth his way, nor like Milton, a Spenser. Around him all was obscurity, and even an affectation of obscurity. The Spaniards looked with the highest veneration on the writings of Balthazar Gracian, and Luis de Gongora, because they were abstracted and unintelligible. Even their great poet Lopez de Vega, wrote in the same strange enigmatical style; a whimsical heterogeneous mixture of the enflure of the French, and the conceits of the Italians, interwoven with the sombrous, but fantastic ground of the Moresca. When these defects of the national poetry are considered, those of Camoens, in particular, will be thought the more excusable, and his excellences will do him the greater honour.

"Homer and Virgil" says Mickle "have been highly praised for their judgment in the choice of the subjects which interested their countrymen; and Statius has been as severely blamed for his uninteresting choice. But though the subject of Camoens be particularly interesting to his countrymen, it has also the peculiar happiness to be the poem of every trading nation. It is the epic poem of the birth of commerce. And in a particular manner the epic poem of whatever country has the controul and possession of the commerce of India. An unexhausted fertility and variety of poetical description, an unexhausted elevation of sentiment, and a constant tenor of the grand simplicity of diction complete the character of the *Lusiad* of Camoens; a poem which though it has hitherto received from the public most unmerited, and from the critics most unmerited injustice, was yet better understood by the greatest poet of Italy. Tasso never did his judgment more credit than when he dreaded Camoens as a rival, or his generosity more honour, than when he addressed his elegant sonnet, "*Vasco le cui felici, &c.*" to the hero of the *Lusiad*."

Of the extraordinary talents of his illustrious contemporary, Tasso, appears to have been perfectly sensible. Montesquieu in his "*Spirit of Laws*," has, with a degree of impartiality, by no means peculiar to his character, allowed that the *Lusiad* unites the charms of the "*Odyssey*" with the magnificence of the "*Æneid*;" he might have added, with the majestic spirit and divine energy of the "*Iliad*." The fire of the Mæonian bard glows in the eye of Camoens, while he bears upon his aspect the serene dignity of the Mantuan muse. But he not only unites the power of composition that characterize the three ancient poems; he associates their different interests. The strong unconquered passions, the martial ardour, and stormy valour of the heroes at Troy, are powerfully represented in Gama's narrative of the Lusians and their wars. His piety, his tender attachment to his country, and affection for his prince, make us feel every thing for him that we have felt for Virgil's hero; and whatever attention, curiosity or concern the,

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit—
could possibly excite in the reader all these must

be awakened in a more interesting manner by the author of the *Lusiad*. He subscribes to Voltaire's assertion, when he calls it *une nouvelle espèce d'Epoee*; but though the happiness of Camoens in the novelty of his subject must be acknowledged, yet it is certainly much in the manner and spirit of the "*Odyssey*," the conduct of which he has omitted to analyse.

MISCELLANY. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following excellent essay, written by a gentleman in England, and addressed to the Editor, will be perused with pleasure by the Johnsonians.

The Candide of Voltaire, and the Rasselas of Johnson, morally and literally compared.

"The means are different, but the end the same."

It is nearly impossible to read the *Candide* of Voltaire, and Johnson's *Rasselas*, without an involuntary comparison of their respective excellencies. The subject of each, human life, is equally important; and though they both agree as to its misery, yet the modes of treating it forms the most striking contrast in the characters and the styles of the two men, and, in a very happy manner, discriminates their turn of national thought. There is a conciseness and an elegance in the Frenchman, that is inimitable. He is here, as in all his other writings, evidently above his subject; plays with it as with a toy, and his narration everywhere sparkles with the corruptions of an active, and mercurial imagination. Humour heightened by the most cutting irony, is his predominant feature, and his caricatures ever extort the laugh of approbation. The judgment of the reader is hurried away by the variety, and rapid succession of the scenes, the novelty of the incidents, the vivacity of the diction, and the irresistible ridicule pervading the whole. The miseries of mankind claim no more of his compassion than their follies. Neither the sufferings of *Candide*, nor those of his acquaintance, once awaken the sigh of sympathy, and the vicissitudes they undergo, however extraordinary and cruel, with singular felicity, are made the source of our delight. The obstinate prejudices of Pangloss, his pertinacious adherence to his favourite maxim in spite of experience, and in the midst of the heaviest affliction and universal calamity, sharpen the shafts of ridicule which the author levels against him with happiest effect; while the wavering doubts, the unbounded generosity, and amiable simplicity of his pupil, divert, reconcile, and endear him to us to the last. In no part hardly have we leisure to feel a moral. The selfish baseness and unfeeling ingratitude of mankind, serve but to provoke our mirth, and we are prepared for the burst of humour which commonly follows the most atrocious actions. We indeed remember our own Miss Cunegund and smile at former prejudices, satisfied that there are finer castles than *Tundor Ten Tronk*, and if the want of more than two-and-seventy armorial quarterings in our escutcheons did not prevent the union of our first loves, death or some other fatality, in all probability, had done it for us. And these are among the most serious reflections that *Candide* offers to the mind, or recalls to the memory. His six de-throned kings, though true to historic fact, serve only as figurants to fill up his grand carnival masquerade, and the awful example they furnish of the instability of human grandeur and power, scarcely strike us. Even the insensible depravity of the Dutch sailor during the earthquake, drawn in true costume fails to raise our indignation and abhorrence. He too cracks his jokes amid the

* In justice to Mr. Voltaire, it ought to be observed, that the remark of the old man on the banks of Prepenis, in respect to the cultivation of his garden, deserves to be written in letters of gold.

most tremendous, and desolating scenes, the groans of the dying, and the mingled presence of the dead; and we behold a magnificent and populous city, with all its "gorgeous palaces, solemn temples, and cloud-capt towers," buried with its inhabitants without a groan. The author is always sure to please. He addresses himself constantly to the senses of his readers, and the feather of his pen tickles the brain, without correcting the heart. His actors are a kind of harlequins, who undergo such transformations on the natural, as we see them on the artificial stage, and our pleasure arises from the same cause in both;—the skill with which we are deceived; while the exquisite colouring of the scenes, and the dexterity in changing them, complete the delusion. At one time, they are wantonly butchered; at another, solemnly hanged; then they are burned, for our amusement: when lo! a new deception, and we behold them once more to be deceived again. Such are the magic powers of Voltaire's wit!

How different are our emotions in reading the Prince of Abyssinia! While our imaginations luxuriously indulge in the description of the Happy Valley, we have barely time to catch a glimpse of supposed bliss, when Rasselas steps forth and obscures it. The solemnity of the style increases with the importance of the story. Our interest in the fate of the prince never forsakes us for a moment. Our hopes soar on the artificial wings of his friend the mechanist, and when he drops, our fears rise. We behold him in the lake, lend a help to draw him ashore, and then retire with Rasselas to a temporary dejection, which soon gives way to hope for a happier event. We next follow the prince to the middle of the mountain, work with him until day-light is discovered beyond the prominence, and issuing with him to the top, our fancy, with rapture, beholds "The Nile, yet a narrow current, wandering beneath us." Our hearts, too, in unison with his, "Seem to bound like prisoners escaped, and we share in the delights of a wider horizon." With Imlac also, we recollect, with increase of sensibility, the sensations, which vibrated within us, on our first casting our eyes on the "Expanse of the mighty deep." We embark with him "On the world of waters, cast our eyes round with pleasing terror, think our souls enlarged by the boundless prospect, and imagine we could gaze for ever, but soon find ourselves grow weary with looking on barren uniformity;" and while we recognise these images, thus reflected on our memories, "We enjoy, for a moment, the powers of a poet."

The survey of mankind which follows, their various habits, professions, and employments, leave a deep impression on the mind, and the heart is always mended through the understanding. Every chapter is, indeed, a moral, and wisdom teaches in every page. The author's reasoning shines with all the splendour and force of truth; his diction glows with imagery, and is every where profuse of all the beautiful and sublime decorations of eastern style and phraseology. The whole work, moreover, may be considered, as has been justly observed, "A beautiful poem in prose," original in its construction, and abounding in the most important and penetrating observations; at once solid and refined, awful and profound; often new, and always just; and the reader, whatever may have been the vicissitudes of his own life, is taught the useful lesson—to be contented in the sphere it has pleased Providence to appoint him. Voltaire waltzes in sallies of sportiveness; commits his genius to the wings of fancy, and, regardless of probability, explores regions of imaginary nature, and paints them in the most fascinating colours. The images he chiefly presents to the mind, please

from their novelty, and the spell that gives the principal interest to his heroes, is nothing less than absurdity itself. Of men, he draws the individual, rather than the species, and manners rather than life. His characters are, however, finely drawn, highly contrasted, and artfully discriminated; and though he contents himself with a comparatively narrow observation of the different modes of human existence, yet, is the sphere of his heroes' actions expanded over the old and new world. His reflections and deductions are few, and seldom serious: *for how can we expect morality from him, who reasons only to deride.* Johnson, rejecting sprightliness, indulges in stately solemnity; takes a less excursive range: but his descriptions and characters embrace all the modifications of life and manners, from a court to a cottage; from the lucubrations of the learned, to the diurnal avocations of the peasant. The great and invariable outlines of human nature are thus filled up with all the different shades and tints of colouring that give existence to his picture, and prove the copy's faithfulness to the grand original.

His delineations and conclusions are adapted to men of letters, rather than to the unthinking and vulgar. Hence, the Frenchman has the most numerous admirers, and the Englishman the most select. The former wrote to delight only; the latter blends instruction with amusement. All can laugh with the one, but few have the philosophy to moralize with the other. Of inventive powers, as distinct from the effusions of mere fancy, in which Voltaire so much excels, Johnson must claim pre-eminence. The former having borrowed his Country of El Dorado, and means of arriving there, partly from history, and partly from the Arabian Nights Entertainments.* It is the Happy Valley, in a larger scale, and is a singular coincidence of train of thought, that both authors should have conceived the same plan to demonstrate the impossibility of contentment in this world. But Johnson's is all his own, tradition, according to Milton, having placed the Paradise which secured the progeny of the Abyssinian monarchs on mount Omara, and he himself has chosen a mount for our first parents, in his own scheme.†

How far Johnson's exceeds Voltaire's in richness and luxuriance of imagination, and justness of conception, the readers of *Rasselas* and *Candide* may determine; and they may also decide the preference between the learned, and comprehensive definition of the various qualities essential to a poet, so eloquently described by Imlac, and the keen sagacity; and fastidious delicacy, exemplified in the most noble and erudite critick, Pococurante. As to style, it would be difficult to choose where both are models in their respective ways, and alike demand equal admiration.

The performance of the one, is a personal satire on an individual,‡ as well as a general one on mankind, embellished with the most ludicrous, yet the most acute, poignant, and, sometimes, malignant sarcasms on human nature with which profligacy itself could have attired it: that of the other, an affecting, but true likeness of man's frailties, his weaknesses, and his wants, such as he really is, without the broad mirth of unfeeling humour to hide them.

The reflections, that follow are solemn and sad; and nothing but the hope which offers of perfect happiness in another world can recompense us for the misery we have seen experienced in this.

* Vide Sinbad's Sixth Voyage.

† The scholar may amuse himself by comparing the Happy Valley with the celebrated gardens of the Roman Flora, and the Grecian Alcivous; and those of the African Hesperides, and the Asiatic Horti Adonis. Milton's description yields to neither.

‡ Leibnitz.

But it should be remembered, in favour of the author of *Rasselas*, that as men would laugh rather than weep, the design of *Candide* has an accidental advantage to which genius can lay no claim. It must be, after all, confessed, that, though the Frenchman places every thing in a ridiculous point of view, the Englishman throws a sombre cast over his picture, that accords with his constitutional melancholy, and national phlegm. Yet it is somewhat remarkable, that both authors should leave the mind in a kind of suspense: *Candide* being in doubt at the last, whether all is not for the best; and *Rasselas* seeing throughout all the diversified conditions of men, happiness nowhere to be found, determines without fixing the choice of life, to return to Abyssinia. The grave and saturnine may safely solace themselves with *Candide*, while the frolic and the gay would do well to attend to the history of *Rasselas*.* B. B.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE RURAL WANDERER. NO. 19.

Facilis est ad beatam vitam via; inite modo boni auspiciis, ipsisque diis bene juvantibus. SEN.

Philosophers, in all ages, have been too fond of describing a virtuous life, as a life of labour, danger and privation. Vice has been delineated with a thousand charms, by those who have made it their profession to recommend the love of virtue; and the portrait of virtue has superabounded with gloomy and repulsive shades. Pleasure has been represented sleeping upon beds of roses, and Wisdom wandering among wilds and precipices. The system of Solomon, indeed, is more rational than those of most coetaneous or modern sages: he was decided in the opinion, that the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths, peace. This delightful doctrine is confirmed and fortified by the splendid genius of Montaigne. Virtue, says that charming writer, is not, as the schoolmen represent her, placed on the top of a steep mountain, rough and inaccessible. They who have approached her, on the contrary, find her seated on a fine, fertile, and pleasant plain, from whence she beholds all things below her: and, if we labour to find her, our way lies through shady and green roads, sweet, flourishing and pleasant, of an easy and smooth ascent, like that of the celestial arch.

'Facilis descensus Averni,' says a very eminent poet, and 'Facilis est ad beatam vitam via,' says a philosopher, of little less celebrity. Some have exhorted us to love virtue for its own sake, and others, from the consideration, that the hardships of a virtuous life will be remunerated by ultimate profit and pleasure. But, in all my wanderings, I have found but few who represent the path to its temple, as pleasant and alluring. In this respect, it may be desirable to found a new school of wise men, and moralists. Even the mind of the Colossus of modern learning was tinged with the gloomy superstition of antiquity. He describes, however, with that eccentricity of thought, peculiar to himself, the path of piety, rosy, pleasant, and melodious, in its avenue; but dusty and uneven in its high-way. His oriental Wanderer, in the commencement of his journey, listens to celestial music, is fanned by zephyrs fragrant with the essence of the primrose, and sprinkled with the dews which descend from groves of spices; but the ardour of noon induces him to decline to a more pleasant road, cool, verdant, and flowery, but leading to destruction.

* It is a curious and well known fact, that Voltaire, and Johnson were writing their histories about the same time, without either being privy to the other's design. Johnson wrote his "In seven evenings to defray his mother's funeral expenses." What time Voltaire employed to finish his is not known. Vide Boswell's Johnson.

It is time to give to Virtue what is Virtue's due, and to tell the truth, and the whole truth, to all who feel an inclination to make a pilgrimage to her temple. Montaigne's description of her situation is a correct one; and equally correct is the idea of Seneca, that the way to happiness is plain and easy. Without virtue there can be no happiness; and the innocent peasant is happier than the guilty prince. How superior was Cincinnatus, guiding the plough over his little farm of seven acres, to Caesar, enthroned, flattered, idolized. The rural dictator walked in no other paths, but those of piety and peace, except when his country was in danger; and the moment his victorious arm had scattered the foes of Rome, he returned, to study nature, on the bank of his rivulet, *splendidior viro*, and to worship his household gods, in his own humble mansion. His life was one continued scene of mingled serenity and sublimity. It was the very quintessence of terrestrial felicity. Caesar wandered in the ways of pleasure and ambition; he found them ornamented with poisonous flowers, and their brilliancy shaded with clouds of malignant gloom. When his friend at a rustic hamlet among the Alps, inquired of him whether envy and ambition inhabited that gloomy retirement, he gravely answered: "I had rather be the first man here, than the second in Rome." He would have preferred the monarchy of Malta to the dictatorship, less than perpetual, of the universe. How tasteless his pleasures! How tormenting his ambition!

STEPHEN SORROWFUL'S LAMENTATION.

[From a British paper.]

MR. EDITOR,

I am that insulated being called an Old Bachelor; a creature wearisome to myself and beloved by no one. I have spent the noon of my days in a single state, from the dread of incurring the expenses incident to a married life with a woman who had nothing; and now sorely do I repent that I had not generosity enough to overlook this consideration in favour of a charming girl that I truly loved, and who wanted nothing but fortune to recommend her. I was formerly clerk to her father, then a merchant of great respectability, but some years after greatly reduced by the unfortunate turn of affairs in the late contest between us and America. When he failed I was settled in the world, and might have saved his amiable girl from many a year of fatigue and distress into which their poverty immersed them; but with *sans froid*, for which I now detest myself, I then stood aloof, tore my thoughts from the sweet Eliza, and driving forward into the heart of the city, determined to lose myself in the recesses of counting-houses and the accumulation of money; thus voiding all the plagues and expenses of a family, for which I deemed the society of an elegant and affectionate woman by no means an equivalent. Alas! Mr. Editor, I now see how I miscalculated; how much such a partnership would have been for my advantage in the long run. I now put the mutual participation of pleasure and pain, the endearments of our children, that flattering interest which Eliza would have taken in me (for whom, by the way, nobody now cares a straw); I put all these on the credit side of the ledger, and find in the opposite page only such a portion of expenses as I have actually brought upon myself, by being drawn in to give tavern dinners, and a thousand other extravagancies that young men know not how to avoid. You will easily see, when a just account is made out, what I have gained, or rather what I have lost. Instead of the bright hearth and smiling faces of my family, instead of sitting down in the midst of beings who owe life to me, and portioning out their little meal with the delicious

sensations of a father, I take my solitary chop at a coffeehouse, and afterwards saunter to the theatre, where venal beauty spreads her net, and I am caught! Alas! here is no mind, here is no modesty to make sentiment interesting. After having seen a public entertainment with Eliza, with delight might we have passed the remainder of the evening! her taste and sensibility would have made us live the hours over again with additional pleasure; her bosom would have been my harbour in the storms of life, and there I should have found resources from *ennui* in the calm season of prosperity; in the day of sickness her voice could have whispered comfort, and, in my dying hour, the pure invocation, of my children might have availed me at the throne of grace. What a sad reckoner have I been, Mr. Editor! I am now as *gray as a badger*, and have not a single relative in the world; I have long retired from business, but my fortune brings me no enjoyment, my dog leads nearly as rational a life; I eat, and drink, and sleep, alternately, as he does, for I now fear to become the prey of some indigent dame, who would overlook my grey hairs and infirmities, in consideration of coming in for a third of my wealth, and therefore avoid much commerce with the sex, from which, though I might once have derived happiness, I can now only expect trick, or at best ridicule. But what can a man do who has let avarice run away with him in his youth, when all the social affections should have been at their out-posts to prevent it? All that remains for such a man (after the example of a culprit going to execution), is to warn the multitude how they fall into this error; to assure them that the good which is not participated is not half enjoyed; and that those who abandon a young woman from motives like mine, as they do not deserve happiness, so they never will obtain it. And moreover, Mr. Editor, if you print this, please to add, that an equal mixture of love and prudence forms the only and most delicious conserve they will have the faculty of relishing all their life long: either, taken separate, is drejudicial; one being too austere, and the other too sweet: they must be blended, to render them happily effective, and if any persons have skill enough to make up the composition after my recipe, I shall not have bemoaned myself, nor you have inserted this, in vain.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

STEPHEN SORROWFUL.

On falling into the indolence of old age prematurely.

There prevails an opinion, that, after a certain age, the mind, like the body, having arrived at its compleat size, ceases to admit of that increase which we call improvement. Many appearances seem to justify such an opinion; but I am inclined to believe, that, though the mind at a certain age, may, from several causes, shew a tendency to become stationary, yet its tendency may be counteracted by extraordinary efforts and exertion. The machine, by long operation, may have incurred the impediments of excessive friction, or some of the wheels may be nearly worn out; but a little oil judiciously applied, and a few repairs ingeniously made, may restore its motions and augment its force.

One considerable proof, that, when the mind has reached the *acmé* of its improvement, it becomes for a little while stationary, and then retrograde; is drawn from observing that the second or third production of an author is often inferior to his first, even though the first, were the produce of his juvenile age.

But is it not probable that the exertions of the author may have been remitted after having obtained the distinction which first stimulated his

earlier diligence? Success operates on the minds of many like the luxuries of Capua, on the soldiers of Hannibal, after the passage of the Alps, and the conquest at Cannæ.

When the strength of the body begins to decline, its companion seems to indulge it, with a sympathizing indolence. The road that leads to repose is smooth, flowery, and seducing; and many there are who enter it, long before repose is necessary. If they could acquire self-command enough to avoid the charms of the syrens, they might still make great advances in climbing the steep of science and virtue. But it must be allowed that greater efforts are required than the generality of mankind are disposed to make, at any time in their lives, and much less in their decline.

Yet the history of literature affords many animating examples, to prove that great works may be produced after the middle of life, Sophocles and Theophrastus composed excellent works when they were nearly a hundred years old. Our own Milton, whose *Paradise Lost* is an effort of mental activity equal to any which antiquity can boast, did not begin it, till he had arrived at that age when, in the opinion of many, the mind is receding from excellence.

Julius Caesar Scaliger, who became a prodigy of learning, did not commence the study of Greek till he was near forty. He did not even know the Greek characters till about that time; nor did he devote himself entirely to a life of letters till he was forty-seven. His days till then had been spent in an unsettled manner, chiefly in the army, with habits and dispositions unfavourable to study. But he had a mind which, like that of his namesake, the Roman conqueror, was formed to bear down all obstacles; and age, instead of abating his vigour, served but to harden and corroborate the sinews of his intellect.

It seems indeed reasonable to suppose, that works which depend on the warmth and vigour of the imagination, on pathos and sensibility of heart, would always be produced in the greatest perfection at an early period; but the examples of Sophocles and Milton, who wrote the finest poetry, the one in extreme old age, and the other at a mature age, serve to prove that theories concerning the human mind are too fallacious to be entirely relied on. The defects and failures of nature may be in great measure supplied or prevented by prudence and perseverance. But laziness and want of spirit suffer them to creep on before nature intended.

Thus is life in effect abbreviated. Early old age and early dotage are introduced by an abject dereliction of our own powers. We labour to increase our fortunes, and suffer our faculties to run to ruin without reluctance. But it is surely worth while to contend strenuously for their preservation. Of how little value are the enjoyments of life, when we come to vegetate in stupidity, in the midst of all that, should delight our senses, inform our understanding, enrich our memory, and glitter on our imagination! It is worth while to pursue every method which has a tendency to prolong our mental existence. Among these I will venture to enumerate, a constant yet moderate exercise of our abilities, a daily accumulation of new ideas, a recollection of the old, a rule over the passions, and temperance in wine and all the pleasures of the glutton and debauchee. We often accuse time and nature for decays which are caused by our own neglect. Instead of immersing ourselves in the pursuit of wealth, which we shall never enjoy, and honours, which are empty bubbles, let our desire be to preserve our faculties unimpaired to the last, and to shine, as the sun shines bright through the whole of its progress; and though with abated heat and effulgence at the close of

it, yet with a serene and venerable lustre, till it descends to the other hemisphere.

From "The Repertory".

THE CARAVANSARY.

The knowledge of the ancient languages has always been considered highly useful by those best qualified to decide; and the most distinguished writers and speakers in their own language have uniformly proved the greatest proficient in Greek and Roman literature. The superiority of this branch of education, over all others, is so generally acknowledged in England, that it is exclusively honoured with the illustrious titles of scholarship and learning. By a scholar and a man of learning, they understand one profoundly acquainted with classical literature, and critically conversant with the Greek and Latin authors.

Indeed, if it be considered, that a person will write and speak English with taste and elegance, in proportion to his classical knowledge, and that the greatest orators and authors in the language, have been formed in the school of the ancients—one would reasonably conclude, that the superiority of this knowledge would never be called in question. Classical learning alone, if he has genius, will enable a man to make a much greater figure in the world, than all the science in the universe, without it.

The object of literature, is men and manners; the object of science is material substance and external nature. The one fits us for action, the other for speculation. By the study of literature we become historians, orators, poets, and statesmen; and gain that knowledge of mankind, and those powers of language, which enable us to serve them by our eloquence, or amuse and instruct them with our literary productions. Science has little connection with life and manners, except when applied to mechanical purposes, and the mere mathematician is of all animals the dullest and most useless. Mathematicks may be useful to discipline the mind, and to form part of the superstructure of education, but if you would have the building either useful or ornamental, the ground work must be classical literature. Barrow, in his late treatise on education, justly observes, that the best classical scholars always make the best mathematicians. It is true, that they do not generally pursue the mathematics, because men of lively imagination and of an extensive range of thought, are not fond of confining themselves to the dryness of demonstration on subjects not immediately interesting.

Who are the first writers in the English language? Addison, Johnson, Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson. How were they educated, and by what means did they attain the excellence which has immortalized them? By classical literature.

Who are the first orators and statesmen now living? In England, Pitt and Fox are allowed to transcend all others, whose literature, particularly that of the latter, is chiefly classical. Mr. Fox, says the author of the Pursuits of literature, is fond of Greek, and Dr. Joseph Walton, a most competent judge, bears testimony to his profound knowledge and exquisite taste in Grecian literature.

If we ask the same question with respect to those who have distinguished themselves on the bench and at the bar, we shall receive the same answer, and find, on examination, that Hardwicke and Mansfield, Dunning and Erskine, were educated in the school of the ancients. Lord Hardwicke was one of the chief writers of the Athenian letters, a work with which the Abbé Barthelemi was so greatly pleased that he declares, in a letter to Lord Dover, that, had he been previously acquainted with it, he should not have undertaken his elegant travels of Anacharsis.

Those who depreciate ancient literature, are either ignorant declaimers, or conceited philosophers. The decline of it in France, was, probably, one cause of their revolution. Mere men of science undertook to write on political, moral, and religious topics, which can be understood and explained to advantage by men of literature only.

I shall conclude this paper with the sentiments of the great Johnson, which must have much more weight with men of sense and virtue, than the united opinion of the whole National Institute, with his Imperial majesty at their head.

"The purpose of Milton, as it seems, was to teach something more solid than the common literature of schools, by reading those authors that treat of physical subjects; such as the Georgick, and astronomical treatises of the ancients. This was a scheme of improvement which seems to have busied many literary projectors of that age. Cowley, who had more means than Milton of knowing what was wanting to the embellishments of life, formed the same plan of education in his imaginary college.

"But the truth is, that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right or wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples, which may be said to embody truth, and prove, by events, the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and Justice are virtues and excellencies of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary, our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence, that one man may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.

"Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools, that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation; and those purposes are but served by poets, orators, and historians.

"Let me not be censured for this digression as pedantic or paradoxical, for if I have Milton against me, I have Socrates on my side. It was his labour to turn philosophy from the study of nature to speculations upon life; but the innovators, whom I oppose, are turning off attention from life to nature. They seem to think, that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motions of the stars. Socrates was rather of opinion, that what we had to learn was, how to do good and avoid evil."

CRITICISM.

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

John Woodvil: a Tragedy. By Charles Lamb. To which are added, Fragments of Burton, the author of the Anatomy of Melancholy. Robinsons. London. 1802.

We have often regretted, in perusing the dramatic compositions of the ancients, that we do not possess any of those earlier specimens of the art in its state of rudeness, from which the merit of succeeding dramatists might best be determined. It is always a consolation to badness, that there is something worse; and the greater number of our tragic writers have therefore a just ground of complaint against the fraud of the stages of antiquity, which, by transmitting only their best productions, have deprived them of

the power of looking back to pieces inferior to their own. We have dramas of Eschylus, indeed; but Eschylus, 'pallae repertor honestae,' had already raised poor barefoot Tragedy on buskins, and given her a comfortable cloak to her back. Our loss would be irreparable, were it not for a fact, which, though very obvious, has been strangely overlooked;—we have still among us men of the age of Thespis, and indeed of every age, since men first ventured to compose. There is not a single century, to which we cannot find, at present, corresponding tastes and faculties of every kind: and it is surely by their own qualities, that men should be estimated and arranged, and not by the revolutions of planets, which are foreign bodies, and have no more relation to the earth which is animated, than that which was burned or buried in the earliest priests of Bacchus.

In the drama, however, though we have had innumerable specimens of the *imperfect*, which, in composition, is by much the most common species of *fast time*, we have long expected in vain a specimen so truly *perfect*, as to approach the purity of the great father of the stage; and we own, that our disappointment has been greater at this failure of genius, as in that inferior division of the art, which consists in recitation, we have often been gratified with a glimpse of the original *flautrum*. At length, however, even in composition, a mighty veteran has been born. Older than Eschylus, and with all the spirit of originality, in an age of poets, who have had before them the imitations of some thousand years, he comes forward, to establish his claim to the ancient *hircus*, and to satiate the most remote desires of the philosophic antiquary.

The tragedy of Mr. Lamb may indeed be fairly considered as supplying the first of those lost links, which connect the improvements of Eschylus with the commencement of the art. We shall not, however, insist that it be received with complete acquiescence, till we have given a short account of its fable, and afterwards compared it with those ideas of the most ancient drama, which may be inferred as best suited to the known manners of the time.

Sir Walter Woodvil, having been an active partizan of the commonwealth, is obliged to fly, at the restoration of Charles, and a price is set upon his head. He chooses, however, to remain in England, with his younger son Simon; and they spend their time chiefly in Sherwood Forest:

"Nigh which place, they have ta'en a house,
In the town of Nottingham, and pass for foreigners
Wearing the dress of Frenchmen."

His elder son, the hero of the tragedy, who, with views of ambition, had attached himself to the royal party, takes possession of his paternal estate, and abandons himself to every profligacy, with a crowd of riotous companions. In a fit of intoxication, he reveals to Lovel, one of his pretended friends, the place of his father's concealment; and Lovel, with a single companion, hastens to the forest, to seize Sir Walter; but, awed by the undaunted appearance of the father and the son, they 'both slink off;' and Sir Walter, knowing by whom the information must have been given, dies of horror at John's treachery. On learning all the consequences of the communication he had made, the wretched inebriate is seized at once with head-ach and remorse: and the drama concludes with a narrative of his mysterious feeling of the forgiveness of heaven, at an early hour, on Sunday morning, as he was kneeling in the church of S. Mary Ottery, 'on a little hassock in the family pew.' On rising, he had 'yearned to say his prayers in the church;' and flying to it, 'found the door wide open, whether

* See Johnson's life of Milton.

by negligence he knew not, or some peculiar grace to him vouchsafed, for all things felt like mystery.' The narrative is addressed to Margaret, an orphan ward of his father, who, early betrothed to John, and feeling herself slighted by him, had fled from the profligacy of his house to Sir Walter, in the forest, on whose death she returned, to comfort his repentant son. The artifice with which the poet prepares his audience, for the narrative must be admirably productive of theatrical effect. It introduces, what we believe is a novelty on the stage, a peal of church bells giving their summons to morning service.

[A noise of bells heard.]

MAR. Hark the bells, John.
JOHN. Those are the church bells of St. Mary Ottery.
MAR. I know it.
JOHN. St. Mary Ottery, my native village,
In the sweet shire of Devon;
Those are the bells. p. 100.

The exactness of John's information is of peculiar use, as Margaret, having been some time at Nottingham, may be supposed to have forgotten the name of the parish, and perhaps of the sweet shire itself; and the cautious and solemn iteration at the close, in an affair of much moment, gives an emphasis to the whole, that is almost inimitable.

Of the most ancient drama, the plot would certainly have no regular union of events, all gradually converging into one. It would be simple; in what may strictly be called fable, though apparently complicated, from the want of bearing of the few parts upon each other. Above all, it would be very turbulent, and would probably consist chiefly of the buffooneries of slaves, and the incoherent follies of intoxication. The first great actors are said to have been 'peruncti facibus ora,' a visor, admirably typical of a drunkard, and of peculiar beauty, in the eyes of a 'spectator functusque sacris, et potus, et exlex.' Accordingly, we find in Mr. Lamb's tragedy, that half of the dialogue is spoken by servants and drunkards; nor is it wonderful, since, at the period of the action, as the hero of the piece expresses it, 'now universal England getteth drunk.' On drunkenness, indeed, the whole is founded; for the only tragical incidents of the piece arise from a discovery made in the thoughtlessness of intoxication.

With the importance of gesture on the ancient stage we are well acquainted; and it is evident, that the author means a great part of his eloquence to be performed in that expressive way, as he has introduced a considerable portion of dialogue, which, in mere language, is almost insignificant. In the following passage, in which four servants are represented drinking, all the eloquence is in the cup, which has thus as fair a claim, as any of those who hold it, to be considered, as a person of the drama.

DANIEL. Here's to thee, brother Martin. (drinks.)
MARTIN. And to thee, Daniel. (drinks.)
FRANCIS. And to thee, Peter. (drinks.)
PETER. Thank you, Francis. And here's to thee. (drinks.)
MARTIN. I shall be fuddled anon. p. 4. 5

In the same scene, the characters become so very brief, that if due care be taken by the manager, to give them grave faces, they might almost pass for ministers of state, in the disguise of serving men.

FRANCIS. Well, I have my suspicions.
PETER. And so have I.
MARTIN. And I can keep a secret.
FRANCIS. (To Peter.) Warwickshire you mean. (Aside.)
PETER. Perhaps not.
FRANCIS. Nearer perhaps.
PETER. I say nothing.

The ministerial silence of Lord Burleigh is great; but even silence itself is nothing to this. Three characters are afterward introduced, that

appear but once, and say only a few words; so that, as they must have been created for some great purpose, it is evident, that a vast deal has been left to the bodily eloquence of the actors.

(Enter, at another door, three calling for Harry Freeman.)
Harry Freeman, Harry Freeman.
He is not here. Let us go look for him.
Where is Freeman?
Where is Harry?

(Exit the three, calling for Freeman.)

We may remark here, as tending to increase that confusion so happily expressive of drunkenness, the ingenuity of the artifice, by which four speeches are given to three persons, without stating to whom the fourth shall belong.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

From a correspondent in London, says the Editor of the Charleston Times we have been lately surprised with the following interesting information:

"After devoting a suitable portion of this letter to the Political state of the country, some remarks on its Literature will not prove unacceptable. You may no doubt have heard that the celebrated SOUTHEY has employed his talents for some time past in composing an Epic Poem, founded on the pretended exploits of MADOC, the Welsh Navigator, who is supposed to have discovered America several centuries before the birth of COLUMBUS.—This work has already appeared, and adds no insignificant wreath to that immortal crown of glory, which the whole literary world has unanimously decreed him. The Poem is contained in twenty four books, and is, in my opinion, infinitely superior to the same Author's *Joan of Arc*.—But what will surprise, and since you are a Student at Law, what may afford you much greater pleasure, is a publication, not many days out, under the title of,

COMMENTARIES ON THE LAWS OF ENGLAND, VRSIFIED BY EDWARD LEICOMB—FROM THE TEXT OF SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

"The motives for such an extraordinary publication will be best explained by the Translator himself, from whose preface I shall make a short extract, requesting at the same time, your confidence that no opportunity shall be lost of transmitting a copy for your perusal.

"The advantages," continues Mr. LEICOMB, after enumerating the difficulties attendant on his arduous undertaking, "must be obvious at the first sight, to the meanest capacity. The utility of verse in the communication of knowledge is really incalculable—its aid to the memory is inconceivable, in rendering the recollection of what we would wish to retain far easier than any other mode which has been yet adopted. This important truth has been incontrovertibly established by the experience and approbation of every succeeding age. Another important reason for which I was induced to undertake this work, is the preference which youthful minds generally give to poetical ornament.—After dwelling on the majestic and sublime descriptions of Homer and the Mantuan Bard, and other pleasing pursuits which precede the study of the law, the Student enters with disappointment on the dry and unentertaining doctrines of Jurisprudence, and pursues them often with disgust. I hope in some measure to obviate this serious inconvenience, by clothing in verse the Lectures of Sir William Blackstone, which is generally the first book that is put into the young Student's hands." Thus, continues Mr. L.—But I will fill the remainder of my paper with one or two quotations from this curious work.—The first book only has yet appeared; and in the second chapter is the following paragraph, which varies very little from the text:—

"Thus when the Great Unknown from nothing form'd
This universe, and out of Chaos wild
And Anarchy created matter, he
On it impress'd fixed principles and Laws,
Without whose agency 'twould cease to be,
When he imparted motion to the World,
Of motion he established certain Laws.
To which all bodies, moveable themselves,
Did erst submit. So when the artist forms
Of wondrous mechanism, the little Watch,
Whose faithful hand describes the varying hour,
So long as faithful to the laws prescrib'd,
Its operations prove, it moves compleat,
And answers every end for which 'twas form'd"

And in chapter 9, Book 1st, are the following remarks on the Statue of ELIZABETH, for Provision for the Poor:—

"Whereas, if only they whom cheerless want
And Poverty with all its woes depress—
If only they who, heirs to Misery,
Ne'er knew the comfort of a wintry garb,
Were clothed, and for their labour amply paid,
Soon Industry would smile in every cot,
And sweet Contentment on each feature beam;
The humble Peasant would no more repine,
But work with pleasure at his daily task;
No murmurs would the blithesome Swain express,
Nor e'er disquietude his rest disturb.
Well would he know, that when the band of time
Had scatter'd o'er his head the frost of age,
Or weakness had enfeebled every limb,
Then and then only, would the rich stretch forth
The fostering hand of comfort and of ease;
Or when the tender spring of Innocence and Youth
Forbad his offspring for themselves to toil,
Mild Charity would for each want provide,
And watch them with a Parent's gentle care."

SKETCH OF CHRISTOPHER ANSTET, ESQ.

The celebrated author of the Bath Guide. He is an officer in the army, and published the above excellent poem, in the year 1767. Upon its first appearance it was very generally read and admired, and has most signally survived the temporary reign so commonly the lot of similar productions. This may, however, be justly attributed to its playful and humorous satire, levelled rather at the group of whim and folly, than against individual eccentricity: and as the aggregate character experiences little variation in the course of thirty or forty years, so is it natural that it should long be recognized and admired, when delineated by the pencil of so skilful a master. Some years afterwards Mr. Anstet published "An Election Ball, in Poetical Letters from Mr. Inkle at Bath, to his Wife at Gloucester, with a Poetical Address to John Miller, Esq. at Batheaston Villa:" which, though inferior to the former poem, abounds with a considerable degree of wit and humour. He likewise published a Poetical Paraphrase upon the Thirteenth Chapter of the first Book of Corinthians: which serves to evince, his due estimation of his prominent talent in the first instance, and that he then succeeds best when he takes in hand subjects of a Lancel and ludicrous cast. He is also author of "The Priest Dissected," a Satire: "Ad. C. W. Bampfylde, Epistola Poetica Familiaris:" and the Farmer's Daughter, a Poetical Tale founded on fact, published in 1795, with the laudable view, "to set innocence on its guard, and to promote the cause of virtue." This unfortunate damsel had been seduced by a military officer, and was afterwards deserted by him: filled with anguish, shame, and remorse, not without some remains of love for the destroyer of her innocence, she left her father's house in search of her perfidious lover, and perished through fatigue and cold, in one of the inclement nights of the severe winter of 1794. To the elegant pen of this gentleman have also been attributed some beautiful verses, addressed to a friend, which appeared some time ago in the Bath Herald.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[In the Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1804, the latest which has reached America, we find the following beautiful poem. It is intitled, "Ode for his Majesty's Birth-day, June 4, 1803, written extempore by THOMAS MOORE, Esquire, Poet Laureat for Ireland, pro tempore."]

Where is now the smile that lighten'd
Every hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope that brighten'd
Honour's eye, and Pity's breast?

Have we lost the wreath we braided
For our weary warrior men?
Is the faithless olive faded?
Must we pluck the bay again?

Passing hour of sunny weather!
Lovely in your light, the while,
Peace and Glory wed together,
Wander'd through our fairy isle!

And the eyes of Peace would glisten,
Dewy as a morning sun,
When the timid maid would listen
To the deeds her chief had done.

Is the hour of dalliance over?
Must the maiden's trembling feet
Waft her from her warlike lover,
To the desert's still retreat?

Fare you well! with sighs we banish
Nymph, so fair, and guest, so bright;
Yet, the smile, with which you vanish,
Leaves behind a soothing light.

Soothing light, that long shall sparkle,
O'er yon warrior's sanguine way,
Through the field, where horrors darkle,
Shedding Hope's consoling ray.

Long the smile his heart will cherish,
To its absent idol true;
While around him myriads perish,
Glory still will sigh for you.

Sacred chain, from heaven descended,
Chain, that Britain calls her own,
Which, by FETTERS, PURS and SPLENDID,
BIND'ST A PEOPLE TO THE THRONE.

Blest, we hail the morn, that shining,
Fair and welcome from above,
To the ties so softly winning,
Adds another link of love.

Brightly may the chain be lengthen'd,
Through the lapse of future hours,
When the links, by glory strengthen'd,
Peace again shall deck with flowers!

SELECTED POETRY.

TO VESPER.

Thou, who beholdst with dewy eye,
The sleeping leaves, and folded flowers,
And hear'st the night wind lingering sigh,
Through shadowy woods, and twilight bowers;
Thou wast the signal once that seem'd to say,
Hilarious beating breast reprov'd my long delay.

I see thy emerald lustre stream,
O'er these rude cliffs, and cavern'd shore;
But here, orisons to thy beam
The woodland chauntress pours no more;
Nor I, as once, thy lamp propitious hail,
Seen indistinct through tears; confus'd, and dim,
and pale,

Soon shall thy arrowy radiance shine
On the broad ocean's restless wave,
Where this poor, cold swoln form of mine
Shall shelter in its billowy grave,
Safe from the scorn the world's sad outcasts
prove.
Unconscious of the pain of ill-requited love.

BALLAD.

In one thou'dst find variety,
Cried Dick, would'st thou on wedlock fix;
I rather should expect, cried I,
Variety in five or six,
But never was thy counsel light,
I'll do't, my friend,—so said, so done,
I'm noos'd from life, and Dick was right,
I find variety in one.

Her tongue has more variety
Than music's system can embrace;
She modulates through every key,
Squeaks treble, and growls double base.
Divisions, runs, and trills, and shakes,
Enough the noisy spheres to stun;
Thus, as harsh Discord music makes,
I find variety in one.

Her dress boasts such variety,
Such forms, materials, fashions, hues,
Each animal must plunder'd be,
From Russian bears, to cockatoos.
Now 'tis a feather, now a zone,
Now she's a gipsy, now a nun;
To change like theameleon prone;
An't this variety in one?

In wedlock's wide variety,
Thought, word, and deed, we both concur,
If she's a thunder-storm to me,
So I'm an April day to her,
Devil and angel, black and white:
Thus, as we Hymen's gauntlet run,
And kiss, and scold, and love, and fight,
Each finds variety in one.

Then cherish Love's variety,
In spite of every sneering elf,
We're Nature's children, and an't she,
In change, variety itself?
Her clouds and storms are will'd by Fate,
More bright to shew her radiant sun;
Hail, then, blest wedlock, in whose state,
Men find variety in one.

[In the "Hunter of the Alps," a very new opera, by Mr. Dimond, junr. *Bausta*, the *Boniface* of the scene, sings the following]

SONG.

I keep a snug inn by the side of the road,
Where all, who bring money, are welcome to bait;
The muleteer grins, when he spies my abode,
For I take in the traveller early and late:
An equipage stops, and I bow to the stranger,
The rules may keep fast, or must feed on the manger;
While the pride of my larder I shew to my lord,
And a delicate chicken cook up for his board:
'Tis true, that my poultry is sometimes found tough,
Yet, *six years ago*, it was tender enough.
If folks chance to cut little, they'll sleep more at ease,
And enjoy a down bed, very noted—for *fiças*!
Still from worlds old or new,
Paris, Spa, or Peru,
Born next the north pole, or hatch'd under the line,
Guests from each quarter,
The Turk and the Tartar,
The Russian, the Prussian,
Hollanders, Polanders,

Gentiles and Jews,
Here mix and confuse,
And all of them—all of them—flock to my sign—
Should a guest, in a passion, despite of my care,
Complain of ill lodging, and rail at bad fare,
I've always a salvo to keep conscience still,
And, to balance *short commons* present a *long bill*.
So, if there was nothing to eat, he should say,
He'll find, to his cost, there is plenty to *pay*.
Perhaps, for extortion, I meet with a curse,
But I pocket an oath, when I draw out a *purse*:
For though evil words often wound a good name,
Yet gold makes an excellent plaister for fame;
And when *honour lost* with *cash gain'd* I divide,
The weight of the argument rests on my side.

[From an English paper.]

SONNETS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY ROMEO, ON FIRST SEEING JULIET.

Act I. scene 4.

Ah! who is she who dazzles thus the sight,
And bids the glimmering torches burn more clear,
Whose beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear?

But, ah! her beauty seems for earth too dear,
So much her charms all living charms out-shine:
And, ah! too rich for use, how much I fear,
That beauty, such as hers, can ne'er be mine.

Yet will I duly watch her place of stand:
Sure, love before this night I never knew,
And with her touch make happy my rude hand,
For ne'er such beauty blest my wondering view.
All charms I now resign, that once were dear,
And henceforth—ever—vow my sole devotion here.

TO NIGHT, BY JULIET.

Act III. scene 2.

Thou lingering Sun, withdraw thy envious light,
And, Darkness, spread thy sable veil between;
Then shall my Romeo, shrouded by the night,
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen.

Lovers the darkling path of bliss can find,
And need not borrow from the day its aid:
Beauty supplies a light, for love is blind,
And seeks congenial shelter in the shade.

Come, gentle Night, give Romeo to these arms,
Ah! give him now, and when my love shall die,
Cut him in little stars: he'll lend thee charms,
And add such glories to the dusky sky,
That all the world, in love with Night, shall pay
No worship to the garish face of Day.

ON A PANE OF GLASS.

Wise was the man, with emblematic hand,
Who first on this transparent plate of sand,
The name of woman, Nature's fairest queen,
Display'd, engraven with the diamond keen.
Well knew he, that the glass and jewel join'd,
Were truest emblems of her face and mind:
In lovely woman, for from woman flows,
The chief, the truest blessing life bestows,
A thousand charms—a thousand faults unite:
As frail as glass, though as the diamond bright.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 47.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON. LETTER IV.

IT is asserted that FISHER AMES, as a member of the national legislature, attained greater celebrity, and was entitled to more unmingled applause, than any orator, who, since the establishment of its constitution, had graced that honourable assembly. This appears to have been derived neither from the effect of mature learning, nor individual weight of character, since he had not reached the meridian of his days, had risen the architect of his own fortune, and, until subsequent to the period of his election, was unheard of, and a stranger, beyond the dimensions of his native state. Consequently, his merit must have been uncommon, and the properties of his mind impressive and original. To no American has Fame been more kind, nor extended more far. Thence, upon my arrival in this country, my warmest prepossessions were his, and my most anxious desire to form his acquaintance. In the latter I have hitherto been disappointed.—But I have seen, and heard him—rendered interesting by the apparent decay of health, and that awakened sensibility, which engages every eye, and affects every heart. I have read his speech upon the British Treaty, and have found it good, very much beyond mediocrity, and well calculated to please, to influence, and to excite, even at will, the feelings and the understanding of his auditors; though under any circumstances, excepting those of the individual speaker, the egotisms, with which it abounds, might be considered reprehensible; but, these circumstances admitted, they become justifiable, and possibly, commendable. Certainly no specimen of American eloquence has, since the revolution, possessed equal ability to move, to charm, and to electrize. This effect is to be looked for in the speaker, rather than in the composition—A man of pleasing appearance, just reaching the meridian of his years, surrounded by personal friends, and connected by every tie, that adds a value to existence, become the patient but incurable victim of a hopeless disease, yet resisting the inevitable evil, and animated even to inspiration by the great occasion, without effort presenting himself before the assembled wisdom of his nation, richly endowed with fluency of utterance, force of expression, and pathos of manner, these increased and improved by the adventitious circumstances, under which he was situated, every female heart responding to his articulation, and even the philosophic mind unable to resist its impulse, the hissing serpent of personal envy and malevolence silent and benumbed, and the more ferocious spirit of party prejudice charmed into ecstasies, or conciliated into toleration. Fisher Ames is beloved. The pleasantness of his humour, the felicity of his wit, and the rich brilliancy of his imagination, enable him to shine as a companion,

and give to his colloquial powers an attraction, which assimilates him more, and brings him nearer, than any man of his country, to the fascination of address, the enchantment of words, and ideas, that characterise and elevate the mind and manners of Charles Fox, delighting every heart, and attaching every understanding. At the Bar, it is decidedly my opinion, Mr. Ames should seldom appear, and is never invincible; since with but little law learning, a sensibility unrestrained and inadmissible, a wit pointed and direct, but never malevolent, whose scintillations glance upon the brain, touching and kindling every sensation of the heart, but neither lighting the judgment, nor guiding the understanding, an imagination glowing, varied, and prolific, with all the gorgeous power of fancy, and all the luxury of words, to delight and to astonish—for such a man, and such a mind, to be shackled by the rules of courts, and confined to the sterility of common form, and common-place argument, would be a miracle, and is a misapplication of fitness and capacity ever to be lamented, while in the appropriate path of their original inclination, no rival influence would eclipse, no superior light diminish their brilliancy. Still, my dear S—, Mr. Ames, in his best state, lays no claim to the perfection of oratory. The voice, that vehicle of the human understanding, that attractive or repulsive attribute of mere sound, and yet of mighty sensation, under whose defects and deficiencies fine genius loses half its ascendancy, and to whose happy modulation all the sensibilities, under the direction of mind, are obedient, this faculty in Mr. Ames is not unqualified. Fluent, easy, selected, as his diction decidedly is, he has some particular tones that are rustic or local, and his accent is in a great degree provincial; difficulties which disappear under the ascendancy of his eloquence, and which, not unlike that of my friend and preceptor, leaves but little for regret, and much, (how very much!) for delight and approbation.

Mr. Ames is also considered one of the best writers of his country; the eloquence of his essays, like that of his public speaking, is fervid, feeling, highly ornamented, constructed to delight the ear of taste, and fashioned to affect the heart of sensibility, yet, probably, more calculated to astonish than to convince, or to convert. Whence his opponents confess his talents, approve his honesty, admire his wit, and are delighted with the richness of his imagination, but deny the ascendancy of his arguments, and affect to reject what they have yet found no champion sufficiently bold or able to counteract.

Is it not true, my S—, that of all the professions, which lead to the exertions of mind, that of the law gives the least chance of producing an author of extraordinary merit, on any subject detached from the theory and practice of his own calling? The technical style of its composition, the rules of court, the set habits and fixed formalities of pleading, shackling the mind, arresting the ideas, and imprisoning the free exercise of the imagination, giving constraint to all the graceful eccentricities of original genius. Hence

we find our great Erskine a poor pamphleteer and hence within the precincts of parliament—in which situation he was by his friends and admirers expected to appear omnipotent—we find his capacities sinking below the level of his least formidable antagonists. In some future letter, when I have more accurately considered the subject, I hope to analyze the cause, and consider its probable corrective or preventive. At the same time, if my leisure and means of information shall authorise the attempt, I will endeavour to take an impartial view of the existing state of literature in the United States, considering the scale of genius, the progress of improvement, the encouragement to writers, and the increase or decrease of readers of taste, and just criticism. Also the comparative powers of the different authors that have already appeared, with the aggregate of the whole, including the abstruse sciences, and *les belles lettres*. Possibly I should find it less arduous to give a correct statement of the commerce of the country, its agricultural survey, or its architectural improvements. Of these also I am not unmindful, and, provided opportunity is auspicious, you, my dear S—, shall not find me negligent.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF MICKLE.

[Concluded.]

To the character of the *Lusiad*, as given by Mickle, every reader of taste will very freely consent; and he has done himself the highest honour in making his author live in the fulness of his spirit, and in all the strength, harmony, and beauty of our heroic verse. The most delicate strain of gallantry, and the high spirit of Spanish honour, while in its unstained days, breathe throughout the *Lusiad*. Description riots, and the graces of imitative and sentimental harmony abound in every page. On the principal beauties of the poem it is unnecessary to enlarge. The death of the beautiful Inez, an episode, in the third book, is distinguished by a tenderness and sweetness of numbers. The battle of Aljubarota, in the fourth, and the sea storm in the sixth, are described in all the strength of rough nervous verse. The fiction of the apparition of the Cape of Tempests, in the fifth, in sublimity and awful grandeur of imagination, is perhaps unequalled in human composition. The description of the spectre, the awfulness of the prediction, and the horror that breathes through the whole, till the phantom is interrupted by Gama, are in the true spirit of the wild and grand terrific of an Homer or a Shakspeare. The numbers which relate the behaviour of Gama, while a prisoner in India, in the beginning of the ninth book, have a peculiar loftiness and grand simplicity; and the description of the Island of Love, in the same book, contains the most beautiful landscapes of rural painting, presented in successive scenes, in the softest and most melodious versification.

It is with concern, that the present writer is obliged to observe, that, notwithstanding the epic powers of Camoens have received their due honour in our language, by the elegant and spirited translation of Mickle, and the subject being commercial, and, therefore, seeming so peculiarly calculated for Great Britain, the English *Lusiad* has not yet attained the celebrity it merits. But the time must come, when it will be universally read, and then it must be universally admired. That its merits may be more generally known, he has recommended it to be reprinted among other poetical translations, designed as a supplement to this collection of the 'Works of the British Poets.'

His *Sir Martyn*, or the Progress of Dissipation, is the longest and most elaborate of his original poetical compositions. Among the numerous imitations of Spenser, it will not be easy to point out one that will so well bear a comparison with the original. It indicates a warm and fruitful imagination, with much taste. The design and spirit of the poem deserve great praise. After an invocation to the genius of Spenser, and the proposition of the subject, *Sir Martyn's* first attachment to his concubine, his levity, his love of pleasure and dissipation, with the influence over him which she assumes, are described. The effects of this influence are next exemplified in the different parts of his relative character,—in his domestic elegance of park, garden, and house;—in his unhappiness as a lover, a parent, a man of letters;—behaviour as a master to his tenants, as a friend and a brother;—and in his feelings in his hours of retirement, as a man of birth and a patriot. The poem closes with an allegorical catastrophe. The reasons he gives, in his preface, for having adopted the manner of Spenser, are, 'That the fulness and wantonness of description, the quaint simplicity, and, above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraseology and manner of Spenser, are so happily and peculiarly susceptible, inclined him to esteem it, not only as the best, but the only mode of composition adapted to his subject.' Though the relation between verse of Gothic structure, and the Progress of Dissipation may not generally be allowed, yet it cannot be denied, that the imitation is very successfully performed, with respect to the metre, the language, and the fiction. He has the same style of harmony, and the same spirit of enthusiasm, which distinguish the poetry of Spenser. His descriptions are equally copious and luxuriant, and are embellished with the same degree of imagery, and heightened by the same colourings of animated fancy.

His *Almada Hill*, an Epistle from Lisbon, is very properly styled 'A Supplement to the English *Lusiad*,' and well deserves to be adopted into the native language of the Portuguese Homer. He opens his epistle with a well-drawn picture of a joyless winter day in England, contrasted with the genial influence of a warmer clime! After hinting at what will probably be the cause of our political decay, he enters more immediately upon the subject of the poem, which abounds with local picturesque views by land and sea, and historical incidents, from the time of the Romans to the great earthquake in 1755. The descriptive parts are, he tells us, strictly local; and they have every appearance of being truly characteristic and appropriate. The names of Viriatus, Sertorius, Lucan, Trajan, &c. are happily introduced. After cursorily pointing out the 'mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain of old have witnessed,' he notices the change of manners that has prevailed in consequence of the subversion of the Roman empire, by the irruption of the Goths and other northern tribes; and though the causes he assigns for

that peculiar character which has since marked each of the different divisions of Europe, may not be historically true, yet the ideas he has started on this subject are at least poetical and ingenious. The *diseased chivalry* of romance is contrasted with the chivalry of *wisdom and honour*, as he styles the religious fury of crusading, which the present writer cannot agree with him in admiring. The fall of Lisbon's *naval throne*, occasions some boding thoughts on that of London. The naval glory of the Portuguese, during the time they first established themselves in Asia, and the fate of Gama, have their due place; with the massacre of the Moors at the taking of Lisbon, that of the Jews and Christians in 1505, the revolution that set the duke of Braganza on the throne, a sublime description of the earthquake, &c. The duke of Lafoens receives a high eulogium, in the conclusion, for his taste in the belles lettres, history, &c. The general poetical merit of the epistle is very considerable. The sentiments may sometimes be thought exceptionable; but the versification is spirited and harmonious; though it would have been more so, had he less frequently made one verse run into another. In attempting bold innovations in language, he has, in some instances, violated metaphorical propriety. Of the peculiar advantages of the epistolary form of composition, he has not, perhaps, availed himself so much as he might have done; excepting at the commencement of the poem, he seems in a great measure to have lost sight of the friend to whom it is addressed. He is, indeed, twice afterwards adverted to; but from the manner in which it is done it seems as much with the view to fill up the measure of the verse, as to awaken and direct the attention to any striking object. The writer of epistles, if he wishes to make them as interesting as their nature will admit, should lose no opportunity of appealing, where it can prudently be done, to the feelings and sentiments of those to whom he is supposed to be addressing himself.

His *Pollio*, an Elegiac Ode, is characterised by genuine enthusiasm, vigour of thought, and natural expression. The description of Roslin Castle has dignity and characteristic propriety. There is likewise considerable merit in the description of the retreats where he had experienced with his brother the happy amusements of young simplicity; which naturally renew his grief and complaints for his loss.

His *Elegy on Mary queen of Scots*, evinces strong powers of imagination, a brilliant fancy, and true sentimental feeling. The imagery is various and rich; the expression is at the same time beautiful and bold; and the sentiments are tender and interesting. They who think differently from him with respect to the character of Mary, must allow, that her misfortunes are lamented, and her virtues and accomplishments are commended, in numbers equally harmonious and tender.

His *Knowledge*, an Ode, is nervous and elegant, both in sentiment and expression; and though, by reason of its philosophical tenor, the descriptive part is less luxuriant, yet the colouring is not languid, nor are the descriptions inanimated.

His *Hengist and Mey*, and the Sorceress, are not inferior to the best imitations of the ancient heroic ballad. The Sorceress is conceived with much fancy. It was written at the request of a friend, who possessed Mr. Mortimer's picture of 'The Incantation,' as a story to the painting. From this picture Dixon engraved a very fine print.

His *Eskdale Braes*, he has characterised in a letter, which he sent to a friend with the song, 'The ballad, indifferent as it is, has too much

poetical expression, and is too clear of low nonsense and absurdity, ever to become popular.'

The elegant stanzas on Mr. Servinton, were built on an incident somewhat similar to that which he has made the groundwork of his *Sir Martyn*, and may be considered as a miniature picture of the consequences of dissipation. The stanzas on the neglect of Poetry are beautifully pathetic. Of his smaller pieces, the Epitaph on Mr. Mortimer is the most successful. In the Stanzas to a young lady studious of Botany, he makes the *primrose* a flower which lingers to the winter season; on the contrary, it is, as its name denotes, an early production of the Spring, and does not linger even to the approach of Summer.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The French, who appear to have early perceived a marked feature in the character of Mr. Jefferson, have recently given to the world a letter from this gentleman, addressed to 'C. Lacépède, member of the Institute.' This letter is published in the 25th number of a periodical work, printed in Paris, intitled, 'La Decade philosophique, litteraire et politique,' in the following words: "We believe we shall give pleasure to our readers in presenting them with a translation of the following letter, addressed by Mr. Jefferson, president of the United States, to C. Lacépède, member of the Institute. They will find in it, independent of some curious facts for the learned, that simplicity of tone, which one loves to discover in persons eminent by their station, and that respect for talents, the infallible sign of an elevated soul."

As it may be some gratification to the American reader to see this letter in an English dress, I here subjoin a translation of it, from the aforesaid periodical work, to which I have annexed a few remarks, to be given a place or not in your paper, as you may think proper.

Letter from Mr. Jefferson, President of the United States, to C. Lacépède, member of the French Institute.

Washington, February 24, 1803.

I have just received, by Mr. Paine, the copy, which you had the goodness to send me, of your discourse at the opening of your lectures for the ninth year. From the rapid perusal I have given it, I anticipate the pleasure I shall experience, in reading it more attentively, the first instants of leisure I have at my disposal.

I have been struck with the philosophic spirit that dictated the paragraph of your discourse, [page 10.] 'Soon will enterprising travellers visit the Mississippi and Missouri, which no European eye has yet seen.' We know, that at this very moment, we have travellers exploring the Missouri to its source, and who are also charged to discover that river, which ever it may be, which may originate the nearest to it, and empty itself into the western ocean. This excursion, through our continent will give us a general idea of its form, population, natural history, productions, soil, and climate. It is also by no means improbable that this scientific journey may procure for us some new information relative to the *Mammoth*, as well as the *Megatherium*, of which you make mention [page 6]. You have, perhaps, seen in our Philadelphia transactions, before our reading what M. Cuvier had said of it, that we had found here the remains of an enormous unknown animal, which we have named *Megalonyx*, on account of the prodigious length of its claws. It is probably the same animal, and there are signs of its ancient, and even present, ex-

* Lacépède here alludes to investigators to be sent, under Buonaparte, in consequence of the transfer of Louisiana by Spain to France. Mr. Jefferson converts this observation to his own use, by giving that foreknowledge to the Frenchman, which he would deny to *Moses and the Prophets*. The Frenchman, according to Mr. Jefferson, foresaw, before the sale of Louisiana to the United States, the expedition of secretary Lewis.

istence. The voyage, which we have undertaken, and which may be accomplished in the space of two summers, will, we hope, illuminate this fact.

I have, for a long time, been fatigued with the eternal repetition of the phrase, *man in his state of nature*, by which is meant, man in his savage and stupid state, with *his faculties not yet developed*. If such is the state of nature, the *fœtus*, in its embryo state, would be its highest term or degree, for then is discovered its least development. Surely there is nothing more contrary to nature, in the development of the faculty of perception and thinking, than in the increase of its body. You will hence perceive how greatly I have been charmed to see this false idea combatted by you, [p. 8]. 'Among all living and sensible beings, the art or skill of any species is its nature. The industry, which proceeds from this alone, and which it has not received from a different species, is the completion of its natural attributes. One would have a very imperfect idea of its essence, who should be ignorant of the extent of the development of its faculties.' The examination of the different races of men, which you propose, under this point of view, will produce a classification, which has not hitherto been sufficiently valued.

M. de Buffon has supposed that the *Moose* of America was the *Rein-Deer* of Europe; that the *Deer* of America was the *Roebuck*, and what we improperly call the *Panther*, was the *Cougar*. I procured for him the skeleton, the skin, and horns of a *Moose*, seven feet high; the horns of our *Deer*, and the skin of an animal, improperly called *Panther*. He was thoroughly convinced that he had received imperfect notions of all these animals, and promised to correct these articles, in his next publications. I believe he did not live long enough to publish another volume. Have any posthumous works of his been published, and do they contain the corrections here mentioned? I presume that the parts of animals, which I sent to him, are still in the cabinet, which has been so happily confided to your keeping.

You will have heard that a skeleton of a *Mammoth*, tolerably complete, has been carried to London by Mr. Peale, from whence he proposes to take it to Paris; thus you will have it in your power to see this colossal creature, and to compare it with the elephant.

To return to the principal object of my letter: I thank you for the friendly communication of your discourse, and the occasion which it has furnished me for turning my steps, for a moment, from the arid paths of politics, to the fruitful fields of nature. I intreat you to accept the assurances of my great consideration and my respect.

(Signed) TH. JEFFERSON.

The Paines, the Palmers, and anti-christians of the present day, will no doubt be gratified to learn that so late as the date of the above letter, (Feb. 24, 1803) its writer still adhered to the infidel philosophy which supposes different races of man. Mr. Jefferson rejoices that the labours of his correspondent, Lacépède, are to be employed in 'a new classification of the different races of men,' founded on the relative extent of their faculties. Did Mr. Jefferson reflect, that such a classification would establish the inequality of men, and thereby destroy not only one of the elements of our proclamation of independence, which declares that all men are born equal, but the authenticity of the Scriptures, which inform us, that all men are descended from Adam.

Why, it may be asked, should Mr. Jefferson be tired of the phrase, 'man in a state of nature.' The phrase is well understood, and withal very correct, when properly used. Man, before he enters into what is distinguished by the 'civilized state,' is said to be 'in a state of nature.' The phrases are thus employed in contrast with each other. There can be no doubt, but the development of the human faculties is more or less procrastinated or quickened by circumstances; such as the means of easy or difficult subsistence, climate, education, revolutions in nature, and revolutions in governments; but that the greater or less degree of development of men born and living in different countries, under totally different circumstances, shall be considered as constituting them different races of men, requires other and better reasons to support it, than any that have yet been assigned by the new philosophers.

Mr. Jefferson observes, if a state of nature is applicable to man, whose faculties are not yet de-

veloped, the embryo *fœtus* would be the highest term or grade of the state of nature; because, in that state, his faculties have received their least development. Is this reasoning, or what is it? Can any philosopher be named, modern or ancient, who ever said or thought, that man in a state of nature, had none of his faculties developed. Man, without any of his faculties developed, would lose the characteristic of man, and take his place among the beasts. It is to be wished, that our president had reserved his observations on this head, till 'the first instants of leisure he had at his disposal,' when they might have passed through (like that promised C. Lacépède's communication) a more mature digestion.

But, whilst Mr. Jefferson expresses the fatigue he experiences, on having eternally repeated the phrase, 'man in a state of nature,' has he no apprehensions, that the philosophers of Europe, who are entitled to that name, will laugh at seeing him eternally mounted upon the mammoth, and his ridiculous inquiries after his moose's skeleton, his deer's horns, and panther's skin. And is he not afraid also of the sneers of every man of common sense in the United States, when he suggests the probability of his *scientific voyagers* discovering a living *megalonix* in the territory of Louisiana? I would that he had consulted, before his putting of these things to paper, Erasmus on Folly, whether the toys and gimcracks of philosophy has ever yet made a philosopher; whether the road to the temple of Fame is that which he has actually taken; and whether the bones, horns and skins of animals, or even becatombs of the *megalonix*, brought from the wilds of Louisiana, at the expense of the *mouth of Labour*, could secure him the smallest niche in that immortal edifice.

It is to be lamented, if we connect Mr. Jefferson's character with that of the American people that the same precious littleness, we see enter into his philosophy, should also preponderate in almost every thing of a political nature, which comes from his pen. Perhaps his communications to congress ought to be left to the constitutional critics. There are, however, some curious things in his last, calculated to surprise, and which may have a tendency to prolong its existence, beyond the usual age of an ordinary message. We find in it, for example, that the interior frontier of the United States can be 'effectually' defended, by erecting some additional trading-houses, without the least support from, or necessity for, garrisons or military force; and, that the sea board and our harbour may, in like manner, and without the aid of fortresses, be defended by 'gun-boats,' which will require only to be manned by the 'seamen and militia of the place, in the moment they are wanting.' It is true, he suggests, that certain 'auxiliary means' may be subjoined, to render this last mode of defence more complete: but as he cautiously avoids using any expression, which might excite the idea, that he thereby intended fortifications, or an augmentation of the navy, it is to be presumed, that what is here meant, is something more effectual than either or both, which will be divulged in due season.

One other remark on this message. The president, on the very threshold of his communication, and in the tone of tender sympathy, expresses no little pleasure that the other nations of Europe have not been drawn into the war, raging between the two great belligerent powers; in different words, that England cannot induce other European powers to make a common cause with her. Why is this a reason for rejoicing in the United States? And wherefore does he volunteer between France and England? Was he ignorant that England alone was desirous of allies, and that allies may be essential to the esta-

blishment of the peace of Europe on a just and solid basis? Did not policy, therefore, and the rules of neutrality equally demand from him perfect silence on this subject.

I conclude, by sincerely hoping, that the dread of war which is forever escaping from our president, in season, and out of season, and his curious systems of defence, may not bring upon the United States incalculable evils; and yet, it must be for wise, though unknown purposes, that this man is permitted, by Providence, to reign over us.

AN OBSERVER.

[From a British Essayist.]

ON THE IMPRUDENCE OF URGING INCORRIGIBLE DUNCES TO A LEARNED PROFESSION.

Inque eo vel maxime probavi summum illum doctorem Alabadensem Apollonium, qui, cum mercede doceret, tamen non patiebatur eos, quos judicabat non posse oratores evadere, operam apud sese perdere, et ad quam evadere artem putabat esse aptum, ad eam impellere atque hortari solebat. Satis est enim cæteris artificibus percipiendis, tantummodo similem esse hominis, et id quod tradatur, vel etiam inculcetur, siquis forte sit tardior, posse percipere animo, et memoria custodire.

CIC. DE ORAT. lib. i. sect. 28.

Of the multitudes, who are intended for the liberal professions, and furnished with the opportunities of a liberal education, the majority appears to be endowed with only such a share of natural talents, as enables them to reach a mediocrity of excellence; and many are so little favoured by nature, as to continue, after much labour and time bestowed in vain, utterly incapable of receiving benefit from literary instruction.

The mediocrists, if I may venture to give them that name, constitute the greater part of mankind, and become very useful and respectable members of society. They are found to undergo labour with patience, and to rise, by care and perseverance, to heights of excellence, which even genius, attended with idleness, cannot attain. Their understandings are not bright and shining; but they are strong and solid: and who does not know that the pick-axe and the spade would be in no respect the better for the acuteness of the razor; and that, in ordinary work, the hammer, the beetle, and the mallet, are as necessary as the chisel?

Of the mediocrist I do not at present speak, but of the dunce; of him whom the ancients would have stigmatised with the epithet Boetian, and of whom they would have said, rather harshly, that his soul was given him only to preserve, like salt, his body from putrefaction.*

Such boys are certainly to be treated with mildness and compassion. Ridiculous as their blunders appear, they ought to be passed over with tacit connivance, or the gentlest reproof. They can no more avoid their stupidity by any efforts of their own, than the blind and deaf can supply the defects of their senses, by their own exertion. Their happiness should be consulted by their parents, and by all humane persons who are connected with them; and they should be placed in such situations in life, as may least expose them to contempt, and enable them to act their part with the most decency. The scope of my present attempt is to contribute what can be contributed to their ease and their credit. As to their improvement in learning, he, to whom the task of instructing them is allotted, has an employment like the rolling of the rebounding stone, or the filling of the perforated vessel. Pretenders, incited by interested motives, are indeed ready to undertake it with boldness; but honest men, and

* Animum illi pecudi datum pro sale ne putresceret. CIC. DE FINIBUS.

Dr. South has made use of the idea, in a note on sect. 54. of *Liberal Education*.

men of sense, will acknowledge, what they cannot but feel, that it is impossible.

I say, it is the duty of parents to consult the honour and happiness of such boys; but whether to place them at Latin school, and to confine them there ten or twelve years, and then to send them to college seven more, in order to fix them in a pulpit for life, is to consult their honour and their happiness, is a question to be determined by actual experience and observation. It appears to me that such a plan renders them as uneasy as their dull dispositions are capable of being, and at the same time exposes them to insult and ill-usage.

I will endeavour to describe the three states of such unfortunate boys; at school, at college, and in their profession.

At school, the dunce passes the dreary hours, days, and years, from seven to seventeen, under a restraint, which, to him must have all the horrors of imprisonment; for he has no relish for those employments, no desire for that excellence, the pursuit of which might fill the tedious interval. He sits patiently under the rod and cane, at a form, making dog-ears to dirty dictionaries. He is the last in his classes, a mere dead weight, the torment of his instructors, and the laughing-stock of his livelier companions. His ears are stunned with reprimands, and his back galled with stripes. He paces along, like the mill-horse, always driven on, but never advancing. The school-room is to him a Bastille or a slave-galley. No bright idea from his books cheers his gloomy way; and if nature had not given him an incrustation of stupidity, like the shell of the oyster or the tortoise, he would be more wretched than the negroes of the West Indies, groaning under an Egyptian bondage. But if his ease is thus secured, it is not so with his honour. He is the standing butt of ridicule, the scorn and outcast of the little society.

At length he is emancipated, not in consequence of his attainments, but his age. Too tall for school, he is sent to college. There, indeed, he feels himself at liberty; and soon learns to fill up the vacancies, which dogs, horses, and guns, leave him, with ale, port, and gentle slumber. He finds no difficulty in procuring from good-natured companions the exercises which are required. He can purchase them of some poor servitor, unless his father has been slack in his remittances. So far well; but there are examinations, which must be undergone in person. Here he is miserably exposed; and, if not quite destitute of feeling, wretchedly uneasy from the fear of a disgraceful repulse. After much trouble, he goes through the ordeal, by the candour of good-natured judges, who would rather strain a point of conscience, than ruin a young man's interest and expectations; especially, as there is a good living purchased for him, that only waits for his acceptance of it. He obtains his degrees and his orders at last; but not without misery and disgrace. Rejoiced at gaining the ultimate object of his education, he mounts his hunter, and turns his back on schools, colleges, libraries, and books, the bane of his happiness, the causes of his dishonour.

He takes possession of his vicarage. He likes the house, the stables, the dog-kennel, the pasture ground, and the income; but the church and the pulpit are the great drawbacks of his felicity. He has no inclination for clerical or literary employments. He hates the sight of a book, and would as soon think of shooting his best pointer, as composing a sermon. He is strict and rigid in collecting his tithes; but when the business is done, he finds his time an intolerable burden; and knows no method of alleviating it, but in such

amusements as give offence to the serious part of his parish. He becomes a kind of gamekeeper and huntsman to all the esquires around, acts as master of the ceremonies at all the little balls, and plays so keenly at whist (for dunces often excel at cards), that most people are afraid to sit down with him.

He is not unconscious that he is acting out of character. He perceives that he is not respected as a clergyman, though courted by the lower orders, as a bon companion. He consoles himself by the consideration, that not himself, but his parents, were blameable, who placed him in a profession most repugnant to his nature and inclinations. He feels himself, as a clergyman, like a fish out of water, a dog taught to dance, or a learned pig.

Had he been fixed in a shop, or in any mode of life, where learning is not required, he might have been happy and respectable. He would have made a good brewer, grocer, draper, builder, brazier, pewterer, or plumber, though he is but a sorry divine. In his present situation, he is as unhappy as his blunt feelings will allow him to be; and as to credit and esteem, he is as little respected as the sexton of his parish.

I conclude, therefore, that parents, who bring up dunces to the church, because they are dunces, do not consult the honour and happiness of their children; but expose them to as much misery as their natures are capable of feeling, and to as much disgrace, as can easily be incurred, without the commission of a crime.

LEVITY.

MODERN MANNERS AND STYLE.

[From a British paper.]

Although it may appear presumptuous to anticipate any of the decisions of posterity, it seems not improbable, that a century hence, the present may be denominated the age of taste. Taste is a word which occurs more frequently than any other in all our printed annals; and our posterity must naturally imagine that it was a principle which in our times pervaded all animated nature and all movable art. What it is, those who come after us may be as much at a loss to define, as we are ourselves; but that it is something, and a very important something, they must conclude from every species of evidence.

It would, however, be prudent in us to afford our children's children some data by which they might form an idea of this universal principle or passion. We cannot, it is hoped, be wholly inattentive to our character in future times; it behoves us, therefore, to remove those perplexities which obscure them, and must hereafter render our conduct paradoxical. But in what manner we can do this, by what laws we shall reduce our taste to a common standard, by what means we shall limit the objects of taste, or persuade our successors that we have not forgotten the meaning of the word, are difficulties which appear insuperable. So many usurpers have arisen to dictate in all matters of taste, and to extend its boundaries over persons and things, it was never intended to control, that we despair of seeing a regular government established in place of that revolutionary tribunal, which changes its laws and regulations, at least, every moon, and leaves no room for reflection or appeal to original principles.

At this season of the year taste presides over routes, and balls, and dinners. In these, we perceive that it consists of the aggregate of crowded rooms, chalked floors, and variegated lamps. When these are described by the able historian whose province it is to record such associations, we seem to

have all which association can give us. In those splendid entertainments which formerly were denominated dinners and suppers, but which, by a fortunate coalition, are thrown into one, and called *dinner-suppers*, taste is displayed in an exhibition of articles, some of which are not intended, and some are unfit, to be eaten; and extreme taste, or that which merits and receives the eulogiums of the historians above mentioned, consists in the lateness of the hour of assembling. Hence some have supposed that taste is more particularly connected with midnight, and that the light of the sun, for some reasons not openly avowed, has of late years become particularly obnoxious to persons of true taste.

When we have once agreed to regulate our time by the principles of taste, it is but a slight transition to place our dress under the same control; but here it must be confessed we are every day departing farther and farther from any thing like a standard. A few years ago, taste prescribed that dress should not only be applied to decorate the person but to become an integral part of the human body; hence the addition of cork rumps, wax bosoms, and other articles necessary to complete the work which Nature had very unaccountably left unfinished. But taste, which sometimes enjoins superfluities, will occasionally deny its votaries common necessities; and accordingly has lately prescribed that nature, which by the former experiments was found incapable of improvement, should be publicly exposed, and those objects displayed which had been concealed for near a century before. This is now, in a great measure *true taste*, and has been attended with some very singular effects in the manufacturing world. We are assured by an eminent artist, that a dress may now be made so exceedingly fine and thin, that it may be either carried in a pocket-book, or conveyed by the two-penny post to any part of the town.

But while this taste prevails with the female habiliments, the gentlemen have a rule of taste peculiar to themselves, and which can best be described by saying, that it is the very reverse of the former.—With the ladies, it is the object to show how little will do for dress; with the gentlemen, how much they can carry without fatigue. Hence the total disuse of silk, linen, and cambric, and the substitution of broad-cloth and leather. But this too is taste, and as such has the effect of law. The lords of the creation have tailors and boot-makers for their preceptors, and jockies or coachmen for their examples. With such instruction, how can they be otherwise than deeply learned in affairs of taste?

In our amusements, we have likewise a taste appropriate to them: This in the drama is no longer the province of the author, but of the scene-painter, the scene-shifter, and the carpenter; nor would it be just to deprive the musical composer of his due share in this compound taste, for he has done wonders. By dressing the author's dialogue sometimes in a solemn suite of semibreves, and sometimes in the plain garb of minims; by sometimes helping him out with crotchets, and sometimes pricking him on with quavers and semiquavers, he has given to gross nonsense a refined taste, and has kept incapacity out of sight with astonishing ingenuity.

In books, too, there is a taste not very different from this; for as in the drama our taste depends on the painter, and carpenter, and the musician, so in books we owe it to the stationer, the printer, the engraver, and the book-binder. The stationer affords superfine wire-wove paper hot-pressed; the printer supplies types as fine as copper-plates, "with a rivulet of text flowing through a meadow of margin;" the binder makes the author pass for a man of taste, by his *elegant*

* Fundi nostri calamitas.

TERENCE.

tiss. compast. cor. Turcic. fol. deaurat. &c. or elegam. relié en Maroquin, feuil. dorées.

But while every article of life has a taste affixed to it, it cannot be concealed that some have very seriously objected to the word; and at present, if our information be not incorrect, another is substituted which is yet more unintelligible, and consequently better adapted to general purposes. This is *STYLE*. One man lives in a very genteel style, while another rode his horse last Sunday, in the park, in a very pretty style. Mrs. Siddons's style of playing *Lady Macbeth* is much admired, but not more than Mr. Hoby's style of boot-tops. Mr. Fox's style of oratory is supposed to resemble that of Demosthenes, but no comparison has yet been found for the style in which Lady——'s ball-room was chalked last Wednesday. Few men are much commended for their prudent conduct in domestic arrangements; but some of the most celebrated heroes of Bond street are celebrated for doing things in style.

So general is the application of this magical word, that the newspaper critics have had a prodigious addition to their necessary employments, and are sometimes expatiating on the style of an epic poem, and sometimes descanting on the style of a grand dinner; sometimes examining the style of a treaty, and at other times enlarging on the style of a song; sometimes displaying their architectural taste on the style of a suit of rooms, and sometimes proving the diversity of their talents in the style of a *pas des deux*; sometimes informing us that a member of parliament spoke in an animated style, and sometimes expatiating on the interesting style of a girl who appeared at the Old Bailey for stealing quart-pots; sometimes they describe the most stylish dresses at the Opera, and sometimes they repose on the style of Madame Recamier's bed, or instruct us in the style which has changed a tub into a chariot, and a coach-box into a dicky.

From these specimens it appears that style may in time accomplish the abolition of taste, and that upon the whole it may be more safe and useful, since there are a few who yet remember the old meaning of *taste*. It remains, however, to be added, that there are some affairs of high life and low life, to which neither taste nor style can be applied. There is nothing yet said to be stylish in the common disorders to which mankind are subject, such as fevers, &c. nor have we heard of any man of fashion having a fit of the gout in a good style. Nervous complaints, indeed, are in some degree connected with style, and there are taste and elegance in the hectic flush, of which we hear frequently. But, in general, pain is not very interesting, nor is there any standard of taste in agonies. As to death, it has long been voted a *bore*, and no person of *ton* will allow it to be mentioned with patience.

Nor has style been yet extended to the affairs of the nation; nobody speaks of the style of the late war (which indeed was somewhat confused) nor of the late peace. An act of parliament has yet nothing genteel or stylish about it. Nor are the courts of law under any order in this respect. We hear now and then of a barrister giving a stylish dinner, or making a stylish figure at a masquerade; but he deserves none of this praise when he addresses a jury. Our judges give no charges in a stylish manner; and although criminals are dressed in style, and "look very interesting," they are transported or hanged in the most vulgar manner imaginable. It cannot be denied, however, that some men, by an excess of attention to the fleeting style or taste of the day, have brought themselves into those situations which are extremely awkward for a gentleman, because nothing in which he is accomplished can be of the least service.

R. S.

CRITICISM.

John Woodvil: a Tragedy. By Charles Lamb. To which are added, Fragments of Burton, the author of the Anatomy of Melancholy. Robinsons. London. 1802.

(Concluded.)

If the plot and characters of 'John Woodvil' be not sufficient to establish its antiquity, its language will powerfully concur. The most ancient versification was probably very rude. That of Mr. Lamb is at least of equal rudeness, and has sometimes even a greater resemblance to the varieties of ancient measure, than to the unvarying English heroic. The servants, to preserve that due respect, which should always be paid to rank, speak in prose; but the gradation is not nicely observed, as Mr. Sandford, the steward, talks as good blank verse as his master. He thus heroically rates his inferiors;

Which of you, as I entered, spake of betraying?
Was it you, or you, or, thin face, was it you? p. 14.

Margaret, the ward, though a tender female, talks also in very becoming and resolute blank verse:

I pray you, spare me, Doctor Sandford,
And once for all believe, nothing can shake my purpose.

Nor are the sentiments less characteristic of the age, than the versification. The figures are often very bold, and have all the careless indelicacy of merely ancient manners. In a soliloquy, John thus describes the variety of his passions;

Ambition, Pleasure, Vanity, all by turns,
Shall lie in my bed, and keep me fresh and waking.

Even old Sir Walter gives the following advice to his son;

You to the court, where now your brother John
Commits a rape on Fortune. p. 47.

In page 74, after the very courteous question, 'Or stay; you keep no wench?' the last word is beautifully varied in a climax of synonymies, and, in page 77, there is a protracted simile, for which our page is much too modern.

Of the real language of feeling, there is not any which can offend the nicest antiquary. On the contrary, there is a very laudable want of it, in a situation, in which there was a great risk of error. We allude to the speech of Simon, after the sudden death of his father, which is so striking an instance of danger shunned, that it is worthy of insertion:

How is it with you, Sir Walter? Look up sir; the villains are gone. He hears me not, and this deep disgrace of treachery in his son hath touched him even to the death. O most distuned and disempowered world, where sons talk their aged fathers into their graves! Garrulous and diseased world, and still empty, rotten, and hollow talking world, where good men decay, states turn round in an endless mutability, and still for the worse, nothing is at a stay, nothing abides but vanity, chaotic vanity.—Brother, adieu!

There lies the parent stock, which gave us life,
Which I will see consign'd with tears to earth:
Leave thou the solemn funeral rites to me,
Grief and a true remorse abide with thee. p. 83.

The prediction, that he is to weep at the funeral, has a pathos truly original, though certainly rather inconsistent with the unequal division which he afterwards makes, reserving only the funeral rites to himself, and consigning all the grief to his brother, to have and to hold forever.

The passages which we have already quoted, are, we trust, sufficient to justify our opinion of the age of the present drama. We might have selected many other passages of equal antiquity. The whole is indeed almost uniformly venerable, and will be justly appreciated by all who are desirous of possessing a complete specimen of the drama in its state of pristine rudeness.

The tragedy is accompanied with two little pieces, a 'balad from the German,' which, though it have not made Schiller more pathetic, has certainly, in converting him to methodism, made him much more pious; and 'Helen,' a song in

which though we sometimes discerned the manner of that person of quality, who assisted the wits of Queen Anne's reign, we thought, till we had read the appended fragments of Burton, that it was, in every respect, an original piece, and an original of more value, from the probable rarity of any future productions, which might resemble it. It is addressed to a lady, whose love the author is supposed to have long sought in vain, and for whom, when at length compliant, he finds that his love has perished. But the most singular circumstance is, that with love surpassing that of Pygmalion, he still weeps to the picture of her whom he scorns, 'nor ever sleeps, complaining all night long to her.' Such violence of distress must be merely the continuance of an old habit; and it is perhaps only physically, because her tenderness would interfere with this habit, that he no longer feels regard for the *living* Helen. The real reason of his coolness he leaves us to guess, by putting it in the form of a query.

Can I, who loved my beloved,
But for the scorn was in her eye;
Can I be moved for my beloved,
When she returns me sigh for sigh? p. 106.

We own, that we do not discover the reason of this impossibility. That any one should love scorn merely as scorn, is inconceivable; and her sympathy is certainly no reason for the change, unless he prefer his own solitary grief to her for whom he grieves. If he had frankly owned, that she was now not so lovely as when younger, we should at least have understood his meaning; but, in that case, he would not have been enamoured, till the very moment of her melting, as the deteriorations of age must have been gradual, and not dependant on a single smile. The two lines which close the poem,

Helen, grown old, no longer cold,
Said, "You to all men I prefer." p. 107.

are most singularly placed. At the beginning, they would have been very communicative; but at the conclusion, they tell us nothing; since the fact, without the knowledge of which the preceding verses must have been unintelligible, was therefore graciously expressed before. Mr. Lamb had perhaps heard, that poems of this kind should end with a point; and wisely reflecting, that the beginning of any thing is as much a point as its end, was too good an economist of his time, to consume it, in elaborating and polishing an useless conclusion.

The extracts from a common-place book of Burton, are recommended only by their quaintness and party-coloured learning. There is one sentence, which Mr. Lamb introduced perhaps as descriptive of his own compositions.

The fruit, issue, children, of these my morning meditations, have been certain crude, impolite, incomposite, hirsute, what shall I say? verses. p. 125.

If this was really intended by him, we must add to the praise we have already given him for poetic talent, our still higher commendation of the justness of his criticism; nor is it a matter of little moment to us, that we are thus able to commend with a safe conscience, when we remember, that Mr. Lamb is that friend of Coleridge, whose verses he deems so worthy of all honour, as to fix his direst anathema on the presumptuous critics who shall venture to express their disapprobation; 'Quem si quis non amet, illum omnes Gratiae et Veneres odere.' [Edinburgh Review.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.

[Continued from page 308.]

The pleasure afforded by your journal will be much enlarged, by adorning it, occasionally, with

* Preface to the Poems of Coleridge, Lloyd, and Lamb, 2d edit.

those little fugitive pieces of merit, with which the port-folios of the curious are filled. There are verses of the duke of Nevers, of the earl Anthony, Hamilton, (born in France) which breathe, sometimes, poetic fire; at others, the smooth facility of the epistolary style. There are a thousand charming little works of Messrs Dussé, St. Aulaire, Farrand, la Faye, Fleubat, the president Hénault, and many others. Trifles of this kind, were formerly sufficient to establish the reputation of the *Voitures*, the *Sarasins*, and the *Chapelles*. Such merit was then rare. It is now more common, and contributes less to celebrity; but it does not afford less pleasure to delicate readers. Our songs are superior to those of Anacreon, and their number is astonishing. There are some in which morality and gaiety are blended, and which, if announced with art, would by no means debase a serious journal. The publication of such a song as the following, from the pen of the author of *le Double Veuve*, would tend to improve the taste without corrupting the morals.

Philis, plus avare que tendre,
Ne gagnant rien à refuser,
Un jour exigea de Lisandre
Trente moutons pour un baiser.

Le lendemain nouvelle affaire,
Pour le berger le troc fut bon,
Car il obtint de la bergère
Trente baisers pour un mouton.

Le lendemain Philis, plus tendre,
Craignant de déplaire au berger,
Fut trop heureuse de lui rendre
Trente moutons pour un baiser.

Le lendemain Philis, plus sage,
Aurait donné moutons et chien
Pour un baiser que le volage
A Lisette donné pour rien.

As new books, worthy of your examination, do not present themselves every day, these little fragments of literature will very well fill the void of your journal. If there be any works in prose or verse, which make a noise in Paris, on which opinions are divided, and which require liberal and luminous criticism, then it is that you should dare to act as a master to the public without seeming to be so; and conducting them, as it were, by the hand, point out the beauties without emphasis, and the faults without acrimony.—Thus will you render that criticism amiable in you, which, in others, is regarded with detestation and contempt.

One of my friends, examining three epistles of Rousseau, in verses of ten syllables, which some time since excited much complaint, made of the second, in which all our authors are insulted, the following examen, of which I present you a specimen, dictated by justice and moderation. The epistle which he examined commences thus:

Tout institut, tout art, toute police
Subordonnée au pouvoir du caprice,
Doit être aussi conséquemment pour tous,
Subordonnée à nos différens goûts.
Mais de ces goûts la dissemblance extrême,
A le bien prendre, est un faible problème;
Et quoi qu'on dise, on n'en saurait jamais
Compter que deux l'un bon, l'autre mauvais.
Par des talens que le travail cultive,
A ce premier pas à pas on arrive;
Et le public que sa bonté prévient,
Pour quelque temps s'y fixe et s'y maintient.
Mais éblouis enfin par l'étincelle
De quelque mode inconnue & nouvelle,
L'ennui du beau nous fait aimer le laid,
Et préférer le moindre au plus parfait, &c.

The examen follows:

This first verse, *Tout institut, tout art, toute police*, seems to have the defect, I do not say of being prosaic, for all these epistles are so; but of being prose rather too feeble, and destitute of elegance and perspicuity.

La police seems to have no connexion with the taste in question. Again, is the term *police* admissible in verse?

Conséquemment is hardly admissible in elevated prose.

The repetition of the word *subordonnée* would be vicious, even were the term elegant, and is intolerable; for this term is an expression more appropriate to business than to poetry.

La dissemblance does not seem to be the proper word. *La dissemblance des goûts* est un faible problème: I do not believe that to be French.

A le bien prendre appears to be an expression too useless and too vulgar.

Finally, it seems that a problème is neither weak, nor strong: it may be easy or difficult, and its solution may be weak, equivocal, erroneous.

Et quoiqu'on dise, on n'en saurait jamais
Compter que deux, l'un bon, l'autre mauvais.

Not only does amiable poetry with difficulty admit of this air of dilemma, and such a want of embellishment; but reason is offended to see in eight verses, that all art is subordinate to our different tastes, and that still there are but two tastes. Arriver au goût pas à pas, is also, I think, a mode of expression rather improper, even in prose.

Et le public, que sa bonté prévient.

Is it la bonté of the public? or is it la bonté of the taste?

L'ennui du beau nous fait aimer le laid.
Et préférer le moindre au plus parfait.

1. 'Le beau et le laid' are expressions appropriate to low comedy. 2. If we love 'le laid,' it is unnecessary to add that we prefer *le moins parfait*. 3. *Le moindre* is not grammatically opposed to *le plus parfait*. 4. *Le moindre* is a word which is never admissible in poetry, &c.

Thus did this critic shew, without acrimony, the imbecility of these Epistles. There were not thirty verses in all the works of Rousseau, composed in Germany, which escaped his just censure. And the better to instruct young persons, he compared this work with another of the same author, on a literary subject, nearly similar. He cited the verses of the Epistle to the Muses, an imitation of Despréaux; and this object of comparison was more persuasive than the most solid and subtle discussions.

From the exposition of all these verses of ten syllables, he took occasion to shew that verses of five feet ought never to be confounded with marotic verses. He proved that the style, which is called that of *Marot*, is admissible only in an epigram or a tale, as the figures of the *Calot* are only admissible in the grotesque. But when we deck reason in verse, when it is necessary to paint, to move the passions, to write with elegance; then this monstrous mixture of the language, which was in use two centuries ago, with that of our time, appears to be the most reprehensible abuse, which has crept into poetry. Marot spoke his language—let us speak ours. This confused medley excites as much disgust in judicious men, as the combination of Gothic with modern architecture. You will have frequent occasion to destroy this false taste. Young persons addict themselves to this style, because, unfortunately, it is easy.

It perhaps, was not without difficulty, that Despréaux elegantly said;

Faites choix d'un censeur solide et salulaire,
Que la raison conduise et le savoir éclaire,
Et dont le crayon sûr d'abord aille chercher;
L'endroit que l'on sent faible, et qu'on veut se cacher.

But if it be very difficult, is it very elegant to say?

Donc si Phoebus ses Œhecs vous adjuge,
Pour bien juger consultez tout bon juge,
Pour bien jouer, hantez les bons joueurs;
Surtout craignez le poison des loueurs;
Acostez vous de fidèles critiques.

We must not, however, condemn familiar verses in these pieces of poetry; on the contrary, they are, like the joints of the human body, or rather, like repose on a journey, necessary.

Nam sermone opus est, modo tristi, saepe jocoso,
Defendente vices modo rhetoris, atque poetæ,
Interdum urbani parentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.

Every thing should not be ornamented, but nothing ought to be disgusting. An obscure and grotesque style is not simplicity; it is affected vulgarity.

[To be continued.]

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

ANN HUNT & SMITH.

Mr. Garrow stated, that in this case he certainly had not to present persons of high or exalted situations in life, nor the case of a very young lady, who had been romantically enamoured of her lover, and considered the loss of him as the greatest of all possible evils which could happen to this mortal state: but he had to present to the Jury the case of a decent woman, keeping a small shop, who complained of a Breach of Promise of Marriage, against the Defendant, who was a man of her own rank and station in life. Although the parties were neither of them very young, yet he knew that the Learned Serjeant on the other side would not contend that a woman at the age of 35 might not fairly look forward to many years of comfort in the matrimonial state. He should prove that the Defendant courted her, and solicited her hand in marriage, to which she gave her consent. He should also prove, that in consequence of this the Defendant himself signed the authority for publishing the banns, as a necessary preliminary to the ceremony. But, however, from some cause or other best known to the Defendant himself, he thought proper to alter his opinion, and he sent a person (no better than his own errand boy) to forbid the banns publicly in the Church, having by this disgraced the Plaintiff publicly before all her neighbours, and for which, of the present action, she sought to recover a compensation from the hands of the Jury.

The first witness called to prove the plaintiff's case was one John Paterson. He begged he might not be interrupted by any questions from the Counsel, and he would state the whole affair. He knew the Defendant very well, he was a stone-cutter, and kept two shops, one at Riverhead, the other at Tunbridge. The Plaintiff, the widow Hunt, also lived at Tunbridge, where she kept a grocer's and chandler's shop. In the month of February last, Smith told him he thought he should marry again, and that he had found a woman who would suit him. The witness told him that if he was not quite provided, he also knew a woman, who, he conceived, would be the very thing for him. They then proposed to have a pint or two of beer together at Tunbridge, which they did.—The witness then observed, that he would take him to a shop where they would buy a penny worth of *sugar-candy*, and there he might see the very lady herself, of whom he had been speaking. The plaintiff accordingly went to the shop, bought a penny-worth of *shag tobacco*, instead of *sugar-candy*. He returned shortly to see the witness, and told him he had engaged to go back and drink tea with the Lady. The witness, from his ludicrous manner of telling the story,

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 48.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.

[Continued.]

MELANGES OF LITERATURE, AND LITERARY
ANECDOTES.

I comprehend under the name of *Melanges of Literature*, all the detached fragments of history, of eloquence, of morality, of criticism, and those little romances, which so often appear. We have master-pieces in all these departments. I do not ber of fine works in the belles lettres. It is true, the facility of this species of composition produces a crowd of authors; we could count four or five thousand, within the last century. But a reader acts with respect to books, as a citizen does towards men. We do not live on terms of friendship or believe that any nation can boast of so great a familiarity with all our contemporaries; we make choice of a few friends. We ought not to be more alarmed at finding a hundred and fifty thousand volumes in the king's library, than at seeing seven hundred thousand persons in Paris. Works of pure literature, in which we often find agreeable matter, afford amusement to the well-bred man; relaxation to the studious man, in the interval of his labours, and maintain, in the nation, that intellectual refinement, and that delicacy, which form its character.

Do not condemn, with severity, every thing that is inferior to la Rochefoucault or la Fayette, every thing that is not as perfect as the Conspiracy of Venice, by the abbé de St. Real, as agreeable and as original, as the Conversation of Father Canaye and the marshal Hocquincourt, composed by Charleval, and to which St. Evremont has added a sequel, less pleasant, and rather languid; in fine, every thing, that is not as natural, as delicate, as sprightly, as the voyage, although rather unequal, of Bachaumont and la Chapelle.

Non, si primores Maconius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Cæaque, et Alcæi minaces,
Stesichorique graves camenæ:

Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas; spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æolii fidibus puellæ.

In the exposition, that you shall make of those ingenious productions, sporting, as they do, with your readers, and strewing flowers, with those authors, of whom you shall speak, you will not adopt the severity of some critics, who wish every thing to be written in the style and taste of Cicero and Quintilian. They exclaim, that eloquence is enervated, that pure taste is gone, because a brilliant oration has been pronounced at an academy, which would not be proper at the bar. They wish that a tale should be written in the style of Bourdeloue. Will they never distinguish times, places, and persons? Do they desire that Jacob, in the *Paysan parvenu*, should express himself in

the manner of Pelisson or Patru? A noble, masculine eloquence, rejecting little ornaments, is suitable to all great works. A thought, too affectedly refined, would be a blemish in the discourse of the eloquent Bossuet, upon universal history. But in a light work, in a compliment, in a piece of pleasantry, all the sprightly graces, simplicity or finesse, the most trifling ornaments, find their place. Let us examine ourselves. Do we speak of business, in the style of table talk? Books are pictures of human life; some should be solid, others pleasant.

Neglect not, in citing the ingenious traits of all these books, to designate those, which have some resemblance to them among other nations, or in our ancient authors. Few thoughts are suggested, that may not be found in Seneca, in Grætan, in Montaigne, in Bacon, in the English Spectator. To compare them together, (and in this does taste consist) is to excite authors to say, if it be possible, new things; it is to encourage emulation, the mother of the arts. What a gratification to a delicate reader, to perceive, at one view, those ideas, which Horace has expressed in negligent verses, but in words so expressive; what Boileau rendered with so much correctness; what Dryden and Rochester have revived and embellished with the fire of their genius! These parallels resemble comparative anatomy, which gives us a knowledge of nature. Thus will you frequently shew, not only what an author has said, but what he might have said; for if you merely repeat his expressions, where is the utility of a journal?

Particular attention should be paid to literary anecdotes, respecting which the public ought to be informed, that every person may enjoy that which belongs to him. Tell the public, for example, the *chef-d'œuvre d'un inconnu*, or Mathanasius, is from the pen of M. de Sallengre, and of an illustrious mathematician, perfectly versed in every kind of literature, and in whom wit and erudition are blended; finally, that it is from the pen of all those persons, who were engaged, at the Hague, in conducting the Literary Journal; and that M. de St. Hyacinthe produced the song with many remarks. But if, with this piece of pleasantry, an infamous pamphlet be connected, worthy of a member of the vilest rabble, and written, undoubtedly, by one of those corrupt Frenchmen, who migrate to foreign countries, to disgrace the belles lettres and their native country, depict the horror and the ridiculousness of this monstrous assemblage.

Be always foremost to defend good authors against the attacks of obscure Zoiluses; unravel the artifice of envy; proclaim, for example, that the enemies of our illustrious Racine procured some old forgotten pieces to be reprinted, in which they inserted more than a hundred verses of this admirable poet, for the purpose of inspiring a belief that he had purloined them. I have seen one of them, entitled 'St. John the Baptist,' in which an almost entire scene of 'Berenice' was inserted. Those wretches, blinded by passion, were insensible even to the difference of style, and imagined that we might be deceived; so absurd is the fury of jealousy.

In defending good authors against ignorance and envy, which impute bad works to them, be equally attentive to prevent the attribution, to great men, of books, in themselves, perhaps good, but to which it is attempted to give celebrity, by employing illustrious names, to which they do not belong. The abbé de St. Pierre revives a bold and difficult project, he publishes it, under the name of a dauphin of France. Shew, in decorous language, that a person ought not, without the strongest proof, to attribute such a work to a prince, born to govern.

This project of pretended universal peace, attributed to Henry IV, by the secretaries of Maximilian de Sulli, who composed his memoirs, is nowhere to be found. The Memoirs of Villerot speak not of it; no trace of it appears in any work of that time. Add, to this silence the consideration of the state, in which Europe then was, and see whether so wise a prince as the great Henry, was capable of forming a project, whose execution was impossible.

If the famous book, under the title 'The Political Testament of the Cardinal de Richelieu,' be reprinted, which, I am informed, is intended, shew how doubtful it is that this minister is the author of it.

I. Because the manuscript was never seen nor known by his heirs, nor by the minister, who succeeded him.

II. Because it was printed thirty years after his death, and was not previously announced.

III. Because the editor does not even dare to mention the name of the person from whom he received the manuscript, what has become of it, in whose hands it has been deposited.

IV. Because the style is very different from that of the other works of the cardinal de Richelieu.

V. Because they give him a signature, which he did not use.

VI. Because there are many ideas and expressions in this work, unsuitable to a great minister, addressing himself to a great king. It is not probable, that so polite a man as the cardinal de Richelieu, called the maid of honour of the queen *la du Fargis*, as if he had spoken of a public woman. Is it probable that the minister of a king, who had attained his fortieth year, gave him lessons more proper for a young dauphin, who is receiving his education, than for a monarch at a mature age, on whom he was dependent?

In the first chapter, he proves that chastity is indispensable. Is a discourse of this kind proper in the mouth of a minister, who publicly kept more mistresses than his master, and who was not suspected of so much reserve with them? In the second chapter, he advances this novel proposition, that reason ought to be the rule of conduct. In another, that Spain, by giving a million a year to the Protestants, had made the Indies, which supplied this money, *tributary to hell*: an expression more worthy of a bad orator, than of a wise minister, as the cardinal was. In another, he calls the duke of Mantua 'this poor prince.' Finally, is it probable, that he would have related to the king certain *bon mots* of Bar-

true, and a hundred similar trifles, in a Political Testament?

VII. How could the author of this Political Testament make the Cardinal de Richelieu say, (in the first pages of the work) that as soon as he was called to the council, he promised the king to humble his enemies, the Hugonots, and the great men of the kingdom? Should it not have been remembered, that the Cardinal de Richelieu restored to the council by the favour of the queen-mother, was only the second in that council for more than a year, and that he was then far from having the ascendancy over the mind of the king, and far from being prime minister?

VIII. It is pretended, (in the second chapter of the first book) that during five years, the king expended, in the war, sixty millions a year, which are equal to about one hundred and twenty millions of our money, and that he did this, without ceasing to pay the ordinary expenses of government, and without the aid of extraordinary supplies. And, on the contrary, (in the ninth chapter of the second part) he says, that in time of peace, about thirty-five millions a year were saved, from which it was still necessary to make a considerable deduction. Is there not an evident contradiction in these two calculations?

IX. Is it probable that the Cardinal de Richelieu called the parliaments 'sovereign courts,' and proposed, (Chap. 9. part 2.) that the taxes shall be paid to these 'sovereign courts'?

X. Is it probable that he proposed the suppression of the excise on salt? and is not this the project, rather of an idle politician, than of a great statesman?

XI. Finally, is it not incredible, that a minister, in the midst of the most vigorous war, should have entitled a chapter, 'Succinct narration of the actions of the king, until the peace'?

These are sufficient reasons for doubting that this great minister was the author of this book. I remember to have heard it said, in my childhood, by a very well informed old man, that the 'Political Testament' was the work of the abbé Bourzeys, one of the first academicians, and a man of very slender talents. But I believe it is more easy to know whose book this is not, than to discover the true author. Observe the weakness of human nature. This book is admired, because it is considered as the work of a great man. Were it known to be the production of the Abbé Bourzeys, it would be no longer read. Thus doing justice to all the world, weighing every thing in an exact balance, exert your whole force particularly against calumny.

We have seen, in Holland and elsewhere, some of those periodical works, apparently intended for instruction, but in fact composed for the purpose of defamation; we have seen authors, whom cupidity and malignity have transformed into mercenary satirists, and who have publicly sold their scandalous productions, as Locusta sold poisons. Among those, who have thus disgraced literature and humanity, permit me to mention one, who, as a reward for the greatest service that one man can render to another, declared himself, during so many years, my most cruel enemy. He has publicly printed, distributed, and sold an infamous libel, which merited all the severity of the laws: he has been afterwards seen, with the same hand, which had written and distributed these calumnies, disavowing them with almost as much ignominy, as he had published them. 'I should consider myself dishonoured,' said he in his declaration delivered to the magistrates, 'I should consider myself dishonoured, if I had had the smallest participation in this libel, which is a barefaced calumny, written against a man, for whom I entertain the highest sentiments of esteem, &c.

Signed, L'Abbé DESFONTAINES.

To such miserable extremities is a person reduced, when he makes so detestable a use of the art of writing.

I have read in a book, which bears the title of Journal, that it is not astonishing that the Jesuits sometimes espouse the cause of the illustrious Wolf, because all the Jesuits are atheists.

Courageously denounce these execrable arts of injustice, and make the authors of these infamous productions feel, that public contempt and indignation will be eternally their portions.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF J. LANGHORNE.

[The author of the "Fables of Flora" has too many titles to the admiration of the friends of Genius, to be neglected in a miscellany, whose constant object is, to do justice to literary merit. We wish to attract attention to this writer, for another reason. He is the best translator of Plutarch's Lives, that has yet appeared. A very vulgar version, and, unfortunately for the interests of correct taste, a very common one in America, was published many years ago, under the abused name of Dryden. The genius of that poet was as little concerned in that vile translation, as the honesty of the literary jobbers, who caused the Greek to be done into English. It was wholly unworthy of the original, and a disgrace to the learning, as well as the style of the hirelings, who undertook it. They probably never had read the Greek, except in a French page, and their style was modelled after the 'Alsatia' pattern of Sir Roger L'Estrange. LANGHORNE has done justice to the injured Greek, and exhibited the strength and grace of a pure English style.]

Of the personal history of Langhorne, the present writer is sorry, that the information he has obtained, is so scanty, that he must give his Life to the world, much more briefly than his rank in literature and poetry deserves.

John Langhorne was born at Kirkby-Stephen, on "the banks of the Eden," in Westmoreland, as appears from Burn's "History of Westmoreland," vol. I. p. 549, his "Ode to the River Eden," and his "Stanzas to the Genius of Westmoreland," in the "Effusions of Friendship and Fancy," vol. I. let. 25. The year of his birth is not ascertained. His father was the Rev. Joseph Langhorne of Winston; who, dying when he was young, left him and his brother William, to the care of his mother, whose virtues he has commemorated in his Monody on her death, 1759.

Source of my life, that led my tender years,
With all a parent's pious fears,
That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my mind to grow.

The place of his education is unknown, nor does it appear from what seminary he obtained the academical honours, by which he was distinguished. His name is not to be found in the list of graduates either of Oxford or Cambridge.

From some circumstances which may be collected from his poems, he seems to have resided, between the years 1756 and 1758, near Studley, in Yorkshire. His "Elegy written among the Ruins of Pontefract Castle," is dated 1756, and his "Verses, left with the Minister of Ripendon," are dated 1758.

The first notice we find of him as an author, was in 1758, when several pieces of poetry, written by him, were inserted in "The Grand Magazine," a periodical work, published by Mr. Ralph Griffiths, the proprietor of the "Monthly Review," which continued only three years.

His first publication was "The Death of Adonis, a Pastoral Elegy, from Bion," 4to, 1759; which was followed in the same year, by "The Tears of Music, a poem to the memory of Mr. Handel, with an Ode to the River Eden," 4to.

After entering into holy orders, he became tutor to the sons of Robert Cracroft, Esquire, of Hackthorne, in Lincolnshire; and published, at Lincoln, a volume of "Poems on Several Occasions," 4to,

1760, for the benefit of a gentleman. In the preface to this volume, he says, "If any one, into whose hands this work may fall, should be dissatisfied with his purchase, let him remember that they are published for the relief of a gentleman in distress; and that he has not thrown away five shillings in the purchase of a worthless book, but contributed so much to the assistance of indigent merit. I had rather have my readers feel that pleasure, which arises from the sense of having done one virtuous deed, than all they can enjoy from the works of poetry and wit." The same year he published a "Hymn to Howe," 4to.

In 1760, he was at Clarehall, Cambridge, and wrote a poem on the accession of his present majesty, and the year following, an Ode on the Royal Nuptials, printed in the Cambridge collection of verses, and afterwards in "Solyman and Almena."

Soon after, he removed to London, engaged as a writer in the "Monthly Review," espoused the interest of Lord Bute, and became a frequent and successful publisher of various performances in prose and verse.

In 1762, he published "The Viceroy," a panegyric poem, addressed to the Earl of Halifax, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; which was followed, in the same year, by "Solyman and Almena," 12mo, an eastern tale; "Letters on Religious Retirement, Melancholy, and Enthusiasm, 8vo;" and "The Visions of Fancy, in four elegies."

In 1763, he stood forth in defence of Scotland, so rudely attacked by Churchill, in his celebrated "Prophecy of Famine," and published "Genius and Valour, a Pastoral Poem, written in honour of a Sister-kingdom," 4to. This poem is "inscribed to the Earl of Bute, as a testimony of respect from an impartial Englishman."

In the same year, he published "The Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, in several Letters to and from Select Friends," 2 vols. 12mo; "The Letters that passed between Theodosius and Constantia, after she had taken the veil, now first published from the original manuscripts," with a dedication to Warburton, 12mo; and "The Enlargement of the Mind, Epistle I. to General Crawford, written at Belvidere," near Dartford, in Kent, 4to. The second edition of the "Effusions" was published in 1766, with alterations and additions.

His connection with the "Monthly Review," and the desire he had shewn of discountenancing the prejudices of the times, and of testifying his respect for the character of Lord Bute, in his "Genius and Valour, exposed him, with Dr. Francis and Mr. Murphy, to the censure of Churchill, in the following lines of "The Candidate."

Why may not Langhorne, simple in his lay,
Effusion on Effusion pour away;
With Friendship and with Fancy trifle here,
Or sleep with Pastoral at Belvidere?
Sleep let them all with dulness on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.

In 1764, he published Sermons 2 vols. 12mo.

Having dedicated the "Letters of Theodosius and Constantia" to Warburton, he became known to that eminent prelate, by whose interest, it may be presumed, he was, in December, 1765, appointed assistant preacher at Lincoln's Inn.

The same year, he published "The Correspondence between Theodosius and Constantia, from their first acquaintance, to the departure of Theodosius," 12mo, with a poetical dedication to Coleman; "The poetical works of Mr. William Collins, with Memoirs of the Author, and Observations on his Genius and Writings," 12mo; Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit, 8vo; The Enlargement of the Mind, Epistle II. to William Langhorne, M. A." 4to.

His brother, to whom he inscribed this epistle, was himself a poet, and published "Job, a Poem," 4to, 1760, and "A poetical Paraphrase on some part of Isaiah," 4to, 1761. The habitudes of early affection seem to have been improved, by a similar-

ty. of taste and pursuits, into a friendship of uncommon ardour and sincerity.

—Thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom Nature form'd the same,
Allied more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend than brother of my heart!

In 1766, he published his "Poetical Works," in 2 vols. 12mo, with a poetical dedication to the Honourable Charles Yorke. This collection, included the pieces formerly printed separately, and The Fatal Prophecy, a Dramatic Poem, in five acts, written in 1765.

The same year, among other successful writers, he fell under the censure of Kelly, on account of some criticisms imputed to him, in the 'Monthly Review,' in the following harsh and illiberal invective in his 'Thespis, or Examination into the Merits of the principal Performers at Drury-Lane.' 4to.

Triumphant Duncce, illustrious Langhorne, rise,
And while whole worlds detest thee, and despise,
With rage uncommon, cruelly deny
Thy hapless muse ev'n privilege to die;
While Theodosius, basely torn from night,
Reeks, festers, stinks, and putrifies to sight,
And mad Constantia damns thy recreant name,
To drive with Flecknoe down the sink of Fame.
Say, with what charm, what magic art thou blest,
That grief or shame ne'er rankle in thy breast;
That ev'n mere instinct never points a way,
To fly from man, and refuge from the day?
Ne'er kindly tells thee of some pitying grave,
To snatch the blockhead, and to hide the slave?—
Oh! that like Langhorne, with a blushing face,
I bore the stroke of merited disgrace,
Like him, with some fine apathy of soul,
I stood the thunder, in its mightiest roll,
Smil'd, when the bolt indignantly was hurl'd,
Or gap'd, unconscious, on a scolding world!
Then could I view, with temper in my look,
The just damnation of a favourite book;
Could see my labours, with unaching eye,
Form the grand outwork of a glibet-pye,
Pil'd in nice order, for the suburb stalls,
Or sent in carts to Clement's at St. Paul's.
Then the sharp censure, or the biting jeer,
Had fall'n, all blunted, on my nerveless ear;
And leagu'd, perhaps, with ——— I might stand,
To save or damn, at random, through the land;
To blast each work of excellence, e'er known,
And write eternal praises of my own.

About this time he obtained or purchased the valuable rectory of Blagdon in Somersetshire, and was appointed a prebendary of Wells. He was also in the commission of the peace for the county of Somerset, and distinguished himself as an active and useful magistrate.

[To be continued.]

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

Of the other Harangues of Cicero.

[Continued from page 325.]

Perhaps, in translating this morsel, I have yielded, without perceiving it, to the pleasure of shewing you how much Cicero honoured the art of poetry. But I had another motive to undertake the translation of this discourse, and of several other choice passages in the orations of Cicero; it is because there are scarcely any authors whose works are less known by those who understand not his language. There is no translation which is generally known. Nothing of his works is generally read but his letters, which have been well enough translated by the abbe Montgault. The version of the philippics against Cataline, by the abbe D'Olivet is very indifferent, and I have not made any use of it any more than of those which Tourcil and Auger have given of Demosthenes and Eschines.

It is a pleasure to except from this condemnation, avowed by all good judges, the translation of some harangues of Cicero, forming a volume, which appeared some years ago, composed by two masters of the university of Paris, who have given proof of their modesty by taking seats among us, under the title of pupils, after having proved their talents to write and to teach, the two brothers Guérout, who are united by a taste for the same studies, as well as by natural and civic fraternity. Their work attests an equal knowledge of the two languages, and of the oratorical style, and leaves nothing to be desired except the continuation of a labour, which will always be an honourable and precious merit with all the lovers of letters and antiquity. For myself, desiring to make known by examples the eloquence of the two greatest orators of Rome and Athens, I chose not to depend on any thing, but which the reading of them inspired, and my zeal was not arrested by the difficulty of making speak in our language, writers so superior, and particularly Cicero, whose singular elegance and inexpressible harmony cannot be preserved entire in any translation. Whatever may be wanting in mine, at least I shall derive from it this advantage, that you may easily perceive how very different is this manner of writing of the ancient, from that which unfortunately is at this day too much in fashion. There is nothing in all that you have heard which savours of research, of affectation, of swelling; nothing false, nothing strained, nothing perplexed. All is sound, all is clear, all is felt; all arises from a natural source, and flows to its object. There is nothing of that miserable pretension of writing to display wit, which, as Montesquieu has so well observed, is a very little thing. They always draw our attention to their object, and never to the efforts of the author. There are none of those multiplied flashes, resembling those of artificial fire-works, which, after having dazzled for a moment, leave nothing after them but darkness and smoke; they are the light of a fair day, which pleases the eye without fatiguing it, which enlightens without dazzling, and diffuses without exhausting itself.

If the talent of eloquence is a sword against crimes, it is also the buckler of innocence, and Cicero knew how to use it for both purposes, with the same power, and the same success. We have seen him prosecute villains; we must now see him defend faithful and courageous citizens. The two species of war, the offensive and the defensive, are often confounded together in the civil and political order of things, as in military science, and it is necessary to be equally prepared for both, when one has devoted his talents to the public cause. For the friend of virtue is necessarily the enemy of crimes, and he who shall believe himself able to divide two inseparable things, will deceive himself very much, and will misconceive of both. 'He, who hates not crimes sufficiently, has not enough of the love of virtue:' this is an axiom of morality; and there is another in politics, that 'there can be no treaty with the wicked, at least until they are absolutely out of a condition to do mischief,' until then their device is always the same. 'Whoever is not for us, is against us.' This is their principle, and their conduct is conformable to it. We may be sure that as soon as they believe themselves strong enough, they will spare the weak man, whom they despise, no more than the firm man, whom they dread. Weakness, moreover, which we must clearly distinguish from prudence: the one is the absence of power, and the other is only the measure of it. Weakness, we cannot too often repeat it, whether in public authority, or in a private character, is the greatest of all faults, and the most mortal of all

dangers. Voltaire has characterised it in that verse,

A tyrant, who yields to crimes, and destroys virtues.

Tyrant, here, is a just expression: for weakness, like tyranny, annihilates the natural right of man, and takes away his faculties. Cicero, who was generally very prudent, was also sometimes weak: it is so natural and so common to have the defect which lies nearest to our good qualities! Cato and Brutus committed faults by an excess of energy, and Cicero committed others by an excess of circumspection; but Cicero at least was never weak as a public man; he was only so as an individual, accordingly his faults injured only his own glory, but those of Brutus and Cato injured the public cause. I know of but one occasion where Cicero, by a moment of pusillanimity, lost the cause of a generous citizen, one of his best friends, of Milo. If he had shewn as much firmness, as in that of Sextius, he would equally have triumphed. These two causes are now to engage our attention.

One of the most beautiful pleadings of Cicero is that which he pronounced for the tribune Sextius. We may judge whether he ought to apply himself to this defence with warmth: it was in some sense his own cause that he pleaded. He gratified, at once, two very lawful sentiments, his hatred of Clodius, the most furious of all his enemies, and his gratitude towards Sextius, one of his most ardent defenders. We must recollect, that, four years after his consulate, he experienced the fate which he had foreseen. He was obliged to yield to the faction of Clodius, supported, openly enough, by Cæsar, who wished to subdue the republican liberty of Cicero, and secretly by Pompey himself, who was jealous of the reputation and influence of the orator. He took the resolution of banishing himself; and was recalled sixteen months afterwards, with so much éclat, that it may be said, that he owed to his disgrace the fairest day of his life; but it cost blood to obtain his return. Although, at that time, all the orders of the state were united in his favour, although all the powers of Rome had declared for him, the ferocious Clodius, whom nothing could intimidate, having placed himself at the head of a troop of hireling gladiators, and of a banditti, escaped from the defeat of Cataline, laid siege to the Forum, and pretended, by open force, to hinder the tribunes from convoking the assembly of the people, in which the recal of Cicero was to be proposed. Milo and Sextius, seeing that it was absolutely necessary to repel force by force, arranged themselves for defence, and presently the streets of Rome and the public places became the theatre of carnage. In one of these tumultuous encounters, Sextius was left for dead, and the brother of Cicero run a risk of his life. You may judge, from this, what species of anarchical disorder had been introduced into Rome since the wars of Marius and Sylla, and imposed, from time to time, silence on the laws. I will point out, presently, the cause, when I speak of the prosecution of Milo. But we may observe, in this place, that these bloody quarrels resembled in nothing those horrors of the first days of September, which, among so many inconceivable circumstances, offer nothing more extraordinary than their long impunity. You see that this Clodius was at least a brave villain, marching at the head of a banditti, determined like him, accustomed to the sword and to battles, who hazarded every thing in daring every thing, attacked with arms in their hands other armed men, and exposed their lives in menacing that of another. The domestic asylum was never violated; the sex, infancy, old age, were not even insulted

Clodius hired old soldiers become robbers, gladiators degenerated into assassins, but he never thought of setting in motion a battalion of women, to proclaim massacre and pillage in the name of Liberty; he had not recourse to this cowardly expedient, to the end that the repressive force, feeling for the weakness of the sex, even in those who had lost all their rights, by abjuring them, might permit disorder and revolt to increase and grow bolder, and to attempt, without danger, all that they might be able to achieve. When the laws are without power, the worst species of miscreants are not those who can brave every thing; they are those who blush at nothing. But, also, they are the most easy to repress as soon as the law reassumes its sword. Those who boast of having fatigued their arms, with slaughtering unfortunate men, without defence, will never cross the sword against the sword, and those who are capable of drinking blood, will never risk their own, or rather it is not blood which is in their veins, it is only mud. As soon as the public force designates and surrounds them, it has no occasion to strike them, and death ought not to reach them but upon the scaffold.

[To be continued.]

[From a British Essayist.]

ON THE PROPRIETY OF TRYING DUNCES IN SOME ART, UNCONNECTED WITH LETTERS.

I have introduced an instance from the clerical profession, principally, because parents, by a most perverse way of thinking, usually bring up a boy to the church, whom they consider as scarcely fit for any thing. It is also certain, that dunces, educated for law and physic, when they find themselves unsuccessful at the bar and the bedside, seek an asylum in the pulpit. From both these circumstances, it happens, that the church is complimented with those, whom the world is supposed to throw aside, as refuse. The temple is thus converted into an hospital for incurables.

Dunces at school are, however, by no means to be considered as refuse, though I must contend that they ought not to be particularly consecrated to the service of the altar. No boy, who does not shew some taste for the belles lettres, for oratory, poetry, and history, should be brought up to that, or to any of the learned and liberal professions.

But some boys, who are dull in the belles lettres, who never could read or relish the classics, have a turn for mathematics, and all the arts which depend on mechanical contrivance. A reputed dunce should be tried in these studies, before he is given up as incorrigible. I have been told of a very able man, who, when a boy, displayed no symptoms of parts, till he was tried in Euclid's Elements. They struck him with delight; he studied them with eagerness, grew fond of application, and gradually rose to high eminence as a polite artist.

Others, who make no progress in their books, have a taste for music and drawing. These, indeed, will seldom be sufficient to qualify for employments, by which life is to be supported, or a fortune acquired; but, when a dull boy in books, appears to be ingenious in these arts, he ought to be allowed to cultivate them, at least as amusements, in order to rescue himself from the imputation of a total want of ability.

It should be considered, too, before a boy, who makes little improvement in the classics, is despaired of, that the parts of different boys display themselves at different periods. Many of those, who produce fruit of the most durable kind, do not blossom till late in the season.

But yet there are some, who shew such symptoms of insuperable stupidity in learning, that after a reasonable trial, the limitations of which must be left to the parent's discretion, they ought, as their happiness is valued, to be led to other pursuits, in which activity of body is chiefly required.

I have said, that the time of trial should be determined by the parent, for few masters will venture to speak unwelcome truth to their employer, especially on a tender subject, which may affect the whole life of their pupil, and perhaps draw down his bitterest resentment upon them at a more efficient age. The office of deciding whether or not a young man shall proceed in a way of life, pointed out by prudence and by parental authority, is too important to be imposed on a common master. The compensation he usually receives is not sufficient, and the connexion is not close enough, to justify the parent in throwing the odium and the burden upon him. The parent himself, after accurate observation, and the opinion of the master, should remove the boy; but not subject him to the mortification and disgrace of being avowedly removed, because he was a dunce. Some prudential reason should be assigned to justify the change of plan, and to save the character of the boy. To punish him for the defects of his nature would be savage cruelty. And here I cannot but observe, that the practice of beating dunces, to make them scholars, is at once egregious folly, and abominable brutality.

Dunces in books often possess an animal vivacity in the affairs and intercourse of common life, which causes vulgar people, both high and low, to consider them as clever. Indeed, as the whole of their attention is devoted to the body, and to present and palpable objects, they sometimes excel greatly in all bodily exercises and accomplishments, and in every mode and degree of Chesterfieldian grace. External ceremony, dress, and address, are just level to the understanding of a dunce. The worst Latins and Grecians shine the brightest in the fencing and dancing school. And it is an astonishing circumstance, that blockheads in books, shew wonderful acuteness and memory in all the fashionable games of chance. Add to this that they are fond of the small-talk of the day; so that, with all these recommendations, they are usually received in fashionable circles, as very clever and agreeable fellows.

The army and the navy (I hope the rough compliment will be excused) are the proper spheres for those who are thus furnished with bodily activity, but, at the same time, deficient in that kind of parts, which are necessary to make a valuable proficiency in polite literature. Dunces not being troubled with any of those fine sensibilities, which form the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, have, in the room of them, a bluntness and callosity, which contribute much to animal courage. Though rejected from the schools of learning, they may shine in the boxing schools, become heroes of the fist, and obtain, by muscular exertion, patronage and popularity. They have usually a strong constitution, unimpaired by thought and sedentary employment, and may therefore bear the hardships of a marine life and a military campaign, better than the choicest spirits which nature has formed of finer clay.

Dunces are also peculiarly sensible of the value of money. It is a good, which they can feel and understand perfectly, while they are insensible to the subtle charms of intellectual beauty. They, therefore, seem to be intended by Providence for trade or manufactures. They may shine in the shop, though they disgraced the

school, and in time may deride, as they count their stores, the poverty of science and philosophy. I never heard that a man failed of arriving at the dignity of a lord mayor, through lack of clergy. Thousands would have worn regimentals, walked the quarter-deck, or stood behind the counter, with eclat, who, as divines, physicians, and lawyers, lived uneasy, unhonoured, and unsuccessful.

Agriculture is a very proper employment for boys, who shew no abilities for the cultivation of science. It is a natural and reputable occupation; and I cannot but regret, that many boys of dull parts, but of good estates, are not brought up to farming their own lands, instead of being thrust violently into schools, inns of court, and universities. Their health and their fortunes would be improved in their patrimonial fields, but in the land of learning, they plow and sow with great labour and expense, and never reap the harvest,* either of profit, honour, or internal satisfaction.

REMARKS ON THE THEATRES.

[From Goldsmith.]

Our theatres are now opened, and all Grubstreet is preparing its advice to the managers; we shall undoubtedly hear learned disquisitions on the structure of one actor's legs, and another's eyebrows. We shall be told much of enunciation, tones, and attitudes, and shall have our lightest pleasures commented upon by didactic dullness. We shall, it is feared, be told that Garrick is a fine actor, but then, as a manager, so avaricious! That Palmer is a most surprising genius, and Holland likely to do well in a particular cast of character. We shall then have them giving Shuter instructions to amuse us by rule, and deploring over the ruins of desolated majesty, at Covent-Garden. As I love to be advising too, for advice is easily given, and bears a shew of wisdom and superiority, I must be permitted to offer a few observations upon our theatres and actors, without, on this trivial occasion, throwing my thoughts into the formality of method.

There is something in the deportment of all our players, infinitely more stiff and formal than among the actors of other nations. Their action sits uneasy upon them; for as the English use very little gesture in ordinary conversation, our English-bred actors are obliged to supply stage gestures, by their imagination alone. A French comedian finds proper models of action in every company, and in every coffee house he enters. An Englishman is obliged to take his models from the stage itself; he is obliged to imitate nature from an imitation of nature. I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by travelling, than those of the theatrical profession. The inhabitants of the continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance; such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking, and are found in great abundance.

Though it would be inexcusable in a comedian to add any thing of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet as to action he is entirely at liberty. By this he may shew the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humour, and the exactness of his judgment. We scarcely see a coxcomb or a fool, in common life, that has not some peculiar oddity in his action. These peculiarities it is not in the power of words to represent, and depend solely upon the actor. They give a relish to the humour of the poet, and make the appearance of nature more illusive. The Italians, it is true, mask some characters, and endeavour to preserve the peculiar humour by the make of the mask; but I have seen others still preserve a great fund

* Meliore luto finxit præcordia.

* Littus sterili versamus aratro. Juv.

of humour in the face, without a mask; one actor particularly, by a squint which he threw into some characters of low life, assumed a look of infinite solidity. This, though upon reflection we might condemn, yet, immediately upon representation we could not avoid being pleased with. To illustrate what I have been saying, by the plays I have of late gone to see; in the *Miser*, which was played a few nights ago at Covent-Garden, Lovegold appears through the whole in circumstances of exaggerated avarice; all the player's action, therefore, should conspire with the poet's design, and represent him as an epitome of penury. The French comedian, in this character, in the midst of one of his most violent passions, while he appears in a most ungovernable rage, feels the demon of avarice still upon him, and stoops down to pick up a pin, which he quilts into the flap of his coat pocket, with great assiduity. Two candles are lighted up for his wedding; he flies, and turns one of them into the socket; it is, however, lighted up again; he then steals to it, and privately crams it into his pocket. The Mock Doctor was lately played at the other house. Here again the comedian had an opportunity of heightening the ridicule by action. The French player sits in a chair with an high back, and then begins to shew away by talking nonsense, which he would have thought Latin by those who he knows do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and in the midst of his raptures and vociferation, he and the chair fall back together. All this appears dull enough in the recital; but the gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation. In short, there is hardly a character in comedy, to which a player of any real humour might not add strokes of vivacity, that could not fail of applause. But instead of this, we too often see our fine gentlemen do nothing through a whole part, but strut and open their snuff-box; our pretty fellows sit indecently with their legs across, and our clowns pull up their breeches. These, if once or even twice repeated, might do well enough; but to see them served up in every scene, argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose.

The magnificence of our theatres is far superior to any others in Europe, where plays only are acted. The great care our performers take in painting for a part, their exactness in all the minutiae of dress, and other little scenical proprieties, have been taken notice of by Ricoboni, a gentleman of Italy, who travelled Europe, with no other design but to remark upon the stage; but there are several improprieties still continued, or lately come into fashion. As, for instance, spreading a carpet punctually at the beginning of the death-scene, in order to prevent our actors from spoiling their clothes; this immediately apprizes us of the tragedy to follow; for laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of dinner, than laying the carpet, of bloody work, at Drury-lane. Our little pages also, with unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a weeping princess, and our awkward lords in waiting, take off much from her distress. Mutes of every kind divide our attention, and lessen our sensibility; but here it is entirely ridiculous, as we see them seriously employed in doing nothing. If we must have dirty-shirted guards upon the theatres, they should be taught to keep their eyes fixed on the actors, and not to roll them round upon the audience, as if they were ogling the boxes.

Beauty methinks seems a requisite qualification in an actress. This seems scrupulously observed elsewhere, and for my part, I could wish to see it observed at home. I can never conceive a hero dying for love of a lady totally destitute of beauty. I must think the part unnatural, for I cannot bear

to hear him call that face angelic, when even paint cannot hide its wrinkles. I must condemn him of stupidity, and the person whom I can accuse for want of taste, will seldom become the object of my affections or admiration. But if this be a defect, what must be the entire perversion of scenical decorum, when, for instance, we see an actress, that might act the wapping landlady without a bolster, pining in the character of Jane Shore, and, while unwieldy with fat, endeavouring to convince the audience that she is dying with hunger.

For the future, then, I could wish that the parts of the young and beautiful were given to performers of suitable figures; for I must own, I could rather see the stage filled with agreeable objects, though they might sometimes bungle a little, than see it crowded with withered or mis-shapen figures, be their emphasis, as I think it is called, ever so proper. The first may have the awkward appearance of new-raised troops; but, in viewing the last, I cannot avoid the mortification of fancying myself placed in an hospital of invalids.

LEVITY.

The national morality implicated in Female dress.

[From a British Paper.]

While the public mind is agitated by speculations concerning peace or war, my intention is occupied by a subject of far deeper importance. The stormy cloud which now threatens us may blow over, but there is a destructive pestilence among us, which I fear it will be impossible ever to check. After the eloquent speeches of some reverend prelates in the House of Lords a year or two ago, it would surely be superfluous in me to prove the dependance of national morality upon female dress. Well, Sir, what has been the effects of all the sermons, dissertations, essays, and paragraphs that have been written against vestimentary errors and offences? Have stays been resumed? Have ten-inch tuckers become fashionable? Have petticoats been lengthened? But we have no longer any right to put these questions. Our own sex, in effeminacy, exceeds the indecency of the the other. Do we not every day even hear of Bond Street loungers blanching their hands with cosmetics, and embrowning their cheeks with walnut-juice? Is not Juvenal's descriptions of the Roman youth strictly applicable to us?

*Ille supercilium madida fuligine tinctum,
Obliqua producit acu; pingitque tremantes
Attollens oculos.*

And might not the ladies, with the spirited Laronia, reply to all our reproaches,

*De nobis post hæc tristis sententia fertur!
Dat veniam corvis: vexat censura columbas.
Non erit ullum
Exemplum in nostro tam detestabile sexu?*

The evil is certainly beyond all ordinary means of cure. The divine, the philosopher, the wit, and the physician will exert themselves in vain. Many wish to "cover the naked," but the naked will not be covered. Still we must not give ourselves up to despair. Let us make one grand effort in behalf of civilized society; and, if it should go to pieces, having a good conscience, we will remain undaunted amidst its ruins.

Sir, I propose instantly to call in the interference of the legislature. Instead of passing penal acts against crime, how much better to crush it in its birth? Why was Mons, together with all the towns in Austrian Flanders, taken so easily by the French; Because the Emperor Joseph had dismantled their fortifications.—Let its proper defences be restored to Virtue by authority of Parliament, and it will become unassailable.

But this plan, though feasible, will be attended, in its execution, with innumerable difficulties. I do not allude to the opposition the bill would meet with in the two houses, although I am a little afraid of female influence. Few M. P's obey the instructions of their constituents. I imagine there are a few who are not at liberty to shew equal contempt for the representations of their wives and daughters. Peeresses, by our constitution, have not a seat in the house of lords, yet there are probably not many, either dukes or marquesses, or earls or viscounts, or barons, who are not fully convinced that they have a voice. But, supposing the utmost unanimity to prevail in both chambers, and that our gracious sovereign would be ready to sanction any measures for the good of his female subjects, I scarcely see how it would be possible to proceed with effect. Must there be a particular act, regulating every piece of dress, with a schedule annexed? In three years the size of the statute-book would be doubled. Instead of the progress of money bills, road bills, and divorce bills, we should read in the newspapers of nothing but of the Fichu Bill being committed; the Landau Bill being reported; the Smock Bill being sent to the Lords; and of the following having gone through their respective stages: the Petticoat Lengthening Bill; the Jumps Stiffening Bill; the Two-inch Waist Elongation Bill; the Bill to prohibit the use of flesh-coloured stockings, &c. However beneficial their consequence might be, I know not if it would be altogether consistent with the dignity of Parliament to spend a week debating bills with such a preamble as this:

An. Quad. Ter. Geo. III.

A Bill, &c.

‘Whereas an evil practice hath lately grown up among divers giddy girls, to cock their bonnets, not upon the middle of their heads, as was used of old time, as is decent and seemly, but upon the side thereof; whereby it cometh to pass that one of their ears is un-covered, discovered, and laid bare, while the other lies hid, concealed, and out of sight: And whereas this sight doth greatly disturb his majesty's liege subjects of all degrees, ranks, and employments: Be it enacted, by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, that from and after, &c. &c.’

The House of Commons would not have a moment to spare for the discussion of treaties of peace, or for the impeachment of ministers. Princes may defraud, and have punishments ordained for them. But how is it possible to foresee, or to prevent, the ramifications of folly? Every rout, every ball, every packet from France, will render necessary a new bill of pains and penalties. And you are not to suppose that these are to be hurried through the House like a bill for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; a bill to strangle political discussion. Women are not thus to be deprived of their prescriptive right to arrange their ribands, and to adjust their handkerchiefs, as to them seems good. Due notice must be given to all concerned; petitions must be received; counsel must be heard; milliners, mantua-makers, and perfumers must be examined at the bar. Although the bills should be infinitely better drawn than those by Messrs. ——— and ———, and though they should be submitted to the Blue Stocking Club, instead of the twelve Judges, yet, in legislating upon such new, strange, and uncouth subjects, what ambiguities and obscurities would necessarily arise? It might be necessary to bring in seven bills, during the same session, to explain, amend, and render more effectual an act regu-

lating the form, suspension, and lawful purposes of the ridicule.

Besides, sir, the question must at once occur—supposing this code of fashionable law framed with the wisdom of a Solon, how is it to be executed? Shall the process be by indictment? Having Burn by me, I must furnish a precedent: *'Middlesex to wit.*—The jurors of our Lord the King, upon their oaths, present that ———, spinster, commonly called lady G——, not having, &c. but on the 27th day of April, in the forty-second year of, &c. &c. did at a congregation of loose and disorderly persons, named a rout, held in Portman Square, in the county aforesaid, craftily intending to steal men's hearts, and to burn their livers, then and there appear, with her, &c. &c. to the evil example of others in the like case offending, against the peace of our said Lord the now King, his crown and dignity, and against the form of the statute in such case made and provided.'

But, sir, how is it to be tried? Lord Kenyon, I am sure, would not have ventured to direct a jury upon such points! and, deeply as his worthy successor is read in statutes and reports, I scarcely think he would presume to decide upon the cut of a sleeve, or the position of a zone. The sheriff might be directed to return a jury of elegantes; but this would be making them judges in their own cause. There would be no such thing as impartiality or justice in such a tribunal, even though ancient virgins were excluded. Suppose that Lady Elizabeth C, Lady Charlotte S, the honourable Miss V, the Countess of P, and her Grace of ———, were sworn 'well and truly to try, and a true deliverance make, between our Sovereign Lord the King, and the beautiful Mrs. P.' whom they all envy and detest, can charity suppose that they would remember their oaths?

Tante celestibus iræ?

Although our researches have hitherto been so unsuccessful, I assure you, sir, that I have a plan in contemplation, free from every possible objection, and calculated to produce the most salutary consequences. This I shall fully detail to you the moment that the present preliminary article appears in the Morning Chronicle. As you are a steady supporter of morals, I cannot doubt that you will give it a place, however dull you may think it.

Yours,
MISOGYMNOSIS.

SKETCH OF JAMES BEATTIE, LL.D.

Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic, in Marischal College, Aberdeen. In 1761, Doctor Beattie published an octavo volume of original poems and translations: and, in 1766, 'the Judgment of Paris,' a poem, in quarto. The first book of his highly celebrated poem, 'The Minstrel,' was published, in quarto, in the year 1770, and about three years afterward, the second book made its appearance. The elegance and feeling which characterise this poem, written in imitation of the stanza of Spenser, have been too generally acknowledged, to stand in need of our panegyric. His beautiful song, called the Hermit: the Cave of Pope, and other poems, have also obtained him distinguished applause.

Not satisfied with wearing the poet's wreath, Dr. Beattie entered the lists with the celebrated Mr. David Hume, in an essay on the Immutability of Truth. This performance was very favourably received by the clergy; was answered by Doctor Priestly, and particularly recommended its author to the friendship and esteem of Doctor Porteus, the present Bishop of London. In 1776, he published a quarto volume of Essays on Truth, Poetry, Music, &c. and, in 1784, a

quarto volume of Dissertations Moral and Critical. His subsequent publications have been 'Evidences of the Christian Religion briefly stated,' in two small octavo volumes, which were drawn up at the particular request of Doctor Porteus: a volume on the Theory of Language: and, Elements of moral Science, in two volumes, octavo. Doctor Beattie not long ago experienced a severe calamity, in the death of his son, a young gentleman of brilliant talents and promising genius. The doctor printed some memoirs of his life, for the purpose of distributing them among his numerous acquaintance, but not with a view to general circulation.

SKETCH OF THE REV. JAMES BERESFORD,

Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. A gentleman whose talents and learning are of the highest promise and excellence. He contributed several exquisite papers to the Looker-on, a periodical publication: with the ingenious author of which he is in habits of strict intimacy: among these contributions, the humorous imitation of Boswell's life of Johnson is singularly excellent. In the year 1794, Mr. Beresford published by subscription, in one volume, quarto, 'A Translation of Virgil's Æneid,' in blank verse. Altho' this volume had the advantage of being introduced to the world under the patronage and applause of its celebrated censor, the Reverend Simon Olivebranch, the elegance of whose taste, and the excellence of whose critical sagacity, confer the greatest consequence upon his nod, it has not gone so far, as might justly have been expected, toward establishing the reputation of its author. A hasty, beggarly, criticism was passed upon it in the Monthly Review: a circumstance which we are sorry to remark concerning a work of so much general candour. The following characteristic sentences upon this translation, from the pen of Mr. Roberts, are by no means the effusions of the partiality of his friendship. 'He has adhered to the sense of his author with a remarkable scrupulosity, to which, however, he has made no sacrifice of ease or perspicuity. If you read it with an eye to the original, you are delighted with his precision: if you read it for itself, you forget it is a translation. It is a modern structure, built with Roman brick and Roman cement, and such as gave such unperishing strength to their ancient castles.' We shall only add to these remarks, that the indifferent estimation in which this laborious undertaking has been held, is by no means an honourable testimony to the general taste or critical discernment of the age in which we live. In 1796, Mr. Beresford published 'The Knights of the Swan,' or the Court of Charlemagne: an historical and moral tale, translated from the French of Madame de Genlis, in three volumes, duodecimo.

SKETCH OF JOHN BOWLES, ESQ.

Barrister at law, and an eminent political writer. He was one of the first writers, and one of those most successful, in exposing Paine's *Rights of Man*: his pamphlet, entitled A Protest against that publication, was received with uncommon applause. The society, who, at that time, met at the Crown and Anchor Tavern for the protection of liberty and property against republicans and levellers, ordered it to be printed, and sold at a very low price, for the purpose of extending its circulation among the lower classes. At the commencement of the war with France, Mr. Bowles published a spirited and ingenious pamphlet, entitled, 'The real grounds of the present war with France, considered,' which was very favourably received. He has since written 'Considerations on the respective

Rights of Judge and Jury;' two Letters to Mr. Fox, occasioned by his motion respecting libels; a short Answer to the Declaration of the persons calling themselves the Friends of the Liberty of the Press, published in 1793; the real Grounds of the War with France; and Dialogues on the Rights of Britons, between a Farmer, a Sailor, and a Manufacturer, both likewise published in that year; Reflections submitted to the consideration of the combined powers; and farther Reflections, both published in the year following: Thoughts on the origin and formation of political constitutions, published in 1795; and, since that time, three Letters to a British Merchant, containing reflections on the foreign and domestic politics of Great Britain, together with strictures on the conduct of opposition.

SKETCH OF THE REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES,

A gentleman of most eminent poetical talents. He was educated at the school of Christ's Hospital, and afterward became a member and fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. In 1789, he published his exquisitely elegant sonnets: at first under the title of 'Fourteen Sonnets, elegiac and descriptive,' without the author's name. But to a second edition, published in the same year, he prefixed his name, and added seven other 'little poems,' of the same kind. He is also author of Verses to Mr. Howard; the Grave of Howard; Verses on the Philanthropic Society; a Monody, written at Matlock; and Elegiac Stanzas, written, during sickness, at Bath. A most elegant edition of his 'Sonnets and other Poems,' was printed at Bath, in 1796. The poetry of Mr. Bowles is exquisitely pathetic, and perfectly original. He possesses the power of awakening the finer feelings to a degree of even painful sensibility. Next to pathos, dignified simplicity appears to be the leading feature of his work.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Extract from the Monthly Magazine for September, 1804.

EDUCATION.

The Reverend Mr. Abercrombie's 'Two Compendis for the Use of the Philadelphia Academy: 1. of Elocution, 2. of Natural History,' are executed in a manner, which reflects credit on the writer. Mr. Abercrombie has for some time past been engaged as the instructor of youth, and in that capacity has the reputation of having acquitted himself in a very useful and honourable manner. In prosecution of the plan of Education which he has thought proper to adopt, the Compendiums now referred to were written. In the endeavor to reduce the subjects, treated of, to a concise, systematic order, Mr. Abercrombie has availed himself of what has been written on these subjects by many excellent writers, without, however, yielding the right of thinking for himself, or forfeiting the claim to a considerable degree of originality.

The following analysis of GRAY's Elegy, which has often been said to be without a plan, was sketched by the late Mr. Scott, of Amwell.

The poet very graphically describes the process of a calm evening, in which he introduces himself wandering near a country church yard. From the sight of the place, he takes occasion, by a few natural and simple, but important circumstances, to characterize the life of a peasant; and observes, that it need not be disdained by ambition or grandeur, whose most distinguished superiorities must all terminate in the grave. He then proceeds to intimate, that it was not from any natural inequality of abilities, but from want of

acquired advantages, as riches, knowledge, &c. that the humbler race, whose place of interment he was surveying, did not rank with the most celebrated of their contemporaries. The same impediment, however, which obstructed their course to greatness, he thinks, also, to have precluded their progress in vice; and, consequently, that what was lost in one respect, was gained in the other. From this reflection, he, not unnaturally, proceeds, to remark, on that universality of regard, for the deceased, which produces, even for these humble villagers, a commemoration of their past existence. Then, turning his attention to himself, he indulges the idea of his being commemorated, in the same manner, and introduces an epitaph, which, he supposes, to be employed, on the occasion.

Mark how the bashful Morn in vain
Courts the amorous Marigold,
With sighing blasts, and weeping rain,
Yet she refuses to unfold.

But, when the Planet of the day
Approacheth, with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy,
If thy sighs and tears discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover.

But, when, with moving accents, thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms,
With open ears, and with unfolded arms

SONG.

Sweetest love! I'll not forget thee,
Time shall only teach my heart
Fonder, warmer to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle as thou art.
Farewel, Bessy!

Yet, oh! yet again we'll meet, love,
And repose our hearts at last,
Oh! sure 'twill then be sweet, love,
Calm, to think on sorrows past.
Farewel, Bessy.

Yes, my girl, the distant blessing
Mayn't be always sought in vain,
And the moment of possessing,
Will it not, love, repay our pain?
Farewel, Bessy.

Still I feel my heart is breaking,
When I think I stray from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking,
Which, I fear, is not for me.
Farewel, Bessy.

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom,
Can it, dearest, must it be?
Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
He forever loses thee.
Farewel, Bessy. [MOORE.]

Horace, Ode XX. book I. imitated by W. Boscawen, and addressed to Henry Gregg, Esq.

Plain, humble port is all you'll meet,
With me, dear Gregg, in Baker street:
I safely stow'd it there,
The very week, your gentle bride,
To crown your wish, and please your pride,
Gave you a son and heir.

I think I hear the welcome sound
Quick from the enraptur'd nurse rebound,
And spread a general joy.
The house maid, butler, footman, cook,
Repeating, with delighted look,
"My mistress has a boy!"

Your claret, I allow, is fine,
Madeira, that has cross'd the line,
Your ample means afford:
But, since no wealthy bank I share,
Partake a younger brother's fare,
Where Welcome crowns the board.

SONG.

Jessy on a bank was sleeping,
A flower beneath her bosom lay;
Love, upon her slumber creeping,
Stole the flower, and flew away!

Pity, then, poor Jessy's ruin,
Who, becalm'd by Slumber's wing,
Never felt what love was doing—
Never dream'd of such a thing!

There's something in women their lovers engage
Of whatever complexion or stature or age;
And she, who would frighten a mere stander by
Is a Venus herself, in the fond lover's eye.

If She's pale, never swan was a tenth part so fair;
If tawny, like jet are her eyes and her hair;
If Xantippe herself, her scolding's thought wit;
If meek, all good wives to their husbands submit.

If a pigmy, how neat is her air and her mien;
If a steeple she's graceful, and walks like a queen;
If a girl in her teens, all's handsome that's young;
If eighty, her fortune says—World hold your tongue.

In short, to dear woman 'twas given to please,
And tho' the whim often should take them to tease,
To perplex, to torment and a thousand things more
They're the deities men were all born to adore.

Mr. Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, has completed his preparation for a new edition of Massinger. A very accurate collation has been made of the early editions, which abundantly prove, that the text is exhibited in a most corrupt and mutilated state in the publications of Coxeter and Monck Mason. Mr. Gifford has accompanied each piece with notes, critical and illustrative; and subjoined to each play, a critique on its merits and defects. Mr. Malone has communicated a curious and copious fragment of an unpublished play of Massinger.—It is only a fragment, for the bottom of each page of the manuscript is mouldered away by length of time.
Lon. Mag.

Addressed to a Lady who said she had never known a Woman, to whom the ensuing panegyric would apply:

"Reserve with frankness, Art with truth allied;
"Courage with softness, Modesty with Pride!"

And who, you ask, can claim so high-wrought praise?
Whose brows can justly bear so blooming bays?
Where do such sense and sweetness so combine,
So softly mingle and so brightly shine?
Ah! You alone may vainly hope to find
The happy mansion of so blest a mind.
So Eve, when roving through Edenian bowers,
Through lofty groves, and paths bestrew'd with flow-
ers,

Ere yet the polish'd mirror's glassy glare
Had learn'd the echo flattery to the fair,
Unheeding whither chance might bid her stray,
To the smooth streamlet shap'd her careless way;
O'er the broad mirror bent with native grace,
And saw a faultless form and charming face,
View'd the fair transcript, where each beauty shone,
Nor knew the Heavenly image was HER OWN!

A BALLAD.

Thou hast sent me a flowery band,
And told me 'twas fresh from the field;
That the leaves were untouch'd by the hand;
And the purest of odours would yield.

And indeed it is fragrant and fair;
But, if it were handled by thee,
It would bloom with a livelier air,
And would surely be sweeter to me!

* This ballad was probably suggested by the following epigram in Martial:

Intactas quare mittis mihi, Polla, coronas,
A te vexatas malo tenere rosas. Epig. xc. Lib. ii.
E.

Then take it, and let it entwine
Thy tresses, so flowing and bright;
And each little flowret will shine
More rich than a gem to my sight.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
Embalm it with many a sigh;
Nay, let it be wither'd to death
Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.

And, instead of the dew that it bears,
The dew dropping fresh from the trees;
On its leaves let me number the tears
That affection has stolen from thee! [MOORE.]

Sir John Harrington, who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was a poet of great Pleasantry and humour, whose wit was not his business, but his diversion. The following is a specimen of his Epigrams.

OF LYNUS, BORROWING.

Lynus came late to me Six crowns to borrow
And swore, G—d d—n him he'd repay to morrow
I knew his word, as current as his bond,
And straight I gave to him Three crowns in hand:
This I to give, this he to take was willing,
And thus he gain'd, and I sav'd fifteen shilling!
In Cornutum.

What cur'd pate youth is he that sitteth there
So near thy wife, and whispers in her ear,
And takes her hand in his, and soft doth wring her
Sliding his ring still up and down her finger!
Sir, 'tis a Proctor, seen in both the Laws,
Retained by her in Some important cause;
Prompt and discreet both in his speech and action
And doth her business with great Satisfaction.
And thinkst thou so? a Horn plague on thy head,
And thou so like a fool and wittol led
To think he doth the business of thy wife?
He doth thy business I dare lay my life.

OF FORTUNE.

Fortune, Men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

OF PLAIN DEALING

My writings oft displease you: what's the matter?
You love not to hear truth, nor I to flatter.

AGAINST A FOOLISH SATIRIST.

I read that Satire thou intitledst first,
And laid aside the rest and overpast,
And swore I thought the author was accurst,
That, the first satire had not been his last,

AGAINST FAUSTUS.

In scorn of writers, Faustus still doth hold,
Nought is now said, but hath been said of old;
Well, Faustus, say my wits are gross and dull,
If for that word I give thee not a Gull:
Thus then I prove thou holdst a false position;
I say thou art a man of fair condition,
A man true of thy word, tall of thy hands,
Of high descent and left good store of lands;
Thou with false dice and cards hast never play'd,
Corrupted never widow, wife, or maid,
And, as for swearing, none in all this realm,
Doth seldomer in speech curse or blaspheme.
In fine, your virtues are so rare and ample,
For all our Song thou mayst be made a sample
This, I dare swear, none ever said before,
This, I may swear, none ever will say more.

In Orihuela a Spanish city of note, perpetual fertility is secured by judicious irrigation. There is a Spanish proverb which very quaintly alludes to this circumstance. *Síe Uoce, aytrigo en Orihuela y si no Uoce, aytrigo in Orihuela.* "If it rains there is plenty of wheat in Orihuela, and if it does not rain, there is still plenty of wheat in Orihuela.

TO A SLEEPING MAID.

Wake, my life! thy lover's arms
Are twin'd around thy sleeping charms:
Wake, my love, and let desire
Kindle those opening orbs of fire.

Yet, sweetest, though the bliss delight thee,
If the guilt, the shame affright thee,
Still those orbs in darkness keep;
Sleep, my girl, or seem to sleep.

MOORE.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lines accompanying those from the words 'The finish'd' which appeared in a former number of this paper.

TO MYRA.

Thou bid'st the lyre awake—the lyre obeys:
The soft persuasion of thy smile,
Thy glance of fire,
And Pity's pensive mein the while,
Wake from the sleeping chord obedient lays.
The meanest of the Muse's choir,
Rapt by thy beauty's vivid power,
Sweeps the bold string, and raves his little hour.
So Memnon's fabled harp of old,
Touch'd by Aurora's infant ray,
That kiss'd its strings of conscious gold,
Impassion'd quiv'ring to the day,
E'en the grey shadows fled the dew-bright plain,
Breath'd to the kindling pow'r a votive strain.
By thee inspir'd, advent'rous now no more,
He safely swells the sail, and quits the shore;
Sings, unappall'd, of heav'n's prolific doom
O'er sinking worlds, and earth's eternal tomb.
A saviour thunders from his throne of death,
And shaking nations with a single breath;
Calls from the womb of night
The long enthroned shade,
Bids her dark confines shudder at the light,
And wakes to hope and joy the ruin she had made.
Sings too of majesty at nature's birth,
Divinely smiling o'er a smiling earth;
O'er countless worlds extending his survey,
And leading new-born empires into day.
And, Oh! like him, should'st thou propitious smile
On the rude offspring of the Muse's toil;
Warm should th' impassion'd strain ascend,
And list'ning angels o'er its raptures bend;
Love from thy voice to string their harps anew,
Or drop their golden harps to gaze on you.

LODIUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM CATULLUS.

My Lesbia, let us live and love
Nor heed the voice of churlish Age,
Which censures the delights we prove,
And spends itself in empty rage.
Suns, sunk beneath the western main,
In equal splendors rise again:
But vanish'd once our transient light,
Eternal slumber seals the night.—
Give me a thousand kisses, charmer,
And after them, a hundred warmer,
A thousand, and a hundred yet,
With thousands, hundreds, full as sweet:
And then, lest we should count them o'er,
We'll mingle all with thousands more,
Or lest some, envious of our blisses,
Should know how many were our kisses.

ROWLAND.

SELECTED POETRY.

WINTER—AN ODE.

Once more the sire of storms his cloudy tent
Has pitch'd upon our northern hemisphere,
And, from his shadowy seat,
Forc'd Autumn to retire.

The feeble race of flow'rs have breath'd their last,
And sad, and solemn, sounds the frequent knell
Of rural beauty gone,
Of rural pleasure lost!

Waving his ebony wand, the sullen pow'r
Calls forth from their dark cells the chilling train
Of foul, unwholesome fogs,
And glooms of hideous hue.

To light her chariot on its dreary way,
Night now needs all her lamps, save when the moon
Pours from her silver urn
The radiant flood around.

The curtain that enclos'd morn's rosy couch
No more its gay embroider'd folds displays,
As from it she descends
To greet the rising sun.

Eve, like a mourner, muffled in her weeds,
Beside the tomb of one she dearly lov'd,
Eyes the dull scene awhile—
Then, with a sigh, departs.

Faint Nature falls a prey to atrophy;
And all her living tribes seem sorrowful,
Their common parent, thus
Declining, to behold.

But, those, to whom the God, who governs all,
Gave intellectual light, to see and judge,
They know that, by and by,
Her health will be restor'd.

They know that, by and by, the breath of Spring,
With renovated vigor, shall inspire
Her faded form again,
And deck it with new charms.

BALLAD.

A woman grown, with sparkling eyes,
High health and easy carriage,
Doll felt her anxious bosom rise,
While something whisper'd marriage.
But, ere she leap'd, took, to her praise,
This maxim from her mother,
Ne'er wed, dear girl, while Reason says
One thing, and Love another.

This golden rule to guard her heart,
She went to see her cousins,
Where many a fop came round and smart,
Till Doll had counted dozens;
But still the more the timorous maid
Was teas'd with all this pother,
She found grave Reason one thing said,
And sprightly Love another.

I've lov'd you long, cried out a smart,
For weeks and months I've watch'd you,
You, and you only, have my heart,
Cried Doll, I've fairly catch'd you:
I've left, good sir, but three short days,
My native place and mother,
Who truly told that Reason says
One thing, and Love another.

In this short time I've look'd around
Those things I fancied real,
On close inspection, I have found
Illusive and ideal;
I've heard false vows, I've seen mean pride,
I've known vice virtue smother;
Wise Reason taking still one side,
And silly Love another.

This having seen, I'll hie me home,
By Prudence now grown wiser;
And, while I vow no more to roam,
Hoard wisdom like a miser,
Wed honest Ned, who loves me well,
With glad consent of mother,
So shall no longer Reason tell
One tale, and Love another.

BALLAD.

Celia eighteen her next birth-day,
Accomplish'd at her fingers ends,
Had read, could sing, and dance, and play,
And scandalize her dearest friends;

Secure she never should grow old,
For looking-glasses all tell truth,
And she had by her glass been told
She should enjoy perpetual youth.

Lovers in shoals came to her net,
Not one her fickle mind could guess;
She'd giggle, simper, and coquet,
And love, but never would say yes.
For love brings wedlock, wedlock strife,
Not always, but too oft, a truth;
And Celia thought to be a wife
Would not ensure perpetual youth.

Her faithful mirror now grew rude,
Told her her features were decay'd,
That the coquet would turn a prude,
And youthful Celia an old maid.
She curs'd the glass, and curs'd the hour
She falsely thought it told her truth;
'Teach me, she cried, some pitying power,
How to obtain perpetual youth.'

'Hold, cried a sprite, she now saw pass,
I come to tell you what's amiss,
You had from Vanity that glass,
And now from Reason's hand take this;
It tells you in life's varying day
Faces are frail, minds fix'd like truth,
That charms are transient, and decay,
That sweetness is perpetual youth.

That Reason's morn is Beauty's eve,
That of the dimpled smiles supply,
When loss of teeth the lips bereave,
With smiles the mind adorns the eye.
Thus females shall the men adore,
While blest with gentleness and truth,
For whether twenty or fourscore,
Good nature is perpetual youth.'

SONG.

I am a Friar of orders grey,
And down the vallies I take my way;
I pull not blackberry haw, nor hip,
Good store of venison fills my scrip.
My long bead roll I merrily chaunt,
Wherever I walk, no money I want;
And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell,
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or 'squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy friar?

After supper of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullets and clouted cream;
Myself by denial I mortify
With a dainty bit of warden pye.
I'm cloth'd in sackcloth for my sin,
With old sack-wine I'm lin'd within;
A cheeruping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper bell is my bowl, ding, dong.
What baron, or 'squire, &c.

THE TRAITOR'S EPITAPH.

May this dreary abode be forever unknown,
Forever by Virtue, by Pity untrod;
Unbreath'd be his name, and unhonour'd his
stone—
The foe of his country, his monarch, his God.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 49.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REVIEW.

*REPORTS of Cases, argued and adjudged, in the
SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, in Au-
gust and December terms, 1801, and February
term, 1803—volume I. By WILLIAM CRANCH,
Assistant-Judge of the Circuit Court for the Dis-
trict of Columbia: Washington city—Published by
Conrad and Co.*

Since the removal of the national seat of government to the city of Washington, the sessions of the Supreme Court of the United States have, of course, been held there. The importance and necessity of having accurate and authentic reports of their adjudications has become greater and more urgent, by their removal, from a great and commercial city, to a situation, so remote from the seats of those transactions, which call for the decision of this highest judicial tribunal of the Union. The questions, which the nature of their jurisdiction principally presents for their investigation, are deeply interesting to the people of all these states, but peculiarly so to the maritime and commercial part of the community. A very small portion, not only of the people, but even of those, whose professional occupations require a constant attendance upon the courts of justice, can enjoy the opportunity of hearing, in person, those luminous discussions and deliberate determinations of the great national and constitutional questions, which receive their ultimate settlement at this bar. It is, therefore, a fortunate circumstance, for the members of the legal profession, for the nation itself, and, it may be added, for the future age, that the task of reporting the cases, argued and adjudged in the Supreme Court of the United States, has been undertaken by a person, so well qualified for its execution, as the volume, now before us, has proved Mr. Cranch to be. This gentleman, being, himself, one of the judges of the Circuit Court, for the Territory of Columbia, and residing at the seat of government, naturally derives, from his situation, advantages, from the ease of access to the records, and from the attention to the proceedings of the superior court, enjoined upon his station, which scarce any other man could possess. The practice, adopted by the court itself, since the appointment of the present chief justice, of giving, upon all questions of difficulty and importance, a *written opinion*, has a further and happy tendency to stamp, with peculiar authenticity, the cases, reported in this volume.

It contains the cases, adjudged in August and December terms, 1801, and in February term, 1803: that is to say, the decisions of the court, from the time of their removal, to the present seat of government, until, but not including, the last February session. A continuance of the work is promised by the author, should the reception of the present volume afford him a sufficient encouragement, in the pursuit of his labours, of which we think there can be no reasonable doubt.

It is observable, that, since the organization of the District of Columbia, and the removal of the government thither, the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court,

has been, in fact, very much enlarged, and the objects of its decisions greatly multiplied. The court may be considered as sitting in a twofold capacity; first, as a court of the United States; and secondly, as the supreme territorial court for the district. The powers of legislation, over the district, in all cases, are given, by the Constitution of the United States, to congress. In organising the district, they have declared, that the laws of Virginia and of Maryland, respectively, shall continue to prevail, in the portions, ceded by each of those states, constituting the territory; excepting where they may be altered by acts of congress; and the final appellate territorial jurisdiction being vested in the Supreme Court of the United States, they are, of course, called to exercise the functions of the highest state courts of Virginia and Maryland, over those parts of the district, ceded, severally, by those two states, in addition to their ordinary duties, as the court of the last resort, for the exposition of the laws of the Union. Hence, the cases, reported by Mr. Cranch, in the present volume, may be divided into two classes—the one of decisions on appeals, from the state courts, or courts of the United States, in the several states, and the other of causes, appealed from the territorial court of Columbia. As a national tribunal, this jurisdiction comprises all controversies, arising from the laws of nations, and the Constitution and laws of the Union. As a territorial tribunal, it comprehends all the minute and multifarious objects of municipal litigation. Combined together, it constitutes, beyond all question, the court of the most extensive and diversified powers, extant in any civilized nation.

The cases of the second class, on writs of error, from the circuit court of Columbia, constitute, in number, the major part of the reports, contained in this volume. Among them, however, are several of general and national importance, either on account of the principles, upon which they were decided, or, as presenting the decisions on subjects, which have been often brought into public view, by comments and animadversions, in the public prints. Among these, are particularly to be noticed the cases of *Marbury versus Madison*, and of *Hodgson versus Dexter*.

The former of these is the well-known case of the justices of the peace for the district of Columbia, duly and fully appointed to office, under the last administration, but whose commissions have been withheld, by the secretary of state, under the present. The remedy, attempted by the injured party, was an application to the Supreme Court for a mandamus, to compel the secretary of state to deliver the commissions, so unjustly detained. After a full and entirely satisfactory investigation of the case, on its merits, the opinion of the court was, that a mandamus could not issue, because it would, in this instance, be an exercise of *original jurisdiction*, when, by the Constitution of the United States, they were expressly confined within the limits of an *appellate* authority. They held, therefore, that the remedy, to which, in justice, Mr. Marbury was entitled, was not within their powers to dispense; and thus, this outrage against public right and private duty, this violation of official trust, for the poor purpose of party gratification, has been accomplished, with triumphant success, and with a prospect of perpetual

impunity. Such is the condition of society, in all human governments. They, who feel power, and forget right, are thus, in all nations, able to practise the most bare-faced oppression, and laugh at the impotent efforts of their victims, to obtain redress. The power, which is supported by popular delusion, may be as deaf to the voice of naked Justice, as that which leans only upon the bayonet; and, for all the purposes of present victory, may bid alike defiance to the resentments of those, whom it wrongs. It is fortunate for the people of these states, that the records of its judicial courts are not yet within the grasp of those, who are stronger than the law. It is fortunate for posterity, that this very act has been submitted to the scrutiny of honest and independent judges. Equally fortunate is it, that by the publication of this volume, the transaction is exhibited in its genuine colours; that the facts are proved, to the clearest demonstration; that the infraction of the law is made evident, beyond the reach of a cavil; and that the verdict of impartial posterity is irrevocably fastened upon a procedure, which the submission of the times, when it passed, suffered to be perpetrated with impunity.

It is a justice, due to the present secretary of state, Mr. Madison, to observe, that the disgrace of this unprecedented measure is not entirely imputable to him. The non-delivery of the commissions, when applied for, was, indeed, by him; but from the reluctant and evasive evidence of the present attorney general, Mr. Lincoln, it may be inferred, with sufficient certainty, that the commissions had been purposely withheld, not destroyed, while he acted as secretary of state. Mr. Madison has the reputation of an accomplished classical scholar. On this application to the Supreme Court, for a mandamus, he did not condescend to enter an appearance. This conduct, so unnecessary for the maintenance of his official dignity, so disrespectful towards the court, ought not to pass altogether without animadversion. Had he been

"By ancient learning, to the enlighten'd love
Of ancient glory warm'd,"

he would have remembered, that in the most illustrious ages of the Roman republic, it was the proud boast of her most distinguished citizens, to manifest their veneration for the laws, and their perfect deference to the officers, invested with their authority. The opinion of the court, that they had no power to issue the mandamus, applied for, is no justification of his omission to appear. If his objection was to their jurisdiction in this case, it was his duty to have entered a plea to that effect. If his principle was that a secretary of state could, in no case, be made amenable to the highest tribunal in the union, we apprehend he was under an error of the most dangerous tendency to the rights and liberties of this country.

It is, indeed, one of the most remarkable features in the history of this prostration of the laws, by an executive, solemnly sworn to put them in execution, that they have used every possible artifice, and been ashamed of no equivocation, to escape from the investigation of justice. Knowing that their proceedings would not bear the light of judicial inquiry, their only solicitude has been to shroud them in darkness, and elude detection. When the justices

applied for their commissions to the department of state, instead of an open and candid refusal, they were discreetly referred over, from Mr. Madison, to the chief clerk, Mr. Wagner, and by him put off, with an evasion. When they applied to the senate of the United States, for a copy of their own records, containing the nomination and appointment, merely as evidence, rendered, by the detention of their commissions, necessary to substantiate their right, the senate refused to allow such copy to be given. Mr. Madison made no appearance, when summoned to appear before the court. Mr. Lincoln, summoned as a witness, first objected against answering at all, and when compelled to answer, ran through a quibbling whip-row of what he was not obliged to tell, and what he did not know; and the very clerks in the office, between their official secrets and their convenient non-recollections, made shift to reveal only just enough to shew their desire to conceal the real fact—that the commissions ought to have been delivered, and had been wrongfully withheld.

The opinion of the court is remarkable, at once, for the firmness, with which it declares the illegality of the conduct, held by the executive, in this affair, and for the tenderness, with which, through the whole course of their proceedings, they treated that same executive. This tenderness is, doubtless, justified by the spirit and purity of their decision upon the merits, and by the situation, peculiarly delicate, of the court itself.

Had an instance of such gross and undefended injustice, been brought before them, as committed by an individual citizen, they might justly have aggravated the severity of their official sentence, by the unreserved expression of their personal indignation. But, in pronouncing an unequivocal opinion, that a breach of the laws had been committed, by those, to whom the laws themselves have been emphatically entrusted, they thought that the simple intimation of this sentence would discharge their duty to their country, and that all further comment would be unnecessary and improper. On this consideration, their very liberal indulgence to the hard-bound scruples of Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Wagner, in the delivery of their testimony, as well as their earnest solicitude to imagine possibilities of pretence for justification of the administration, in this unwarrantable conduct, are fairly and honourably accounted for.

We shall conclude our remarks upon this case, by quoting, from the opinion of the court, two passages, indicative of the two characters we have mentioned, as perceptible in it. The first, of tenderness to the executive authority:

"The intimate political relation, subsisting between the president of the United States, and the heads of departments, necessarily renders any legal investigation of the acts of one of those high officers peculiarly irksome, as well as delicate; and excites some hesitation, with respect to the propriety of entering into such investigation. Impressions are often received, without much reflection or examination, and it is not wonderful, that in such a case as this, the assertion, by an individual, of his legal claims, in a court of justice; to which claims, it is the duty of the court to attend; should, at first view, be considered by some, as an attempt to intrude into the cabinet, and to intermeddle with the prerogatives of the executive.

"It is scarcely necessary for the court to disclaim all pretensions to such a jurisdiction. An extravagance, so absurd and excessive, could not have been entertained for a moment. The province of the court is, solely, to decide on the rights of individuals, not to inquire how the executive, or executive officers, perform duties, in which they have a discretion. Questions, in their nature, political, or which are, by the Constitution and laws, submitted to the executive, can never be made in this court.

"But, if this be not such a question; if, so far from being an intrusion into the secrets of the cabinet, it respects a paper, which, according to law, is upon record, and to a copy of which the law gives a right, on the

payment of ten cents; if it be no intermeddling with a subject, over which the executive can be considered as having exercised any control; what is there in the exalted station of the officer, which shall bar a citizen from asserting, in a court of justice, his legal rights, or shall forbid a court to listen to the claim; or to issue a mandamus, directing the performance of a duty, not depending on executive discretion, but on particular acts of congress, and the general principles of law?"

To the truth, the justice, and the moderation of these remarks, it is impossible for a fair and unbiassed mind, to refuse its assent. Let us now see in what manner the court have expressed their sentiments on the merits of the case:

"It is therefore decidedly the opinion of the court, that when a commission has been signed by the president, the appointment is made; and that the commission is complete, when the seal of the United States has been affixed to it by the secretary of state.

"Where an officer is removable at the will of the executive, the circumstance, which completes his appointment, is of no concern; because the act is, at any time, revocable, and the commission may be arrested, if still in the office. But when the officer is not removable at the will of the executive, the appointment is not revocable, and cannot be annulled. It has conferred legal rights, which cannot be resumed.

"The discretion of the executive is to be exercised, until the appointment has been made. But having once made the appointment, his power over the office is terminated in all cases, where, by law, the officer is not removable by him. The right to the office is then in the person appointed, and he has the absolute, unconditional power of accepting, or rejecting it.

"Mr. Marbury, then, since his commission was signed by the president, and sealed by the secretary of state, was appointed; and, as the law, creating the office, gave the officer a right to hold for five years, independent of the executive, the appointment was not revocable; but vested in the officer legal rights, which are protected by the laws of his country.

"To withhold his commission, therefore, is an act, deemed, by the court, not warranted by law, but violative of a vested legal right."

The case of *Hodgson versus Dexter* was an attempt to charge Mr. Dexter personally, in his individual capacity, with the loss by fire of the buildings, leased to him, for the purpose of a war-office, while he was the secretary of that department. It is well remembered, and cannot soon be forgotten, with what infamous calumnies the public were long abused, in certain newspapers of that time, upon this subject. Of these, indeed, no traces appear in the Report of this cause. When brought before a tribunal, where truth was to be investigated, Mr. Hodgson's allegation was, that the building was burnt by 'the negligence or default, not of the said Dexter, but of some person, unknown,' but that he had made himself individually responsible, by the terms of the lease, though he had expressly contracted in his official capacity, and though with an explicit exception of inevitable casualties. The opinion of the court was, that, contracting as a public officer, and for the public service, he could not be held responsible, in his private person and property, and this decision was only the recognition of a principle, long since established.

One of the most important cases in the volume, is that of *Talbot versus Seamen*, which was the question, on the right of salvage, for the recapture of a neutral vessel and cargo, from a belligerent power. The principles, on which the definitive sentence of the court was founded, are the same with those, which governed the British court of admiralty, in a similar case. This was a recapture in the year 1799, by an American armed ship, of a vessel and cargo, belonging to Hamburg, which had been captured by a French sloop of war. The right of making this recapture at all, and the right of claim to any salvage, even admitting that of recapture, were both contested by the claimants. While on the part of captain Talbot, a demand of one half the property, recaptured for salvage, was insisted on, under the for-

mal and positive letter of an act of congress. The decision of the district court at New York, grounded on such a construction of the law, had given the salvage, as demanded by captain Talbot. The circuit court, proceeding on the general usage of nations, not to give salvage for the recapture of neutral property, had reversed the decree of the district judge, and ordered restoration, without salvage. The Supreme Court, steering that intermediate course between both extremes, in which the current of substantial justice is surest to be found, decreed, that salvage should be allowed; but reduced its quantum, from one half, to one sixth, of the property saved. To warrant this sentence, the opinion of the court elucidates, with admirable perspicuity, the general principle, upon which, by the custom of nations, salvage for the recapture of neutrals, is denied; the confirmation of that principle, by the exception to it, which the French decree of January 18, 1798, rendered necessary the right of recapture, vested, by the law of nations, in the armed vessels of the United States, which authorized the proceedings of captain Talbot; and the true construction of a section in an act of congress, for the government of the navy, passed 2d March 1799—a construction, proved by the reasoning of the Court, to be unquestionably correct, though very different from that, which the literal import of its words would, at first view, present.

In the case of *Stuart and Laird*, page 299, the constitutionality of the act of congress, passed 29. April, 1802, and entitled 'An act to amend the judicial system of the United States,' and of the previous act, of March 8. 1802, repealing the judiciary system, established in 1801, was brought into discussion: but the question was rather *parried*, than decided by the court. The chief justice, having tried the cause in the inferior court, declined giving an opinion, and Judge Cushing was absent, detained by illness. Judge Patterson, who delivered the opinion of the court, seems to have considered the constitutional objections, urged against those acts, in that case, as confined within the narrow limits of the inquiry, whether an act of congress could transfer a cause from one court of inferior jurisdiction, to another. Thus far, the court held there was no constitutional restraint upon congress; the main and solid objection against the acts, they appear to have considered as not properly *sub judice*, and passed it over, without notice.

From the decision of the court, in the case of *Mandeville vs. Riddle*, page 290, it appears, that, by the laws of Virginia, the indorsee of a promissory note cannot maintain an action against any of the indorsers, but the last, for want of privity of contract. The reporter has given, in an appendix to the volume, a long note upon this case, containing a learned, minute, and accurate history of the introduction and progressive prevalence of this species of contract in England, with a review of all the adjudged cases, in the books, relating to it, prior to the statute of 8 and 4 Anne, ch. 9. And he appears to have proved, beyond a doubt, that promissory notes were negotiable at common law, before that statute; though a different opinion has, of late years, been very generally entertained among lawyers, both in England and in this country.

The opinions of the court, in almost every case, reported by Mr. Cranch, being, as has already been observed, in writing, his task has, in that respect, been merely that of a copyist. The statement of the cases, and the arguments of counsel, are the parts of his work, which required the exertion of his own talents, and the exercise of his own judgment. They will be found, on examination, to possess the characters, most essential to this species of compilation: they are clear, methodical, and correct; neither obscured by brevity, nor perplexed with diffuseness. We

have no hesitation in saying, that they will bear the test of legal criticism, without shrinking from that of comparison, with any other judicial reports, published on either side of the Atlantic.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

Of the other Harangues of Cicero.

[Continued.]

All the violences of Clodius hindered not the return of Cicero, because the legal authority soon became strong enough to re-establish order, and compel Clodius to respect it. But this madman had the impudence, one year afterwards, to cause Sextius to be accused of violence, by Albinus, one of his confidants, while he prepared himself to accuse Milo. He had not time to accomplish his design, and perished miserably as he deserved; but, before he died, he had the mortification to see rescued from him, by Cicero, a victim, whom he had not been able to assassinate with his own sword, and whom he wished to destroy by that of the law. If Cicero ever appeared to equal the impetuous vehemence of Demosthenes, it was in this harangue, and especially in that place where he recalls the combat, which was intended to be so fatal to Sextius. He paints, in the most vivid colours, a tribune of the people pierced with swords, and escaping from his murderers only because they believed him dead.—‘And is it Sextius, who is accused of violence? Why? What is his crime? It is that he still lives. But Clodius cannot reproach him with this. If he lives, it is because they did not pierce him with the last thrust, with the mortal stroke. Whom do you blame, Clodius? Accuse then the gladiator, Lentidius, who did not strike where you intended he should. Accuse your satellite, Sabinius, who cried out, so happily, so opportunely for Sextius, *he is dead*. But what can you reproach to him? Did he refuse his person to the sword? Did he not receive it in his sides, like the gladiators of the circus, whom we order to submit to death? Of what offence, then, Romans, is he guilty? Is it, that he could not die? Is it to have discoloured with the blood of a tribune the walks of the temple of Castor? Is it that he did not inform them, upon the spot, when he was brought to life, and present himself again to the sword? But let me ask you, Romans, if he had perished under this misfortune, if this gang of assassins had done what they wished to do, if Sextius, whom they believed to be dead, had been dead in reality, would you not all have taken arms, to avenge the blood of a magistrate, whose person is inviolable and sacred, to avenge the republic of the outrages of a robber? Could you calmly see Clodius appear before your tribunal? And the man, whose death would have forced from you a cry of vengeance, if you had for a moment recollected your rights and your ancestors, can he fear any thing from you, when you are to pronounce judgment between the victim and the assassin?’

It has more than once been made a question, (for these great events interest us still, as if they had lately past), whether the resolution which Cicero took of quitting Rome, when he was pursued by Clodius, was in fact the best; whether, seeing himself supported by the senate, who had put on mourning, by the whole body of knights, who had taken arms, he ought to have abandoned the field of battle. No doubt, had he only to dispute with Clodius, he might depend upon success. But he will soon give us to understand, clearly enough, what we perceive in reading

history with some reflection; that Clodius was not, for him, the enemy most to be dreaded. Caesar, ready to depart for Gaul, was at the gates of the city with an army; and if in these circumstances carnage had commenced in Rome, if they had shed the blood of a tribune, can we doubt that Caesar would have meddled in the quarrel, and seized so fair an occasion to take arms, and render himself master of the republic? Rome would have been subjugated ten years the sooner. This was the danger, from which the generous devotion of himself, by Cicero, saved her. He exults, with reason, in this harangue, in having twice saved his country. We must hear him develop his own motives.

‘I proceed, Romans, to give you an account of my conduct, and of my thoughts, and I will not disappoint the expectations of this assembly, the most numerous which I have ever seen surround these tribunals. If in the best of causes, when the senate demonstrated so much attachment to me, all the good citizens so much zeal and unanimity, when all Italy was ready to do any thing, to risk every thing, for my defence, if, with such supports, I had been capable of fearing the fury of a tribune, the vilest of men, and the delirious presumption of two consuls, as contemptible as he, I had been wanting, no doubt, at once in wisdom and firmness. Metellus exiled himself, it is true; but what a difference! His cause was good, I acknowledge, and approved by all honest men; but the senate had not solemnly adopted it; all the orders of the state, all Italy had not declared for him by public decrees. He had to contend with Marius, the deliverer of the empire, then in his sixth consulate, and at the head of an invincible army; with Saturninus, a factious tribune, but a vigilant and popular magistrate, and of irreproachable manners. And who had I to combat? Not a victorious army! It was a rabble of hired rascals, excited by the hope of pillage. Who had I for my enemies? Not Marius, the terror of barbarians, the bulwark of his country; they were two odious monsters, whom an infamous indigence, and a stupid depravity, had made the slaves of Clodius; it was Clodius himself, a companion, in debauchery, of our tumblers and buffoons, an adulterer, an incestuous person, a pander of prostitution, a forger of testaments, a robber, an assassin, a poisoner; and if I had employed arms to crush such adversaries, as I could easily have done, and as so many honest men urged me to do, I had no reason to fear that I should be reproached for opposing force to force, nor that any one would regret the loss of such unworthy citizens, or rather of our domestic enemies; but other reasons restrained me. This madman Clodius, this fury, ceased not to repeat in his harangues, that all which he did against me, was with the privy of Pompey, that great man, at this day my friend, and who would always have been so, if they had permitted him to have been so. Clodius named among my enemies Crassus, a courageous citizen, with whom I had the closest relations, Caesar, whose hatred I had never merited. He said that these were the instigators of all his actions, the supporters of all his designs; that one had a powerful army in Italy, that the two others could have one, when they pleased, and that in fact they would have one; finally, they were not laws, judgments, tribunals, with which they threatened me; they were armies, generals, legions, and war. But, what? Ought I to have given so much attention to the discourses of an enemy, who so rashly named the most illustrious of the Romans? No. I was not affected at his discourses, but at their silence; though they had other reasons for their silence, nevertheless, in the eyes of so many men, it posed to believe every thing, by keeping

silence, they seemed to declare themselves; not disavowing Clodius, they seemed to approve him. What ought I to have done then? Fight? Very well! the good party would have prevailed, I allow, and what would have been the consequence? Have you forgotten what Clodius gave out in his insolent harangues, that I must resolve either to perish, or to conquer twice? And what was this, to have to conquer twice? Was it not to have to combat, after this senseless tribune, two consuls, as wicked as himself, and all those who were ready to declare themselves his avengers? Ah! if the danger had threatened me alone, I should rather have died than to have obtained this second victory, which would have been the destruction of the republic. I call you to witness, O Gods of our country! our domestic deities! you are my witnesses, that to spare your temples and altars, and that I might not expose the lives of our citizens, which are dearer to me than my own, I could not resolve upon this horrible battle. Was it then death that I could dread? And when, in the midst of so many enemies, I had devoted myself for the public safety, had I not before my eyes exile and death? Had I not myself, from that time, predicted all the perils which awaited me? My voluntary banishment has preserved you from slaughter, conflagration and oppression. I have twice saved my country, the first time with glory, the second with grief. For I shall not boast to have been able to deprive myself, without a mortal regret, of every thing dear to me, in the world, of my children, my consort, of the aspect of these walls, of the sight of my fellow-citizens, who wept for me, of this Rome, which had honoured me. I shall not deny myself to be a man, nor pretend to be insensible. And what obligation would you have had to me, if I had been able to lose, with indifference, all which I have abandoned for you? I have given you, Romans, the most certain proof of my love for my country, when resigning myself to the most afflicting sacrifice, I have chosen to endure it, rather than deliver you to your enemies.’

This oration had the success which those of this orator commonly had: Sextius was absolved by an unanimous suffrage.

[To be continued.]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF J. LANGHORNE.

[Continued.]

On the 15th of January, 1767, he married Miss Cracroft, sister of his former pupils; but his prospects of happiness from his union with this lady were soon clouded by her death, in childbed of a daughter.

This mournful event occasioned his pathetic ‘Verses to the memory of a Lady; written at Sandgate Castle,’ 1768, 4to. The death of his beloved wife was also lamented by two of his friends: Mr. Cartwright, in a poem called *Constantia*, and Mr. Abraham Portal, in some elegiac verses printed in his works.

In the same month that proved so fatal to this amiable person, died also in childbed the first wife of Scott, the poet of Amwell, who so acted his sorrow, by composing an ‘Elegy’ to the memory of one who had been dear to him; a copy of which he sent to Langhorne. This similarity of circumstance and congenial affliction gave rise to a friendship between these two poets, which, though they rarely corresponded, and more rarely met, continued, without abatement, till the death of Langhorne.

The same year, Shaw published his celebrated *Monody* on the death of his wife; which occasioning some severe lines in a newspaper, which were imputed to Langhorne, they produced a

paper war between the two poets, which was conducted very liberally on either side.

In 1768, he published *Precepts of Conjugal Happiness*; a poem addressed to his sister-in-law, on her marriage, 4to.

About this time he added the title of Doctor of Divinity to his name, which he probably obtained from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In 1769, he published *Frederic and Pharamond*, or the *Consolations of Human Life*, 12mo; and *Letters* supposed to have passed between M. de St. Evremont and Mr. Waller, 2 vols. 12mo.

The year following he published, in conjunction with his brother, *Plutarch's Lives*, translated from the Original Greek, with Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a new life of Plutarch, in 6 vols. 8vo.

In 1771, he published the *Fables of Flora*, 4to; and having intermitted his intercourse with the press for one year, he published, in 1773, *The Origin of the Veil*, a poem, 4to; and *A Dissertation*, historical and political, on the ancient republics of Italy, from the Italian of Carlo Denina, with original notes and observations, 8vo.

In the summer of 1773, he resided for a few months at Weston-Supra-Mare, in Somersetshire, for the benefit of the sea-air. At the same time, and for the same reason, the amiable and ingenious Miss Hannah More resided at Uphill, a mile from Weston. Meeting one day upon the sea-shore, Langhorne wrote with the end of his stick upon the sand,

Along the shore
Walk'd Hannah Moore;
Waves let this record last;
Sooner shall ye,
Proud earth and sea,
Than what *she* writes be past.

Miss More scratched underneath with her whip,

Some firmer basis, polish'd Langhorne choose,
To write the dictates of thy charming muse;
Her strains in solid characters rehearse,
And be thy tablet lasting as thy verse.

Langhorne praised her wit, and copied the lines, which he presented to her at a house near the sea, where they adjourned, and she afterwards wrote under as follows:

Langhorne, whose sweetly-varying muse has power
To raise the pensive, crown the social hour;
Whose very trilling has the charm to please,
With nature, wit, and unaffected ease;
How soon, obedient to thy forming hand,
The letters grew upon the flexile sand.
Should some lost traveller the scene explore,
And trace thy verses on the dreary shore,
What sudden joy would feast his eager eyes,
How from his eyes would burst the glad surprise!
Methinks I hear, or seem to hear, him say,
This letter'd shore has smooth'd my toilsome way;
Hannah, he adds, though honest truths may pain,
Yet here I see an emblem of the twain,
As these frail characters with ease imprest
Upon the yielding sand's soft watery breast,
Which, when some few short hours they shall have
stood,
Shall soon be swept by yon tempestuous flood.
Presumptuous maid! so shall expire thy name,
Thou wretched feeble candidate for fame!
But Langhorne's fate in yon firm rock [Brean Down] I
read,
Which rears above the cloud its towering head;
Long as that rock shall rear its head on high,
And lift its bold front to the azure sky;
Long as these adamantine hills survive,
So long, harmonious Langhorne! shalt thou live;
While envy's waves shall lash and vainly roar,
And only fix thy solid base the more.

In 1774, he published *The Country Justice*, a Poem, Part I. 'written professedly at the request of his friend, countryman, and brother-justice, Dr. Burn,' to whom it is addressed. 'The distinction you have acquired on the subject,' says

the dedication, 'and true taste for the arts, gives that address every kind of propriety.'

It was followed, in 1775, by the Second Part of the *Country Justice*, 4to, which is dedicated, in some elegant introductory stanzas, to his pupil and brother-in-law, Robert Wilson Cracroft, Esq.

The year following, he published *The Proper Happiness of Ecclesiastic Life*, in a public and private sphere; a Sermon, preached before the Bishop of Bath and Wells, at his primary visitation at Axbridge, July 4, 1776, 4to; and *The Love of Mankind* the fundamental principles of the Christian Religion; a Sermon, preached before the gentlemen natives of the county of Somerset, at their annual meeting, in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, Sept. 16, 1776, 4to.

The same year he published *Milton's Italian* poems translated, and addressed to a gentleman of Italy, 4to; which was followed by the *Country Justice*, Part III. 4to. 1777; and *Owen of Carron*, a poem, 4to, 1778, which was the last publication he gave to the world.

From this time, finding his health gradually declining, he no longer strained his faculties with any literary composition. After a lingering illness, he died at Elagdon-House, April 1, 1779. He married a second time; but it is apprehended he left no issue by his second marriage. After his death, an *Elegy* to his Memory was published by Mr. Portal, who mentions that he left the care of his daughter, by his first marriage, to Mrs. Gillman, a lady whom he has frequently celebrated in his poems.

His poetical works, reprinted from the edition in 2 vols. 1766, with the *Precepts of Conjugal Happiness*, *Verses to the Memory of a Lady*, *Fables of Flora*, and *Owen of Carron*, &c. were collected into the edition of 'The English Poets,' 1790. His poems, originally printed in the *Effusions of Friendship and Fancy*, *Theodosius and Constantia*, and *Solyman and Almena*, are now, for the first time, collected into an edition of his works.

Of his numerous prose writings no editions have been called for since his death, except of *Solyman and Almena*, *Theodosius and Constantia*, and *Plutarch's Lives*, which have been frequently reprinted.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO. ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.

[Continued.]

OF LANGUAGES.

A good journalist ought to be acquainted, at least, with the English and Italian; for there are many works of genius in these languages, and genius is scarcely ever translated. They are, in my opinion, the two languages of Europe, most necessary to a Frenchman. The Italians are the first, who have rescued the arts from barbarism; and there is so much grandeur, so much strength of imagination, even in the faults of the English, that we cannot too highly recommend the study of their language.

It is to be regretted, that the Greek is neglected in France; but, a journalist is not permitted to be ignorant of it. Without this knowledge, there are many French words, of which he can never have but a confused idea; for, from arithmetic to astronomy, what term of art is there, that is not derived from this admirable language? Scarcely is there a muscle, a vein, a ligament, in our body, a disease, a remedy, whose name is not Greek. Shew me two young men, one of whom is acquainted with this language, the other ignorant of it; neither of whom has the slightest knowledge of anatomy; let them be told that a man is afflicted with a *diabetes*, that it is necessary to perform on this one a *paracentese*, that another has

an *anchilose*, or a *bubonocoele*, he who understands the Greek, will immediately comprehend the meaning of these terms, for he knows their derivation; to the other they will be absolutely incomprehensible.

Several bad journalists have dared to prefer the *Iliad* of La Motte to the *Iliad* of Homer. Surely, had they read Homer, in his own language, they would have seen, that the translation is as inferior to the original, as Segrais is inferior to Virgil.

Can a journalist, versed in the Greek language, avoid remarking, in the translation, which Tournell has given of Demosthenes, some defects, in the midst of its beauties? 'If any one,' says the translator, 'ask you: Gentlemen Athenians, are you at peace? You will reply, no, by Jupiter, we are at war with Philip.' The reader, from this exposition, might believe, that Demosthenes jested unseasonably; that these familiar terms, appropriate to low comedy, 'Gentlemen Athenians,' by Jupiter, correspond to similar Greek expressions. But this is not true, and this fault is entirely attributable to the translator. There are a thousand little inadvertencies of this kind, which an enlightened journalist may point out, provided he, at the same time, remarks more particularly the beauties.

It is desirable, that the learned in the Oriental languages, should give us a journal of the books of the East. The public would not then be in the profound ignorance in which they are, as to the history of the most considerable portion of our globe; we should should accustom ourselves to reform our chronology, according to that of the Chinese; we should be better instructed in the religion of Zoroaster, whose sectaries still subsist, although without a country, in the manner of the Jews, and of some other superstitious societies, scattered, from time immemorial over Asia. The remains of the ancient Indian philosophy would be disclosed to us; no longer would the pompous title of 'Universal History,' be given to compilations of the fables of Egypt, of the revolutions of a country, not larger than Champagne, called Greece; and of the Roman people, who, although so widely spread, and so victorious, never had under their dominion as many states as the people of Mahomet, and never conquered the tenth part of the world.

But let not your love of foreign languages inspire contempt for the works of your native country; do not imitate the fastidious and false delicacy of the personage in Petronius, who says,

Ales Phasiacis petita Colchis,
Atque Afræ volucres placent palato;
Quidquid quaeritur optimum videtur.

No French poet, except a volume of Malherbe, was found in the library of the Abbé de Longue-rue. I repeat, that, with respect to the belles lettres, I should wish we were of all countries, but particularly of our own. I will apply to this subject some verses of M. de la Motte, for he has sometimes composed excellent verses,

C'est par l'étude que nous sommes,
Contemporains de tous les hommes,
Et citoyens de tous les lieux.

[To be continued.]

From the Repertory.

THE CARAVANSARY.

I have always considered genius distinct from talent, as the one is the gift of nature, and the other the result of industry. In common conversation they are generally confounded, and it may, therefore, be no useless employment to point out their difference.

Genius is an intrinsic faculty, which enables its possessor to discover an object at a single glance. Talent may discover the same object, but would

require more time, and the aid of a telescope. The former, by the flash of inspiration, will in a moment accurately ascertain its minutest part, which the latter can effect only by the assistance of artificial lights and elaborate examination. Genius is a fleet courser, that distances every competitor on the turf; Talent is more distinguished for bottom than speed, and, though slow, will carry you safe to the end of your journey. More glory surrounds Genius, more usefulness generally attends on Talent, as the diamond and emerald, though more precious, are less current than silver or gold.

If a man of genius writes a treatise, he 'lightens upon the subject by the flashings of his mind,' and interests and delights, even where he does not convince. A man of talent, in the same pursuit, may write with more method, and reason with more closeness, but we yawn and gape before we reach the end of the volume. The style of Genius is glowing, figurative, and yet simple. The style of Talent is comparatively either cold and low, or else glaring, pedantic, and stiff.

In eloquence the distinction is not less striking. The man of genius pours forth the richest stores of elocution. With every classical figure at command, like Pericles, he thunders and lightens, and clothes the choicest sentiments with the choicest language, borrowed from the exhaustless wardrobe of his creative imagination. He inspires his audience with the passions he feels, and, like a mighty magician, now thrills them with horror, and now fires them with disdain, by the powerful spell of his irresistible eloquence. The man of talent keeps precisely to the point, says the very thing that he ought, and no more, is plain and perspicuous, well acquainted with his subject, and aims only to give correct information, in correct language. The man of genius will speak on the spot to a new question, which he has never before considered, and disentangle every knot, in which it may be involved. The man of talent requires more time and deliberation to obtain the same success, and, after all, produces less effect on the hearers.

As statesmen, the man of genius is bold and original, the man of talent cautious and safe. There are times, in which the former may endanger the state by his temerity, or save it by his great abilities; whilst the latter, in any important crisis, could do neither, but in common times would steer the political ship with safety, though without glory.

Among the Grecians, Pericles and Alcibiades were more distinguished for genius, Aristides and Themistocles for talent, though the talent of Themistocles was animated by a considerable portion of genius. We observe the same characteristic distinctions among the great men of Rome. Talent predominated in Fabius and Pompey, genius in Caesar and Lucullus; and in England we may discover the same difference in Oxford and Walpole, Bolingbroke and Chatham, the former excelling in talent, the latter in genius.

In a word, genius is an intuitive creative power, original in its conceptions, powerful in its combinations, and rarely met with, in an eminent degree. Talent is universal, and the infallible reward of attentive industry. But talent, by cultivation and habitual exercise is, in some, so great, as scarcely to be distinguished from genius, whilst genius in others, by indolence, profligacy, and want of exertion, is so far smothered as to emit but few temporary flashes, unable to diffuse a bright and steady flame. Let none have the vanity to imagine, that they are gifted with the rarest of intellectual endowments, and flatter themselves that they are persons of extraordinary genius, but let it be the honest ambition of all

to obtain what is within the reach of all, and exert themselves to become men of useful and respectable talents.

[From a British Essayist.]

ON THE NECESSITY OF DELAY AND CAUTION, BEFORE A
BOY IS GIVEN UP AS A DUNCE.

Before I leave the subject, I think it necessary to add a caution against a too precipitate decision, on the abilities of boys; a rash removal of them from a life of learning, and a too early condemnation of them as dunces incurable.

There are some natures, and those too of the sublimest kind, which will not submit to the trammels of common discipline, but will thrive with spontaneous vigour, and grow of themselves to a stupendous elevation. Thus, the oak of the forest would scorn to be nailed against a wall, like the feeble exotic fruit-tree, but will reach the skies, when left unmolested in its native soil. Boys of this kind do not display much of their ability at schools and colleges, and often offend those who cannot comprehend their noble natures, by the appearance of a dulness, which, like the mist of the morning, is only the prelude of solar effulgence in a sky unclouded.

The history of literature affords many examples of those who made a disgraceful figure both at school and college, but who afterwards became greater men than their boasted school-fellows and contemporary collegians. Scioppius, who wrote a philosophical grammar, would not submit, while at school, to learn the common rules, as he relates of himself; and Cowley either could not, or, as it is most probable, would not commit to memory those elementary instructions, in which all boys educated at grammar-schools are constantly initiated. There is, in the minutiae of grammar, as taught by some persons, something no less abstruse than logic and metaphysics; and therefore highly disgusting to boys, whose distinguishing talent is imagination. Very bright boys, therefore, may exhibit, where a proper method of introducing them is deficient, a backwardness in learning grammar, which may cause them to be mistaken, by careless observers, for dunces.

Our most celebrated schools cannot boast of producing the first-rate poets of this country. Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Swift, were not indebted to them. They were educated rather irregularly. They were self-taught; and after all the boasts of classical discipline, the ablest men, diamonds of the first water, stars of the first magnitude, were AUTOMATHS, or instructed by their own persevering diligence. The truth is, that nature, together with the ability, gave them a most ardent inclination for excellence, which advanced them to wonderful heights, and broke through all obstacles. These considerations may answer the purpose for which they are introduced, that of preventing parents from despairing of their children's proficiency, after the failure of the first trials; or on observing the dulness of early infancy.

But after every trial, and the most patient expectation, some boys will appear, beyond the possibility of error, arrant dunces, in all that concerns what is called book-learning. But even under this unfavourable circumstance, consolation may be derived from reflections of the following nature.

Dunces, it is generally believed, are not the least happy of mankind. Though unable to afford much pleasure to others, they are commonly pleased with themselves, in a high degree. A smile of self-applause accompanies all their words and actions. If laughed at by others, they mistake derision for congratulation. The proud man's contumely affects them not. Nothing but real pain gives them real sorrow. They have no ima-

ginary ills, that shadowy train, which haunts the ingenious. They have none of those fine sensibilities, which torture the feeling heart with unspeakable agony. Let them have food in abundance, and a sufficiency of raiment and money, and, with a wisdom which philosophers have vainly pretended to, they are perfectly satisfied.

There is no reason to believe, that they will not succeed in the world. Fools, it is proverbially said, have fortune. Some substantial reasons may be assigned to account for the adage. Unfeeling and unreflecting men of dull parts are not hurt by repulses and disappointments. Break their web, and they begin it again with all the patience of a Dutchman. They know no nice scruples of punctilious honour. They have no superabundant delicacy, to prevent their importunity of the great and powerful. They prosecute their claims with exemplary perseverance. A flat refusal, or a downright insult from their patron, strikes them with no more effect, than a tennis-ball the rock of Gibraltar.

The great and powerful often favour them as servile companions, and in consequence of familiarity with them, patronise and prefer them. They have no saucy claims of merit. They have no acquired lustre to absorb the glitter of hereditary honour. They are all compliance and servility. They are therefore often elevated to honour and profit, which no brilliancy of envied abilities would ever have reached.

If their success in the world is the object of a parent's first wishes, let him not grieve that his son is a dunce; for experience proves, that the want of literary abilities may be no obstacle to patronage.

But to speak seriously, for many will be disposed to consider such consolatory topics as the sport of a ludicrous irony, it is certain that Providence has adapted advantageous situations in society for all the sons of men, who are not in a state of idiotism or insanity. A thousand departments may be found, which even dunces may fill with credit, comfort, and success. I only contend against the absurdity of educating them, when known to be dunces, for the church, or any other of the liberal professions, where reputation and emolument ought to depend on superior abilities, and extensive knowledge.

The mistake of confining dunces to a learned life, arises no less frequently from the duplicity of the master, than from the blindness, vanity, and perverseness of the parent. Many masters are mean enough, for the sake of retaining scholars, to extol a blockhead as a genius, whenever the parent, unable himself to judge, inquires concerning his son's proficiency. It is an artifice among the lower orders of the didactic profession to make every parent imagine, that his own son is a prodigy; but it is an artifice not only contemptible in the motive which produces it, but highly injurious in its effects to the scholar, the parent, and society. It is productive of disgrace and disappointment in private life; and in public, of those numerous characters and occupations, which, instead of being useful, are an impediment, an incumbrance, a burden, and a pest. The fabric of a well-regulated community is like a fine piece of architecture, where every stone and beam is in its proper place, and where a single derangement would not only destroy the beauty and symmetry, but impair the strength and solidity of the pile.

Consolation must be sought under the circumstance of want of parts, as under every other misfortune; but after all, genius is a blessing to be considered as an instance of the favour of heaven, and an emanation from the Deity. It is devoutly to be wished for, diligently improved, and, when improved, to be devoted to the glory of the giver, or, in other words, to the advancement of human happiness. It is a mean idea which views it only

as an instrument of personal aggrandisement, selfish pleasure, and sordid interest. It should, however, be restrained by prudence, and guided by benevolence; and then it will be a source of delight to the possessor, and of a thousand advantages to all who are within the sphere of its powerful influence.

It seems to be the will of Providence that, comparatively speaking, few should possess the glorious endowment in a supereminent degree. All great excellence must indeed be rare, for it would cease to be great excellence, if it were common. But let not those to whom genius is denied, lament. Genius has its evils, from which they are exempt. It is envied, it is exposed to a thousand pains and penalties of the injuries from those who, not knowing, or not regarding the irritable niceties of its sensibility, rudely strike the tremulous fibre, whenever they approach it. It is of too fine and subtle a nature for the tumults and agitations of a world, madly rushing on in the vulgar pursuits of avarice and ambition. Unguarded by discretion, of which it is often too proud to acknowledge the dominion, it too often causes a life of misery, and a premature dissolution.

Let it also be remembered by those who are conscious of inferiority to their fellow-creatures, that all distinctions, whether civil, natural, mental, or corporeal, all but superiority of virtue, will shortly cease; and that it is expressly declared, on the highest authority, that *to whom much has been given, of him much will be required*; a declaration which, if duly impressed, might afford comfort to the dunce, and cause the genius to tremble.

(From Goldsmith.)

THE HISTORY OF HYPASIA.

Man, when secluded from society, is not a more solitary being, than the woman who leaves the duties of her own sex to invade the privileges of ours. She seems, in such circumstances, like one in banishment; she appears like a neutral being between the sexes; and though she may have the admiration of both, she finds true happiness from neither.

Of all the ladies of antiquity, I have read of none, who was ever more justly celebrated than the beautiful Hypasia, the daughter of Leon, the philosopher. This most accomplished of women was born at Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. Nature was never more lavish of its gifts than it had been to her, endued as she was with the most exalted understanding, and the happiest turn to science. Education completed what Nature had begun, and made her the prodigy not only of her age, but the glory of her sex.

From her father she learned geometry and astronomy; she collected from the conversation and schools of the other philosophers, for which Alexandria was at that time famous, the principles of the rest of the sciences.

What cannot be conquered by natural penetration and a passion for study? The boundless knowledge, which at that period of time was required to form the character of a philosopher, no way discouraged her; she delivered herself up to the study of Aristotle and Plato, and soon not one in all Alexandria understood, so perfectly as she, all the difficulties of those two philosophers.

But not their systems alone, but those of every other sect were quite familiar to her; and to this knowledge she added that of polite learning, and the art of oratory. All the learning, which it was possible for the human mind to contain, being joined to a most enchanting eloquence, rendered this lady the wonder not only of the populace, who easily admire, but of philosophers themselves, who are seldom fond of admiration.

The city of Alexandria was every day crowded with strangers, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia, to see and hear her. As for the charms of her person, they might not probably have been mentioned, did she not join to a beauty the most striking, a virtue that might repress the most assuming; and though in the whole capital, famed for charms, there was not one who could equal her in beauty; though in a city, the resort of all the learning then existing in the world, there was not one who could equal her in knowledge; yet, with such accomplishments, Hypasia was the most modest of her sex. Her reputation for virtue was not less than her virtues; and though in a city divided between two factions, though visited by the wits and the philosophers of the age, calumny never dared to suspect her morals, or attempt her character. Both the Christians and the Heathens, who have transmitted her history and her misfortunes, have but one voice, when they speak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue. Nay, so much harmony reigns in their accounts of this prodigy of perfection, that in spite of the opposition of their faith we should never have been able to judge of what religion was Hypasia, were we not informed, from other circumstances, that she was a Heathen.

Providence had taken so much pains in forming her, that we are almost induced to complain of its not having endeavoured to make her a Christian; but from this complaint we are deterred by a thousand contrary observations, which lead us to reverence its inscrutable mysteries.

This great reputation, of which she was so justly possessed, was at last, however, the occasion of her ruin.

The person, who then possessed the patriarchate of Alexandria, was equally remarkable for his violence, cruelty, and pride. Conducted by an ill-grounded zeal for the Christian religion, or perhaps desirous of augmenting his authority in the city, he had long meditated the banishment of the Jews. A difference arising between them and the Christians, with respect to some public games, seemed to him a proper juncture for putting his ambitious designs into execution. He found no difficulty in exciting the people, naturally disposed to revolt. The prefect, who at that time commanded the city, interposed on this occasion, and thought it just to put one of the chief creatures of the patriarch to the torture, in order to discover the first promoter of the conspiracy. The patriarch, enraged at the injustice he thought offered to his character and dignity, and piqued at the protection which was offered to the Jews, sent for the chiefs of the synagogue, and enjoined them to renounce their designs, under pain of incurring his highest displeasure.

The Jews, far from fearing his menaces, excited new tumults, in which several citizens had the misfortune to fall. The patriarch could no longer contain; at the head of a numerous body of Christians, he flew to the synagogues, which he demolished, and drove the Jews from a city, of which they had been possessed since the times of Alexander the Great. It may be easily imagined that the prefect could not behold, without pain, his jurisdiction thus insulted, and the city deprived of a number of its most industrious inhabitants.

The affair was therefore brought before the emperor. The patriarch complained of the excesses of the Jews, and the prefect of the outrages of the patriarch. At this very juncture, five hundred monks of mount Nitria, imagining the life of their chief to be in danger, and that their religion was threatened in his fall, flew into the city, with ungovernable rage, attacked the prefect in the streets, and not content with loading him with reproaches, wounded him in several places.

The citizens had by this time notice of the fury of the monks; they therefore assembled in a body, put the monks to flight, seized on him who had been found throwing a stone, and delivered him to the prefect, who caused him to be put to death without farther delay.

The patriarch immediately ordered the dead body, which had been exposed to view, to be taken down, procured for it all the pomp and rites of burial, and went even so far as himself to pronounce the funeral oration, in which he classed a seditious monk among the martyrs. This conduct was by no means generally approved of; the most moderate even among the Christians perceived and blamed his indiscretion; but he was now too far advanced to retire. He had made several overtures towards a reconciliation with the prefect, which not succeeding, he bore all those an implacable hatred whom he imagined to have any hand in traversing his designs; but Hypasia was particularly destined to ruin. She could not find pardon, as she was known to have a most refined friendship for the prefect; wherefore the populace were incited against her. Peter, a reader of the principal church, one of those vile slaves, by which men in power are too frequently attended, wretches, ever ready to commit any crime, which they hope may render them agreeable to their employer; this fellow, I say, attended by a crowd of villains, waited for Hypasia, as she was returning from a visit, at her own door, seized her as she was going in, and dragged her to one of the churches called Cesarea, where, stripping her in a most inhuman manner, they exercised the most inhuman cruelties upon her, cut her into pieces, and burnt her remains to ashes. Such was the end of Hypasia, the glory of her own sex, and the astonishment of ours.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, May 28.

This day the sittings at Westminster terminated. They commence to-morrow at Guildhall, where one hundred and forty-three causes are set down for trial, in the short interval before the commencement of Trinity term.

HARRIS v. J. CHICHESTER, ESQ.

The plaintiff is an eminent jobman in horses, the defendant a gentleman well known on the turf, residing on his estate in Devonshire. The former had purchased of the latter a coach-horse, at the price of forty guineas, under the warranty of his being quiet in harness. The horse had been offered for sale by the plaintiff to Lord Roslyn, and had been rejected, on the first trial, on account of the symptoms of restiveness, which he exhibited.

Mr. Garrow, for the plaintiff, said, Lord Roslyn could not attend, to give testimony, on account of a severe indisposition; but several of his servants deposed to the violent resistance and untractableness of the animal, on the occasion of the first experiment, so as to endanger the lives of the persons attempting to controul him.

Mr. Erskine, for the defendant, produced testimony to the quietness of the animal for a period of nine years; he said, that the beast, like himself, had often gone as leader, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, and that like himself also he had been found perfectly tractable on either side. He then sent for Nathaniel Fellows, Esq. from the Middlesex committee, who had frequently driven the horse, and gave evidence to his safety; and, last of all, he called John Gilpin, to shew that he did not run away with him. He further proved, that he had been driven at harrows, and in a unicorn team, or what is called a coach and three. The learned counsel then said, that he should come to the conclusive deposition *at length*, and produced testimony to the animal having been driven in a tandem.

Lord Ellenborough.... "This is a horse, sold under a warranty to go temperately in harness, and the

evidence on both sides is strong and contradictory. On the part of the defendant, there is a chasm, as the tractable disposition of the animal had not been brought up to the precise time of the sale to the plaintiff, and a horse might be soon rendered ferocious and unmanageable, by abuse and wantonness." Verdict for the defendant.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LEVITY.

JOURNAL OF A GREAT MAN.

[Continued.]

February 21, 1804. Passed a very uneasy night—dream't that Colonel Walker pursued me with a horse-whip—waked in a fright, and found myself on my knees in the middle of the floor:—got Sally to change my linnen, and went to sleep. Thought myself again at Washington's tomb, pretending to weep—when a solemn voice from within cried, 'let not my ashes be disturbed by the tears of a hypocrite.' Got up—received a letter from Michael Leib, asking for office of Surveyor of Port of Philadelphia. Can't give it to him—promised already—keep him in my eye tho'—must give him something—cunning fellow—good list about the certificates—scarcely ever made a better myself.

Took my morning ride—Boy let off a squib, under my horse's nose—mischievous young dog—seemed to know I never could bear the smell of gun-powder. Met a countryman, who rode with me sometime—took me for a Virginian overseer—talked of politics—gave me several home thrusts—asked me to point out a man of real character of our party—puzzled me for half an hour—very impertinent to ask such embarrassing questions;—at last ventured, with some stammering, to name Jefferson—the fellow burst into an immoderate laugh—begged me to enumerate his virtues—inquired which I should begin with—his religion, chastity, courage, or honesty—flapped my beaver, and rode off—wished he'd been as little as Sammy H. Smith—think I could have struck him.

Damn all *Feds*, high and low—they 'take a pride to gird at me'—and bring out such stubborn facts, that I myself wonder at the blindness of the people. All's safe though—as yet—hav'nt got my letter to Arnold—take care they shan't—keep Ned Livingston in good humour—make a bargain with him—won't enter up his bonds to government, while he keeps my letter snug—What are AN HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS of the PUBLIC MONEY, where my office is at stake!

[From a British paper.]

A DEVIL'S ADVENTURES.

It is now above four hundred years that I have sojourned in this lower world; and as I did not remain at any fixed post, I had an opportunity of visiting a great many people. The society in which I generally lived, was that of philosophers and men of letters; and if I had not taken a fancy to propriety, I should have remained with them, because I do not like changing my lodgings; and when once I was lodged in the body of one of those men, I could remain there as long as I liked. During the course of the last century, I remained for forty years in the head of a philosopher, who, to the very last hour of his life, gave me constant employment. You will suppose that I had time enough to examine every part of my lodging, and that I cannot easily forget the kind of furniture that I found in it. His head was divided into several cells, some of the principal of which I will describe to you. The cell which was called the Sovereignty of the People, was inhabited by a great fury, armed from head to foot, and sur-

rounded by a number of little sovereigns, who were in great agitation at his feet, calling upon him loudly for bread, for tribunes, for woollen bonnet, and wooden shoes; and they made so dreadful an uproar, that, Devil as I am, I found the post was not tenable. The cell of Universal Toleration presented a singular contrast with the title which it bore. Vanity, pride, and the desire of governing, had taken complete possession of it; and I never met any thing else there but little despots, peevish and meddling, always ready to declare war against those, who were not of their opinion. The cell of Perfection gave me at first some uneasiness, because we Devils cannot get cleverly through our work in this lower world, unless there are people a little disposed to adopt the plan of perfection laid down for them by modern metaphysicians. But in examining closely what was passing in this cell, I found I had no great reason for alarm, for the more my good man of a philosopher laboured to furnish it with ideas, the more it seemed to me that he emptied it of common sense. The cell of Experience was there only to make up the number: I cannot tell you what was in it, for I never saw it open.

After remaining forty years with this philosopher, I entered the body of an old poet, whom I hoped to remain with until his death; but I found it impossible to remain above six months, without running the risk of dying with hunger. But that was not the only disagreeable circumstance attached to my new habitation; you know, or you do not know, that we Devils take the opportunity, when our hosts are asleep, to take the air and a little recreation: now, the chamber in which he lived was so small, that I might as well remain in his body, which I constantly did all night. His poor neighbours, who lived under him, for there were none above him except owls, felt the inconvenience as much as I did, for he would jump out of bed at one o'clock in the morning to continue a bad play, the characters and songs of which he repeatedly sung with so much vociferation, that it was impossible for any one, who lived within two hundred yards of him, to sleep.

It was this man that disgusted me with poverty, and, consequently, with men of letters. Though I was afterwards sufficiently tired of demagogues, because they had a great deal of wickedness, and very little common sense; yet, I must confess, that the ten years I passed with them, appeared to me not so long as the six months I spent with the poet. The greater part of the extraordinary persons I met with during that time, in popular societies, were not very well acquainted with good living, and consequently I was always in danger of dying with hunger; and now that their kitchen is threatened with a counter-revolution, I am glad to decamp and seek my fortune elsewhere. If then I wish now to enter the body of a man of property, it is because I am tired of spare diet; and property seems now secured in a way that leaves me no uneasiness upon the subject.

SKETCH OF JOHN AND JOSIAH BOYDELL,

Illustrious artists, who, by their industry and eminent abilities, have raised themselves to a very respectable rank and situation in life. They have been long known to the public as munificent patrons of the fine arts. The Shakspeare Gallery is a most magnificent testimony of their public spirit, and their love of the arts, and will transmit their names with honour to posterity. Their superb edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, their *History of the principal Rivers of Great Britain*, and other works, have procured them a just and extensive reputation. Mr. Alderman BoydeLL has acquitted himself with singular ho-

nour in the arduous and important duties of a city magistrate. When he served in the office of Lord Mayor of London, in 1792, his affability to his fellow-citizens, his impartial administration of public justice, and his assiduous attention to the weighty concerns of his elevated station, united in endearing him to all ranks and descriptions of people, and distinguished him as an amiable model for succeeding chief magistrates.

SKETCH OF HENRY BUNBURY, ESQ.

Brother to Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bt. This gentleman is an Artist of considerable eminence in the serious, but of still superior merit in the humorous and ludicrous, departments of drawing. He may with propriety be denominated the Hogarth of his day. In 1787, he published a series of ludicrous Prints on the Subject of Horsemanship, accompanied by Instructions in that Art, written in a very happy vein of irony. The title of the volume is *Hints to bad Horsemen*, by Geoffry Gambado. The *Progress of a Lie: a Long Story*, and numerous other productions of his facetious pencil, are well known and justly celebrated. His most admired drawing bears the name of *Lord's-day Evening Amusements*.

SKETCH OF THE REV. ANDREW BURNABY, D.D.

Archdeacon of Leicester, of which place he is a native, and Vicar of Greenwich. He has published a quarto volume of pleasing and instructing '*Travels through the middle Settlements in North America*.' Six single Sermons of uncommon elegance and beauty: and a Sermon preached not long ago in Greenwich church, on the occasion of a national fast.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A cursory reader, or a mere lounge, will probably satisfy his curiosity by simply looking at the title of the Review, in our front page, and, terrified at the imaginary horrors of a dissertation on *Law*, will fly to *Levity* or to *Poetry* for relief. But he who, with an eye at once quick and strong, is capable of gazing stedfastly at the radiance of Truth, will recur again and again to an article, replete with just criticism, wholesome doctrine, and accurate discriminations. It would be injustice to the author, not to add, that his essay exhibits all the accuracy of a lawyer's learning, and all the force of a scholar's style. The value of this journal would be greatly enhanced, and the Editor's benefit, as well as the wishes of the public, would be effectually consulted, if our ingenious friend would, every week, write at least one paper for the *Port Folio*. We hope if, according to his intimation, he defer his lucubrations until the *Spring*, that they will come flying to us,

Cum Zephyris, et hirundine prima.

We exult to hear again from the TRANSLATOR of ANACREON. The poetry of Mr. MOORE can scarcely fail to delight those, who are versed in the philosophy of pleasure.

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
The cordial drop of life is love alone,
And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle,"
The man, that loves and laughs, must sure do well.

'ANGELO' is a very harsh and puritanic writer. We do not wish to give currency to such bitter invectives against lovely woman. We suspect that 'ANGELO' is benumbed by the Stoic apathy, or rather like his namesake, the hypocritical deputy, in Shakspeare, affects to be rigid, the better to conceal his propensities.

"Lord Angelo is precise,
Stands at a guard with Envy, scarce confession
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

On the recent departure, from this city, of two young ladies, whose personal charms are their smallest attractions, the author was jocosely teased to address some farewell lines to one of them, whom he had long cherished as a friend, and to whose absence it was believed he would not be indifferent.

To sing the praises of her whom he loved, and to describe the gloom, that had overspread a whole circle, upon losing one of its brightest ornaments, was a task peculiarly congenial with his feelings, and eminently calculated to awaken all the powers of poesy. But the Muses were not propitious. Calliope had been so completely taken in lately by *æ*, who sung the 'Wrath of Burr—the cause of all our woes,' that she strongly advised her sisters to have nothing to do with any more of the Philadelphia wits.

All his attempts, therefore, ended in despair at not being able to express his feelings in language soothing to himself, and to which even she might listen. One, in particular, beginning in a very tender manner,

And must we then, Eliza, part—

was so insufferably ridiculed by a mischievous female friend, that its mortified author was compelled to join in the laugh, and in the following burlesque, as an atonement for his presumption to satirize the ordinary effusions of his more fortunate brethren.

SEDLEY.

JONATHAN TO JEMIMA,

OR

THE FOND SHEPHERD'S FAREWELL.

When first I heard that you must go,
My cheeks they turn'd as white as snow,
That I should be deserted so;

Jemima!

My heart, as father's clock, was quick;
My voice, as mother's cream, was thick,
*And almost in my mouth did stick—

Jemima!

And when thou gav'st me thy white hand,
I trembled so, I scarce could stand;
And o'er myself I lost command,

Jemima!

O you have kindled such a flame,
That it, alas! no time can tame,
Or ever fully quench—the same

Jemima!

The mischief here that you have done,
Though sore to us,—to you is fun,
But almost makes us crazy run,

Jemima!

I cannot guess for what you came,
Since you already had a name,
And could not hope to increase your fame,

Jemima!

Ah! surely love, you never can
Encounter a more faithful man,
Nor I a lovelier maiden than

Jemima!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To a certain great man, who has questioned certain revealed truths.

Thou talk'st of Reason's unassisted eye;
Lift then thy darling Reason to the sky—
Paint, if thou wilt, the unincumber'd mind,
Vast in its powers, and in its views refin'd;
To truth aspiring on the wings of day,
And spanning systems with a godlike sway—

* Friend Jonathan here evinces not only his knowledge of human nature, but he also shews his researches among the poets. His classical readers will recollect the symptoms of fear, which one of Virgil's heroes exhibited on another distressing occasion.

The portrait you have form'd, you dread to own,
And Guilt's deep blushes o'er its shades are thrown:

For has th' Almighty thus inform'd the race,
His truth to question, and his laws deface?
Bestow'd a mind, the Eternal's mind to blame,
And reason's deathless force, His reason to de-

fame?
As well might Jove's imperial bird defy
The Pow'r that made him soar, because he soars
so high.

LODIKUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BATTLE OF HOHEN-LINDEN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

[A friend of the Port Folio, on his return to the United States, having turned over the two last volumes of that work, in expectation of finding the inclosed poem, was surprised at not meeting with it. Thinking it probable that his first letter has miscarried, he has once more transcribed it; but, as he at present writes from memory, he will not answer that there may not be some inaccuracies in the present copy.]

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Yser rolling rapidly.

But Linden shew'd another sight
When the drums beat at the dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each warrior drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then rush'd the steeds, to battle driven,
Then shook the hills, by thunder riven,
And, volleying like the bolt of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

And redder still those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of purpled snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Yser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn—yet scarce the lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
While furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens—on the brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave,
Wave, Munich! all your banners wave!
And charge with all your chivalry!

Ah, few shall part when many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET....TO MYRA.

How sad the exile from his native skies,
Doom'd on the shades of parted bliss to dwell;
No ear to catch his penitential sighs,
No voice to sooth him in his last farewell!
Anxious he treads th' inhospitable shore,
And gazes anxious on the main,
Where ling'ring Fancy loves to feign;
Till day's last lustre bid her wake no more.
Then Horror climbs the dusky wave,
And beckons Madness to her grave;
Where, cradled by the surge to rest,
Low sighs the passing gale 'Despair is blest!'
Ah, sadder far, an exile from thy charms,
Friend, country, freedom, smile in Myra's arms.

LODIKUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

BALLAD.

While women, like soft music's charms,
So sweetly bliss dispenses,
Some favourite part each fair performs,
In the concert of the senses.
Love, great first fiddle in the band,
Each passion quells and raises,
Exploring, with a master's hand,
Nice Modulation's mazes;
Till the rapt soul, supremely blest,
Beams brightly in each feature,
And lovely woman stands confest
The harmony of nature.

Hark! with the pensive, in duet,
The sprightly horn it mingles!
The Prude's the flute, and the Coquet
The lively harp that tingles!
One boldly sweeps the yielding strings,
While plaintive to'ther prates it;
Like Caesar, this to victory springs,
Like Fabius that awaits it.
With various gifts to make us blest,
Love skills each charming creature;
Thus, lovely woman stands confest
The harmony of nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,
Widows the growling tymbal,
Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe,
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.
All wives piano fortes are,
The base how old maids thump it,
The bugle horn are archers fair,
An amazon's a trumpet.
Thus, with rare gifts to make us blest,
Love skills his favourite creature,
And thus sweet woman stands confest
The harmony of nature.

SHORT CANES.

Two bucks having lost their bamboos in a fray,
Side by side swagger'd into a toy-shop one day,
Each, by a new purchase his loss to repair—
But, lo! when for payment our heroes prepare,
All the cash in their pockets, together combin'd,
For the purchase of one scarce sufficient they find.
In common they buy it; and, nice to a hair,
In two they divide it, and each takes his share.
Our beaux economic, improving the hint,
The length of their canes have determin'd to stint:
And when they would buy, a whole company splice
Their pence and their farthings, to make up the price.
Hence, view the smart beau, and you soon ascertain
The depth of his purse, by the length of his cane.

EPIGRAM.

Whoever seals the marriage vow,
'Tis well agreed make one of two;
But who can tell, save G— alone,
What numbers may make two of one.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 50.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOHNSON'S CONVERSATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR,

[The following interesting communication was made by me to Mr. Boswell, a short time before his death; Dr. RUSH having politely committed to paper, for that purpose, at my request, the information, casually given, some time before, in the course of conversation. Mr. Boswell received it with many thanks, and intended to insert it in his third edition of the life of his illustrious friend, Dr. Samuel Johnson. He lived not, however, to execute that intention; I have, therefore, solicited, and obtained Dr. Rush's permission to hand it to you: a literary journal, like the Port Folio, being the most proper channel to convey to the admirers of Dr. Johnson, any anecdotes, respecting him, or any of his sentiments, which have not yet been given to the world.

Yours, &c.

JAMES ABERCROMBIE.]

Philadelphia, Nov. 23, 1804.

DEAR SIR,

During my residence in London, in the winter of 1769, I was introduced, by our worthy countryman, Mr. West, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who favoured me, a few days afterwards, with a card to dinner. At his table, I met a group of authors, among whom was the celebrated Dr. Johnson. The day was to me one of the most memorable I passed, while abroad, on account of the singular display, which I witnessed, both of talents and knowledge. Dr. Johnson came late into company. Upon his entering the room, he found Sir Joshua consoling one of his guests, under the pain he felt from having been handled very severely by the reviewers. 'Don't mind them,' said Johnson to the complaining author. 'Where is the advantage of a man having a great deal of money, but that the loss of a little will not hurt him? And where is the advantage of a man having a great deal of reputation, but that the loss of a little will not hurt him? You can bear it.'

At dinner, I sat between Dr. Johnson and Dr. Goldsmith. The former took the lead in conversation. He instructed upon all subjects. One of them was drunkenness, upon which he discovered much of that original energy of thought and expression, which were so peculiar to him.

The *anemone maritima* was named by one of the company, about which naturalists have disagreed, whether it belonged to the vegetable or animal kingdom. 'It is an animal,' said Dr. Johnson, for its ashes have been analyzed, and they yield a volatile alkali, and this we know is the criterion of animal matter, as distinguished from vegetable, which yields a fixed alkali.' I was much struck with this remark; for I did not expect to hear a man, whose studies appeared, from his writings, to have been confined to moral and philosophical subjects, decide so confidently upon a controversy in natural history.

A book, which had been recently published, led to some remarks upon its author. Dr. Goldsmith, addressing himself to Dr. Johnson, said, 'He appears, Doctor, from some passages in his book, to be one of your acquaintances.' 'Yes,' said Johnson, 'I know him.' 'And pray, what do you think of him?' said Goldsmith. 'He is well enough—well enough,' said Johnson. 'I have heard,' said Goldsmith, 'he is much given to asking questions in company.' 'Yes, he is,' said Johnson, 'and his questions are not of the most interesting nature. They are such as this—' 'Pray, Doctor, why is an apple round, and why is a pear not so?'

During the time of dinner, Dr. Goldsmith asked me several questions, relative to the manners and customs of the North American Indians. Dr. Johnson, who heard one of them, suddenly interrupted him, and said, 'There is not an Indian in North America, who would have asked such a foolish question.' 'I am sure,' said Goldsmith, 'there is not a savage in America, that would have made so rude a speech to a gentleman.'

After dinner, he was drawn into a dispute with a citizen of London, about the riot, which had taken place, a short time before, in St. George's Fields, and the well-known steps, that were taken by the British government to quell it. The citizen condemned the conduct of government, in very harsh terms, and said that Colonel ——— had declared he would have suppressed the riot, without firing a gun, or killing a man. 'That may be,' said Dr. Johnson, 'some men have a knack in quelling riots, which others have not, just as you, Sir, have a knack in defending them, which I have not.'

I regret, that I cannot gratify you, by detailing the whole of the Doctor's conversation, during the course of the day. I should not have ventured, after the lapse of nearly four-and-twenty years, to have given you the above, from my memory, had they not been impressed upon it, by my having occasionally related them since, among my friends.

With great regard, I am,

dear Sir,

your sincere friend,
BENJAMIN RUSH.

22d April, 1793.

Mr. James Abercrombie.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REVIEW.

Nature Displayed, in her mode of teaching language to man, adapted to the French: by N. G. Duffief, of Philadelphia, in two volumes, 8vo, pp. 500. Printed by T. L. Posenman and T. S. Manning.

All efforts to improve or simplify the science of education, should be viewed by the public, with an eye of gratitude, and by the critic, whose quick-sighted penetration may detect errors and

false notions, and whose business and duty it is, to expose them, with an eye of indulgence. The hope of experiencing these, if not of meeting with success or reward, notwithstanding the frequent examples of failure, sufficiently accounts for the numerous works, published on education. Therefore, and because the work before us is not written in the vernacular tongue of the author, we began to peruse, with favourable sentiments, the arduous undertaking of "Nature Displayed." When, after a minute attention to the subject, it was discovered that, instead of having the unpleasant task of combatting a system, founded on false principles, we have the pleasing opportunity of announcing to the public a work, replete with originality and profound simplicity of thought, which, when sufficiently understood, bids fair to be of extensive benefit to society.

The following analysis of the work may enable the reader to judge how well this opinion of its merit may be founded.

The title of the work, with the appropriate mottoes, from Locke, Condillac, and Sicard only, give, at once, an idea of the plan, pursued by the writer, very different one from that universally adopted. By these, it is seen, he proposes the tuition of a language, in the shortest time possible, by means of Nature's method, exemplified in the never-failing progress of children, in the acquisition of their native tongue, that is to say, without the incumbrance of the tedious processes of grammars and exercise books.

We must here confess, that, owing to early prejudices in favour of the former method of instruction, we were strongly prepossessed against the mode of teaching a language, without the assistance of grammar; and it was not till we had read the preliminary discourse of the work, in which the author completely unfolds his doctrine, with a scrupulous attention, that we embraced it, and felt an anxious desire it should be generally adopted. We, therefore, beg leave to recommend the reading of this part of the work, to all who may be of opinion, that a grammar is the best book to be put in the hands of those desirous of acquiring a language, with which they may be as yet unacquainted. If they do not become convinced by this, they will at least be pleased with the elegant simplicity of the style, and the ingenuity of his method; which last, being entirely addressed to memory, a faculty of the mind, which every human being (with the exception of idiots) is blessed with, is most certainly adapted to every capacity.

The first volume is divided into four parts, three of which are Vocabularies of words and of phrases; the last is a collection of familiar and idiomatical phrases, which probably could not be introduced among the phrases of the Vocabularies.

The first vocabulary is a vocabulary of nouns, which are classed according to the order of human wants: viz. of hunger, thirst, want of clothing, habitation, &c. This, it is acknowledged, is a very ingenious classification, as words undoubtedly the most necessary, are thereby presented first to the memory, which must greatly facilitate and abridge the acquisition of a language.

This extensive vocabulary, containing about two thousand nouns, very properly conclude with the terms of war, fortifications, and transactions relative thereto. Each noun is placed in the margin, with its gender carefully affixed, and has a particular appropriate phrase separated from the first, by a perpendicular line; and this phrase is such as may be often used in the social communication amongst the French, and in which the true genius and idiom of that language are displayed.

The two other vocabularies have also similar phrases.

The second vocabulary comprehends the numbers, the principal adjectives, and abstract nouns. In this, the order of the human wants is not (the numbers excepted) as in the first, observed. The reason of this, with regard to the adjectives, seems obvious. As they, for the greater part, receive the law of the noun, in respect to gender, a classification of them, according to their manner of forming their feminine gender, appears to have been judiciously preferred. And, as each class of adjectives is sufficiently numerous, it follows, that the learner will naturally acquire, by rote or analogy, like Frenchmen themselves, the faculty of forming the feminine gender of adjectives, agreeably to the genius of the language.

The abstract nouns are classed in alphabetical order, from an impossibility of classing them differently. If it be asked, why the abstract nouns have been placed in the train of adjectives, instead of that of the nouns, I answer, it appears to be the most natural method that could have been adopted, since he has proved, in his second volume, pages 31 and 32, that the adjective is the natural generator of the abstract noun. This being admitted, an acquaintance with the former, must, of necessity, precede that of the latter.

The third vocabulary comprises a series of words of the greatest importance to learners of a language. These have been denominated, by the author, from the part they perform in speech, 'words, forming the link or completion of sense, between the other parts of speech.' They are pronouns of all kinds, articles, prepositions, adverbs, conjunctions, &c. Much judgment and knowledge of language has been displayed in the formation of this vocabulary. Indeed, it may be clearly perceived by this arrangement and the classification of these words, that the author is a practical metaphysician. We have found in this collection a number of expressions, the meaning whereof, though they do often occur in the French, could not be obtained through the medium of any of the French and English dictionaries.

Such familiar phrases as the author could have no opportunity of illustrating, in the preceding vocabularies, together with the idioms and idiomatical phrases, or modes of expressions, peculiar to the French language, conclude the first volume. In order to collect the latter, the author informs us, he has perused above five hundred different plays. It is conceived that, if idioms are to be met with in any books, the author has made the most judicious choice for his purpose, as prose comedies may be justly entitled the picture of civilized life, in all its chequered scenes. A great advantage arises from the idioms having been thus selected; it supplies the learner with a key for completely unfolding French plays, and thereby insures to those who give a preference to such works, the certainty of the acquisition of the French language, fluently, as it is spoken.

The manner of using this book, which constitutes the method, is extremely simple, and truly adapted to every capacity.* It consists in teaching the three vocabularies, and the familiar

phrases noticed at the same time; that is to say, the scholar is to learn daily a lesson in each of them, proportionate to his retentive faculty. By following this plan, with perseverance, for two or three months, we are fully persuaded, that every one, endowed with a tolerable memory, and making the French language the principal object of study, must acquire the whole of the first volume, which contains a complete phraseology of the French language; and the wonder that so many phrases are to be obtained in so short a time, will cease, upon considering, that the first phrases, these being the only difficult ones, comprise more or less of those which follow.

While the phrases are thus committed to memory, the verbs, being the link words, as there can be no phrase without them, are not to be neglected; for, besides the four lessons above mentioned, a fifth, beginning with the verbs in the second volume, and comprising all their respective conjugations, is to be learned.

Before proceeding to the analysis of the second volume, we shall say a few words on the English phrases. There are a number of these phrases, in which the idiom of the English language has been either disregarded, or in which it has degenerated into cant. Others, that do not correspond exactly with the French, and a few, that might, with propriety, have been suppressed. In order to render these observations useful, a list of these phrases has been transmitted to the author. On the French phrases, not trusting to our knowledge of that language, several gentlemen, conversant in it, who have been consulted, assured us, all these are generally in use in social communication, and all conformable, except in two or three instances, to the true genius of the language. It is to be observed, that the author has judiciously adopted Voltaire's orthography, which greatly facilitates the pronunciation of those phrases, not to be committed to memory, till the pronunciation of each of them has been acquired, by hearing from the mouth of a person, pronouncing with the true French accent.

The second volume is divided into two sections. The first is entitled 'The Philosophy of Language,' and the second, 'Syntax made easy.'

The author appears convinced, with several eminent writers, that the best grammar, instead of beginning with definitions and rules, should rather begin with a philosophical analysis of the parts of speech, as these must necessarily comprehend the history of the rise and progress of language, and consequently, some metaphysical notions.

This opinion is calculated to stagger those, in whose minds the term grammar, is associated, with childhood. What! they will say, make philosophers of them before they are made grammarians? No: that part of the volume is short, but not adapted to the capacity of children; for few things indeed are adapted to their tender age, and grammar itself, even deprived of philosophy, its life and ornament, has never been one of these; for a knowledge of grammar embraces a competent acquaintance of language and its beauties, that children can never be possessed of; as, to have this, they must have read, with reflection, (which is an absurd supposition) the authors in which these beauties are displayed. It enters not into our plan, to dwell, at present, on this interesting topic. The inquiring reader is therefore referred to an ingenious essay on the subject, in the Gazette of the United States, or in the Daily Advertiser, by Mr. J. Mackie, of this city, in which this new doctrine is established on the firmest basis.

By considering that language is the instrument of our thoughts, that it is as necessary to the faculty of thinking, as numbers are to calculation, we shall deem it of the greatest importance to become acquainted with the formation

of it. The idea required the sign, and the sign, in its turn, rendered the idea fruitful; hence, the connection of grammar with metaphysics, which may be termed the science of ideas. This sufficiently accounts for the author's touching on metaphysics, in the very beginning of the Philosophy of Language, and for his introducing an analytical table of the faculties of the mind, while it also proves him well versed in that important science.

In dividing that part of his work into conversations, it will be seen he has adopted the lively and interesting mode of treating a subject, first introduced by the famous Socrates.

In page the first and second, he presents us with the following passage:

'SCHOLAR. What are words?

MASTER. The signs of our ideas and thoughts that is to say, they serve to represent our ideas and thoughts.

S. What do you call an idea?

M. The image or representation of an object or quality in the mind.

S. How are objects represented in the mind?

M. By the sensations or impressions they make on any of the five senses or organs, which the wise Disposer of all things bestowed on man, to enable him to come to the knowledge of external objects. Those sensations, kept up and present to the recollection, are ideas; we connect them with words, without which, ideas, alternately rising and vanishing on the mind, would leave no more vestige on the brain, than the transient waves of a flood leave on the eye.'

In pages 25 and 27, are found the following remarks on the adjective:

'S. What is an adjective?

M. A word joined to a noun, to signify that the object, represented by the noun, is possessed of some quality or property; as, a round table, une table ronde; a red coat, un habit rouge: the words round and red are adjectives, because they denote the figure and colour of the objects table and coat.

S. What gave rise to the use of adjectives?

M. The comparison of objects, which more or less resembled, or differed from one another. When man wanted to impart this resemblance or difference to his neighbour, he had, at first, no particular terms for the purpose; but, inspired by his wants, he happily and naturally came to introduce into language a new kind of words, which have been called adjectives, a word derived from the Latin *adjectum*, which means added to.

S. Could adjectives be dispensed with?

M. No: for without them, language would no longer exist. Nouns would only represent objects, divested of all their qualities, properties, forms and actions, which render them so highly interesting in the communication of our sentiments. Without the assistance of adjectives, the loveliest objects of nature would sink into indifference, and the finest subjects of imagination would be consigned to oblivion; we should, in fact, be deprived of the faculty of reasoning, as the mere repetition of solitary words, to represent certain objects, would be of no avail to express any of the conceptions of the human mind.

The simplicity of language is divine and admirable; and, as there is some relation between an object and its qualities, which flow from the very nature of the object itself, the adjective may also be said to be derived from the noun, as the latter gave rise to the former.

S. Favour me with some further explanation on this subject.

M. By all means. Some objects possess qualities in such an eminent degree, that the very mention of them conveys to the mind the idea of

* As it is supposed there can be no capacity, without memory.

those qualities. For instance, as a mountain is a very striking emblem of height and magnitude, a person, who would inform his companions that he had seen a very tall or gigantic man, would have said that he had seen a *mountain man*; for, had he used the word *tall*, to convey that idea, he would not have been understood, until he had explained to them the meaning, which he intended to convey by this word. He was, therefore, in order to make himself intelligible, obliged to resort to a noun, which was already associated, in their minds, with his prototype; or, suppose he were desirous of extolling the beauty of a fine woman, he might happily express himself, by saying, that her shape was an *arrow*, (meaning straight or slender) her complexion, *snow*, (meaning white) that her eyes were *heaven*, (that is, blue) her cheeks, *roses*, (red) and her lips *cherries* or *strawberries*, (meaning ruddy.).

S. By what means would he have represented a gentle and docile child?

M. Probably by the word *lamb*; as, a *lamb* child. But this is a very imperfect mode of expressing the quality. The idea of size, conveyed by the word *mountain*, is far superior to that of the tallest man. No woman's complexion, however fair, has ever equalled the matchless white of snow.

Such nouns as, at first, gave to savage man a rude idea of the qualities, discovered in certain things, were gradually replaced, when he came to aim at precision, by the words now called adjectives, which were nothing but nouns themselves, that had undergone various modifications, the better to distinguish the quality from the objects, which man, by comparing them, in order to discover their relations, had learned to separate or abstract from them. This alteration in the noun, to signify the quality, greatly improved the faculty of thinking; as, by this means, different names were given to different things, order and regularity began to be established in the understanding of man, and this was the result of the faculty, called abstraction, by which alone mankind are placed so far above the brute creation.

All the ideas of the author are not always as philosophical as the above, and the light of reason is sometimes supplied by the glimmerings of conjecture, such are observed in his highly ingenious hypothesis, concerning the manner in which genders for inanimate things have been introduced into those languages, which admit of them.

M. Man, being of an inventive, scrutinizing genius, and giving names to the objects of his wants, must have early observed, that nature had divided his own species into two sexes, the male and female: and her division would not have been respected, had he called the female by the same name as his fellow man, or, in other words, had he given the appellation of man to woman. He therefore soon devised a term, by which the female of his species was to be designated, and thus, he called her woman, *france*.

But animals also had their sex. The cow, that supplied him with wholesome and nutritious milk; and the sheep, that defended him from the inclemencies of winter, with her warm fleece, were severally entitled to distinct names, for the discrimination of their sex; and man, inspired with reason, and actuated by gratitude, formed the judicious and laudable distinction. With respect to animals, less important to him, or less worthy his attention, he was not so particular; and instead of imposing a name on the female, entirely different from that of the male, he framed a specific name for the former, by a slight change in the termination of the latter, as, in French, from the masculine terms, *chat*, a cat; *chien*, a dog; *loup*, a wolf; he derived the feminines, *chatte*, *chienne*, *louve*.

Nothing appears more reasonable than this distinction, which the God of Nature has wisely marked, by drawing, with an unerring hand, the sexual line. But man soon deviated from the path of reason, in rendering every object, even the inanimate things of his own creation, male or female, by arranging their names in the class of masculine or feminine nouns. The cause of this erroneous principle in language may be thus accounted for: in the infant state of society, when his condition was precarious and circumscribed, the sex of all animals could not be discovered. Some, that were dangerous and terrific to him, he carefully avoided; some, that viewed him with dread, sought the deepest recesses of the forest for safety: and others, expressing their fear, with fluttering pinions, launched into the vast regions of the air, far beyond his observation. Notwithstanding these obstacles in the road to improvement; and, as no law of nature nor intellectual exertion could direct him, in his course, such was the ardour of his inclination to use the faculty of speech, now become familiar, that he gave names to animals of the same species; as if conscious that they were all absolutely males or females. This will account for the elephant, leopard, bear, rat, &c. having, for instance, the name of the male only, in French; and for the panther, wasp, adder, mouse, &c. having no discriminating name for the male species. Thus, were fear and weakness the authors of error. By judging too hastily, the mind was misled; and man, in early society, leaving the path of nature, to take that of caprice, and easily biassed in his judgment, erred now so much, as to impose names even on inanimate things, as if they had been of the male or female sex.

If the hypothesis of Harris, &c. which he combats, be not well founded, the discerning reader will not, perhaps, think the above much better. He, however, finds the means of explaining by it in what manner the English language came to be deprived of gender for inanimate things, and forms thereby a contrast with the other European languages.

Here, perhaps, it may be thought well worth spending some time in inquiring, why the English language should stand alone among those of Europe, in assigning neither the masculine nor feminine gender to inanimate objects. The hazarding a few conjectures on this subject appears to me the more necessary, when it is considered, that such grammarians, as have discovered the greatest acuteness in their researches, have passed it by, in silence.

To explain this singular deviation from the nature of other languages, I shall have recourse to that fruitful principle of the progress of the human mind, called the association of ideas. Whoever is acquainted with the English, knows, that by the help of the pronouns *he* and *she*, prefixed to certain nouns of animals, the male or female thereof are clearly denominated; thus they say, a *he* or *she* cat; a *he* or *she* goat; a *he* or *she* wolf, &c.

In the origin of the English language, there was no room for error, as we have shewn there was in those languages, that impose genders on the names of things; as, when giving names to animals, the framers of this language were always able to make such names masculine or feminine, by the addition of those monosyllabic terms; terms, that were, perhaps, first devised, to express an idea of sexuality. Whenever it was necessary to impose names on things without sex, in speaking of them, they could never have made use of the words *he* or *she*; for these words having been placed before nouns of animals, to designate sexuality, in the beginning, could not fail to awaken in the mind the idea of one or other sex. Natural good sense, as yet unimpaired, could not think of employing them, when discoursing of

things without sex. The genius of invention directed y reason, and stimulated by necessity discovered the word *it*.

The limits of this paper will not admit of more quotations; suffice it to say, that many ingenious ideas, but some of these, perhaps, too fanciful to be seriously adopted, beam through his 'Philosophy of language.'

The inquiring reader is referred, for these, to the conversations and notes on the noun, article, pronoun, verbs, &c.

To give, at one view, to those, unacquainted with the work, an idea of the author's system on language, it may be observed, that he admits but one fundamental part of speech, the noun, which, he attempts to prove, generated the other parts of speech. According to his doctrine, their generation took place in the following manner.

The noun generated the adjective; the adjective, in its turn, generated the abstract noun; the articles and pronouns draw their origin from nouns. With regard to the verb, it is the name for respiration or existence, and there is but one, the verb *est*. The verbs, called adjective, in the French language, are, by a decomposition, proved to be composed of that verb, in its other terminations, and of the adjectives active, or of the participle present. With regard to the preposition, the author agrees with Horne Tooke, concerning its origin. He admits of but one conjunction, that is, *et*, which proceeds from the verb *être*, and endeavours to prove that every other word, called conjunction, receives its conjunctive force from this. Such is the very ingenious system of grammar, displayed in the 'Philosophy of Language,' supported by such reasonings and illustrations, as render it not easy to be overturned.

This part of the volume would, from the above, appear almost useless to the American pupil, for the purpose of learning French, were not those metaphysical disquisitions blended with many useful particulars relative to the French language and especially with the conjugation of verbs; which last, it is thought, is the most analytical and extensive, ever presented to the consideration of the learner. It is said, some respectable French teachers have refused to adopt his system of conjugation, owing to the change of the names of the tenses: I do not conceive such an objection to have the least weight. For, if a language should be learned by memory, which few will deny, what odds can it make, if a few terms, which appear, on close examination, very judiciously expressive of the use of the tenses, be added to so many words and phrases, that most indispensably be committed to memory.

The Syntax of the French language concludes the second volume. It appears justly entitled to what the editor of the Literary Magazine has said of it: 'it contains' says the writer, 'a body of instruction, digested in a more luminous method, and comprehending a greater number of particulars, than are found in any work extant.' To this well-written eulogium, it may be added, that the subject is sometimes presented in a point of view, so *striking*, that the dryness of grammatical matter is here seen to excite an interest, that few could think it capable of. This part of the work is, according to the author's principles, to be attended to, when the first volume has been previously committed to memory. His reasons for it are so well developed in his preliminary discourse, that the reader is referred to it.

Finally, we conclude, that those who peruse 'Nature Displayed,' with attention, will agree with us, that it has much originality and much merit, while it promises such utility to society, (as the principles are applicable to all languages) that the laws of the old world will probably be lost in those of the new, in teaching this important branch of literature.

BIOGRAPHY.
THE LIFE OF J. LANGHORNE.
[Continued.]

Of the domestic manners and petty habits of Langhorne, few particulars have been recorded. His private character appears to have been very amiable and respectable. All his contemporaries bear testimony to his candour, probity, liberality of sentiment, and amiable benevolence. Tenderness, in every sense of the word, seems to have been his peculiar characteristic. He had from his childhood, as he himself informs us, a remarkable turn for retirement; and frequently walked, when he was very young, two miles from home, to a solitary place, whose shady privacy aided contemplation. The romantic aspect of his native country probably added to this innocent enthusiasm; and the rude contrast of rocks, and woods, and waters, impressed something of their own wild irregularity on his imagination. His poems abound with images and descriptions connected with the place of his nativity. In his Fable of the Garden Rose and the Wild Rose, the recollection of the scenes of thoughtless gaiety and puerile amusement, which he had long forsaken, restored to his mind the pleasing images which were connected with them, and rekindled, in some measure, that enthusiasm which they first cherished and inspired.

—Enon's wild and silent shade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid,
What time the woodland genius came,
And touch'd me with his holy flame—
Or, where the hermit Belou leads
Her waves through solitary meads,
And only feeds the desert flower,
Where once she sooth'd my slumbering hour;
Or, rous'd by Stanmore's wintry sky,
She wearies echo with her cry—
Where Eden's fairer waters flow
By Milton's bower, or Ooty's grow,
Or Brockley's alder-shaded cave;
Or, winding round the druid's grave,
Silently glide with pious fear,
To sound his holy slumbers near—

When he resided in London, and became a writer of celebrity, his company was very earnestly solicited; and he became as much distinguished for his social and convivial spirit, as for the force of his genius, and the amiable simplicity of his manners. He is recollected to have been a very constant visitor at the Burton Ale-house, the sign of the Peacock, in Gray's-Inn Lane, where he is supposed to have taken too liberally that substitute for the Castalian fountain, which the house supplied. His manner of living in the country was genial and elegant: and he died, much lamented by his brother justices and convivial friends.

As a prose writer few of his compositions have obtained much popularity, though they afford such pregnant proofs of genius, taste, and learning, as render them in general deserving more attention than they have hitherto received.

His Letters on Religious Retirement are addressed to a lady of good sense and fine accomplishments, but unhappily a little tainted with enthusiasm, and inclined to that sort of melancholy and aversion to the rational pleasures of society, which naturally arises from mistaken apprehensions of the Supreme Being, and the absurd notion of divine impulses and illuminations. They contain a variety of striking arguments and observations, clothed in elegant and pathetic language, not unlike the flowery style of Harvey though applied to a very opposite purpose.

His Sotyman and Almeha is one of the most popular of his performances. In invention, originality, and interest, it is inferior to the Raselas of Dr. Johnson, and the Almorani and Lamet of Dr. Hawkesworth. The design and tendency of the story are more commendable than

the execution. In venturing to sport in the flowery fields of fiction, he has sometimes forgotten the poet's precept, *convenientia fingere*. In the composition, few strong marks of the eastern style, or manners are visible; but the defects of the style, though in general easy and elegant, is compensated by the useful instruction it conveys. The design of the tale is perfectly chaste and moral, tending to confirm the habits of virtue, and to inspire us with a confidence in Providence.

In his Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, he has ventured into the pleasant province of humour; in which, if he does not make such a distinguished figure as Sterne, it ought to be remembered, that few have succeeded in the art of agreeable trifling. The second volume contains a variety of ingenious criticisms, and remarks on the study of poetry, addressed to Mr. Cartwright, which evince his abilities as a classical scholar, and his good taste in polite literature.

His Theodosius and Constantia is founded on the unfortunate love tale told in the "Spectator," No 164. The design of the work is to inculcate many of the great duties of natural and revealed religion, and the practice of some of the most amiable virtues of private life. The merit of this moral and entertaining Correspondence is very considerable. The letters are written in a polite and pleasing style, though his manner is too poetical for prose composition; his language too flowery, too luxuriant, and in some places too finely polished for epistolary writing; in which art should never want ease, nor elegance lose sight of nature.

His Sermons are in general animated, eloquent, and pathetic compositions; but they are sometimes more verbose, diffuse, and affected, than a polished taste can patiently endure. They have been severely censured by Mr. Mainwaring in the preface to his "Sermons," 8vo, 1780; where speaking of specimens of false pathos, he refers to sermons "by writers of little judgment and no genius—to those of Dr. Langhorne in particular, and of the Methodists in general, where the instance, of false pathos are so numerous, and so easy to be found, that I think it needless to quote them." Again: "Although method cannot be too exact, it may be too studiously displayed. There are sermons of the first merit, in all other respects, that may justly be compared to fine skeletons, in which the bones, muscles, and sinews, are fashioned, arranged, and adjusted, in the most perfect manner; but a composition of this sort, though ever so consummate for its strength and symmetry, can only be pleasing to the eye of a virtuoso. The extreme opposed to this is the loose soft texture of Dr. Langhorne's style."

His Memoirs of Collins, though general and scanty, are elegantly written; and the Observations on his Genius and Writings, though sometimes slight and nugatory, are commonly just and pertinent, and always lively and ingenious.

His Letters on the Eloquence of the Pulpit, contain few observations that are new or striking; but the composition is more close and pure than the generality of his prose writings.

In his Frederick and Pharamond, there is a liberality, as well as a rectitude of sentiment, which merits the highest praise; but neither the conduct of the dialogue nor the style are commendable.

His Letters between St. Evremond and Waller, are in general characteristic and elegant, and do equal credit to his taste and judgment.

Of Plutarch's Lives, the translators have given a version that amply supplies the defects of that translation to which Dryden lent his glorious name, written, as he himself acknowledges, by as many hands as there were lives. It had indeed

been corrected in the editions, 1727 and 1758, with great learning and ability, as far as correction was possible; but the cast and complexion could only be improved by a new work, which has been executed by the poetical brothers, with an elegance, fidelity, spirit, and precision, that merit the highest praise, and must forever preclude the necessity of a subsequent version. The Life of Plutarch is well written; and the Notes are very valuable.

His translation of Denina's Dissertation on the Ancient Republics of Italy, is an accession to English literature, that has received an additional value from his Original Notes and Observations.

As a poet his compositions are distinguished by undoubted marks of genius, a fine imagination, and a sensible heart. Imagery and enthusiasm, the great essentials of poetry, inspire all his works, and place them far above the strain of vulgar compositions. The tenderness of love, and the soft language of complaint, were adapted to his genius, as well as elevation of thought, opulence of imagery, and the highest beauties of poetry. But the qualities for which he is chiefly distinguished, are imagination, pathos and simplicity, animated sentiment, opulence of allusion, warmth and vivacity of expression, and melodious versification. His sentimental productions are exquisitely tender and beautiful; his descriptive compositions show a feeling heart and a warm imagination; and his lyric pieces are pregnant with the genuine spirit of poetical enthusiasm; but his style, in the midst of much splendour and strength, is sometimes harsh and obscure, and may be censured as deficient in ease and distinctness. His chief fault is redundant decoration, an affectation of false and unnecessary ornament. He is not always contented with that concise and simple language which is sufficient to express his sentiments, but is tempted to indulge in superfluous diction, by the fascinating charms of novelty or harmony. By giving way to the luxury of words and immoderate embellishment, he sometimes, though rarely, violates simplicity, and becomes unavoidably inaccurate and redundant. His sentiments, however, are always just, often new, and generally striking. A great degree of elegance and classical simplicity runs through all his compositions; and his descriptions of nature, rural imagery, pictures of private virtue and pastoral innocence, have a judicious selection of circumstances, a graceful plainness of expression, and a happy mixture of pathos and sentiment, which mark the superior poet.

His Death of Adonis is a classical and spirited version of one of the most beautiful pastoral poems of antiquity. The diction is easy and elegant, and the numbers musical and flowing.

The Poem to the Memory of Mr. Handel may be considered as the genuine and animated wailings of poetry, who deplores her sister's loss in Handel, in very elegant and harmonious verse. There is a considerable variety in the numbers, which are happily adapted to the subject, and modulated with a judicious correspondence to the images and the sentiments. In the passage beginning I feel, I feel the sacred impulse, &c. the pauses and cadences of the numbers are so nervously sweet and mutable, that it must revive the idea of a fine band in every relisher of music.

The Ode to the River Eden is very pretty and fanciful. The stanza extends to ten lines of eight syllables, except the tenth, which, sinking into six, changes the cadence agreeably enough. The expression, laughing wing, in the fourth stanza, is a bold, but very pardonable experiment in metaphorical language. Of the Hymn to Hope, the versification is smooth, the diction elegant, the imagery agreeable, and the sentiment is mostly simple and pathetic. The Vice-

roy praises Lord Halifax with truth and delicacy, but little poetry.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.

[Concluded.]

Of the Style of a Journalist.

As to the style of a Journalist, Payle is, perhaps, the best model, if you require one; he is the most profound logician that ever wrote; the only compiler possessed of taste. But in his style, always clear and natural, there is too much negligence, too great inattention to propriety, too much inaccuracy. He is diffuse, it is true, he enters into conversation with his reader, like Montagne; and, in that respect, he charms every one; but he abandons himself to a negligence of style, and to trivial expressions of loose conversation; and thus he often disgusts the man of taste.

I give you an example of this: it is the article Abelard in his Dictionary, 'Abelard,' says he 'was more amused by feeling and kissing his pupil, than by explaining an author to her.' He is too familiar with such faults, do not imitate him.

Nul chef-d'œuvre par vous écrit jusqu'aujourd'hui, Ne vous donne le droit de faillir comme lui.

Never employ a new word, unless it be necessary, intelligible, and sonorous. New ideas, particularly in natural philosophy, require new expressions. But to substitute in the place of an usual word, another word, which has only the merit of novelty, does not enrich the language, but corrupts it. The age of Lewis XIV merits respect from Frenchmen, because the authors of that age speak no other language than that which constituted the glory of those illustrious years.

One of the greatest defects in the works of this century is the confusion of style, and particularly the so prevalent desire to speak of the sciences as we would talk of them in familiar conversation. I see books, on the most serious subjects, tarnished by expressions, which seem to be affectedly refined with regard to the subject, but which are, in truth, low and trivial. For example, 'Nature pays the cost of this expense. We must place to the account of Roman vitriol a merit for which we do honour to antimony. Adieu the knowledge of curves, if we neglect calculation,' &c.

This defect has an estimable origin, we dread pedantry; we wish to embellish dry subjects; but, in *vitium ducit culpae fuga, si caret arte*, I think that all discreet persons prefer a heavy but judicious man to an impertinent wit. Other nations do not fall into this ridiculous folly. The reason is that they have less dread than the French of being what they really are. In Germany, in England, a natural philosopher is a natural philosopher; in France he wishes, moreover, to be witty. Voiture was the first who derived reputation from his familiar style. People exclaimed 'this is writing like a man of the world, like a courtier; this is the style of good company.' The attempt was afterwards made to write on serious subjects in this style of good company, which would often be intolerable in a letter.

This folly has infected many works, in other respects reasonable. It is attributable rather to indolence than to affectation; for these light expressions without meaning, which every body thoughtlessly repeats, these common-place observations, are more easily made than an energetic and elegant expression. It is not with the familiarity of the epistolary style, it is with the dignity of the style of Cicero, that we ought to treat of philosophy. Mallebranche, less pure

than Cicero, but more forcible and more replete with imagery, appears to me to be a model in this kind of composition; and would to God he had established truths with as much solidity, as he has defended his opinions with eloquence.

Locke, less elevated than Mallebranche, perhaps too diffuse, but more elegant, always expresses himself, in his own language, with perspicuity and grace. His style is charming, *proque similinus amni*. In these authors you discover no desire to shine unseasonably, no points, no artifice. Do not follow them with too much servility, *O imitatores, servum pecus!* But, after their example, accumulate profound and just ideas. Their words are of easy occurrence. *rem verba sequuntur*. Remember that those who have thought most correctly, are also those who have written with the greatest perspicuity.

If the French language is to be corrupted, this corruption will flow from two sources; one is the affected style of the authors who live in France; the other is the negligence of writers who reside in foreign countries. The public papers, and the journals, are continually infected with improper expressions, to which the public becomes accustomed by the frequent habit of reading them.

For example, nothing is more common in the gazettes than this phrase: We learn that the besieging army, on such a day, *should have* battered in breach; it is reported that the two armies *should have* approached each other; instead of, the two armies *have* approached each other, the besieging army *has* battered in breach, &c.

This faulty construction is an imitation of the barbarous style, which has unfortunately been preserved at the bar, and in some edicts. In these instruments the King is made to speak a Gothic language. He says: *it should have been* represented to us, instead of, *it has been* represented to us; *will and pleaseth us*, instead of any other phrase, more methodical and more grammatical. This Gothic style of the edicts and laws is like a ceremony in which we wear antique dresses; but we ought not to wear them on other occasions. Laws should be couched in ordinary language, for they ought to be easily understood. The elegance of the institutes of Justinian is worthy of imitation. But how remote are we from the form and from the substance of Roman laws!

Authors should avoid this abuse, to which all the foreign gazettes are addicted. They ought to imitate the style of the gazette printed at Paris; it utters useful things, at least in correct language.

The greater part of the literary men who write in Holland, where the most extensive trade in books is carried on, are infected with another kind of barbarism, derived from the language of merchants: they begin to write *per contra* for *on the contrary*; this *present*, instead of, *this letter*; *exchange* instead of *change* or *alteration*. I have seen translations of excellent books filled with these expressions. The mere exposure of such faults should suffice to correct authors. Would to God it were as easy to correct the vice which daily produces so many mercenary writers, so many unfaithful extracts, so many falsehoods, so many calumnies, with which the press overwhelms the republic of letters.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

Of the other Harangues of Cicero.

[Continued.]

It seems to have been the destiny of Cicero to have all those to defend who had defended

him; but he was less fortunate for Milo than he had been for so many others. It was not that his cause was worse; but we must acknowledge that the political circumstances, which had so much influence upon judiciary affairs, were not favourable to him. I have already spoken of the open war, which Clodius and Milo carried on in the midst of Rome: it was not doubted that one or the other must fall. Cicero in more than one place speaks of Clodius as a victim, whom he abandons to Milo. The latter demanded the consulate, and the former the praetorship; and Clodius, who had so much interest in not seeing his enemy clothed with a superior magistracy, had publicly said, with his ordinary impudence, that in three days Milo should be no more. Milo appeared determined to spare him as little. It was, nevertheless, a mere accident, and not any project, on one side or the other, which produced the rencounter, in which Clodius perished. He was on his return from the country, with a train of about thirty persons; he was on horseback, and Milo, who was on his way to Lavinium, was in his carriage with his wife; but his followers were more numerous, and better armed. The quarrel began: Clodius, wounded, and feeling himself the weakest, retired to an inn, as if to make it an asylum. But Milo would not lose so fair an opportunity; he ordered his gladiators to force the house, and to kill Clodius. In a peaceable and well ordered state this murder would not have been excusable; but when the laws have not sufficient energy to protect the lives of the citizens, every one returns to the rights of natural defence: and this was the case of Milo. Nevertheless, the man whom he had killed, was of so much consideration, that his relations and friends would pursue their revenge for his death. Milo was accused, and this prosecution was, like all others at this time, an affair of party. Pompey, who was then the most powerful citizen of Rome, was not sorry that they had delivered him from Clodius, who respected nobody; but, at the same time, he let it be perceived that he would be well pleased to be rid of Milo, whose character, firm and unaccommodating, could not fail to displease any one, who affected a domination. It was this disposition of Pompey, too generally known, which very much injured Milo. This cause was pleaded with extraordinary preparation, and before an innumerable multitude, who filled the Forum. The people were mounted even upon the roofs to be spectators of this trial, and armed soldiers, by the order of the consul Pompey, surrounded the enclosure where the judges were sitting. The accusers were heard in silence, but when Cicero arose to answer them, the faction of Clodius, composed of the vilest of the populace, set up a cry of fury. The orator, accustomed to acclamations of another kind, was disconcerted: it was some time before he composed himself, and with some difficulty made himself heard: but he was not able to recover this first impression, which enfeebled all his argument, and prevented him from displaying all his powers.

Of fifty judges, Milo had only thirteen for him: all the others condemned him to exile. It is true that among the voices which were favourable to him, there was one which was more respectable than all those which were not, Cato was of opinion to absolve him; and if sometimes they accused Cato of too much severity, he never was reproached with too much indulgence. He thought that Milo had rendered service to the republic, by delivering it from so bad a citizen. This was also the opinion of Brutus, who published a memoir, in which he maintained that the destruction of Clodius was lawful. He had even advised Cicero not to disavow the fact or

the intention, and to maintain that Milo, in wishing to kill Clodius, and in killing him, had done nothing but what he ought to do. Cicero thought this defence too hazardous, and in that state of things he had reason. He took, therefore, another course, and availed himself ably of all the circumstances of the action to prove that Clodius had laid in wait for Milo in the Appian way, and to throw all the odium of the homicide upon the slaves, who had acted without the order of their master. This discourse passes for one of his master pieces; but the one that we have is not that which he pronounced. He was too much intimidated to have so much energy. Accordingly when Milo, who supported his exile with great spirit, received the oration which Cicero sent him, and such as he has transmitted to us, he wrote him, 'I thank you for not having done so well at first; if you had thus spoken, I should not now eat at Marseilles such fine fish.' A man who received his destiny with so much resolution, merited the suffrages of Cato and Brutus.

Although Cicero would not establish his defence upon the plan which they proposed to him, he nevertheless rejected it not entirely; and after having demonstrated, as well as he could, in the first part of his discourse, that it was Clodius who was interested in the destruction of Milo, and that he had the design to effect it; in the second he goes farther, and availing himself of all advantages, and relating all crimes of Clodius, he maintains that if Milo had openly pursued him as a public enemy, far from deserving punishment by the laws, he would have merited the gratitude of the Roman people. But he appears to me to have chosen his means like an able orator, when he preferred to state this assertion as an hypothesis, and not as a fact; it has much greater force. It was something too hard to say bluntly: I meant to kill him, and I have killed him; on the contrary, after having presented his adversary as the aggressor, as a lyer in wait, one is received much more favourably, to say, although I had even aimed at his life, he had given me a right to take it. We speak, in such cases, to minds prepared, which may more easily allow themselves to be persuaded of that which might have revolted them at first. This progression in the ideas which we offer, and the impressions we wish to make, is one of the secrets of the art of oratory. We obtain by management and preparation what we could not carry by mere force. But, after all the precautions he had taken, Cicero appears to triumph when he says, 'If at that moment Milo, holding in his hand the still bloody sword, had cried out, Romans, hear me: hear me citizens; I have killed Clodius; with this arm and with this steel I have removed from your persons the furies of a miscreant, whom no bridle could restrain, and the laws could no longer bind; it is by his death that your rights, liberty, innocence, and honour, are in safety; if Milo had held this language, would he have had any thing to fear? In fact, who, at this day, does not approve him? Who does not think him worthy of praise? Who does not think, who does not boldly say that no man ever gave the Roman people greater cause to rejoice? Of all the triumphs which we have seen, none, I dare say, has diffused, within these walls, more joy, or promised more durable advantages. I flatter myself, Romans, that you and your children are destined to behold in the republic the most happy changes: but, believe me, you would never have seen them, if Clodius had lived. Every thing authorises us to hope, that, with such a consul as the great Pompey, this very year will see a bridle put to licentiousness, cupidity restrained, the laws re-established; and

such days of security as we now expect where is the man sufficiently bewildered to flatter himself with the hope of them in the lifetime of Clodius? What do I say?—Which of your domestic possessions would you have been able to promise yourselves the secure and peaceable enjoyment, as long as this madman could have supported his domination? I have no apprehensions that the public will suspect that my private resentments have inspired into my accusations more of violence than truth. Although I had more than any other man a right to detest him, nevertheless my personal hatred cannot exceed the universal horror which he excited. Finally, judges, let me ask you—the question to be decided is concerning the death of Clodius. Let us imagine then, (for the supposition may for a moment represent us objects as if we saw the reality), imagine then, that they should promise to absolve Milo, on condition that Clodius should return to life—You all shudder! What then! If this bare idea, dead as he is, has struck you with terror, what would happen if he were really alive?

(To be continued.)

[From The Repertory.]

THE CARAVANSERY.

There is no one of the fine arts more commonly esteemed, or that possesses a more general empire, than poetry. In music and painting, we willingly acknowledge our ignorance, where it exists, and deem it no disgrace to be born with an indifferent ear, or to be unable to point out the defects and excellencies of a picture. But of poetry every man presumes to judge, and will give his opinion of an ode or tragedy, with as much confidence, as the first critic of the age.

But, notwithstanding the general presumption, there are, in reality, but few, qualified to judge accurately of this charming art. To estimate justly the production of the Muse, requires not only a fine natural taste, but an extensive acquaintance with elegant literature, both ancient and modern. Without these indispensable qualifications, we can form no correct opinion, and though we may cavil, we cannot criticise.

From this general inability to judge accurately, arises the admiration, unjustly conferred on modern poetry, to the comparative neglect of those univalued masters, to whom our language is chiefly indebted for its harmony and grace. Novelty seems to compensate for excellence, and the short-lived poems of the day are perused with avidity, and praised with extravagance, while the standard bards are allowed to moulder on the shelf. It is my intention, therefore, in this paper, to restore the great poets to their proper rank, and assign, to the rest, that station, to which their respective talents entitle them.

To Milton and Shakspeare, all, I presume, are willing to yield the first seat in the temple of the Muses; the former distinguished by his sublimity and learning, the latter by his universality of genius.

The claims of Dryden and Pope to the second, will hardly be disputed, though it may not be so clear, to which of these great poets, the palm of superiority is due. Dryden may have more genius, but Pope has more art. The subjects, on which Dryden exercised his talents, were generally of a temporary nature, and consequently excite little interest in posterity. Pope wrote to the business and bosoms of men, and will therefore be read with instruction and delight, while the English language lasts. Dryden is sinking into neglect, but Pope is rising still higher in the estimation of scholars, throughout the whole civilized world. The works of Dryden have never, I believe, appeared, but in their native tongue; the productions of Pope have been translated into eve-

ry polished language in Europe. We respect Dryden for what he could have written: we are grateful to Pope, for what he has actually performed.

It has been fashionable, of late years, to depreciate the genius of Pope, as deficient in originality. But no charge can be more unfounded. Long before he was of age, he wrote an epic poem, entirely the creature of his own imagination, and many other performances, which sufficiently prove, that he was not wanting in fertility. These, his mature judgment committed to the flames, so that he is indebted, for this charge of deficiency in original genius, to his exquisite taste. What Pope loathed and rejected, would probably have been admired and extolled, by these sticklers for originality.

I have often thought, that if the great critics of antiquity, who were most distinguished by correct taste, could rise from their graves, and, by some miracle, be enabled to comprehend modern languages, they would give a decided preference to Pope, over all the authors of Europe. Though Milton, in some particulars, may excel all the ancients, yet, his quaintness and pedantry would exclude him from the first rank of classics, in the judgment of Horace and Quintilian.

Thomson, Armstrong, Somerville, Akenside, and Cowper, may be considered among the first poets in the second class. Of these, Thomson is the most pleasing, and Armstrong the most correct. Goldsmith, Mason, Gray, and Collins, may possess equal, though different excellence. Gray is thought, by some, to have refined too much, and Mason is universally acknowledged to yield to no writer, ancient or modern, in purity of language.

These are the authors, that ought to form and guide the public taste in poetry, and to whom our language is under the greatest obligations. Many modern versifiers may have merit, but it is of an inferior stamp, and entitled to little praise, beyond that of industry. Cowper is the last of the English poets, and since him, I know not an individual bard, who will probably reach posterity. The public, in general, are fond of novelty, and incompetent to judge. Hence, every new poem is extolled, in terms of extravagant encomium, by the ignorance of its admirers, and by the partiality of the author's friends. We all remember the admiration, which Della Crusca and his followers excited, both in England and America; nor did the delusion cease, until the pen of Gifford, like the spear of Ithuriel, dissolved the charm, with its magic touch, and discovered the loathsome deformities, concealed under the dazzling covering of brilliant phraseology. An intimate acquaintance with the good poets will enable us to detect the faults of the bad; and let it be remembered, that this is no trifling accomplishment, if it be true, that a good taste in literature generally leads to a correct taste in politics, morals, and religion.

ON MORAL PHELEBOTOMY, A MODE OF DISCIPLINE AMONG THE ROMANS.

It was a part of the ancient military discipline among the Romans, to order a delinquent to undergo phlebotomy; and this was originally intended, as Aulus Gellius seems to think, rather as a remedy than a punishment, *quasi minus sani viderentur omnes qui delinquerent*, with an idea, that all who misbehaved were therefore to be considered and treated as invalids or unsound.

I was seriously considering this method adopted by the wise Romans, and I could not help thinking, that the remedy might be extended to delinquents, in modern times, and in other professions and employments of life as well as in the military.

Suppose the case of a knowing young man, who is not easy till he has picked a quarrel, or distinguished himself by a nocturnal riot in a college, in Covent Garden, in the lobbies of the Theatre, in the rural retreat of Vauxhall, or in a duel in Hyde Park. As his irregularity is usually attributed to the warmth of his blood, I should think the lancet might be used with the greatest probability of success. A few ounces quietly let out in the surgery, might prevent the effusion of great quantities by throwing bottles, by the stroke of the watchman's staff, or the sword of some hot-headed antagonist.

It is usual to call persons who are too eager in their pursuits, sanguine; for such surely no cure can be so certain and well adapted, as phlebotomy.

There is a passion which assumes the name of love, but instead of promoting the happiness of its object, regards neither its peace nor good fame, while it licentiously seeks its own gratification. It has nothing in it of the tenderness, the delicacy, the purity of love, but is very violent, and seems by the symptoms, to partake the nature of a fever. I believe in this case, copious bleeding, with a cooling regimen, would not fail of affecting a temporary cure.

There are numerous tribes of schemers, projectors, and garreteer politicians, who pester themselves and the public with their crudities, but who might be brought to their sober senses, if the blood, which flows in too great quantities to the brain, were drawn off by well-timed and powerful revulsion.

You authors, Sir, excuse my freedom, often stand in great need of phlebotomy. You have a thousand flights, fancies, and vagaries, which can be attributed to nothing but the irregular tide of your blood. You swell with pride and vanity, and think to reform the world from your garrets; but the world goes on as it pleases, and you have nothing but your labour for your pains. I think I could lower your pride and vanity by my lancet, and teach you an humility which perhaps you will never learn in the books of philosophy, and which would save you a great deal of needless trouble.

In a word, all poets, religious enthusiasts, balloonists, lottery adventurers, ambitious statesmen, and choleric orators in the British or Irish parliament, may, I am convinced, receive great benefit from the phlebotomizing system of morality. I intend soon to offer myself to the universities as a professor of moral phlebotomy. How convenient and expeditious a process will it be! No occasion for preaching, reading and contemplating; for whatever disorder you labour under, only repair to the artist who shaves for one penny, and bleeds for two, and you may be restored to health. Adieu. I stop short, lest you should think I want bleeding myself.

Your's, &c.

AN ETHICO CHIRURGICAL OPERATOR.

Though my correspondent has treated the subject ludicrously, yet I have little doubt but he meant to convey instruction, and I shall take occasion from his letter to recommend bodily temperance, as conducive to the government of the passions and imagination.

The irregularities of youth are often caused by excess, than by that natural ebullition of blood which is often alleged in their excuse. But allowing as much as can be required, to the impulse of the blood and spirits, yet it will still be true, that extravagances of behaviour will probably be much aggravated by intemperance in wine: for indeed, to add the heat of wine to the heat of youth, what is it but to throw oil upon the fire! Yet at no age do men indulge in wine so freely as when, according to their own confession, their blood is already too much inflamed by a natu-

ral fermentation. If, instead of adding to the flame, young men would manage it with discretion, and even damp it sometimes, it would probably continue to burn with a temperate, yet sufficient warmth to extreme old age. But the ardour of youth, raised to a fever by wine, not only urges to acts of folly and madness, but burns the vital stamina which were intended by nature for long duration. I by no means go so far as to recommend either phlebotomy or cathartics to a young man, who is under the influence of a violent passion; but I venture to suggest, that he would find the conquest over himself greatly facilitated by abstinence from wine, and by moderation in diet. His reason might have an opportunity of asserting that ascendancy, which she ought to claim and will probably possess, when the delirium of intemperance is once abated.

The errors of imagination are very much increased by intemperance. During the fever which it occasions, man is apt to dream, and to mistake his visions for realities. How many lives have been sacrificed to supposed affronts and injuries, to affronts never intended, and injuries never committed! But they appeared, in the hour of convivial excess, not only real, but of the greatest magnitude, and in the most ugly colours. If the offended parties would allow themselves time too cool, and spend the next day in abstinence, or at least, in strict temperance; I think the phantom of imagination, which appeared like a giant, would dwindle to a dwarf, or dissolve into nothing, like a cloud in the azure expanse of heaven, which melts into air, and leaves an undisturbed serenity. Temperance would effect what argument attempted in vain; and such influence has the body over the mind that there is often no method of reducing the peccant humours of the mind so effectual, as that of duly arranging the frail mansion in which it is destined to dwell. It is a most unhappy degradation, when the mind is governed by the body, over which it might, by the exertion of its native powers, exercise, for the most part, an absolute dominion.

To cure the mind through the medium of the body is by no means a new process in mental medicine. The fasts, and the mortification of self-denial, which are recommended in the church were certainly intended to promote sanctity of life, by purifying the body, which in revelation is so greatly honoured as to be called the Temple of the Holy Spirit. After all our efforts, the humiliating experience of frequent failure must convince every serious man, that he must submit himself to the supreme physician, the physician of souls, who, if he will, can make us clean; and that he will do so, if we ask as we ought, with sincere faith and piety, there is every reason to hope and believe, from the consideration of that attribute in which he is known chiefly to delight.

SKETCH OF JOHN CALDER, D. D.

Originally a clergyman of the church of Scotland. He was first brought to London under the patronage of the late Duke of Northumberland, and resided for some years in the neighbourhood of that nobleman at Alnwick Castle. It was here that he conceived the design of a sumptuous edition of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, with notes assigning, as nearly as possible, each paper to its respective writer, and anecdotes of the lives of the writers. The *Tatler*, which was finished in conjunction with Mr. John Nichols, appeared in 1786.

SKETCH OF RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, ESQ.

This gentleman was one of the contributors to the periodical paper called the *World*: which was originally set on foot by Mr. Edward

Moore, the author of *Fables for the Female Sex*. He has also written the *Scribleriad*, a mock heroic poem in six cantos: an *Account of the War in India*, in 1760, in one volume 4to; and several miscellaneous poems, which were republished in Dodsley's Collection.

The Agents and Subscribers for the Port Folio are very respectfully reminded, that the Editor has nearly completed the *fourth* circle of his annual toil, and is preparing for the *fifth*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The sketch of Dr. Johnson's conversation is very high in the estimation of the Editor. He tenders his thanks to the gentlemen, who have so obligingly furnished him with a paper, interesting to every gleaner of literary anecdotes. It is understood, that our correspondents have, in their possession many letters, from foreign authors of celebrity. It will be not less delightful to the public, than to the Editor, if he may be permitted to publish such as are of a literary complexion, or will illustrate the manners, habits, and characters of the Augustan ages of Europe.

The complimentary verses from 'P. F.' and 'ITHACUS,' to a New York beauty, are vivid tokens of the lady's merit, and the poets' fire.

To the 'Review' of Mr. Duffie's elementary work on the French language, we have allotted a considerable portion of this number, because we are willing to shew kindness to an industrious and useful teacher, who has been cast upon our shores, by the revolutionary waves of the sea of liberty, and who has the claims of a royalist emigrant, upon all the funds of good nature, and all the candour of criticism.

The 'Advice to a Journalist,' which an American gentleman has very elegantly translated from the French, is now concluded, and we hope we shall profit from many of the excellent hints, which so sensible and didactic an essay contains. We hope that our friend, to whom the language and literature of France are perfectly familiar, will not be soon weary of casting his eye over the Parisian page, and translating for the Port Folio whatever he finds well adapted to the character of this Miscellany.

'Benedict,' the married man, still displays the wit and fire of the gay bachelor. *Love has not transformed him into an oyster.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE SON OF SORROW.

TO MYRA.

When deep despondence gathers into shade,
And grief, unfeign'd, calls fiction to her aid;
Paints through the vista of expected years
Hours clad with woe, and visions dim with tears;
The past and future one long waste of gloom,
Here memory's madness, there oblivion's tomb;
No ear to list, no voice to soothe despair,
And even death is deaf to sorrow's pray'r—
O say, sweet minstrel! (for thy sighs I know
Are wont to mingle with the sigh of woe,)
Where shall the hope-deserted pilgrim fly,
To live too wretched, and too weak to die?
Perhaps, e'en now, impassion'd and sincere,
The sigh of beauty steals upon his ear;
Soft as the sky-wave theme of viewless lyres
That soothe his spirit, when the saint expires.

And Oh! perhaps ere quite dissolv'd in air,
That sigh may breathe oblivion to despair;
Melt o'er the throbbing string in Myra's lay,
Till woe enraptur'd bear herself away.

LODINUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FANATICISM.

I hate your sullen babes of grace,
A canting, hypocritic race,
With tabernacle phizzes,
Who think Omnipotence to charm
By faces longer than my arm!
O what a set of quizzes!

I hate those wretches, wild and sad,
Like gloomy wights in Bedlam mad,
Or d—d Old Baily culprits;
Who, with a bold blasphemous zeal,
Death and damnation dare to deal
From barn erected pulpits.

I hate that hangman's aspect bluff
In him whose disposition rough,
The porcupine surpasses;
Who thinks that heav'n is in his power,
Because his sullen looks might sour
A barrel of molasses!

A stupid dunce, who cannot read,
(A very likely thing, indeed.)
Receives from heav'n a calling;
He leaves his plough, and drops his hoe,
Gets on his meeting-clothes, and, lo,
Sets up the trade of bawling!

With lengthen'd visage, woe bedight,
An outward sign of inward light,
Now howls in dismal tone,
'I say as how you'll all be d—d,
For Satan never will be sham'd,
And you're the devil's own.'

Fools and old women blubbering round,
With sighs and sobs and grief profound,
His every tone responds, sir,
O could I catch the whining cur,
The deuce a bit would I demur
To duck him in a pond, sir.

He next to conference-meeting goes,
And loudly twangs thro' vocal nose
A mockery of pray'r;
Sows seeds of grace, in carnal way,
By which your female saints, they say,
Are suited to a hair;

Affirms 'tis plain the scripture saith
That men are sav'd alone by faith,
And right with wrong confounding,
To be consistent with his plan,
Does all the dev'lish deeds he can,
That grace be more abounding.

If any of the canting race
Are sent to visit any place,
Adieu to all decorum;
To every virtue now adieu;
Morality and religion true,
Are blasted all before 'em.

A good old woman has the spleen,
And sees what is not to be seen,
Or dreams of things uncommon,
Yea ten times more than tongue can tell,
Strange things in heaven, and eke in hell,
Oh! what a nice old woman!

Straight by the sect 'tis blab'd about,
That she's inspir'd beyond a doubt
And has her sins forgiven;
How can the wretches hope for bliss,
Who palm vile nonsense, such as this,
Upon the G—d of heaven?

Such doers of the devil's works
Are sure than renegado Turks
Worse foes to real piety;
And, tho' we would not persecute,
By dint of ridicule we'll hoot
The wretches from society.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On earth there's nothing worth possessing,
Or can the ills of life beguile,
Without that dearest, sweetest blessing,
The magic of a woman's smile.

The glare of wealth, the pomp of fame,
Are senseless treasures, joyless, vile;
Are bawbles with a splendid name,
Without the charm of woman's smile.

The noxious clouds of motley care,
That thicken round our joys awhile,
Like morning mist, dissolve in air
Before the beams of woman's smile.

How sweet the sun's bright beam must be,
After long night to Zembla's isle!
But oh! much sweeter far to me,
The sunshine of a woman's smile!

Then place me, Fate, where'er you may,
'Mid dreary waste, or savage isle;
For o'er my soul no gloom can stray,
While I am blest with woman's smile.

E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

'Two poets, in two different countries born,' offer the
following for the Port Folio.

TO MISS ANN B—, OF NEW-YORK,
On her Birth-day.

Arrest the flattering pen!—May nature's child
Never be wounded by the venal lay!
Nor studied praise, nor aught but accents mild
Bestow the blush on this her natal day!

As years revolve, may virtue still rejoice
Renewing blessings on thy friends around,
Calm, gentle, undisturb'd by passion's voice!
Lov'd parents gladden as thy joys abound!
And, when thy heart bestows thy beauteous hand,
Years of delight be shower'd at heaven's com-
mand!

P. F.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO THE SAME.

Five days, and three hundred, and three score
their flight
Have taken, since Anna saluted the morn,
When her eye shot a tremulous gleam of de-
light
To hear her friends welcome the day she was
born.

And five days, and three hundred, and three score
shall pass,
Ere a birth-day shall come, that can boast of a
fair,
Whose charms can the charms of their Anna sur-
pass,
And claim from their friendship a tenderer care.

Then,—frown not, fair Anna!—a maid shall be
seen,
(So a poet foretells) who e'en thee shall excel;
Who shall reign in those hearts where thou once
wast the queen,
And make them forget that they lov'd thee so
well.

Though bright be thy eye, yet, (believe but the
muse)
Her eye too shall shine with as lucid a ray;
And as soft be her blush, as those warm-glowing
hues,
That now on thy cheek each emotion betray.

And if now, for a heart of the tenderest kind,
Thou art lov'd, and art honour'd, and ever wilt
be;
Yet, in her, a still tenderer heart we shall find,
And shall love her far better than now we do
thee.

And if e'er laughing Innocence kindled thy smile,
Which told in thy face that thy bosom was gay,
So on her dimpled cheek shall it glow, and the
while
As tranquil as thine all her pulses shall play.

And her name—but 'tis needless to mention it
here;
Dull, indeed, must he be, who the name can-
not tell;
For she is thyself at the end of the year,
And none, except Anna, can Anna excel.

And more lov'd and more honour'd the general
voice
Shall hail thee, as each circling year shall roll
o'er,
Nor a birth-day shall pass but thy friends shall
rejoice
To find that their Anna still pleases them
more.

ITHACUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE FRENCH.

As hunch-back'd Æsop bath'd one eve,
He ventur'd, careless wight, to leave
His jerkin on a stone;
A brawny bully, passing by,
Its glossy colour pleas'd his eye;
He claim'd it as his own.

Now little Æsop, though aggriev'd,
Had from benignant heaven receiv'd
Less bravery than wit;
And, with submissive bow and low,
He cried, 'Gad bless me! is it so?
I hope, sir, it may fit.'

BENEDICT.

EPIGRAM.

On a Counsellor's having his hat stolen in Westminster
Hall.

Should'st thou to justice, honest thief, be led,
Swear that you stole his hat who had no head.
That plea alone all danger shall remove,
Nor judge nor jury can the damage prove.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"....."VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.]

[No. 51.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1804.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum,
payable in advance.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANOTHER BRITISH SPY IN BOSTON.

IT will not, my dear S—, seem surprising that my first communication should turn on so interesting a topic as eminence in the profession of the law. Here, as at home, to be eminent in this profession, is to be eminent in the nation, and those, who can best persuade juries, and convince the mind of a court, have invariably the most influence at elections, and the greatest weight in the council.

Eminence in the profession of law, being, at this age of the world, so important an object, it is natural to inquire who are they, that have attained this proud honour.

The three great lawyers of this metropolis are Parsons, Dexter, and Otis. Of their comparative merit, as my fellow traveller and myself differ in opinion, we shall, probably, express different results. Whatever he may have written, I shall give you, with candor, the judgment I have formed with freedom, yet, I hope, without rashness.

Theophilus Parsons unites all the bloom of wit with the aridity of abstract argument. The mighty magician of law, he turns every thing to his purpose, by merely waving his wand. Of immense legal information, his memory affords a fund on which the courts here constantly draw, and whence, without diminishing the original stock, they receive constant supply. He is a mathematician, philosopher, and divine. Yet, uncouth in his person, careless of dress, and barbarous in pronunciation, he has no claim to the elegant attractions of the orator. He is, in one phrase, the Dr. Johnson of the bar.

Samuel Dexter is a man who must always enjoy fame, when fame can be enjoyed with honour, and he is proud enough to despise it, when it cannot. As a barrister, he is certainly beyond all I have met on this side the Atlantic. Americans, who have heard both, consider him superior to Erskine; and would, for the honour of our country, Englishmen could dissent. Unlike, however, that present boast of our Westminster-hall, the glory of Dexter is not confined to the stage of professional action. Powerful in the senate, as at the bar, he could overawe faction with the same ease he can silence opposition. He has proved himself as adequate to the solemn charge of legislation, as to the comparatively humble ministerial duties of his professional office. Some of the most accurate and important 'acts' of the general government were, I am told, first framed by him. The representation of this commonwealth was never more respectable, than when he was in congress. Then Massachusetts could rear her head among the states, and dared speak loud. Now her 'still small voice' is scarcely audible 'mid the tone uprear. He soon after filled so many of the first executive offices, in the Federal administration, in such rapid

succession, and with such versatility of talent, that he seems justly entitled to the title of the American Pitt. Yet, with all this agency in the affairs of government, with all the time he must have spent in political occupation, he is considered, by some, second to none as a lawyer. It is unnecessary to compare him with Mr. Parsons. They are equally eminent in distinct spheres. Without more talent for the bar, if we except his wit, the latter gentleman has all the nice discrimination of our late countryman Fearn; and in the capacity of *chamber counsel*, would have been, perhaps, superior even to him. Comprehension, rather than discrimination, is the characteristic that marks the mind of Mr. Dexter; the forum, rather than the closet, is his appropriate element. Parsons has all the adroitness of a special pleader, and is apt to consume time in foiling his adversary with technical points. Dexter, on the contrary, overlooks every thing but the merits of his case, and d'ems a moment's delay, for mere form, an unwarrantable sacrifice. The one has the eye of a hawk; the other that of the eagle; the one a peculiar pointedness of feature, the other an original boldness. The former an acute disputant, the latter an imposing orator. Parsons has more learning and less taste, his rival more invention and eloquence. Parsons reads more than Dexter; Dexter thinks more than Parsons.

This opinion is not the result of my own unassisted observation. The — my dear S—, to whom you introduced me in this place, have influenced me by the opinion they were frank enough to communicate; an opinion, formed on more time and observation than I could have given this subject, allotting to others their proper proportion.

The Hon. Harrison Gray Otis is certainly intitled to the third rank among the lawyers of this state. As an orator, in gracefulness of gesture and music of voice, he, perhaps, excels Mr. Dexter. Mr. Otis has too a felicity in the ludicrous, which is the portion of none of his brethren. That this state should at one time produce three such characters is certainly matter of wonder. The last gentleman is now the speaker of the house of representatives in this state; and, from his well-known ambition, it has been surmised, that this is only a prelude to being speaker to both houses; but, from the little acquaintance I have with Mr. Otis, I am sensible he is too much a patriot to wish for that office till the melancholy event of the death of the present amiable chief magistrate.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF J. LANGHORNE.

[Concluded.]

The Visions of Fancy are the effusions of a contemplative mind, sometimes plaintive, and always serious, but too attentive to the glitter of slight ornaments. The thoughts are pure, simple, and pathetic; and the lines are such as elegy requires, smooth, easy, and flowing; but the diction is often affected, and the phrase un-

skillfully inverted. The Autumnal Elegy, and other pieces of that kind, deserve a more unqualified commendation.

His Genius and Valour is a proper contrast to the 'Prophecy of Famine.' If he does not exceed Churchill in the fire and force of his numbers, he is at least equal to him in the easy and harmonious flow of his versification. In that part of the pastoral, where he celebrates those natives of North Britain, who have been distinguished for their genius and learning, the representation of the four Seasons appearing to Thomson, and claiming the palm, like the fabled competition of the rural goddesses before the royal shepherd on Mount Ida, is entitled to the highest praise. The Seasons are distinguished by a brilliancy of colouring, and a distinctness and propriety of attribute, that rival, if not surpass, what we meet with of the kind even in Thomson. The decision contains an elegant compliment to the amiable 'poet of the Seasons.'

—The bard, whose gentle heart ne'er gave
One pain or trouble that he knew to save,
No favour'd nymph extols with partial praise,
But gives to each her picture for her praise.

In the first epistle on the Enlargement of the Mind, he recommends the study of Nature, in order to enlarge our minds by a due contemplation of her works. The plan is somewhat defective; but it possesses, in many parts, the concise and happy expression, and the melodious versification of Pope's Essay on Man. In the Second Epistle, like the first, there is more poetry than plan. The paterfamilias on Reason is eminently beautiful, and the reflection on the proper culture of the *flower divine* is pathetic and spirited. The description of those graceful arts, which flock round the throne of Science, particularly Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Music, is appropriate and striking; and the elegiac lines to the memory of his friend General Craufurd, are tender and pathetic. The Precepts of Conjugal Happiness contain much valuable instruction, delivered in chaste and elegant diction, and easy and harmonious verse.

The Verses to the Memory of a Lady, rank with the celebrated elegiac compositions of Lyttleton and Shaw, to which they are equal in poetical merit, and scarcely inferior in pathetic tenderness. They must please every body, because there are beauties in them which affect every body. The following lines must touch every feeling heart:

See the last aid of her expiring state,
See love, ev'n love has lent his darts to fate!
Oh! when beneath his golden shafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies on my head;
When crown'd with flowers he led the rosy day,
Liv'd to my eye, and drew my soul away—
Could fear, could fancy, at that tender hour,
See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?

There, there his wreaths dejected Hymen strew'd,
And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd;
There each fair hope, each tenderness of life,
Each nameless charm of soft obliging strife,
Delight, love, fancy, pleasure, genius, fled,
And the best passions of my soul lie dead.

These pathetic verses came so near the feelings of the present writer, when he experienced a similar affliction, nine years ago, that they hurt his peace of mind; and, while he admired the poet, and pitied the man, he saw his own miseries in the strongest point of view, and sought, like him, a vain relief, by composing a 'Monody to the Memory of a Beloved Wife,' in the same measure, which he extended, with a melancholy pleasure that mourners only know, beyond the bounds which custom has prescribed to elegiac verses. He has seen the scene he describes, and knows how dreadful it is. He knows what it is to lose one, that his eyes and heart have been long used to, and he never desires to part with the remembrance of that loss.

—though the inexorable urn
Never to me shall her lov'd form return;
Tho' cold the breast that life's warm current fed,
And pale the cheek that modest beauty spread;
Tho' clos'd the eye that glanc'd endearing thought,
And mute the voice that living goodness taught;
Never from me shall her lov'd image part,
But live and reign univall'd in my heart;—
Ev'n death's dim shadow seeks to hide in vain
The modest aspect, and the smile humane!
In day's broad glare, and in the gloom of night,
Her pale-ey'd phantom rises to my sight!
In vain—confest, I see my Anna stand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand!
Faint on my lips th' unhallow'd sounds expire,
That vainly emulate the muse's fire;
Afresh my tears in fond remembrance flow,
And rising anguish stops the strain of woe;
Bleeds in my breast with aggravated pain,
Throbs at my heart, and thrills in every vein!

In his Fables of Flora, the plan of fable is somewhat enlarged, and the province so far extended, that the original narrative and moral may be accompanied with imagery, description, and sentiment. The scenery is formed in a department of nature adapted to the genius and disposition of poetry, where she finds new objects, interests, and connections, to exercise her fancy and her powers. The plan is judicious, and the execution truly admirable. None of his compositions bear stronger marks of poetical invention and enthusiasm; none are distinguished by simplicity, tenderness, and delicacy, in a more eminent degree; and none have a stronger tendency to promote the love of nature and the interests of humanity. Of these charming compositions, the Sun-Flower and the Ivy, the Laurel and the Reed, the Violet and the Parsley, the Wall-Flower, and the Mistletoe and the Passion-Flower, deserve particular commendation. The two last are distinguished by imagination, pathos, and sublimity, in a superior degree.

The Origin of the Veil is an elegant compliment to the fair sex, expressed in his usual melodious flow of versification.

The Country Justice breathes throughout a laudable spirit of poetry and humanity; and is farther recommended to us by the additional charms of a flowing and elegant versification. The First Part opens with a retrospective view of the forlorn state of liberty and civil security in England before the institution of justices of the peace, in the reign of Edward III. He then celebrates this most salutary and excellent appointment and its purposes. The description of Ancient Justice Hall succeeds, in which there are some exquisite strokes of humour and pleasantry. The moral character of a country justice, such as that of every magistrate ought to be, is admirably drawn. The general motives for lenity in the exercise of the justice's office, are enforced with much energy and benevolence. In his apology for vagrants, he pleads the probable misery of the widow'd parent, who might have borne one of those wretches, in the richest vein of fancy and pathos.

Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain,
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

His declaration against that pernicious species of vagrants known by the name of *gyfties*, will be read with peculiar pleasure.

The subject of the Second Part is the protection of the poor, in which he points out, with great energy, and well-placed satire, the evils that result from a deserted country and an overgrown metropolis. It is introduced by a dedication, which is equally moral and poetical. In the Third Part, he treats on depredation, prison, and filiation, with the same pathetic elegance, benevolence, and well-placed satire. The prose titles to the several divisions of the poem, which break the thread of the subject, and interrupt the reader, rather unpleasingly, are omitted in the last edition.

His 'Owen of Carron' is a pathetic tale, told with simplicity and elegance. The scene is laid in Scotland, in the reign of William the Lyon. The characters are interesting, and the events distressing. Lady Ellen, a Highland beauty, daughter of the Earl of Moray, after being unsuccessfully addressed by many suitors, meets with one who succeeds, but whose success proves fatal to herself. Ellen is casually met by the Earl of Nithisdale, who becomes enamoured of, and connected with her. This intercourse is observed by Earl Barnard, a rejected and jealous suitor, who provides a band of ruffians to assassinate his rival. Ellen, unconscious of her lover's fate, goes to meet him at the accustomed bower, and finds him dead.

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?
'Twas some poor youth—Ah, Nithisdale!
She said, and silent sunk away!

She is found by a friendly shepherd, who conveys her to his cottage, where she returns to life, but not to reason. Her situation at this juncture is finely described:

O, hide me in thy humble bower,
Returning late to life, she said,
I'll bind thy crook with many a flower,
With many a rosy wreath thy head, &c.

Ellen, after recovering from her insanity, and residing some years with the shepherd, is espoused to Lord Barnard, the unsuspected murderer of her husband,

The Lord of Lothian's fertile vale, &c.

From this event, it can scarce be supposed that Ellen deserves much happiness. She had confided to the care of the shepherd, a young Nithisdale, the Owen of Carron, who gives name to the poem. Owen, when arrived at years of understanding, adverting to some circumstances which he thinks inconsistent with his supposed birth and present situation, indulges a very natural anxiety.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?
If I am but a shepherd's boy, &c.

The shepherdess, his foster-mother, previous to her death, reveals the secret, and Owen resolves to attempt an interview with his real mother, in the halls of Lothian. His resolution produces a dreadful catastrophe.

'Tis o'er—these locks that wav'd in gold,
That wav'd adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreath'd in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the sever'd head in air—

The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul's first fear was o'er,
He pointed to the ghastly head—
She saw—and sunk to rise no more.

The story, which reminds us of 'Gil Morrice,' is skilfully told, and distinguished by rich imagery, and flowing versification; but the illicit commerce of Nithisdale and Ellen should not have passed unrepined, as if it were irreproachable.

Of the pieces now first collected into his works, the Hymn to the Rising Sun, Farewel Hymn to the Valley of Irwan, the Happy Villager, to Almena, Hymeneal Song, Hymn to the Eternal Mind, Epitaphium Damonis, Epistles to Colman and Mr. Lamb, and the verses Written in a Cottage-Garden at a village in Lorrain, are distinguished by tenderness of sentiment, luxury of description, force of pathos, and harmony of numbers. The last, in pathetic simplicity, and unaffected tenderness, is not to be surpassed by any thing of the kind in the English language. In the pieces taken from Solymán and Almena, the river Eden may be substituted for Irwan, without any local impropriety. His Sonnets and smaller pieces, have their brighter passages, but require no distinct enumeration, or particular criticism.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

Of the other Harangues of Cicero.

[Continued.]

The peroration of this discourse is generally considered as the most beautiful that Cicero ever made. The most common object of this last part of an oration is, we know, to excite the compassion of the judges in favour of the accused, and this method is followed by the moderns as well as by the ancients. If we had an exact idea of justice, and of the ministry of those who render it, we should not see the orators of all times, and of all nations, throw themselves with their clients at the feet of the judges, and employ, to move them, all the arts of supplication. Is it not, in fact, a species of outrage to judges, to beseech them to be just? Is it permitted to demand of compassion, what ought not to be expected but from equity? To speak by his tears, as if he distrusted his reasons; to forget that the minister of the law, whose first duty it is to be without passions like the law, ought not to avenge the innocent, because he pities him, but because he judges him? This might be said by a rigorous philosopher; but eloquence has too well understood her interests, to found them on a perfection almost absolutely ideal. The orator has thought, that if philosophy, in her speculations, may, without hazard, see nothing in the judges but the living law, it was much safer for him and his cause to see nothing in them but men. He has remembered, that it is in our nature, to delight in granting as a grace, that which may be demanded as a justice; that we yield to conviction as to force, but that we give way to tenderness as to our own pleasure; that a little sensibility is more easy and more common than a great deal of equity and information; that we dispute with our hearts much less than against our reason, and that when both can decide the lot of the accused, the defender cannot do better than make sure of both.

This Cicero understood better than any man, but the character and conduct of Milo rendered it very difficult. The advocate must not appear in contradiction with his client, and the proud Milo, intrepid in danger, had done nothing which was customary for the accused to do, to render

their judges favourable. He had not put on mourning, made no solicitation, nor manifested any fear. There was in his conduct enough to disconcert the pathetic of a vulgar orator; but ours takes his measures so well, that he turns in favour of his client that security which, by its resemblance to pride, might have excited a prejudice against him.

What remains for me to do but to implore, in favour of the most courageous of men, that pity which he himself does not ask, and which I supplicate against his will? If you have not seen him mingle a tear, with all those which he has forced from your eyes, if you have not remarked any change in his countenance, or his discourse, you ought not for that reason to take a less interest in his lot; perhaps it is a reason for owing him still more. If in the combats of gladiators, when the fate of these men of the lowest class is in suspense, we cannot restrain ourselves from feeling aversion and contempt for those who shew themselves timid and suppliant, and who beg of us their lives; if, on the contrary, we interest ourselves for the safety of those who demonstrate a great courage, and offer themselves boldly to death; if, in such cases, we believe that our compassion is due to those, who implore it not, how much more is this disposition just and well-placed, when it is applied to our best citizens? For myself, I acknowledge I am pierced with grief, when I hear what Milo repeats to me every day, when I hear the adieus which he addresses to his fellow-citizens. May they be happy, says he to me; may they live in peace and security; may the republic flourish. It will always be dear to me, whatever treatment I may receive from it. If I cannot enjoy with my country the repose which I have procured for her, let her enjoy it without me, though by me. I will retire, content to find an asylum in the first free and well-governed city, which I shall find on my journey. ~~O! I am not~~ and his rewarded labours! he cries, O! fallacious hopes! O! vain thoughts! I, who in these deplorable times, characterised by the crimes of Clodius, when the senate was in a state of dejection, the republic under oppression, the Roman knights without power, all the good citizens without hopes, I devoted myself to them, I consecrated to them all the power which the tribunate gave me, ought I to have expected to be one day abandoned by those whom I had defended? I, who have restored you to your country, Cicero, (for it is to me that he addresses himself the most frequently) ought I to have believed that it would not be permitted to me to remain in it? Where is now that senate, whose cause we have taken in hand? Where are those Roman knights, who ought always to be devoted to you? Where are those succours, which were promised us by the municipal cities, those recommendations of all Italy? In fine, where is thy voice, O Cicero, which has saved so many citizens? Thy voice, then, can do nothing for my safety, after I have risked every thing for yours? That, which I cannot repeat here without groans, he says with the same countenance you now behold. He believes his fellow-citizens incapable of ingratitude; he thinks them only weak and timid. He repents not of having lavished his patrimony to attach to him that part of the people which Clodius armed against you. He reckons among the services he has rendered you, his liberalities, the power of which, in addition to his virtues, has procured your security. He cherishes the memory of those marks of interest and benevolence which the senate has given him at this very time, and he carries with him the recollection of your earnestness, of your zeal, and of your regrets. He adds, and with truth, that great souls look, in all their actions, only at the pleasure of doing good, with-

out thinking of the rewards that attend it; that he has done nothing in his life but for honour; that, if nothing is so beautiful, so desirable, as the service of our country, and to deliver it from danger, those are happy, no doubt, whom she has rewarded with public honours; but that we ought not to commiserate those to whom their fellow-citizens remain indebted; that if we estimate the recompenses of virtue, glory is the first of all; it is this which consoles us under the shortness of life, by the idea of futurity, which reproduces, after we are departed, revives us when we are no more, and serves to men as a scaffolding to ascend to heaven. In all times, says he, the Roman people, and all nations, will speak of Milo; his name will never be forgotten; even at this day, when all the energies of my enemies are exerted and united to irritate envy against me, the public voice everywhere pays me respect; wherever men assemble together they give me their thanks. I speak not of the festivals which Etruria has celebrated and established in honour of me; it is now more than three months since Clodius perished, and the report of his death, in running through all the provinces of the empire, has diffused congratulations and joy. And of what importance is it where I may be hereafter, since my name and my glory are everywhere?

This is the language, Milo, which you hold frequently to me in the absence of those who now hear me; and this is the answer I now give you in their presence. I cannot refuse you my applause for your great spirit; but the more I admire it, the more the loss of you becomes bitter and afflicting to me. If you are taken from me, if they tear you from my arms, I shall not have even the consolation of hating those who shall have given me so sensible a shock. They are not my enemies who will deprive me of you; they are those whom I have the most cherished, those, indeed, who have done me the most service. No, Romans, whatever chagrin you may cause me, and you cannot give any more cruel, you will never force me to forget what you have done for me; but if you have forgotten it yourselves, if any thing in me has given you offence, why do you not punish me rather than Milo? Whatever may happen to myself, I shall esteem myself happy if I am not a witness of his disgrace.

The only consolation, which can remain for me, Milo, is that at least I shall have fulfilled towards you all the duties of friendship, of zeal, and of gratitude. For you I have set at defiance the enmity of powerful men; I have exposed my life to all the shafts of your enemies; for you I have even been able to prevail upon myself to supplicate them; I have regarded your danger as mine, and my good, and that of my children, as your own. In fine, if there is any violence which threatens your head, I fear not to invoke it on my own. What remains for me? What can I say? What can I do, unless it be to combine my fortune, henceforward, with yours, whatever it may be, and follow you wherever you go? I consent to this, Romans; I wish you to be persuaded, that the safety of Milo will fill up the measure of all that I owe you, or that all the benefits I have received from you will be annihilated in his disgrace. But for him all this grief, with which I am penetrated, these tears, which his situation forces from me, shake not his incredible firmness. He cannot resolve to consider as an exile, any place in which virtue can inhabit; death itself appears to him but the period of humanity, and not a punishment. Let him remain then in these sentiments, which are natural to him; but we, Romans, what ought to be ours? Will you preserve nothing of Milo but the memory of him, and banish him while you regret him? Is there in the world an asylum for this

great man more worthy of him than the country which produced him? I appeal to you all, O you brave Romans, who have shed your blood for your country; centurions, soldiers, it is to you that I address myself in the dangers of this courageous citizen. Is it before you, who assist at this trial, with your arms in your hands, is it before your eyes that virtue shall be banished, driven away, and rejected, far from us? Unfortunate as I am! it was by the aid of these same Romans, O Milo! that you have been able to recal me to Rome, and they are not able to assist me in retaining you. What shall I answer to my children, who consider you as a second father, to my brother, now absent, but who participated formerly in all the evils from which you delivered me? I shall say to them, then, that I have been able to do nothing for your defence before those who so well seconded you for mine. And in what cause? In this which excites an universal interest. Before what judges? Before those to whom the death of Clodius has been most useful. With what defender? With Cicero. What great crime have I then committed, in what in-expiable guilt have I involved myself, when I sought out, discovered, and crushed that fatal conspiracy, which threatened us all, and which has become for me and mine a source of evils and misfortunes? Why have you recalled me to my country? Is it to drive away, before my eyes, those who have re-established me? Do you wish then that my return should be more painful than my exile, or rather, how can I believe myself, in fact, re-established, if I lose those to whom I owe my safety? I wish to the gods, that Clodius, (pardon me, O my country! pardon me, I fear that this wish, that the interest of Milo has extorted from me, may be a crime against you), I wish to the gods that Clodius still lived, that he was praetor, consul, dictator, rather than behold the fearful spectacle with which we are menaced! O immortal gods! O Romans, preserve a citizen like Milo. No, says he to me, let Clodius remain among the dead, where he deserved to be, and let me submit to the destiny which I have not merited. It is thus that he speaks; and this man born for his country, shall he die elsewhere? His memory will be engraven on your hearts, and shall he not have a monument in Italy?

And can any of you pronounce the exile of a man whom all nations would wish to invite into their bosoms! O, too happy the city that shall receive him! O ungrateful Rome if she banish him! Unhappy if she lose him! My tears will not permit me to say more, and Milo will not be defended with tears. All that I ask of you is to dare in giving your suffrage, to believe only your own sentiments. Believe me, he who has chosen for judges men the most just and the most constant, the honestest men of the republic, has pledged himself beforehand, more particularly than any man, to approve whatever justice your country and your virtue shall dictate to you.

The oftener I read this admirable harangue, the more I am convinced, like Milo, that if in fact Cicero had appeared in this cause as firm as he usually had done, he would have carried it against all the timid or interested considerations, which might act against the accused. This peroration is an effort of art, a singular example in which the orator not being able to excite pity for him who disdained it, conceives the thought of imploring it for himself, takes upon himself the character of a suppliant, for the purpose of exciting an interest for the accused, and employs for Milo all the resources which he refuses, leaving him all the honour of his firmness.

[To be continued.]

CRITICISM.

[From the Edinburgh Review.]

Lettres sur l'Angleterre. Par J. Fievée.

Of all the species of travels, that which has moral observation for its object is the most liable to error, and has the greatest difficulties to overcome; before it can arrive at excellence. Stones, and roots, and leaves, are subjects which may exercise the understanding, without rousing the passions. A mineralogical traveller will hardly fall foul upon the granite and the felt spar of other countries than his own; a botanist will not conceal its non-descript; and an agricultural tourist will faithfully detail the average crop per acre: but the traveller, who observes on the manners, habits, and institutions of other countries, must have emancipated his mind from the extensive and powerful dominion of association, must have extinguished the agreeable and deceitful feelings of national vanity, and cultivated that patient humility, which builds general inferences only upon the repetition of individual facts. Every thing he sees shocks some passion, or flatters it; and he is perpetually seduced to distort facts, so as to render them agreeable to his system and his feelings. Books of travels are now published in such vast abundance, that it may not be useless, perhaps, to state a few of the reasons why their value so commonly happens to be in the inverse ratio of their number.

1st. Travels are bad, from a want of opportunity for observation in those who write them. If the sides of a building are to be measured, and the number of its windows to be counted, a very short space of time may suffice for these operations; but to gain such a knowledge of their prevalent opinions and propensities, as will enable a stranger to comprehend (what is commonly called) the genius of people, requires a long residence among them, a familiar acquaintance with their language, and an easy circulation among their various societies. The society into which a transient stranger gains the most easy access, in any country, is not often that which ought to stamp the national character; and no criterion can be more fallible, in a people, so reserved and inaccessible as the British, who, even when they open their doors to letters of introduction, cannot for years overcome the awkward timidity of their nature. The same expressions are of so different a value in different countries, the same actions proceed from such different causes, and produce such different effects, that a judgment of foreign nations, founded on rapid observation, is almost certainly a mere tissue of ludicrous and disgraceful mistakes; and yet a residence of a month or two seems to entitle a traveller to present the world with a picture of manners in London, Paris, or Vienna, and even to dogmatize upon their political, religious, and legal institutions, as if it were one and the same thing to speak of abstract effects of such institutions, and of their effects combined with all the peculiar circumstances in which any nation may be placed.

2dly. An affectation of quickness in observation, an intuitive glance that requires only a moment, and a part to judge of a perpetuity and a whole. The late Mr. Petion, who was sent over into this country, to acquire a knowledge of our criminal law, is said to have declared himself thoroughly informed upon the subject, after remaining precisely two-and-thirty minutes in the Old Bailey.

3dly. The tendency to found observation on a system, rather than a system upon observation. The fact is, there are very few original eyes and ears. The great mass see and hear as they are directed by others, and bring back from a residence in foreign countries, nothing but the vague and customary notions concerning it, which are

carried and brought back for half a century, without verification or change. The most ordinary shape in which this tendency to prejudge makes its appearance among travellers, is by a disposition to exalt, or, a still more absurd disposition, to depreciate their native country. They are incapable of considering a foreign people, but under one single point of view, the relation in which they stand to their own; and the whole narrative is frequently nothing more than a mere triumph of national vanity, or the ostentation of superiority to so common a failing.

But we are wasting our time in giving a theory of the faults of travellers, when we have such ample means of exemplifying them all, from the publication now before us, in which Mr. Jacob Fievée, with the most surprising talents for doing wrong, has contrived to condense and agglomerate every species of absurdity, that has hitherto been made known, and even to launch out occasionally into new regions of nonsense, with a boldness which fairly entitles him to the merit of originality in folly, and discovery in impertinence. We consider Mr. Fievée's book as extremely valuable in one point of view. It affords a sort of limit or mind-mark, beyond which we conceive it to be impossible in future that pertness and petulance should pass. It is well to be acquainted with the boundaries of our nature on both sides; and to Mr. Fievée we are indebted for this valuable approach to *perissimum*. The height of knowledge no man has yet scanned; but we have now pretty well fathomed the gulf of ignorance.

We must however do justice to Mr. Fievée, when he deserves it. He evinces, in his preface, a lurking uneasiness at the apprehension of exciting war between the two countries, from the anger to which his letters will give birth in England. He pretends to deny that they will occasion a war; but it is very easy to see he is not convinced by his own arguments; and we confess ourselves extremely pleased by this amiable solicitude at the probable effusion of human blood. We hope Mr. Fievée is deceived by his philanthropy, and that no such unhappy consequences will ensue, as he really believes, though he affects to deny them. We dare to say the dignity of this country will be satisfied, if the publication in question is disowned by the French government, or, at most, if the author is given up. At all events, we have no scruple to say, that to sacrifice twenty thousand lives, and a hundred millions of money, to resent Mr. Fievée's book, would be an unjustifiable waste of blood and treasure; and that to take him off privately by assassination would be an undertaking hardly compatible with the dignity of a great empire.

To shew, however, the magnitude of the provocation, we shall specify a few of the charges which he makes against the English—That they do not understand fire-works as well as the French; that they charge a shilling for admission to the exhibition; that they have the misfortune of being incommoded by a certain disgraceful privilege, called the liberty of the press; that the opera band plays out of tune; that the English are so fond of drinking, that they get drunk with a certain air, called the gas of Paradise; that the privilege of electing members of parliament is so burdensome, that cities sometimes petition to be exempted from it; that the great obstacle to a parliamentary reform is the mob; that women sometimes have titles distinct from those of their husbands; although, in England, any body can sell his wife at market with a rope about her neck. To these complaints he adds—that the English are so far from enjoying that equality of which their partisans boast, that none but the servants of the higher nobility can carry canes behind a carriage; that the power which the French kings had of pardoning before trial, is

much the same thing as the English mode of pardoning after trial; that he should conceive it to be a good reason for rejecting any measure in France, that it was imitated from the English, who have no family affections, and who love money so much, that their first question, in an inquiry concerning the character of any man, is, as to his degree of fortune. Lastly, Mr. Fievée alleges against the English, that they have great pleasure in contemplating the spectacle of men deprived of their reason. And indeed we must have the candour to allow, that the hospitality which Mr. Fievée experienced seems to afford some pretext for this assertion.

One of the principal objects of Mr. Fievée's book, is to combat the Anglomania, which has raged so long among his countrymen, and which prevailed at Paris to such an excess, that even Mr. Neckar, a foreigner, (incredible as it may seem), after having been twice minister of France, retained a considerable share of admiration for the English government. This is quite inexplicable. But this is nothing to the treason of the Encyclopedists, who, instead of attributing the merit of the experimental philosophy, and the reasoning by induction, to a Frenchman, have shewn themselves so lost to all sense of the duty which they owed to their country, that they have attributed it to an Englishman,* by the name of Bacon, and this for no better reason, than that he really was the author of it. The whole of this passage is written so entirely in the genius of Mr. Fievée, and so completely exemplifies that very caricature species of Frenchmen, from which our gross and popular notions of the whole people are taken, that we shall give the passage at full length, cautiously abstaining from the sin of translating it.

‘Quand je reproche aux philosophes d'avoir vanté l'Angleterre, par haine pour les institutions qui soutenoient la France, je ne hasarde rien, et je fournirai une nouvelle preuve de cette assertion, en citant les encyclopédistes, chefs à voués de la philosophie moderne.

‘Comment nous ont-ils présenté l'Encyclopédie? Comme un monument immortel, comme le dépôt précieux de toutes les connoissances humaines. Sous quel patronage l'ont-ils élevé ce monument immortel? Est-ce sous l'égide des écrivains dont la France s'honorait? Non, ils ont choisi pour maître et pour idole, un Anglais, Bacon; ils lui ont fait dire tout ce qu'ils ont voulu, parce que cet auteur, extraordinairement volumineux, n'étoit pas connu en France, et ne l'est guère en Angleterre que de quelques hommes studieux; mais les philosophes sentoient que leur succès, pour introduire des nouveautés, tenoit à faire croire qu'elles n'étoient pas neuves pour les grands esprits; et comme les grands esprits Français, trop connus, ne se prêtoient pas à un pareil dessein, les philosophes ont eu recours à l'Angleterre. Ainsi, un ouvrage fait en France et offert à l'admiration de l'Europe comme l'ouvrage par excellence, fut mis par des Français sous la protection du génie Anglais. O honte! Et les philosophes sont dit patriotes et la France pour prix de sa dégradation, leur a élevé des statues? Le siècle qui commence, plus juste, parce qu'il a le sentiment de la véritable grandeur, laissera ces statues et l'Encyclopédie s'ensevelir sous la même poussière.’

When to this are added the commendations that have been bestowed on Newton, the magnitude and the originality of the discoveries which have been attributed to him, the admiration which the works of Locke have excited, and the homage that has been paid to Milton and Shakspeare, the treason which lurks at the bottom of it all, will be

* ‘Gaul was conquered by a person of the name of Julius Caesar,’ is the first phrase in one of Mr. Newton's little books.

escape the penetrating glance of Mr. Fievée; and he will discern that same cause from which every good Frenchman knows the defeat of Aboukir and of the first of June to have proceeded—the monster Pitt, and his English guineas.

MISCELLANY.

ON RHETORICAL ACTION.

[From a British paper.]

The ancient rhetoricians understood by ACTION, which they so strongly insisted on, not gesture only, but the whole business of *pleading a cause*; that is, elocution and gesture united, as they appeared in the Court, the Senate, or the Forum, in the actual delivery of an oration.

Action in this comprehensive sense deserved the high esteem of Demosthenes, who, according to a well-known story of Cicero and Quintilian, being asked what was the first, second, and third requisite of oratory, replied action, action, action. And here action is synonymous with what we call delivery.

But many among the modern speakers seem to think that action is nearly synonymous with *activity*, and means in its rhetorical use, the contortions of the arms, hands, legs, eyes, and various features of the face. They imagine that Demosthenes understood by action, gesture only.

An idea thus erroneous, but supported by misunderstanding the prince of orators, has led many into a mode of delivery truly ridiculous. They were determined to display a sufficient quantity of this prime requisite, and have in consequence exhibited the action, or rather agility, of a harlequin, when they intended to represent, in their own persons, Cicero and Demosthenes revived. They have made even the pulpit resemble the stage of the mountebank, where a jack-pudding entertains with his *action*, the gaping multitude.

It is recorded of a divine, who did not confine his action to the pulpit, that he adorned the following passage in the Psalms with peculiar vacuity of gesture.

The singers go before, the minstrels follow after, in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels.

At the words *singers go before* he reached out both his arms at full length before him, the *minstrels following after* he represented with his finger pointing over his left shoulder, and when he came to—in the midst are the damsels playing with the timbrels, he illustrated the passage by playing on the Prayer Book with the fingers of both his hands, just as if he had been touching the keys of a harpsichord.

Gesture in oratory is intended to express the passions and emotions of the mind according to the impulse of nature, and not to display the speaker's abilities in the art of mimicry and pantomime. The imitation of the idea in the mind, by the attitude of the body, should not be very close; because such an intimation is desertion of the orator's part for the actor's, and turns the attention of the hearer from the subject matter to the agility and mimetic talents of a stage performer. If the imitation is really good, the spectator is struck and pleased with it, but at the same time loses the proper effect of the speech; if, on the other hand, it is awkward, he laughs, and despises the wretched attempt at unattained excellence.

Gesture is therefore to be ventured on with great caution, and conducted with nice judgment. It may destroy the effect of a fine composition, and render an orator, who may be in other qualifications respectable, an object of contempt and derision.

This consideration has induced me to express my surprise at the displeasure, which many have shewn on seeing boys at school, and young men

at the university, go through their exercises of declaiming, without moving their hands and arms. I have heard the hearers observe on such occasions, that the young man recited with great judgment and propriety; what a pity it was, that he stood motionless as a statue.

This criticism arose from their habit of attending the theatres; where imitation being the professed business of the speakers, mimetic gesture is studied with laudable attention, and without danger of defeating the purpose of the player by too near a resemblance. It is his business to *take off*, as it is well expressed, the external form and manner of those whom he represents, as accurately, as the wax *takes off* the sculptured figure of the seal, or the paper *takes off* the engraving on the copper plate.

What Horace said of poetry may be said of gesture in oratory. Mediocrity in it is worse than the total want of it. If it is not excellent in its kind, it is better to omit it entirely. If it is stiff, formal, awkward, or excessive, it will lessen the effect of the finest oration, by mixing, with the approbation of the hearer, a sentiment of ridicule.

ACCOUNT OF THE ALPHABET CLUB.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine]

MR. URBAN,

The following letter was found among the papers of a gentleman, who contributed more than one paper to the *Connoisseur*. It was destined to be sent to Mr. Town, but was mislaid and forgotten. As Mr. Town is dead, I know no person, Mr. Urban, who has a better right to open his letters than yourself.

R. Z.

Cambridge.

MR. TOWN.

"Nihil dulcius est otio literato." Cic.

The humour of forming clubs, which was so common in the beginning of this century,* is still in existence in this place. Indeed we are in many respects the same race of men that Mr. Bickerstaff remembers. The sect of Loungersdai-increases, and St. John's has not lost its reputation for punning. But to return to my subject. It was a gentleman of this last mentioned society, who made the first proposal for that singular club of which I am going to give you an account, and of which I am myself an unworthy member. We call ourselves the Alphabet club; as we consist of twenty-six members, each of us by the initial of his name representing one letter of the alphabet. There was at first a dispute whether we should consist of more than twenty-five, as some persons contend that V and U were the same letter: however, it was asserted on the other hand that they differed both in sound and form; and upon Q's reminding the company, that he could be of no use without U, but that he had nothing at all to do with V, it was agreed that each of these letters should have a representative. Each letter takes rank, not according to its place in the alphabet but according to its rarity; for this reason our president is always one whose name begins with a Z. The next to him in dignity is Q; after whom the rest follow in order, beginning at the end of the alphabet; for we have observed that the first Letters A, B, C, &c. are the most ordinary. We likewise endeavour to choose our members from some fancied resemblance, either in shape or mien, to the letters they represent. Our present worthy president is an excellent little Z, and is a fellow of one of the largest colleges here. The part of the corpulent B is well supported by Dr. Buster, a gentleman who measures about four yards in circumference.

* The *Connoisseur* was published in the years, 1754, 1755, and 1756.

But he who bears the most striking resemblance to his initial is Professor Ignoramus, who is as good and upright as any I in any horn-book who ever was. There are at present several vacancies to be filled. If you can mention to us a person who turns out his toes well, and whose name begins with P, we will prefer him to the place of that gentleman. We shall thank any body who will point out a gentleman that makes a good bow, and whose name begins with an S. We have already refused a P, who does not wear his hat with a good air; and have done the same by a V, because he has not the faculty of standing upon one leg. As we are determined that our society shall be truly English, we peremptorily rejected the proposal of a certain great scholar to admit the Digamma into our club. When we meet in an evening, which we do once in twenty-six days, we amuse ourselves in a very sprightly manner without uttering a single word; our whole conversation being carried on by the bodies of the members. We connect ourselves together by our hands, and so form words and sentences. Thus we are continually in motion, and talk in dumb show. Were you to enter when we are carrying on a brisk conversation, you would think we were playing at blindman's buff: at other times you would take us for a knot of Peripatetics. We think all this very innocent, and conducive to the sharpening of our wits, and keeping our bodies in health.

I am, &c.

RALPH CROTCHET.

P. S. There are several clubs, set up in imitation of ours; such as the Black letter, the Italic the Grecian, &c. But I believe they are not in a thriving condition. In the first there have been great contentions between the vowels and consonants, in which the diphthongs have sided with the former. The Italic has for some time been in a slender tottering condition, and we expect that it will soon fall. There is a gentleman here whose letter is filled up, and who wants us to admit him as an honorary member under the title of *Et cetera*. We wish to know your advice on this point.

[From The Repertory.]

THE CARAVANSERY.

It has been often remarked, that many, who have enjoyed the reputation of good scholars, at the University, have made but an indifferent figure in life, and have been frequently eclipsed, in the various professions, by those, whose academical reputation was greatly inferior to their own. This difference of intellectual vigor, at various periods, may arise from a variety of causes, but proceeds generally from the following:

Young men of lively imaginations, and superior genius, unless well disciplined in the earlier part of life, are inclined to be inattentive to any regular plan of study, and to consider the stated period of recitation, as a drudgery, to which they submit with reluctance. Hence they often appear to their instructors and fellow students, inferior to boys of much slower capacity, who compensate, by industry, for the deficiencies of nature. But when they are placed on the great theatre of life, genius displays its superiority, and when stimulated by laudable ambition soon outstrips its competitor.

The honours of the University, however, must always be confined to those, who perform, in the most exemplary manner, the duties exacted; the gross violation of existing laws, no less than the contemptuous neglect of any branch of literature or science, deservedly excludes the offender from academical rewards, however brilliant may be his parts, and however extensive his knowledge.

A young man, who merely performs what is required of him, and is ambitious only of appear-

respectable in the hour of recitation, will not lose all the advantages, which an academical education may afford. The passive instructions of the best teacher will not suffice, without the activating activity of his own mind.

Let the student, then, who is desirous of solid improvement, after the strictest compliance with the college laws, and implicit obedience to the minutest regulations, devote his leisure hours to reading and composition. Let him examine the bent of his mind, and form it to excel in those pursuits, to which his genius leads. If his genius be scientific, he will, of course, employ the moments of retirement, in improving himself in the mathematics, and in those sciences, which depend on them. Should he be designed for active or professional life, he will turn his attention to the more useful study of classical literature. The perusal of the best Poets, Historians, and Moralists, will store his mind with useful knowledge, correct sentiments, and elegant language. The pen, says Quintilian, is the best master, and if he employs it with taste and judgment, he will transfuse into his compositions, the spirit and elegance of standard authors. He will form a style, which will be glowing, yet not glaring—easy, though not vulgar, and vigorous without pedantry and stiffness. He will always have at command, sentiment and language, and consequently will never be at a loss to express himself with propriety and effect, either as a companion, a writer, or a public speaker.

The poets, most worthy of his perusal, are Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and Thomson, with those works he should be thoroughly conversant, before he peruses either the more ancient or more modern bards. By these means his taste will be so far formed, that he will be able, at the first glance, to distinguish between the true and the false sublime, between a just thought, and a trifling conceit.

Johnson, Addison, Swift, Cumberland, with all the periodical writers, and the best historians, hold the first rank in English literature, and will enable him to form the best judgment of men and books.

But he will not confine himself to authors in his own language, but go back to the fountain head of elegant knowledge, and study the ancients in their native languages, till he can read them with facility, and relish their beauties. All this can be performed with ease, by a young man of parts and diligence, whilst residing at the University, and will rather aid than impede the stated business of recitation. This is the mode of education, which has been attended with the most success, and has the sanction of ages in its defence. The Romans formed themselves on the model of the Greeks, and Cicero never ceased to write and declaim in that language till he arrived at the praetorship. The most distinguished moderns, whether authors or professional men, have been intimately acquainted with the best writers in both languages, and perhaps no instance can be produced, where any man has made a great figure in the world, who was unacquainted with them, except some military chieftain or naval commander, who must still be indebted to literature, for the defence of his conduct, or the celebration of his victories.

The University of Cambridge is unquestionably the best on the continent, and has been considerably improved of late years. But still, in the best seminary, little more than the rudiments of literature and science can be taught by the ablest instructors, without the co-operation of the students themselves. That further improvements may be made in this University, and some abuses corrected, we are well convinced; and we shall, therefore, occasionally take the liberty of animadverting on this subject. Interested persons, may possibly feel hurt at some of our ob-

servations, and describe us as enemies to the establishment. But we shall appeal to a liberal and enlightend public to decide on the justness of our remarks, observing that were we inimical to its interests, we should not take the trouble of expending on it a single speculation. We are sincere and ardent friends of the University, fully persuaded that it is the great palladium of literature and science of correct morals and rational religion, which are so intimately connected with them. But we shall not be silent on any abuses that may exist, which are capable of correction, but point them out with decency and candour. Our friendship shall be employed in correcting the errors of the object which we regard, unlike those of the democrats, who, with all their cant of attachment to the interest of the people, still flatter their vices, and abuse their confidence.

B.

[From Goldsmith.]

SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO CHARLES XII,
NOT COMMONLY KNOWN.

SIR, Stockholm.

I cannot resist your solicitations, though it is possible I shall be unable to satisfy your curiosity. The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterise a people, and from them it is that I take my picture of the Swedes.

Though the Swedes in general appear to languish under oppression, which often renders others wicked, or of malignant dispositions, it has not, however, the same influence upon them, as they are faithful, civil, and incapable of atrocious crimes. Would you believe, that in Sweden, highway robberies are not so much as heard of? For my part, I have not in the whole country seen a gibbet or a gallows. They pay an infinite respect to their ecclesiastics, whom they suppose to be the privy counsellors of Providence, who, on their part, turn this credulity to their own advantage, and manage their parishioners as they please. In general, however, they seldom abuse their sovereign authority. Harkened to as oracles, regarded as the dispensers of eternal rewards and punishments, they readily influence their hearers into justice, and make them practical philosophers, without the pains of study.

As to their persons, they are perfectly well made, and the men, particularly, have a very engaging air. The greatest part of the boys which I saw in the country had very white hair. They were as beautiful as Cupids, and there was something open and entirely happy in their little chubby faces. The girls, on the contrary, have neither such fair, nor such even complexions, and their features are much less delicate, which is a circumstance different from that of almost every other country. Besides this, it is observed that the women are generally afflicted with the itch, for which Scania is particularly remarkable. I had an instance of this in one of the inns on the road. The hostess was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; she had so fine a complexion, that I could not avoid admiring it. But what was my surprise, when she opened her bosom in order to suckle her child, to perceive that seat of delight all covered with this disagreeable distemper. The careless manner in which she exposed to our eyes so disgusting an object sufficiently testifies that they regard it as no very extraordinary malady, and seem to take no pains to conceal it. Such are the remarks, which probably you may think trifling enough, I have made in my journey to Stockholm, which, to take it altogether, is a large, beautiful, and even a populous city.

The arsenal appears to me one of its greatest curiosities; it is a handsome spacious building, but, however, scantily supplied with the implements of war. To recompense this defect, they have almost filled it with trophies, and other marks of their former military glory. I saw there several chambers filled with Danish, Saxon, Polish, and Russian standards. There was at least enough to suffice half a dozen armies; but new standards are more easily made than new armies can be enlisted. I saw besides, some very rich furniture, and some of the crown jewels of great value; but what principally engaged my attention, and touched me with passing melancholy, were the bloody, yet precious spoils of the two greatest heroes the north ever produced. What I mean are the clothes in which the great Gustavus Adolphus and the intrepid Charles XII. died, by a fate not unusual to kings. The first, if I remember, is a sort of a buff waistcoat, made antique fashion, very plain, and without the least ornaments; the second, which was even more remarkable, consisted only of a coarse blue cloth coat, a large hat of less value, a shirt of coarse linen, large boots, and buff gloves, made to cover a great part of the arm. His saddle, his pistols, and his sword, have nothing in them remarkable; the meanest soldier was in this respect no way inferior to his gallant monarch. I shall use this opportunity to give you some particulars of the life of a man already so well known, which I had from persons who knew him when a child, and who now, by a fate not unusual to courtiers, spend a life of poverty and retirement, and talk over in raptures all the actions of their old victorious king, companion, and master.

Courage and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years, he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarcely seven years old, being at dinner with the queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapt too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously, but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The queen, perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations. But all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer, who attended at table, at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died, than betrayed his dog, who he knew intended no injury.

At another time when in the small-pox, and his case appeared dangerous, he grew one day very uneasy in his bed, and a gentleman who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the prince more calm, he intreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. A blow, replied Charles, I don't remember any thing of it; I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a blow, which brought him to the ground.

What great effects might not these two qualities of courage and constancy have produced, had they at first received a just direction! Charles, with proper instructions, thus naturally disposed, would have been the delight and the glory of his age. Happy those princes, who are educated by men who are at once virtuous and wise, and have been for some time in the school of affliction, who weigh happiness against glory, and teach

their royal pupils the real value of fame; who are ever shewing the superior dignity of man to that of royalty; that a peasant who does his duty, is a nobler character than a king even of middling reputation. Happy, I say, were princes, could such men be found to instruct them; but those to whom such an education is generally intrusted, are men who themselves have acted in a sphere too high to know mankind. Puffed up themselves with the ideas of false grandeur, and measuring merit by adventitious circumstances of greatness, they generally communicate those fatal prejudices to their pupils, confirm their pride by adulation, or increase their ignorance by teaching them to despise that wisdom which is found among the poor.

But not to moralize when I only intend a story; what is related of the journeys of this prince, is no less astonishing. He has sometimes been on horseback for four-and-twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom. At last none of his officers were found capable of following him; he thus consequently rode the greatest part of his journeys quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, and without any other subsistence but a bit of bread. In one of these rapid courses, he underwent an adventure, singular enough. Riding thus post one day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equipage on his own back, and thus accoutred, marches on to the next inn, which by good fortune was not far off. Entering the stable, he there found a horse entirely to his mind; so, without further ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housing with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman, who owned the horse, was apprized of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable. Upon asking the king, ~~who he had never seen, and~~ how he presumed to meddle with his horse, Charles coolly replied, squeezing in his lips, which was his usual custom, that he took the horse because he wanted one; for you see, continued he, if I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the saddle myself. This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the king was not much behind hand with him, and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and testified that surprise which was natural to see arms in the hand of a subject against his king. Imagine whether the gentleman was less surprised than they at his unpremeditated disobedience. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the king, who taking him by the hand, assured him he was a brave fellow, and himself would take care he should be provided for. This promise was afterwards fulfilled; and I have been assured the king made him a captain.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

OLD BAILEY.

Michael Foley was indicted for stealing 600l. in bank notes, the property of Mrs. LARKIN. The case as opened by Mr. GURNEY for the prosecution was as follows:—That the prosecutrix, Mrs. LARKIN, who lived in Sloan-street, Chelsea, became acquainted with the prisoner who lived in the same street, and he so far ingratiated himself in her favour that he prevailed upon her to lend him 325 guineas, as he said to pay for recruits, he having represented himself as an officer in the army; she accordingly sold out stock from the Bank, and on the first day of June last the prisoner came to her house in Sloane-street to receive the money she intended to lend him. She had at that time 600l. in

notes lying before her; while they were together somebody knocked at the door, and the prisoner was told a friend was waiting for him, upon which he swept all the notes from the table and walked off with them.

Mrs. LARKIN was called to prove this case, which she stated in substance the same as opened. She was a very old Lady, rather gay and youthful in her dress, and the cross-examination went to establish that she had lent the whole money to the prisoner, who was a young athletic Hibernian, it being insinuated that she had a *conceived a very warm friendship* towards him. She denied this, however, but admitted to the learned judge, that she had brought this criminal prosecution as the shortest way to get her money back; he directly directed the jury to acquit the prisoner. The jury having done so, the prisoner wished to address the Court, but the recorder told him, he had better remain contented with what already passed. He had very properly been acquitted of any criminal charge; but his conduct could not be deemed harmless, for it is very culpable for any man to take advantage either of a very young or a very old woman.

SKETCH OF GEORGE CHALMERS, ESQ.

The author of some valuable political pieces, as well as several other works. His productions are in general characterized by a quaint, patch-work, pedantic style, which it had been much better if he could have avoided, though it seems habitual to him. He published, in 1779, a quarto volume, entitled, 'Political Annals of the United Colonies;' and about three years afterward a quarto pamphlet, entitled, 'The comparative Strength of Britain during the present and four preceding Reigns. In 1786, he published an Estimate of the Comparative Strength of Great Britain, in one volume, octavo: a year or two previous to which he circulated a three-penny pamphlet, entitled, "Opinions on Subjects arising from American Independence." His subsequent publications have been an edition, in one volume, quarto, of Daniel de Foe's History of the Union between England and Scotland, to which Mr. C. prefixed the author's Life: this life was handsomely reprinted in an octavo volume, in 1790, and though sold separately, was designed to be prefixed to Mr. Stockdale's splendid edition of Robinson Crusoe: a Collection of Treaties between Great Britain and other powers, in two volumes octavo, published in 1790: the Life of Ruddiman, keeper for almost fifty years of the library belonging to the faculty of advocates at Edinburgh, with new Anecdotes of Buchanan, in one volume, octavo: a volume in which the author has to a ridiculous extravagance neglected no opportunity of sporting a *Johnsonian* period: and a tedious, plump octavo, Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare MSS. Mr. Chalmers is also the writer of two very good papers in the Looker-on, the one on Illicit Hopes, the other on the Equalization of Follies and Diseases, both of which, but especially the latter, abound with much genuine humour.

SKETCH OF THOMAS COGAN, ESQ. M. D.

The supposed author of the History of John Bunce, jun. He has published a Philosophical Survey of the Creation: a Journey from Utrecht to Franckfort, chiefly by the Borders of the Rhine, in two volumes, 8vo. published in 1794, in a series of agreeably-written letters: and Memoirs of the Society at Amsterdam in favour of drowned persons. He is forever to be venerated as one of the first promoters, in conjunction with Dr. Hawes, of that inestimable institution, the Humane Society.

SKETCH OF ADAM FERGUSON, LL. D. F. R. S. E.

Formerly professor of 'Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, to which station he was called in 1764, and continued in that

chair during twenty years. He is a distinguished character in the republic of letters. His first publication was an Essay on the history of Civil Society, which first appeared in 1765, in one volume quarto, and is a performance of very considerable excellence. In 1770, he published a duodecimo volume, entitled, Institutes of Moral Philosophy, which is a syllabus of his lectures: and, in 1783, he produced his History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic, in three volumes, quarto, a work which has been very favourably received and highly esteemed. Dr. Ferguson has here undertaken a most glorious and interesting period of history, and, although his style be not remarkably luminous or elegant, his work will be read by the philosopher and the statesman with equal pleasure and advantage: it constitutes a very valuable addition to the literature of our country, and gives its author a most respectable rank among our greatest historians. In 1792, he published Principles of Moral and Political Science, in two volumes, quarto, which work is chiefly a retrospect of his college lectures.

SKETCH OF R. GRIFFITHS, ESQ.

The proprietor of, and formerly an occasional writer in, the Monthly Review. He is brother-in-law of the late Dr. Rose, of Chiswick, who, with a Mr. Cleveland, was the original institutor of that celebrated Literary Journal, in the year 1749. The very surprising manner in which this publication has maintained its reputation for half a century, does the highest honour to the learning and liberality of its series of conductors.

The Agents and Subscribers for the Port Folio are very respectfully reminded, that the Editor has nearly completed the *fourth* circle of his annual toil, and is preparing for the *fifth*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The very elegant verses of 'Lodinus,' to the fair invalid, display the most soothing tenderness, and many a poetical beauty. They are entitled to the attention not only of the lady, who is so kindly greeted, but of men of taste and sensibility.

The poetry of E. is always of a moral and generally of a pensive character. But her muse, though often in mourning, is never idly querulous, nor monotonously dull.

The imitation of 'Donec gratus eram,' which we copy, with much pleasure, from the WASHINGTON FEDERALIST, is in a very happy vein of playful humour.

The Editor is harrassed by complaints of the want of variety in some of the papers of the Port Folio. Whenever he is not pressed with the more onerous articles of disquisition, it is a favourite object to diversify his columns as much as possible.

But, after all, what would you have me do,
If out of twenty I can please but two?
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and this Pindaric lays;
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg,
The vulgar boil, the learned roast, an egg:
Hard task to please the palate of such guests,
When ADAMS likes what Maevius detests.

The criticism, from the Edinburgh Review, upon the nonsensical book of a foolish French jacobin, who has presumptuously supposed that he is qualified to appreciate the English character, is written with such caustic wit, that we are sure the miserable republican will never again offend.

'The Caravansary,' a periodical paper, written by the wits of Boston, and published in the Repository, frequently furnishes us with entertainment and instruction.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY, WHOSE
HEALTH WAS IMPAIRED BY THE AGUE AND FEVER.

Dark minister of many woes!
That lov'd the sad vicissitude of pain,
Now shiv'ring mid antarctic snows,
Now a faint pilgrim on Medina's plain*—
Say! can no form, less fair, thy view engage?
Must feeble loveliness exhaust thy rage?
Oh! mark the falt'ring step, the languid eye,
And all the anguish of her burning sigh.
See the faintly-struggling smile;
See Resignation's tear, the while!
So to the axe the martyr bends his form,
So bends the lovely lily to the storm.
Still, though, sweet maid! thy yielding bloom de-
cays,
And faint, the waning tide of rapture strays;
Oh! may'st thou 'scape Grief's more envenom'd
smart,
Nor ever know the ague of the heart!
For, rising from the sun-bright plain,
The bended lily blooms again;
But ah! what life-imparting power
Can e'er revive the broken flower?

LODINUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO E. H. W.

From cypress groves and faded leaves,
The muse her mournful chaplet weaves;
And oft with brooding Fancy sits,
Where the lone night-bird dimly flits,
Waking her soft mellifluous art,
To wound my peace, and rend my heart.
Yet, erst, my friend, her tuneful strain,
Warbled on yonder village-plain,
Deepen'd the glow, that summer yields,
And mark'd the waving harvest-fields:
The rocks, beside the murmuring rill,
The path-way to the cottage sill,
The cragg'd ridge, the shelter'd gate,
Where filial love would lingering wait,
Till she, who cheer'd my youthful way,
And gleam'd through every adverse day,
Brighten'd the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
And dress'd the sylvan world in flow'rs.
Oft have I sought the hallow'd shrine,
Where Laura mix'd her pray'rs with mine,
That she, whose soft maternal voice
Bade every languid pulse rejoice,
That she, whose starry light was given,
To lead our wand'ring steps to heaven,
Would, pitying, bend at Mercy's throne,
For us, unguarded, and alone!
Oh! Thou, who bade the tempest rise,
Where Peace illum'd her azure skies,
And taught Affliction's storm to lour,
Arm'd with the ensigns of thy pow'r,
If e'er Allurement's silken wings
Spread o'er my heart its twisted strings,
Should life assume its wonted form,
Its mellow tints, and colour warm,
Bid every soft enchantment flee,
Which robs my soul of faith in thee!

E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO HOPE.

Didst thou not say, deceiving heart!
That time would bring its healing art,
Would chase the tear from Friendship's eye,
And soothe Affliction's sharpest sigh?
Ah! treacherous Hope, didst thou not say,
That Autumn's mild empurpled ray

* A small town in Arabia, on the way to Mecca.
The heats, that prevail amid the sands of Arabia, are
well known to be excessive.

To this lov'd scene would oft return,
Ere Sorrow clasp'd the silent urn?
Trembling, I caught the faithless wile,
And cherish'd every beamy smile,
Close to my aching bosom prest
The lenient balm of promis'd rest,
And lull'd each anxious thought to sleep,
Which rais'd a sigh, or bade me weep;
E'en now, I see thy radiant form
Sparkling amid the recent storm,
And mingling all thy transient dews,
With soft Affection's rainbow hues.

E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[We are the first to present the following spirited poem
to our American readers. It exhibits the graces and
the peculiarities of the Oriental style.]

A Song, from the Persian, paraphrased in the
measure of the original, by Sir WILLIAM JONES.

Sweet as the rose, that scents the gale,
Bright as the lily of the vale,
Yet, with a heart, like summer hail,
Marring each beauty thou bearest,

Beauty, like thine, all nature thrills,
And when the moon her circle fills,
Pale she beholds those rounder hills,
Which on thy breast thou wearest.

Where should those peerless flowrets blow?
Whence are the thorns, that near them grow?
Wound me, but smile, O lovely foe,
Smile on the heart thou tearest.

Sighing, I view that cypress waist,
Doom'd to afflict me, till embrac'd;
Sighing, I view that eye, too chaste,
Like the new blossom, smiling.

Spreading thy toils, with hands divine,
Softly thou waviest like a pine,
Darting thy shafts at hearts like mine,
Senses and soul beguiling.

See at thy feet no vulgar slave,
Frantic with love's enchanting wave,
Thee, ere he seek the gloomy grave,
Thee, his blest idol styling.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following translation of one of the most pathetic
and moral odes of Horace, was made by Sir WILLIAM
JONES, when a school-boy of fourteen. It is
not faultless, but it is a wonderful instance of an early
fondness for the classics in one, who always displayed
the spirit of an ancient Roman, and lisped his lan-
guage, even when a child. We fervently hope, that
the love of Latinity will still be cherished, in despite
of the new Goths and Vandals, who strive to deface the
Roman empire, and to substitute the brass of Barba-
rians for ancient gold.]

How quickly fades the vital flower!
Alas! my friend, each silent hour,
Steals, unperceiv'd, away:
The early joys of blooming youth,
Sweet innocence and dove-eyed truth,
Are destin'd to decay.

Can zeal drear Pluto's wrath restrain?
No; though an hourly victim stain
His hallow'd shrine with blood,
Fate will recal her doom for none;
The sceptred king must leave his throne,
To pass the Stygian flood.

In vain, my Parnell, wrapt in ease,
We shun the merchant-marring seas,
In vain we fly from wars,
In vain we shun th' autumnal blast—
The slow Co. ytus must be past.
How needless are our cares!

Our house, our land, our shadowy grove,
The very mistress of our love,
Ah me, we soon must leave.
Of all our trees, the hated boughs
Of cypress shall alone diffuse
Their fargrance o'er our grave.

To others, then, we shall resign
The numerous casks of sparkling wine,
Which, frugal, now we store;
With them a more deserving heir
(Is this our labour, this our care?)
Shall stain the stucco floor.

SELECTED POETRY.

[From the Washington Federalist.]

IX. ODE OF HORACE, 3d BOOK, IMITAT^d

Donec gratus eram tibi, &c.

TEDDY TO MEGGY.

When Meggy lov'd Teddy, and Teddy
Meg,
And none but myself had the length of
leg,*
Ogh! how happy was I, Gra ma cree!

Pacter,
Just as if I was ateing a Munster potater.

MEGGY.

Before at the whiskey-shop, under the hill
You smuggled the gypsey, that paid off yo
I'd rather be squaz'd in the arms of my T
Than even by Dermot, or Father O Brad;

TEDDY.

Ogh! the gypsey's swaete face, 'tis the
of my song,

From morning till night, aye and all the
long,

By St. Pat, I'd be murdther'd, to save her
life,

If after she'd promise to be my own wife.

MEGGY.

O dear! that swaete Dermot, with three sh
more.

He's promis'd to marry me over and o'er
And father O Brady, when he's in a glow,
He sure will be kind to me, married or ne

TEDDY.

What if your own Teddy should love you
And to hell kick the gypsey; now wou
disdain,

To make up our quarrel, and try to be civ
By sending poor Dermot and sheep to the

MEGGY.

Yes! though Dermot is fond as a plai
pitch,

And you for new faces had always an itcl
Though O Brady is kind, while you sto
the sea,

Yet still I would live, though I perish'd wi

EARLY GRAY HAIRS,

O'er my head, ev'n yet a boy,
Care has thrown an early snow—
Care, be gone!—a steady joy
Soothes the heart, that beats below.

Thus, though Alpine tops retain
Endless winter's hoary wreath;
Vines, and fields of golden grain,
Cheer the happy sons beneath.

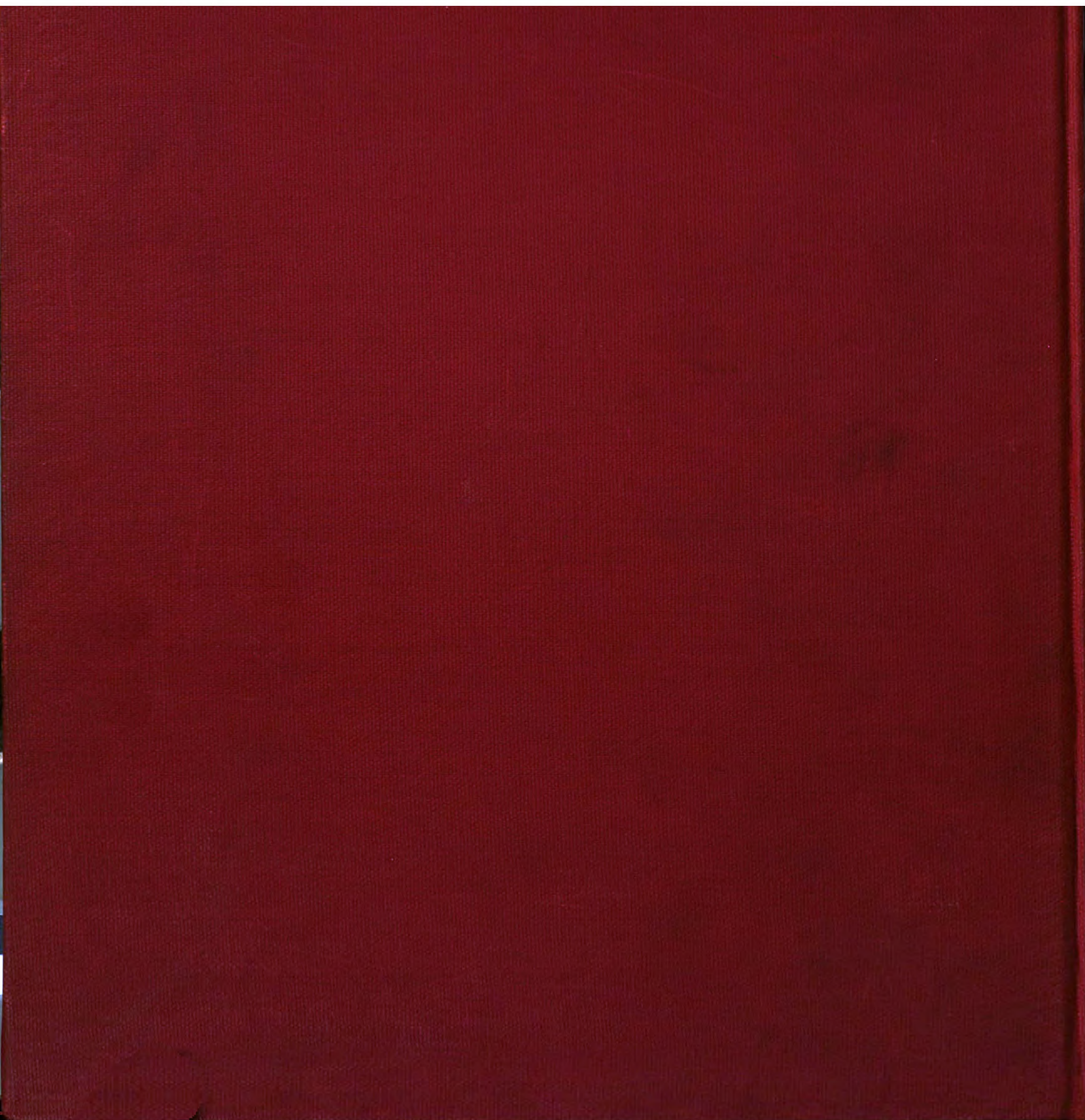
* For leg, read foot.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.





UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
walt,cls v.4

The Port folio. By Oliver Oldschool, esq



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